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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY, 1936

THE HOUR OF DECISION.—I

Italy, Abyssinia, and Europe

BY SIR EDWARD GRIGG, M.P.

THIS is the third week in June, and neither the Council nor the Assembly of the League of Nations meets till the end of the month. Writers in monthly reviews may therefore legitimately complain that the authorities who fix the dates of League meetings have not consulted their convenience. I should, I confess, feel happier in prophesying about the course to be pursued by both these meetings if they had already taken place.

Despite this serious handicap, I shall take my courage in both hands and prophesy boldly that the League will not persist in sanctions against Italy now that the British Government has at last given a lead. The decision of Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues remained long in doubt, but meanwhile public opinion had been moving rapidly towards the ending of a process which had manifestly missed its mark. We are a sane if sentimental people, and we are usually ready to accept disagreeable conclusions when there seems to be no escape. The plain fact is that sanctions, after failing first to avert and then to stop the war in Abyssinia, have also failed to prevent a rapid, sweeping, and decisive victory by the Power which defied the Covenant. The continuance of sanctions in their present form would not alter that fact.

For my part, I find it difficult to conceive how sanctions could be pressed to the point of victory after all that has passed. Let us look at Abyssinia first. The Ethiopian Government has ceased to exist, the Emperor is a fugitive, and there is no Power in Europe, Africa, or Asia ready to undertake the task of ejecting

the victorious Italian troops. Little wonder. The conquest of Ethiopia against weak and untrained defenders with defective equipment and supplies was difficult enough. The whole world was, in fact, amazed by the suddenness and completeness of the Italian success. Abyssinia now has an organized and most powerfully equipped defender, and the difficulties of the country which the Italians have overcome will henceforth be mighty assets in favour of their defence.

What, then, could the League do? Invite its members, or those very few who have the means, to stop the communications between Italy and Africa, and thus to isolate the Italian administration which has displaced the old Ethiopian Government? That is at least a practicable course; but what would be its results?

In Abyssinia, without question, chaos and a great increase of suffering. I do not know to what extent the Italian forces in Abyssinia are now living upon the country, but the probability is that they still depend to some considerable extent on imported supplies. There may be reserves of foodstuffs and petrol in Eritrea. But if once the Italian Army in Abyssinia were cut off from its base in Italy, the commanders on the spot would be bound to take every possible precaution against a shortage of supplies. The only precaution in fact available to them would be to secure what foodstuffs might be available in Abyssinia itself in the shape of livestock, fruit, and grain. Necessity knows no law. If our sentimentalists in this country imagine that they would be thanked by the peoples of Abyssinia for forcing such precautions upon the Italian administration, they should think again. I cannot personally imagine a more cruel form of patronage, except that of which we have already been guilty, namely, of encouraging the Abyssinian people to resist and then leaving them in the lurch.

The advocates of this policy may attempt to escape from the difficulty by contending that the blockade of Italian communications would be of short duration, that Italy would soon collapse, and that communications would then be immediately restored. What do they mean? Are they, when Italy collapses, going to restore the Negus to control of his former dominions? If so, they will need a European army of some sort to bring it about,

for nothing short of sustained and irresistible force will persuade the peoples of Abyssinia to accept again a ruler who led them to defeat and then abandoned them. I am by no means disparaging the late Emperor of Ethiopia. There were serious blots upon his personal record and also upon his administration, but he deserves recognition for an honest and courageous attempt to improve the system under which his peoples suffered and the conditions of life which they endured. But nothing except irresistible compulsion will ever prevail upon a fighting people, whose whole tradition lies in fighting for supremacy and loot, to take back a leader who has led them to defeat and then departed from them. I very much doubt whether his nearest subjects of Amharic race would welcome his return, and I am quite certain that amongst the subject tribes everything would depend upon the European support and control which stood behind him.

What Power will volunteer to do this for the League at its own sole cost? It must be a Great Power, with very submissive or else very gullible taxpayers, for the cost would be heavy, and the other members of the League would not be likely to raise a subscription from their own national treasuries to assist a Great Power in discharging the task. Italy being excluded, there remain of the Great Powers capable of such an undertaking Britain, France, Germany, Russia, the United States, and Japan. It is really unthinkable that Britain should move the League to drive Italy out of Abyssinia in order to take charge of that territory herself. It would be too cynical, and she has enough responsibility already. France also has enough already, not only abroad but at home. None of the four remaining Great Powers is a member of the League, excepting Russia, and I cannot imagine the League entrusting such a task to Russia, nor Russia accepting such a task from the League. What, then, would remain? Only a condominium in the name of the League, which also would cost a great deal unless it were to begin by levying cruel taxation from the already hard-hit population. Who would finance such an undertaking? Who but impenitent doctrinaires could recommend it?

The intensification of sanctions by the rupture of Italian communications with East Africa could not, then, do any good

to Abyssinia ; on the contrary, it would long delay the establishment of decent administration and add enormously to the hardships already inflicted upon the Abyssinian peoples. Some better alternative must be found if we are to be guided by any sincere regard for their welfare, and of such alternatives one only is practicable. It is to make of the Italian conquest of Abyssinia an opportunity for strengthening and enlarging the slowly built up code by which we have, for half a century at least, striven to regulate European imperialism in Africa. The only security for peaceful progress in Africa is genuine co-operation on established principles between the European Powers on whom depends the future of that continent. There have been many set-backs to such co-operation since it was first initiated by Lord Salisbury's statesmanship in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, but despite the setbacks steady progress has been made. From a long and complicated history I detach two salient landmarks. The first is the Brussels Convention of 1885, which registered agreement on three essential points—that slavery should be suppressed, that neither arms nor drink should be sold to African natives, and that the European Powers should pursue no further projects of expansion without informing and consulting each other. The other and greater landmark is Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations and the principles of administration agreed between the Powers as the basis of the African mandates. Broadly summarized the mandate principles are three—(1) that government should aim, first and foremost, at the welfare of the governed ; (2) that native troops should be armed and used only for the maintenance of internal security ; and (3) that all Powers should have equal opportunities for trade in the mandated territories.

From the standpoint of African welfare, which we are not entitled to subordinate to European dissension, nothing is more important than the application of these mandate principles to the government of Abyssinia. If that is secured moreover, the Abyssinian peoples will never regret the Italian conquest ; on the contrary, they will have reason to be thankful for it as the beginning of a new and better dispensation. Fortunately, there is every sign that the Duce means to follow that course and to work for European co-operation rather than

for European rivalry in Africa. He has already by decree abolished slavery, and may be trusted to pursue the difficult task of making the decree a reality.

Writers of experience have contended in the English Press that there is no room for any extensive settlement in Abyssinia. The future will probably astonish them. Italian peasants are much better fitted for the task than colonists of our race or of any northern stock. I have seen Italians working, hatless and stripped to the waist, under a tropical sun without any sign of fatigue or discomfort. Italian medical science has proved most successful in the Abyssinian campaign, and there has been an extraordinarily low rate of casualties from malaria, enteric and dysentery, for which a new compound serum is believed to be responsible. There is much land suitable for settlement, with a very small native population, in the southern Abyssinian highlands. Peasant farmers from the South of Italy or from Sicily have been accustomed for generations to wringing a living from a small patch of scanty soil. Their needs are few, and they are hardy and vigorous. To such colonists the prospect of settling in the fertile highlands of Abyssinia will seem like the promise of a new and much less precarious existence. Many will live upon the land itself, with little need of the commodities which must be bought by export ; others will no doubt grow for export such crops as coffee, which is greatly needed in Italy. With a new population of its own colonists thriving and multiplying under its hand, the Italian administration will have no need for native troops, even for internal security. Its chief difficulty indeed may lie in finding and taking possession of the modern weapons which the natives have recently acquired in large quantities.

In other directions, such as the exploitation of minerals, the Italian Government will need the co-operation of other Powers, and it would be very ill-advised to drive them into needless antagonism. I do not doubt, moreover, that it will do its utmost for the welfare and contentment of the native population. Not that its system of administration is not likely to differ widely from ours in essential particulars. Just as the French have pursued their own methods and ideals in Africa, so will the Italians. Fascist Italy cannot be expected to abandon its Fascist code in Abyssinia. It will be deeply interesting to see whether

it sets aside large areas as native reserves, while opening others to settlement, and also whether in the native reserves it seeks to set up the method of indirect rule and to preserve native institutions. Our experience in such things may have considerable influence, if we choose to make friendly use of it; and the Italian administration itself, if it is wise, will take measures from the very outset to avert all possibility of having to deal in the future with a growing mass of landless, detribalized and discontented Africans.

Signor Mussolini's own recent utterances leave no room for doubt that he understands the danger with which anger and unrest in Africa and the Middle East may confront a divided Europe. Our European civilization is in essentials one, however little we may seem at times to realize it. The schism of Europe in the Great War weakened it disastrously; the conflict over Abyssinia has continued the process, British and French prestige having naturally suffered more than any other—as witness the present effervescence of Arab feeling in Palestine. Even Italy, which has gained in prestige for the moment, stands to suffer as much as the rest of us by a protraction of conflict between the standard-bearers of European authority. Mussolin is therefore right. There is no peace upon that road, no anything but a vista of trouble and unrest leading to who know what consequences.

There are many people of deep sincerity and wide influence who will regard this argument as intolerable. Quite apart from the European aspect of the controversy between Italy and the League, they will protest that the Ethiopian Government of Abyssinia had an indefeasible right to protection, and that the conquest of Ethiopia can never, even in African eyes, be anything but a blot upon European civilization. I appreciate the deep feeling which inspires this standpoint, but I question its interpretation of African mentality. Africans of the tribal sort are not likely to see much difference between poison gas and the other weapons used by European imperialism; to the simple native, these manifestations are all part of the potent magic or medicine by which European control has been established, and there is nothing in his primitive code to make him distinguish between them. What will chiefly impress him about the Italian

use of such medicine is that once again it has proved instantaneously and irresistibly successful. It is therefore not to be supposed that the sweeping triumph of the Roman arms has had any other effect upon Central Africa than that produced in the past by similar manifestations of European power. There is no sign in any case that either in Africa or the Middle East our own prestige has been enhanced by our support of the Ethiopian Government, or Italian prestige reduced by its victory over it. The precise contrary has actually happened, whatever we ourselves may think about it.

It is moreover useless now to lament the fact that day by day Italian transports entered the Suez Canal under the guns of the British fleet. The Italian conquest of Abyssinia is an accomplished fact. Having permitted it, we cannot now, as I have endeavoured to show, annul it. Our duty in these circumstances, as trustees for the peace and welfare of many millions of Africans, is not to think of our own *amour propre* but of the future of Africa. To make Africa the cockpit of further European controversy and to force new generations of Africans to suffer for the sins of Europe would be not only insensate but criminal. We have enough to retrieve and redeem already. I cannot see right or justice in any course of action but that of recognizing the accomplished fact and making the best of it from the standpoint of Europe's vast responsibilities in the African continent. Whatever may be our disagreements in Europe, let us keep them to the northern side of the Mediterranean. European civilization, with all the crimes and follies of the past upon it, has undertaken and cannot abdicate from the task of building up a future of real progress and betterment for the African peoples. It cannot succeed in that task, it can only fail disastrously both for itself and Africa, if the Powers which represent it will not at long last work together from the Red Sea to the Cape and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean.

There is accordingly no case, as it seems to me, for the intensification of sanctions from the standpoint of Africa. The other two considerations which have to be weighed are the peace of Europe and the future of the League. Both are momentous and both most controversial, and I have no space for anything but a brief comment upon them.

Ethiopia's case before the League has always been based in the main on Article 10 of the Covenant, under which the members of the League "undertake to respect and preserve, as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political integrity of all Members of the League." It has been widely held throughout the Empire for many years past that this obligation is too absolute, and at the very outset of the League's existence, in 1919, Sir Robert Borden, who represented Canada at the Peace Conference, forcibly emphasized the objections to it. Under it, he argued, the signatories of the Covenant were in effect "called upon to declare (a) that all existing territorial delimitations are just and expedient; (b) that they will continue indefinitely to be just and expedient; (c) that the signatories will be responsible therefor." Such an undertaking he considered far too wide and too rigid. "It is impossible," he said, "to forecast the future. There may be national aspirations to which the provisions of the Peace Treaty will not do justice and which cannot be permanently repressed."

Sir Robert's prescience has been proved to the hilt in the last few years, for he put his finger unerringly upon the fundamental consideration which has led Japan, Germany, and Italy successively to quarrel with the League. On a literal reading of Article 10, Japan's legitimate claims upon Manchuria and Italy's equally legitimate claims upon Abyssinia were beyond any solution by the League which either could afford to accept. Both, therefore, concluding that they could not obtain a just or workable or permanent solution under the formularies of the League, defied the League and broke the Covenant. We are told nevertheless that if only the Covenant could now, however tardily, be vindicated against Italy, the League would be immeasurably fortified and Germany would return to it. That is the very converse of the truth, for Germany would inevitably be confirmed in the belief that what she regards as her national rights are incompatible with the Covenant. I can see no more certain way of aligning the Great Powers in two rival groups, League and anti-League, and making war between them inevitable.

Let there be no doubt about it. If we are to intensify sanctions against Italy on the ground that the League must defend the "territorial integrity and political independence" of every

single one of its members, we shall divide Europe into embattled camps, whatever the immediate result of the struggle between the League and Italy. It is therefore not upon the success or failure of Article 16, the sanctions article, that the peace of Europe turns, but rather upon the sacrosanctity or otherwise of Article 10, the *status quo* article. To persist in our present interpretation of Article 10, despite the considerations so wisely pointed out seventeen years ago by Sir Robert Borden, is to seek to put the world in a strait jacket, to dam the forces of change and evolution, and to make an ultimate explosion certain. Some escape from that folly is vital; but if we are to insist that every individual member of the League is guaranteed by Article 10 against any change of status or boundaries, no escape is possible, for every member, whatever its character, will have a *liberum veto* upon change which all the forces of the League cannot legally compel it to abandon. The triumph of the League over Italy in the name of Article 10 would thus mean, however we might choose to ignore it, the encirclement of Germany.

Fortunately the Covenant itself, if we will read it as a whole, provides the solution. In Article 19 it is laid down that

"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."

Unhappily this Article has been allowed to become a dead letter. The true moral of the League's failure with regard both to Manchuria and to Abyssinia is that the Covenant has developed a bias in favour of the *status quo* which itself requires drastic revision. If, therefore, the Assembly is to do its duty by the League at its meeting called for June 30th, it will advise that the salutary "consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world" enjoined by Article 19 shall be directed at once to the international conditions created by Article 10. This is the crux of the situation which will have to be faced at Geneva in the next few days, and I trust with all my heart that, by the time this article is printed, our representatives there will already have called attention to it.

The truth is that the controversy between the League and Italy over Abyssinia has become a test case for League principles in a far wider sense than our out-and-out sanctionists appreciate. When Mussolini declares that Italy will leave the League, like Japan and Germany, if sanctions are maintained against her, he has this wider issue in mind and he will unquestionably stand by his declaration. The fundamental question to be faced, therefore, is not Italy's defiance of the Covenant but the justice, as we have recently interpreted it, of the Covenant itself. Is Sir Robert's prescient warning to be taken to heart at long last by the Members of the League, or is it not? It is on this question, this and nothing less, that the future of the League and the peace of Europe depend. Italy's case against our present reading of League principles is in essentials the same as Germany's and Japan's. If we are to harden our hearts and make broad our phylacteries against Italy, we shall in that same action be decreeing the permanent encirclement of Germany and the permanent ostracism of Japan. Whatever may be in store for Europe on that road, it is not peace; it is war and war and war.

The coming hour of decision is therefore as grave as any passing moment in human history can be. If European civilization is to be divided against itself on the question whether or not every existing sovereignty is to be stereotyped for all time, it will seal its own doom. Those of us who wish to correct the present bias of the Covenant are by now accustomed to be told that our real object is to destroy the League, and our Government will no doubt be denounced in similar terms if it sets its face against the penal use of sanctions and works for a better understanding between the four Great Powers, France, Germany, Italy and ourselves, upon whose relations the future of European civilization depends. Everything that is now said in favour of ostracizing Italy was, however, said in favour of punishing Germany and hanging the Kaiser seventeen years ago. Let our Ministers ignore this hysteria. We have not yet finished paying for the extravagances of the last fit, and we cannot afford to add to the bill.

THE HOUR OF DECISION—II

A New Plan for Collective Security

BY LORD ALLEN OF HURWOOD

THE issue of world peace and Britain's own safety were never more at stake than they will be when the League Assembly gathers at the end of June.

The following article makes an attempt to set down in precise and workmanlike form what I believe should now be done to restore the international situation and re-establish peace in Europe.

The decision at Geneva will be concerned with a particular incident—aggression in Abyssinia. But it will bear no less upon the future of the League; its structure, its prestige, and its power to cope with other acts of aggression, which may threaten Europe.

I want to challenge those who read this article, as though they were members of the League Council itself. Do we mean something or nothing, when we speak of our belief in "collective security" through the League? Our own country's safety and the world's peace demand reality behind that phrase. We do more harm by leaving it vague, than if we had never used it at all. I shall try in this article to face all the intricate political problems which it involves, realistically. I shall not burke the changed conditions of the present, the gaps in the League's membership, or the grave worsening of the situation. But I must begin by laying emphasis upon the importance of the right psychological approach to the problem.

In foreign policy, the manner in which proposals are made can be as important as the proposals themselves. For centuries civilized man has striven to abolish war. I do not believe that the world, torn and anxious as it now is, divided between dictatorship and democracy, can remove the dangers of war by methods of political expediency, which are directed to a succession of separate incidents. Dynamic leadership covering the whole field is indispensable—and more realistic than any of the blinkered realism of skilful Foreign Office calculations.

That in my judgment is the key to the series of immediate decisions that have now to be taken. I cannot state it too emphatically. Our world has become too broken to be rebuilt stone by stone. No country will have sufficient confidence now to lay those individual stones, until the plan of the building is put before their eyes; they will not have the will-power nor the assurance to undertake what, in the absence of that working plan, can only seem clear risks and hopeless tasks. Unless we approach our problems on that plane, comprehensively, I say with all deliberation that we cannot save ourselves.

To put it in other words, I mean that there is no longer any working alternative to the complete scheme for collective security as originally intended; the League, the whole League, and nothing but the League.

It is not realistic to call upon us to rivet our attention upon separate incidents in Memel, on the Rhine, in Austria, Abyssinia or the Balkans. It is not realistic so to reorganize the League as to weaken its original intention, modify its methods and limit its functions, whether geographically or in procedure. That would not be even a second-best way of avoiding war; it would smash the conception of international collaboration and make war inevitable. It is the time factor that will decide the issue. We have not time to take any of the lesser steps. Either we go back now to the League as it was meant to be, and reveal this to the eyes of the whole world, its individual citizens, its dictators, and its Powers great and small. Or we perish.

We must not be misled by the myth that we British need only think of the Channel ports and the Rhine, to establish peace and justice in the world. If we fail in our duty on the wider front today, we may find tomorrow that our betrayal of world justice has brought our own national safety to an end. And maybe driven democracy out of the world.

Do we then mean anything by this phrase "collective security"? Are we prepared to give it life?

Here are two quotations from two British Foreign Ministers:

Sir John Simon: referring to clause 9 of Memorandum on Disarmament, January 29th, 1934.

"I may be asked: Is this a new commitment? If by a 'new commitment' is meant a new undertaking given in advance to adopt a definite

repressive action in ignorance of the circumstances hereafter arising which may be alleged to call for it, the answer is "No." This country will do its utmost faithfully to fulfil any obligations. . . . But it is not the Anglo-Saxon habit—that applies to America as well as to ourselves—to make defined engagements for undefined circumstances."

Sir Samuel Hoare: September 11th, 1935.

"In conformity with its precise, 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, collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression . . . that is no variable, unreliable sentiment, but a principle of international conduct to which they and their government hold with firm enduring, universal persistence."

Which of these statements now represents British policy? To give our nation full credit, let me assume that it is the last; and let me remind readers of the remarkable manner in which that comprehensive speech of Sir Samuel Hoare's rekindled the League idea throughout the whole world. What then did he mean by that notable declaration? Both for the sake of our own public, and for the sake of our fellow nations, we must have a definite answer.

First, for our own public. As compared with 1914, it is alert and informed; its rejection of the Hoare-Laval peace proposals showed the quality and sincerity of its new conviction. But it is becoming bewildered just now amid a confusion of expert counsels. It is for the Government to put an end to such dangerous uncertainty.

It would almost be better to give up talking of the League and collective security, than to continue lip-service for a conception to which we refuse life and precision. Vagueness breeds alarm and then panic.

Statesmen here and abroad are always asking: "Will the public stand for this or that?" We shall never know, unless the statesmen are prepared to submit a policy on merits for public consideration. There is then this passionate will for peace; but just because it is so emotional a force, if it is not canalized into precise outlets, it can only end by snapping back into terror. And so I cannot agree with those pacifists whose only response to this new and hopeful emotion of peace, is to offer a negative policy or one whose practical results cannot come in time to avert an explosion. That policy will not reach the heart of a public crying out for security.

Similarly in relation to our fellow nations. We cannot, for example, continue to be the centre of an armed Empire and remain vague as to our military commitments. It was vagueness that led Japan and Italy to call the bluff; that has so far caused Germany to refuse to commit herself to the protection of law, which Europe needs so urgently to prevent catastrophe; that made France feel misunderstood and started her on the slippery slope to second-best forms of security, never really desired by Frenchmen, and ending in confusion worse confounded. Let us at least have an end to vagueness. Let the Government give up saying at one moment that this nation accepts the principle of force as part of the Covenant of the League and must therefore rearm in order to be equipped to take its part in the collective system; at the next moment that if force is used under the League, we shall only create a super-State and turn all wars into world wars. Either the Government does not accept armed force as an integral part of the League; in that case it should return to armed alliances and be ready for the old form of anarchic war. Or it does mean that armed force should in the last resort be at the service of the League; in that case it should stop alarmist talk of world-wars, and take practical steps to make collective force a workmanlike reality.

We face then the same task that faced us in 1919 when the League Covenant was drafted. But our approach to it cannot be the same, because mistakes have been made on all sides in the last seventeen years, and a situation has developed that could have been avoided, but must none the less be faced. Fear is everywhere. Until we publicly advocate certain immediate decisions to allay it, we shall get no chance of taking the more fruitful steps, on which lasting peace and confidence depend. We need an interim policy and a long distance policy, and we need them at the same time. We need to proffer simultaneously our immediate proposals for the situation of 1936, and our ultimate intentions, in one and the same statement. That is the key to our problem.

The German and the French proposals are too much disposed to take cover in dialectics. We need something more than that. Realism does not mean we should only say what we will do forthwith on the Rhine, or in Abyssinia; or what we would do

in a world that had abolished sovereign independence, redistributed raw materials, and made final decisions about colonial territories. It requires both those approaches, in strict combination. It means that the only way to pull the nations up before they have rushed into war either in Eastern Europe or North Africa, is for some great country to put forward a statement of intentions on every outstanding issue, for joint consideration and joint action; as morally challenging and as intellectually formidable as the Fourteen Points of President Wilson. And for every reason that country must be our own.

For these purposes the only form of realism demands that we should give life to the League system of collective security. That improvements could and should be made in many of the Articles of the Covenant has long been known. But even as they stand, those Articles could solve every one of our immediate problems—if we chose. It was no fault in the Covenant that caused us to deal with German Reparations too late; or to withhold equality from German Democracy, conceding it later to Dictatorship; it was failure in human will-power and human judgment at the critical moment of time.

It would only be possible to confine the League to the functions of conciliation and discussion, dispensing with any collective policy for dealing with the use of force, if there were no armaments in the world. While the armaments remain, a collective policy for conciliation without a collective policy upon the use of that armed force, could only mean an arms race in the background, overshadowing and then destroying joint discussion. Hence the framing of the Covenant in recognition of this fact.

In an armed world, in a world above all of aerial armaments, collective security is the only security left to us. How then to make it real?

- No World Conference is among the immediate possibilities, but preparations for that conference are essential. We shall presently need a Peace Conference to replace the War Conference of Versailles. Sir Samuel Hoare touched on some fundamental economic problems in September, 1935. To have failed to follow up that speech was a grave folly. It is unsafe to open such a door a little way, and leave the nations peering through it.

I want Great Britain, then, to submit not an ultimatum of proposals that cannot be modified, but a comprehensive plan for discussion, covering all the related points.

Even as it is, Germany has delayed her reply to the new British Questionnaire in order to see how the League cat intends to jump in Abyssinia. Italy remains intransigent, waiting to see whether Germany will come back into the League. The nations of the Balkans and the Little Entente are hurrying to cover, first in this grouping and then in that. Russia may refuse to commit herself in the Mediterranean, not knowing the British attitude in Europe. Unless we act and stop the rot, the disintegration will go on, until a revolution here or a *coup d'état* there upsets the delicate balance with the chance explosion of an assassin's machine-gun or a desperado's bomb.

Here then is a draft agenda which I have already placed before the International Peace Conference :

1. The first and foremost item should be in favour of setting up a Fact-Finding Commission, to deal with the problem of change by peaceful means, and the consideration of revisions in the *status quo* both territorial and economic. We should also declare our desire to expedite all those functions of the League, which would promote social and economic co-operation, ranging from a Low Tariff Group open to all nations, and culminating in the work of the International Labour Office. The question of Colonial Mandates must be frankly discussed by this Commission.

2. The second declaration should be in favour of establishing absolute equality in rights and armaments for Germany and her Allies in the late War.

3. The third is a proposal, having regard to the first two items, that for a fixed period of time, maybe for a year, all European nations will attempt no change by force direct or indirect and will jointly protect the truce by every means including, if necessary, military action as laid down in Annex (F) of Locarno.

4. The fourth is that we should not recognize the *fait accompli* in Abyssinia. We must scrupulously avoid inflicting vindictive sanctions on Italy, and hold out the hand of reconciliation. But we must continue to refuse financial credits or to trade with that country, unless she will come to the conference table and agree that the settlement of the Abyssinian dispute shall be under the auspices of the League. We must be non-co-operators with the Aggressor. This is indispensable, both for the sake of the League's prestige, which involves the cause of international peace, and for the future of the other vital negotiations now taking place with Germany.

5. The fifth is that we should, during this interim stage of negotiations, honour our obligations under the Locarno Treaty, on the clear understanding that France will full-heartedly enter into discussions, which will aim at both granting absolute equality to Germany and providing a

thoroughly workmanlike system for the security of the whole of Europe.

6. The sixth is that we should organize to *prevent* war, and not merely try to deal with it after it has broken out. This requires a preliminary declaration by Britain as to what she would be prepared to do in common with other nations, provided the negotiations with Germany ultimately reached success. This preliminary declaration should re-affirm in absolutely clear terms that in the event of a satisfactory settlement being come to in Europe, we should then be prepared, if others also agreed, to protect by all means, including force in the last resort, the Agreement we all signed. It is essential to make that declaration of intention *now* at the opening of the negotiations, in order to help those negotiations to succeed. If it is not made at this early stage, no nation will play a frank part in the discussions, because we shall all be in doubt as to whether in the end the agreement come to will be protected. If there is doubt on this question, France will not recognize equality for Germany, whilst Germany for her part will only propose bilateral pacts of non-aggression—a meaningless formula, which will induce nothing from any nation that may be called upon to revise a treaty. To call out Germany's sincerity, to give confidence to the smaller nations, and to carry France along with us, that declaration of intention must be made now and implemented later when the agreement is finally ready.

7. The form of collective security we must declare our willingness to sign must be general for Europe, and not regional. No such joint collective guarantee can be given or even envisaged upon any other terms than that the agreement shall grant equality, remove grievances, and provide a continuing machinery to consider the different circumstances of all nations who accept this new settlement, whatever their past history or troubles may have been. They must declare that they agree that this new settlement brings to an end any reserved right to break the peace by self-judged decision. If this is understood to be the quality of the new agreement, then we can make our declaration proposing collective action throughout the whole of Europe. You cannot leave the peace to be protected by regional groupings of those particular Powers only which are most likely to be involved in disputes that may arise in their own regions. Nor can you decide to protect your trade route to India, but only declare your hand upon the Rhine. Still less can you become involved in a Western regional pact which allows any one of its members to straddle across into an East European pact. In any of these circumstances regional pacts will become death-traps, and far more dangerous than a fully worked out European general system of collective security.

8. Participation in this new European system shall require immediate steps to be taken so that the contribution of each nation to collective security shall be known and worked out in advance. It should not be left to result from hurried consultations after a breach of the peace has taken place. Naturally we shall hope that economic pressure would suffice. But no nation will feel confident in disarming and relying upon economic action against an aggressor unless military sanctions are also available. To get one sanction used, all must be admitted. When all sanctions are known to be available, none will have to be used.

9. I doubt whether we can avoid rearmament during these negotiations, and I think the Peace Movement should admit this, and concentrate not upon attacking rearmament, but on demanding a workmanlike system of collective security. But at the date of signing the new agreement, a truce in armaments should be called to enable a resumption of the Disarmament Conference to take place with real hope of success. This should culminate in the international supervision of the Disarmament Agreement.

10. Commissions should then be set up to reconsider the Articles of the Covenant, and to take into account the varied proposals that have already been made for improving its structure and procedure.

11. A World Conference to consider economic and colonial questions should ultimately follow the Fact-Finding Commission contemplated in proposal No. 1, and to this America should be invited as a participant or an observer. We should all recognize that America would certainly not insist upon exercising her neutrality rights, when once a final settlement of Europe had been come to and mutually protected under League Authority.

Will the public stand for all this? On two assumptions, though on no others, yes.

1. That the electors see a clear picture of the whole intention. For them it is the small and isolated proposal which is bewildering. The British elector, like the French peasant, even though he still believes in armaments, yet hates to think of fighting or using those arms. The British public will not march for Memel, Austria or any other isolated area or incident, so long as there is no final settlement. They will prefer to draw back even into the terrible perils of armed isolation, rather than become entangled in separate incidents. But the public, so long as it retains a belief in armaments, will fight for a general and effective defence of law and justice, if once the whole plan is put to them in clear and workmanlike fashion, ensuring their own safety as well as that of other nations. It is not commitments the public dislike, but entanglements.

2. The second assumption is that every other European country shall engage itself to do the same, and by joint preparation from now onwards prove that it means to honour its intentions. Let the individual citizen become as sure of the reliability of the collective system as he has been of the old out-of-date system of isolated action, and he will fight for the one as he has fought for the other. And then indeed he will not need to fight at all. For once

the system has become predictable, no nation will break the law, and there will be no more war.

The alternative? A grim alliance between the pacifist and the armed isolationist. The League will perish between the upper millstone of pacifism and the lower millstone of military preparedness for war in isolation. But the victor will not be the pacifist, when the new threat of war comes. It will be the Fascist, the gangster, the true militarist, who once the League has gone, will ride to power upon the fear, terror, and hatred of a confused and frightened public. Reason, tolerance, and compassion will go under in that tide of emotion. The chance for the flowering of true pacifism will have vanished. The arms race will see us over the precipice. Our generation will not know opportunity again.

I have always been a pacifist. I ask no protection from armed force, whether national or collective. Like the Quaker, I cannot take part in it. I want to see my nation leading the world unarmed, in the social services of peace and mutual economic assistance. I do not believe an unarmed Power would be a universal victim, for it would no longer be feared as a possible menace to its neighbours. But the world has not yet come to this view. It has, however, renounced war as an instrument of national policy. It is good that the pacifist should persevere, preaching his creed in season and out. But he should not impede the collective system of the League. If there are any two vital needs at this anxious moment of time, they are:

1. That the pacifist should preach his pacifism, and develop its constructive programme, *without attacking the League*; and

2. That our country should demonstrate how to make the collective system a living reality both in maintaining law and in expediting change by peaceful means.

In no other way can I see any hope of restraining, before it is too late, the fears which now haunt the heart of every nation. In no other way can I see how an interval of time can be provided, sufficient to bring victor and vanquished into friendly companionship, and to set us on the road to merciful dealings with each other. Unless we now give life to the League, peace and democracy will perish.

G. K. CHESTERTON

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

A DOZEN glorious years in London were the fortune of Gilbert Chesterton as writer and fighter. He was an unparalleled apparition. The man himself at thirty was a wonder. The game he played was his own invention, as was his style, while the gusto he threw into living and writing, keeping it up until the experiences, physical and spiritual, which shook him in early middle age, belonged to himself alone. He was a metropolitan product. Growing up in the London of the 1880's, his mind and habit were formed in the decade which contained the death of Tennyson and Gladstone, the eclipse of Oscar Wilde, the apotheosis of Rudyard Kipling and the fall of Cecil Rhodes. For the young Chesterton the Boer War was a godsend. It provided him with a crusading motive and an inexhaustible topic. It brought him, in Hilaire Belloc, an inseparable companion, a mentor and a lifelong ally.

The initials G. K. C. under verses and reviews signalled the advent of a new force. This was in the first dismal year of the South African campaign when, naturally enough, one was quick to catch an anti-Kipling note in rhyme and the gallant accent of youth in an assault upon Chamberlain and Milner. Chesterton at twenty-seven was full grown, and no young champion was ever more ready to knock over a popular idol, the more imposing the better. From the *Speaker* he expanded into the *Daily News*, which after a brief interval in the hands of R. C. Lehmann was then starting afresh under A. G. Gardiner. A morning paper at the end of the nineteenth century would still print a speech—by the Duke of Devonshire, for example—in three columns of unbroken small type. Forty years ago that was supposed to be news. But Massingham's *Daily Chronicle* and the remodelled *Daily News* had broken away from this odd convention, and G. K. Chesterton was allowed to throw himself over an equiva-

lent space in a gorgeous improvisation upon an author or his book. Here was richness!

One could not paint what then he was. In a surprisingly short time Chesterton became a legend of literary London. Everything about him lent itself to the making of a myth, beginning with his height and girth. He made a splendid or grotesque contrast to any companion or antagonist. His bulk was a continual jest to himself—as when, in reply to Mr. Bernard Shaw's remark that a procession of the animals he had not eaten would follow his hearse, Chesterton said he would be ready to attend and express his gratitude to an elder contemporary in the guise of an elephant. His great head had a crown of curls upon which a soft hat, never quite large enough, was tilted. His clothes were shocking. He continued to wear an Inverness cloak long after the fashion had been abandoned by the actors. He hailed a hansom anywhere. A chuckle preluded his jokes, and his voice had an amusing high note (the much deeper tone of his utterance at the microphone, when long afterwards he revealed himself as a successful broadcaster, was a surprise to his old friends). His good temper, high spirits, and generosity were superb. Nothing in the least resembling his brilliance and resource in conversation had hitherto been known. He was incessantly debating and contradicting. He awoke every morning, as Mr. Robert Lynd has it, hoping to find plenty of good causes to fight for. He knew there could be no lack of heads to punch on any day.

It happened that in the years which followed his early successes there was a widespread revival of public debate: Chesterton at his best was a delight on the platform, and so long as he lived in London he was ready for any encounter, particularly with a leading Socialist or Secularist. A prolonged argument on the truth of Christianity with Robert Blatchford had to be conducted on paper, for the Editor of the *Clarion*, who had then an immense following, was no speaker. For the rest, Chesterton was equal to any opponent. He could turn almost any blow and he wisely avoided facts, well knowing his own weakness. You could not call him an unfair fighter, but he habitually evaded the point by an audacious quip to which no retort was possible. The one antagonist, I believe, who was too much

for him on the platform was Bernard Shaw, for whose intellect and skill he had an enormous respect. I heard many of those debates and recall one evening in particular—at the Memorial Hall, 25 years ago—as the highwater-mark of a period which must be unique in this respect, that a number of its ablest journalist-authors were masters of the spoken hardly less than of the written word.

To the *Daily News* Chesterton was indebted for the pulpit by means of which he established himself as a popular philosopher. From the review columns, where he enjoyed a generous allowance of space, he was transferred to the leader page, and there for ten years his weekly column appeared. His choice of topic was unhampered—from first to last Chesterton had luck with his editors; he was permitted to turn anything into Saturday copy. His exuberance and his whimsies had the freest scope. Political comment was in no wise restricted. In a Liberal paper, and at a time when party loyalty was commonly demanded, Chesterton could tilt at prominent Liberals and ridicule their tenets or measures. For a while, however, he was sufficiently orthodox—as for instance, on Ireland and the House of Lords. He lived in Battersea, would defend the borough and its park, and fling gibes across the river at Chelsea. He took pride in voting for John Burns. When Mr. Burns, in 1910, re-entered the House with a majority of 665, Chesterton announced that the figure was exactly right: “666 was the mark of the Beast; 665 is the mark of the Man.” It was soon after this that Chesterton left his Battersea flat and gave up residence in London, to which he so undeniably belonged. For the twenty-five years that remained to him he lived in the Chilterns at Beaconsfield, which village he saw develop into a satellite town on the outer rim of what his favourite Cobbett called the Great Wen. His removal to the country was not an insignificant event. Chesterton, just under forty, had suffered an exhausting illness, and thereafter (I do not lay stress upon the coincidence) he drew away from the democratic Liberalism of his youth, became decidedly more cranky, and embraced altogether the view of politics, society, and ethics which were identified at that time chiefly with the name of Hilaire Belloc.

One unavoidable result of this development was a break with

the *Daily News*. The occasion was furnished by a little adventure in the Bellocian weekly, the *New Witness*, to which G. K. C. contributed the diverting rhymes which later found a place in *The Flying Inn*—a story, by the bye, which, as I noticed, almost escaped mention in the obituaries, although some of my young friends insist that it belongs to the best of Chesterton and is the most delightful fantasia of the time. In this series the Ballade of Strange Drinks was fatal:

Feast on wine or fast on water
And your honour shall stand sure—
God Almighty's son and daughter,
He the valiant, she the pure:
If an angel out of heaven
Brings you other things to drink,
Thank him for his kind intentions,
Go and pour them down the sink. . . .

Tea is like the East he grows in,
A great yellow mandarin,
With urbanity of manner
And unconsciousness of sin. . . .

Tea, although an Oriental,
Is a gentleman at least
Cocoa is a cad and coward,
Cocoa is a vulgar beast; . . .
Cocoa is a dull, disloyal,
Lying, crawling cad and clown . . .

And so on: a hot draught as we may admit, and likely enough to facilitate the closing of relations with the leading newspaper of a certain group. Chesterton had been treated with the greatest consideration. No journalist in London at that time, I should say, enjoyed an equal liberty of criticism and jest. He was the loser by this breach. Surrendering his great audience, he had to wait twenty years for an opportunity to address the greatest of all—over the air. His most surprising feat in journalism was the causerie in the *Illustrated London News*. He began it before the War and held it until the end. In other words, this seemingly careless literary workman was able to produce a weekly essay over a period of more than twenty years—a record in that particular field equalled only during our time by the accomplished craftsman who is not hidden behind the initials “Y. Y.” But it was, I think, in this regular

task that Chesterton too often exhibited his weaker side. We saw, that is, the decline of a most happy style into a mechanical trick for the single purpose of propaganda.

It was the combination of literary profusion with intellectual scope which made Gilbert Chesterton unique; or, rather, this combination ennobled the warmth and fine humanity of his spirit. Did ever pen in our day scatter riches like his? From *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* to Father Brown is a remarkable distance, but not more remarkable than the line that runs from *Heretics* to the monograph on Robert Browning, or from *Twelve Types* to *Tressendons Trifles* and the perfect study of Charles Dickens, or than the curve which includes *The Ballad of the White Horse*, the blistering verses on F. E. Smith and the series of ridiculous, and perfectly turned, songs in *The Flying Inn*. He possessed the rare gift of readability, and he was the wittiest modern writer of English prose. Yet now that his amazing work is finished, one who could seldom add intellectual assent to his admiration finds it impossible not to regret that so marvellous an endowment should have been devoted to a set of ideas with which the creative forces of our age can have little to say, and to the advocacy of a way of life along which man in the Great Society that must evolve will not find it possible to travel.

[Chesterton was a member of the group of contributors to the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW recruited by W. L. Courtney, and his first notable appearance was in the form of a serial causerie called "Time's Abstract and Brief Chronicle"—Ed. F.R.]

THE BALDWIN LEGEND

BY ROBERT BERNAYS, M.P.

FEW governments of modern times have had more critics than the present administration, which commands a majority of nearly two hundred and fifty. It would be a profound mistake to believe that they are all inspired by party rancour, personal spite, or individual ambitions.

There has been in all parts of the House of Commons a lack of confidence in the power of the Government to shape policy and direct events. Probably it is inevitable in the circumstances of the time. Not since the Asquith administration from 1910 to 1914 has a Government had to face such a swift and bewildering series of disasters.

It has lurched from crisis to crisis. It had not been in office a month before it encountered the hurricane that accompanied the production of the Hoare-Laval proposals for the termination of the Abyssinian war. It only survived at all by hurriedly jettisoning the Foreign Secretary. Mr. Anthony Eden had not been in control more than a few months when the events foreshadowed by Sir Samuel Hoare came to pass. Abyssinian resistance broke under mustard gas. The Italians marched into Addis Ababa and the policy of sanctions on which the election had been fought suffered a reverse from which it may never recover. Coincident with these tragic events has been the rapid worsening of the situation in Central Europe. The Rhineland has been remilitarized, the pace of the German rearmament quickens with every month, and western civilization sees itself drifting nearer and nearer the abyss.

The country is frightened and, as always in such circumstances, it is calling for a leader. Bonar Law once said to Asquith that in times of crisis it was not merely necessary for a Government to be active. It must seem active. This Government does not possess this qualification.

Its withdrawal of sanctions, for instance, was made known in an extraordinarily haphazard, almost lackadaisical fashion. Such a far-reaching decision ought to have been announced by the Foreign Secretary to the House of Commons. But the first news of it that reached the country came in the form of an after-dinner speech by Mr. Neville Chamberlain to the 1900 club. Immediately the Prime Minister was challenged in the House of Commons and made a halting reply; it was generally felt that the Chancellor's speech was a constitutional impropriety and exhibited a lack of co-ordination and discipline in the Cabinet.

It is a Government of tired men. After all, most of them have been in office now for five years through a period of crisis unexampled in the post-war era. Some of them, like Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, have been in vital positions of responsibility, except for the brief interlude of the two Labour Governments, for upwards of fifteen years. Others like Mr. Runciman, who was President of the Board of Trade in 1908 and Sir John Simon, who was Solicitor-General a quarter of a century ago, can hardly be expected after a lifetime spent in the public service to maintain the vitality and zest and imaginative outlook that these critical times demand. Indeed it is significant that the few outstanding successes are men like Mr. Eden and Mr. Stanley who are essentially of the post-war world.

On the other hand, while the leading members of the Government have tended to grow stale, their supporters are exhibiting the resource and confidence of men who are approaching the flowering period of their political powers. It must not be forgotten that the present Parliament is in reality not in its first but in its sixth year. Only forty new members took their place on the Government side of the House after the last election. The overwhelming majority of the Government supporters are men who sat through the long Parliament of 1931. They were young and raw then. They were ready to sit at the feet of the leaders and render unquestioning obedience to the Party Whip. But they have grown up. They have become lusty Parliamentarians. They have learnt how to make their presence felt. They are not ready now to accept in silence a rebuke from the great men on the Treasury Bench. Rather do they rise and

put another supplementary question or threaten to raise the subject "on the adjournment."

The humiliations of the Government have been not a little due to the fact that they have failed to appreciate this change in atmosphere. The leading men in the Cabinet never grasped, for instance, the extent of the revolt among their supporters on the Hoare-Laval issue. It was only when they realized by the lengthening list on the order paper of the names of members who had signed the motion for rejection that if they went forward with the proposals they would go forward to disaster, that they decided upon precipitate retreat. But by that time the back bencher had, as it were, tasted blood. He understood more clearly than he had done before that it was by him that the Government reigned, and he has never let them lose sight of the fact.

Three months later he struck again and defeated the Government on the motion to move the Speaker out of the Chair on going into Committee of Supply—one of the vital divisions of the year. The actual issue was that of equal pay for equal work for men and women in the Civil Service list, but, as is often the case on these occasions, far more was involved than the actual controversy under discussion.

Many back benchers felt that their views were not being treated with sufficient respect, that on several occasions, notably on the second reading of the highly controversial Air Navigation Bill, a junior Minister had been regarded as sufficient to answer the criticisms, and that other important issues which had been raised, such as the Mandates question and the organization of food supplies in time of war, had been treated rather cavalierly at question time. Twenty-five Government supporters voted with the Opposition and a great many more abstained. It was enough to secure another humiliation for the Government at the hands of its rank and file.

But still the Government seemed reluctant to learn their lesson. They courted another rebuff on the Coal Mines Bill. They imagined that, having printed the proposals in one shape, they could then amend them in the speech of the Minister on the second reading of the Bill in such a drastically different form as to make the original proposals unrecognizable. Again

there was a revolt, and but for the stupidity of the Opposition, who instead of challenging an immediate division allowed their men to go on talking until reinforcements had been summoned, the Government might have suffered a second and more serious defeat in the lobby. As it was, the Prime Minister, having declared his intention in the early afternoon to proceed with the Bill, was compelled before the evening was over to announce that the Bill would be re-drafted and would not be proceeded with that day. A week or two later a further statement had to be made that the Bill would be dropped altogether until the autumn, when an entirely new measure would be introduced. This weakness and confusion in action and council does not inspire confidence.

With the revolt of the younger men has come an increase in the power of the most formidable Parliamentarian in the House of Commons, Mr. Winston Churchill. In the days of the last Parliament he was handicapped by the fact that to cast aspersions either on the National Government or on Mr. Baldwin was regarded as an act of gross impiety. Now he can jeer and gibe to the fullest extent of his incomparable vocabulary and not a single voice is raised in protest. In addition he has the advantage of advocating causes to which there is a very real response among the great majority of the Government supporters. His crusade against the India Bill was a damp squib from the start. "The march of events," which so often he proclaimed were on his side, in fact confounded his whole campaign. So far from the approach of self-government heralding fresh and more formidable outbreaks of civil disorder, the period of Lord Willingdon's viceroyalty was less disturbed than that of any Viceroy since the war. The House of Commons that had listened to his warnings at first with alarm, and then with respectful interest, became frankly bored with them. By the end of the long drawn out passage of the India Bill he was speaking to a Chamber only a quarter filled.

Then last summer he switched his mind to the problems of home defence, and in an instant he had recovered his old position of dominance. There he had a subject in which not merely was the House profoundly concerned but he himself, as the sole survivor on the Government benches of the men who were in vital offices during the Great War, could speak with unequalled

authority. What was more, his prophesies, however far-fetched they might appear at the time he made them, had an uncomfortable way of being fulfilled. He was right about the scale of German rearmament in the air. His figures were disputed at the time, but several months later the Government were forced to admit their substantial accuracy. He warned the Government upon the urgent necessity of speeding up production, and on the Whitsun adjournment he was able to say, without any contradiction from the Co-ordinating Minister of Defence who was in charge of the debate, that "all your programmes are in arrears without exception." He made brilliant play with the failure of the Government to produce machine tools. Eight months had gone by since the election and the orders had only been given for them that week. "We know now," he taunted, "that these machine tools that we are about to order now should have been ordered eight months ago. You have to fill a tank with water; it is a matter of life and death. Everything is there; you have the tank and you have the water; but you have forgotten the plug."

The laughter that followed had an ugly ring about it for the members of the Government, shuffling and uneasily whispering under this castigation.

Will Mr. Churchill be able to pull away the plug in the Government's tank and send the great majority down the drain? He has allies in his campaign of a calibre that was certainly not evident among his Diehard friends in the last Parliament. The famous Shillinglee House Party that caused such persistent rumours of a plot being hatched against Mr. Baldwin contained some formidable Parliamentary figures. There was the venerable Sir Austen Chamberlain, who has exercised on the back benches a far more potent influence than ever he did when he was in office. There was Sir Robert Horne who, though he has taken little active part in politics since the downfall of the Coalition, is still no inconsiderable Parliamentary figure. Any Government he entered would be assured of support, at any rate in the City of London. There was Lord Winterton, a first-class political skirmisher who can put up as good a "knockabout" case in debate as any man in the House. There was Sir Edward Grigg, a member of the *Round Table* group, who would assist in bringing

the support of the all-powerful *Times* newspaper; and finally there was Sir Henry Page Croft the idol of the rank and file of the Conservative caucus. Altogether it was a formidable combination and, though all its members were at pains to explain that the house party had no political significance, it is an open secret that what brought them together was their anxiety about national defence. What would keep them together would be any failure on the part of the Government to allay those anxieties.

A rapid worsening of the foreign situation and a growing conviction that the Government was bungling the necessary defence measures might well produce a demand for a Government of National Concentration, a Committee of Public Safety of the kind that took office in 1931 to stave off what was then regarded as the disaster of a retreat from the gold standard. The obvious head of it would be Mr. Winston Churchill. Next to Mr. Lloyd George no man is more associated in the minds of foreigners with the gigantic efforts put forward by Britain in the Great War. With Mr. Churchill in supreme control there would be an end to that talk in dictator-ridden countries that we had gone "soft" and could be ruled out of account, which is not a little responsible for the recent actions both of Mussolini and Hitler. Mr. Churchill would also have the advantage of a measure of radical support. In spite of his attitude he cannot be easily classed as a Diehard. He has not forgotten his radical "salad days" and is already threatening to give grave trouble to Mr. Ernest Brown if the abolition of the Household Means Test is not included in the new employment regulations. He would be perfectly prepared in return for speedier measures of rearmament to provide a drastic reconstruction of the depressed areas. If a Carlton Club meeting were ever called to depose Mr. Baldwin, similar to that which destroyed the Lloyd George Coalition, I can only foresee one man that could successfully form an alternative government, and that is Mr. Winston Churchill.

Whether it happens depends to a great extent on Mr. Baldwin. The loss of prestige of the Government is not a little due to the loss of prestige of Mr. Baldwin. With the Hoare-Laval proposals and the subsequent withdrawal at the demand of an outraged House of Commons something went out of the Baldwin legend. Many felt that he really believed in the programme and had

sacrificed his Foreign Secretary against his better judgment. Thereafter he appeared to lose the old confident touch. He no longer dominated the House of Commons. He seemed to have lost his grip of affairs. He spoke seldom, and when he did it was with his eyes on a closely written brief. Not even the sudden onslaught on him by Sir Austen Chamberlain, one of his closest friends and his firm supporter at every crisis in his leadership, stung him into reply. It was known that he intended to resign the premiership at the Coronation, and it seemed at one time that he would resign long before that, indeed that his departure is only a matter of weeks.

The Government itself is beginning to re-establish its position. The Budget leakage which, when it first became known, seemed likely to inflict a grave injury, has been so firmly and prudently handled that it has actually shored up the credit of the Government. Unemployment is still falling. At the time of writing it is at a lower figure than at any period in the last six years, since in fact the initial stages of the slump. The return of Sir Samuel Hoare to the Admiralty and the elevation of Mr. Ormsby-Gore, long overdue, to the Colonial Office, will both add to the efficiency of the administration. The Government are further helped by the fact that through all their difficulties and disasters neither Opposition has proved itself capable of exploiting the situation or of suggesting itself to the country as an alternative Government.

The Labour Party gives no evidence of an accretion of strength in the country. At the Peckham by-election, where they had all the advantage of fighting a constituency, which they only lost by 700 votes at the last election, at the very moment when the Italians were marching in triumph into Addis Ababa and the hopes built upon sanctions were in ruins, they only defeated an uninspiring Conservative candidate by the narrow margin of 100 votes.

In the House of Commons they exhibit confusion of council and weakness in action. Their back benchers are chafing at what they regard as timidity in leadership, and their front benchers are embarrassed at the feebleness of the debating talent and lack of political sense of those behind them. Mr. Attlee does his best to infuse some sting into the Opposition attacks, but, with the exception of Mr. Alexander, he is not effectively backed

THE BALDWIN LEGEND

up by his colleagues. Mr. Herbert Morrison, of whom so much was expected, has proved a disappointment. He is an administrator rather than a Parliamentarian, and his duties as the Leader of the Labour majority on the London County Council make the continual attendance at the House which is essential for an Opposition leader very difficult for him. Both Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Dalton spoil every case by over-statement, Mr. Lees-Smith is prim and prosy, and Mr. Shinwell, though he hits hard and often, commands little authority in his party. Not one of them has any pretensions to be a National Leader. Nor are there any rising young men behind them.

Young Mr. Henderson speaks well on foreign affairs and Captain Garro Jones has a certain facility for Parliamentary sniping, but beyond these men the hundred new recruits whom the last election sent into the House of Commons provide no new Parliamentary figures of any consequence. The majority of them are painstaking elderly trades unionists who can speak with effect on the conditions in their own particular industries, but who lack the power of appreciating great political issues. It is rather pathetic sometimes to see them when some complicated issue is being discussed sitting row upon row, puzzled and bored, while controversy hurtles above and beyond them.

But the most potent cause of the slow progress of the Labour Party is the patent confusion of their minds on the armaments issue. They profess a deep-rooted belief in collective security, and then vote against every measure of rearmament that alone could make collective security a reality. When challenged, they admit that they are in favour of Great Britain being adequately armed, and then when it comes to the presentation of the taxes to pay for it, they fall back on the *clichés* of the platform and proclaim that "money that ought to be spent on creating life is being used to destroy it." None has ever really faced up to the impossibility of being at one and the same time a pacifist and an uncompromising supporter of the League Covenant.

This halting between the two opinions is evident in their social policy as well. They cannot make up their minds whether they are out to destroy the capitalist cow or to milk it, whether or not it is a matter of indifference to them if it breaks under the strain of doles and pensions, whether in fact they are safety first

men or, the party of catastrophe. Admittedly their position is very difficult. They have on their flank the Independent Labour Party. They only muster four, but for Parliamentary skill, drive and persistence, they are unequalled by any other group in the House. These men under the leadership of Mr. Maxton make it their business to hound on the Labour Party to extremes, to detect on the instant any falterings in the advocacy of full-blooded Socialism, and to expose it with wounding taunts and scorching invective.

The Labour Party will never return to power until it has made up its mind to present itself as a safe alternative. The country is badly frightened. It will never entrust its fortunes to a Party that is unsound either on the armament issue or the balanced budget required for the payment of armaments.

The Independent Liberals, though they are being admirably led by Sir Archibald Sinclair, are too small to exert any vital influence in the House, while in the country their organization, already weak, is now being still further reduced by the activities of the Liberal Nationals. The establishment of a definite Liberal National Party, with organization in all the Federation areas, means the withdrawal of important financial support from the official Liberal organization. Only the creation of a Popular Front with the Socialists, under which the Liberals would be given a free run in the agricultural areas in return for the withdrawal of Liberal candidates in the towns, could enable them in existing circumstances to improve their position. A Popular Front in the present mood of the Labour Party is not a practicable proposition.

For the time being at any rate the National Government has nothing to fear from its official opponents. The real danger to its continuance is a "Palace Revolution." Any further parade of vacillation and incompetence will play straight into the hands of the Right. There is, happily, evidence in the last few weeks that the Government are awake to the danger and are taking effective steps to meet it by a resolute rearmament programme, in the recognition of the urgent necessity for deciding upon and proclaiming an unambiguous foreign policy, and, above all, an understanding of the importance of an imaginative social programme if the non-Conservative voters in the country, who after all gave it their majority, are to be successfully retained.

THE CLENCHED FIST IN FRANCE

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

NEVER did a government take office with more opportunities of making history than that of Léon Blum. It was obvious from the moment the Front Populaire—composed, broadly speaking, of three parties, the Communist, the Radical, and the Socialist, and the greatest of these is the Socialist—won a majority at the elections, that an extraordinary responsibility for good or for evil lay upon it. France has had many governments since it became a Republic after 1870—the Sarraut Cabinet is usually reckoned to be the hundredth—and for the most part they have not been disappointing only because nothing was expected of them. With a few exceptions, they have existed merely to pave the way for their successor. France has become accustomed to stop-gap Ministries, of which the Sarraut Ministry was an excellent—that is to say, lamentable—example.

It would be entirely unphilosophical to indulge in the smallest personal criticism of Albert Sarraut and his colleagues; they were thoroughly representative of the French Parliamentary system. Yet to make clear the state into which France has fallen, it is necessary to recall that, quite frankly, Pierre Laval was dismissed in order that the new Government should organize the elections, which were to favour the Left. The Sarraut Ministry was then recognized to be there on sufferance. In these exceptional months of acute problems, the function of the Government was admittedly to do nothing, or at any rate as little as possible.

There was immense social discontent. The agriculturist, the worker, the business man, were suffering from the economic depression, which had grown worse in France than in almost all other countries. The financial position was dangerous, and an urgent decision on the continuance of deflation, which had

apparently failed, or devaluation, which presented unknown perils, was undoubtedly necessary. The foreign field called for immediate action. A dreadful interrogatory addressed itself to France: Should sanctions be continued at the risk of losing Italian help against Germany? Should any real steps be taken, either to prevent the further arming of Germany, or to begin conversations with Germany with a view to reconciliation? What was to be the precise significance of the equivocal alliance with Russia? How were the relations of France with Great Britain to be defined? What was to be the attitude towards the League, towards collective security, towards the vital ideas and institutions of Europe?

Social tranquillity, monetary stability, economic prosperity, and external peace were then unquestionably at stake in the few months which preceded the elections. Yet the Government was a stop-gap Government. It would have been regarded as almost improper for it to act decisively. In April at Geneva it was urged that nothing could be done, at the most crucial hour of the Abyssinian affair, until France had a new government. In May—after the elections—it was again urged that nothing could be done until the new French Government had taken office. In June, the League Council, fixed for the fifteenth, was again postponed until the end of the month, to enable the new French Government to take its bearings. The world was bound to conclude that France was virtually without a government capable of accepting responsibilities.

The need of a strong government, when events at home and abroad were running hard on each other's heels, was particularly apparent; and the absence of even the pretence of government was, especially in the final month, painfully evident. The workers, whether acting spontaneously, or (as it is now the fashion to believe, whenever there are troubles, political or social, in France, or Egypt, or Palestine) at the instigation of foreign agitators, got completely out of hand, and began a series of stay-in strikes of a revolutionary character, inasmuch as they ignored the laws of personal liberty and of private property. It was not, however, the business of the government. It would seem that the business of an interim government is to look on, and not to make things better or worse for the government which will follow.

We have observed this unhappy situation this year : circumstances conspired to emphasize an unquestionable defect in the French constitution, or at least in the French practice. But, in my view, the situation, with all its anomalies, was not much more than a logical aggravation of the ordinary situation of France as it has developed for a number of years.

In other words, France is becoming ungovernable because it has not been governed. Its problems are becoming insoluble because no persistent attempt has been made to solve them. Governments come and go ; their expectation of life diminishes and although it is true that the names of Ministers, as they come in and go out, are familiar, and the constant changes are more apparent than real, it is difficult to affirm that any particular government which lasts only for a few months can be held responsible for anything whatsoever. It is this decreasing sense of responsibility which has brought France to a pass in which many people foresee the end of a regime.

That is why the Front Populaire won the elections. That is why the Government of the Front Populaire was given a final chance of saving Parliamentarism. Although there is a mysticism of the Left, and a deep-rooted prejudice against so-called Fascism (a label which is conveniently stuck on the parties and movements which do not profess to be of the Left) the discontent of the French people found expression in a revolt against the interchangeable Ministers and Ministries which have lost their grip.

If one had the space and time, it would be possible to construct many pretty paradoxes, which would be variations on the theme that anti-Fascism in France is an instinctive clamour for Fascism. The ungoverned want to be governed. At present they would prefer to be governed by a sort of Fascism of the Left ; but if a Fascism of the Left fails them, it is highly probable that they will, by reaction, accept a Fascism of the Right. For political purposes, there has been a great outcry against the menace of Fascism, but in reality it is just because there does not exist an effective Fascism of the Right, that France is prepared to try the experiment of a Fascism of the Left.

Sooner or later we shall have to revise these political terms, at present employed with an astounding ignorance of their

meaning. The truth is, as Abel Bonnard ably points out in his book on *Les Modérés*, that the Moderates (and they are substantially the only politicians who have hitherto formed any sort of opposition to the movement of the Left) have always shown a singular weakness. On the occasions on which they have been given the task of government—usually as the result of the hopeless mess created by the Radicals—they have displayed their feebleness and have yielded their tactical positions to the Left. If one cares to analyze French politics at all, one must perceive at once that the Radicals themselves are purely a bourgeois party, which has slipped more and more to the Left, and played into the hands of the Socialists, who in their turn are playing into the hands of the Communists. Moderates and Radicals alike have declined the duty of acting as a brake. They are like those men of the *ancien régime* who “thought they could save their head by bending it.” They invented specious arguments to the effect that they should not irritate violent extremists by resisting their demands—that, on the contrary, nothing could be more adroit than to appease them in granting everything. Thus it was admitted that it was as judicious to desire the advent to power of their adversaries, as it was clever to facilitate that advent, in order that the adversaries would themselves disgust the country. It was established by the Moderates that the least sign of their existence would be a provocation on their part. . . . That has been the attitude of the men whom the Left now dub Fascist. It is because such has been their attitude that the Socialists have come to power. They are welcomed in so far as they promise to act like Fascists—that is to say, to govern.

The student of politics would do well to make other observations at this point—which will appear paradoxical only because, by general consent, we adopt catch-cries without examination. Communism implies a dictatorship which depends on its organization from the base to the apex of the pyramid : Socialism implies the Totalitarian State just as much as Naziism and Fascism. In one form or another, by one method or another, the consequences are the suppression of the individual liberty of nonconformists who cannot accept the State's intervention—whether that State calls itself Communist, Socialist, or Fascist. Despite the intense antagonism of Fascism and Socialism, it

would be easy to demonstrate that the man who has moved furthest towards the practical institution of State Socialism is Mussolini.

Another observation that the student of politics would do well to make concerns the alleged recalcitrancy of the French to any kind of authority. It is true that the French lay great verbal stress on personal liberty, and the history of the Third Republic is a record of the steady decline of Parliamentary authority. But with some knowledge of French history, as well as of current politics, I am unable to find any real justification for the assertion that France is less amenable to the control of the Strong Man than other countries. It lived under the regime of absolute monarchy for centuries, and the Revolution culminated in the Empire of Napoleon. The perturbations of the nineteenth century led to the Second Empire. Parliamentarism, as it is practised under the Third Republic, has certainly resulted in a general shirking of authority, but such incidents as the Boulanger agitation, largely helped by the Left, sufficiently show that France is still capable of hero-worship. What ruined Boulanger was his own character. Even in the intrigues and combinations of a Parliament composed of a multiplicity of groups, exceptional men like Clemenceau and Poincaré are able to assert their authority in a crisis. Today, if the Occasion and the Man appear, there is no reason, *a priori*, to suppose that France is fundamentally different from those countries which have rediscovered the need of authority for the preservation of order and national unity.

Perhaps that time is not yet. As I write, the Front Populaire Government is beset with difficulties. Léon Blum has included a number of new men in his Cabinet, but he has also included a number of old men. Except for the political affiliations of the Socialist members of his Government, it is impossible to say that the Cabinet differs greatly from many others we have seen. There is the same careful dosage; and, dimly discerned, is the same possibility of an alternative combination, which might include the Moderates, the Radicals, and even a section of dissident Socialists, against the more extreme Left. M. Blum has himself made it clear that he has no intention of going far in the direction of Socialism.

After all, he is a product of the old conception of French Parliamentarism. He remained in opposition until the age of sixty-four, yet his formation is Parliamentary. While he is often reminded of an unfortunate phrase in which he suggested the need of "a vacation of legality," his whole concern, since the elections, has been to reassure the public of his orthodox designs. His singular choice of certain tainted and incompetent collaborators gave his Cabinet an air—to use a French expression—of *vieux-neuf*. Instead of laying stress on differences, he tried to persuade the French bourgeois that nothing had really changed. Immediately one began to wonder whether M. Blum appreciated the fact that it was his role to preside over a complete renovation of French Parliamentary manners—to make a fresh start, and not perpetuate a political game utterly divorced from reality, which, played by his predecessors, without imagination or intelligence, has brought France to a sorry plight.

His Ministerial declaration was modelled on a hundred Ministerial declarations. It was written by a spluttering pen in ambiguous language. It affirmed, of course, that the French people mean to preserve democratic liberties against all violent attempts to destroy them—precisely at the moment when strikers were everywhere taking temporary possession of factories and stores and imprisoning workers and directors. It promised the restoration of French economy—though obviously some of the projects of the Front Populaire are scarcely calculated to encourage industry and commerce. An inventory of the country's finances at the moment of taking office is a device already employed by the Cartel des Gauches; it can only be an indictment of the preceding Republican Governments, and cannot be expected to inspire confidence. As usual, peace is sought with every country—but there is an insistence on the respect for international law, which is either conventional, or cannot, in present circumstances, help in the establishment of peace. Reduction of armaments is coupled with the assertion that France will not consent to enfeeblement.

Nevertheless the programme which is set out for immediate attention, while not unreasonable in many respects, can hardly be executed without careful consideration of possible repercussions. It includes a working week of forty hours, paid holidays,

public works, nationalization of armament industries, a reform of the Banque de France, a revision of the Laval decrees-laws which effected economies in Treasury payments.

There is no doubt that the wide prevalence of strikes was exceedingly embarrassing to the Government. The demands of the workers were, again, not unreasonable, though they come at a time when French industry and commerce is already badly handicapped. What was deplorable was the method, which denoted a total disregard for the principles of law and order. For the Socialists to adopt strong measures of repression against the workers was almost unthinkable. But to condone such a flouting of law and order must inevitably encourage revolutionary action. The Front Populaire resembles the Sorcerer's Apprentice who released forces he could not control. Whether the remark is apocryphal or not, I cannot say; but M. Blum is credited with the statement that if he is to be likened to Kerensky, it will not be Lenin who will succeed him. In other words, he stands midway between Communism and Fascism, with the probability that if he fails to preserve the equilibrium, there will be a reaction towards some form of Fascism, as Mussolini has predicted. It is indeed impossible for those of us who remember the condition of Italy before the March on Rome, not to be struck by the analogy of this strange movement for the occupation of workshops; and it is not far-fetched to compare the confusion and perplexity of France with the state of Germany a few years before the rise of Hitler. To push these speculations far would be improper and perhaps erroneous, for history does not take the same course in different countries. It is, however, permissible to remark these signs of the imminence of profound political upheavals. Either M. Blum will manage to master them, or they will master him.

The salute of the Front Populaire is not the salute of the Nazi or the Fascists. It is the salute of the Clenched Fist. To me there is something pathetic in the picture of Léon Blum, exquisitely artistic in his tastes, an intellectual dilettante, holding up a puny clenched fist in company with M. Thorez, the leader of the Communists, who flatly refused to allow his partisans to enter the Government which was the outcome of an electoral coalition of Communists, Radicals, and Socialists. Whatever

may be its significance, there is nothing particularly objectionable in the Fascist salute; but this symbol of the Clenched Fist is surely shocking. It is an act of hostility. Against whom? Doubtless it must be presumed that the Blum Government has no desire to be a government of division and of social strife; the objective, like the objective of all statesmen, is national unity. Never had France greater and more urgent need of national unity. The opposition would do well, remembering its blunders and delays, to rally to M. Blum if he is now to press for social reforms, economic ameliorations, and political renovations, which are long overdue. Nothing durable can now—or ever—be founded on deliberate antagonism. But the condition of M. Blum's success is the elimination of class hatreds.

At the heart of the French troubles is the persistent struggle between the devaluationists and the deflationists. Hitherto the efforts of succeeding governments have been directed to the maintenance of the franc at its parity with the pound and dollar. To this end they have unavailingly tried to reduce the cost of living, to balance the budget, to curtail expenditure. Everybody has suffered and no good has come of it. This was the origin of the discontent that is increasingly manifested. Now M. Blum has rightly seen that further deflation is not a feasible policy. But, as I write, he declines to take the alternative course of devaluation. Yet if there is to be a reversal of the process of deflation—a rise in wages, Governmental expenditure, and a rise rather than a fall in prices, inflation in one form or another appears inevitable, and, willingly or unwillingly, France will eventually be forced off the gold standard. The economic position will worsen; the return of prosperity will be further postponed.

In these circumstances, it is held by good authorities that devaluation of the franc must be undertaken. One of the latest exponents of this thesis is M. Charles Rist, who has a world-wide reputation as a financial authority. His argument is that unemployment is increasing, exports are dwindling, and high interest rates thwart business enterprise. The revenue of the French people has shrunk in the past five years from 250 milliard to 160 milliard francs. It is therefore hopeless to concentrate on expedients for balancing the budget on the present basis.

The fact is that there is a disparity of prices in France and other producing countries, which he puts as high as twenty per cent. The franc was, of course, depreciated by four-fifths in 1926, but wages and prices were rapidly adjusted. Then came the depreciation of the pound and dollar by two-fifths, and the result was a serious *décalage* to the detriment of France. The whole point of a new devaluation, however unfair to the rentier and others who have already made enormous sacrifices, is that it will—or at least it is hoped it will—remove this disparity of prices. Were the franc linked to the pound, France would find itself on a workable level with the rest of the world. Unless something of this kind is done, the menace of eventual devaluation will continue to provoke a flight from the franc; and, in the meantime, since the franc buys more abroad than at home, imports will be encouraged while exports will be discouraged. There is also the question of dear money to be taken into account. While the French borrow at seven per cent., the British can borrow at half that rate. This interest rate would fall if capital were induced to come back, and hoarded money emerged from its hiding-places. It remains to be seen whether these considerations will appeal to the Government of the Front Populaire, but it is certain that many of the Moderates who preferred deflation are now converted by the clear exposition of M. Rist and others.

Nor can any French Government, whatever its complexion—even if it be of a bright red—be insensible to the dangers which face it in the domain of foreign policy. Every Frenchman with the smallest sense of responsibility for the future of his country, whatever his nebulous ideology, deploras the ill-timed experiment in ineffective sanctions against Italy. The aggression against Abyssinia is deeply regrettable; it must necessarily be condemned; but Europe cannot consent to suffer shipwreck for the sake of Abyssinia. There is, after all, a scale of values, though they have been lost sight of in the fine frenzy of the sanctionists. France has need of British friendship, but it has no less need of Italian friendship. The peril of an Italo-German coalition is not so unreal as is apparently supposed by many people in England. At the earliest possible moment this sanctionist business must be liquidated, or, as the French plainly foresee, there will be irresistible alignments. The Soviet

Government, despite its doctrinal dislike of Fascism, is now recommending the French Communists to think in terms of practical possibilities.

It is ironical that M. Blum should be compelled to make peace with Italy. It is still more ironical that he, the first Jewish Prime Minister of France, should be forced to enter into conversations with Herr Hitler. But the greatest irony of all is that, after the victory of the Front Populaire with the cry of anti-Fascism, France, realizing that the continued weakness of its governments constitutes a temptation to less pacific countries and a dreadful menace to peace, will be obliged to resort, at no distant date, to a system of authoritative government which may not untruly be described as Fascist.

ITALY'S WAR—WHO PAYS AND HOW?

By C. J. S. SPRIGGE

"FOUR hundred thousand Italians, in the prime of life, are now on African soil—soldiers, legionaries and workmen. Thousands more will be leaving for Africa shortly. All of these men are already assigned to civil tasks—policing, road-making, development of communications and transports. At their side are agricultural and industrial experts, experts for mining, irrigation, commerce, banking; and these technicians, picked men of their professions, will rapidly increase. The first strong groups of colonisers will be drawn from these soldiers and civilians."

A writer in the Turin *Stampa*, early in June, 1936, thus opens an article on the theme "Exploiting the Empire." In June, 1935, many people still maintained that Mussolini was bluffing: never would he venture upon even the partial conquest of Abyssinia, in itself a hard enough task, with Great Britain pressing the greater part of the world to make it still harder for the adventurer. But Mussolini proved not to be bluffing. He sent in his troops and committed his whole prestige in the enterprise. Well, then—one could hear it said at any time between October, 1935, and March, 1936—so much the worse for him and for Italy. Mussolini was taking on enormous military risks with an entirely insufficient economic provision against the loss in national income through this diversion of energies: and fifty countries had agreed to make the loss as great as possible. But by April the Italian arms were proceeding from triumph to triumph, and before the middle of May Mussolini had proclaimed the permanent annexation of Ethiopia and conferred the title of Emperor on King Victor Emmanuel.

The historians will have to try to trace out the development of an outcome so different from the expectations of Italians and of non-Italians alike. The traveller in Italy in June, 1935, could

hear many Italians grumbling at being committed to a quarrel with Abyssinia—a prospective colonial war seemed an intolerable addition to economic anxieties, already exceedingly serious. Only the young officers, keen for glory and advancement, and the unemployed—officially 700,000 among organized industrial workers—could expect anything good from this "forward policy." Six months later overt grumbling had become too dangerous, but informed and cautious minded Italians all the more regarded the war as an appalling blunder of which the consequences could not be averted, and must therefore be awaited and suffered with as much dignity as possible. Another six months and the Duce was inviting the Italians to make ready to enjoy the fruits of victory.

The historians will perhaps stress that Mussolini knew, right at the beginning of 1935, that the French would faithfully retard and alleviate the League's opposition to his adventure: that he was sure Great Britain, hitherto Italy's traditional protector, would not find the energy to press very much more strongly against him than France, with German rearmament calling attention to weakness in the defences nearer home; and that he was reckoning all the time with a freer use of gold (and of gas) on Abyssinian territory than the less informed had held to be conceivable. Mussolini has been suspected further of special foreknowledge that Hitler would draw all the attention of European Governments away from the Italian adventure at the very moment of their last chance of interfering with it. Another, perhaps less airy, theory is that he may have had reason to count upon Russia urging in "League circles" that Abyssinia was too small and too remote a theme for serious consideration when the Eastern European frontiers were manifestly insecure. In short, Mussolini had undertaken his expedition with an instinctive knowledge and a fullness of information about European political interplay which his critics and opponents in Italy and abroad did not command, and with a lack of scruple that they did not foresee. Quite certainly he has astonished them and belied their forecasts.

Experts on finance and economics gave, on the whole, like military and political experts, the judgment that this enterprise of Fascist Italy would lead to extraordinary difficulties. Certainly

if war is considered a sport suitable for the prosperous only, then the Ethiopian excursion was to be judged inopportune in the extreme. In May, 1934, Mussolini pronounced a speech reviewing Italian finance and business. He called attention to the large Budget deficit, the large excess of imports over exports and "invisible" exports (proceeds of shipping, etc.). As the Italian taxpayer could not possibly be called upon to make any further efforts—the burdens, said Mussolini, were barely less than intolerable—the Budget must be balanced by cuts in State salaries and stipends. For the equalization of imports with exports there must be a cut in Italian costs—that is to say, in wages.

Early in 1935 the Italian Government promulgated an order restricting imports from any country to a percentage of those for similar months of 1934 (the percentage was at first generally one-third) except by special arrangement. Observers took this as yet one more indication of the financial straits of the Italian system, to which the 1934 retrenchment drive had brought no respite.

No doubt most Italians judged so too. But anyone who had seriously considered the Wal Wal incident, and the Italian press campaign magnifying the incident; anyone who had rightly interpreted the ever more numerous photographs of Italian Colonial troops in martial array to be found in the papers in the late autumn of 1934, would have questioned whether the shortage of foreign exchange and the resort to import restriction and regulation derived solely from Italian incapacity to sell goods abroad. Among those "excess" imports were imports purchased, without regard to trading balances, for the purposes of the projected war; and no doubt Italian factories which might have been turning out exports were already by then devoted to executing military orders.

Yet if the financial straits of the turn of 1934-35 were less extreme than London, Paris, and New York banking houses supposed, the diagnosis of hard times was not materially wrong. The Duce led his countrymen into the Abyssinian adventure when wages, profits, the possibilities of employment or the opportunity for successful business enterprise were poor throughout the length and breadth of Italy. Far from being deterred,

he may well have considered this a cogent reason for proceeding with his war. In the seventeenth century the most celebrated Italian theorist of war, Montecuccoli, could write: "Money is that universal spirit which penetrates everywhere, animates all, is in fact almost everything, the supreme instrument that can bend the prudent and restrain the ferocious. . . . To the question what is necessary for war, it can be answered: First, money; secondly, money; thirdly, money." But Marlborough and Montecuccoli moved their armies through a Europe of largely autonomous provinces and detached farmlands, dependent upon acquiring their surplus crops in successive seasons. At the base, their royal masters or mistresses depended upon the supplies that they could buy from the men of substance of their own countries. Not yet were Governments aware of "trade depressions," only of fat years and lean years decreed by heaven. No scientists claimed to compute the "productive capacity" of a country and the margin of "unused capacity" between the potential and the actual employment of the "factors of production." Though bad Governments were known by their faults, yet no Government was held specifically responsible for unemployment of men or resources, or believed that it could see far enough into the processes of complementary production and exchange to establish a productive programme, eliciting from all the factors of production a greater output to enter duly into a greater social product.

But when a Government claims such prescience and such power, it will not limit its expenditure in idle times by reference to reserves of "money"; it will reckon by "taking in the slack" to bring into existence the greater volume of production required, and will issue "money" in order to purchase the output. A highly developed banking system is, indeed, continually engaged in distributing substitutes for money. Contemporary economists would make such a banking system responsible for keeping men and means of production in "full normal employment." But in few, if any countries, have the bankers been both able and willing to perform such a function. In the United States, in Germany, and today in France, governments have come forward with undertakings to give employment, bringing wages and profits, by pledging the public credit—that is by incurring debt.

The initiators of new deals and new eras, advocates of productive borrowing and spending in preference to anxious saving and caution, usually supersede rulers who have tried the other method—von Papen and Hitler follow Brüning, Roosevelt follows Hoover, Blum follows (at an interval) Laval, Flandin and Doumergue. Mussolini abides, and merely changes his style. Since, by early 1934, he is likely at least to have envisaged as possible his own bellicose proceedings of a year later—Wal Wal was a pretext—he probably pronounced his great speech on retrenchment, stability, and the need for world trade (May 26th, 1934), with much less seriousness of intent than Dr. Brüning or even M. Laval in their similar speeches. He may well have reckoned that a show of squaring accounts in an old-fashioned way inspires confidence, raises credit, and permits of bolder speculative flights in due time. At all events within a year of the retrenchment speech the Duce's Government were quite clearly through with any attempt to get the affairs of the State and the affairs of Italian industry balanced to an economist's prescription. On March 25th, 1935, interest rates were reduced by decree—this at a moment of marked depreciation of the lira against the French franc, and of gold sales by the Bank of Italy. The authorities were obviously making it easy for Italian firms to borrow, to hold stocks, and to expand output, instead of working in with the French, Dutch, and Swiss to force dear producers to liquidate stocks—and to dismiss workmen—in order to reduce costs to the competitive international price level. A vote of 300 million lire was meanwhile already inscribed in the financial estimates of 1934/35 for purposes in East Africa; a small vote indeed by comparison with the 12,000 million of the next year, but not negligible as a component in a Budget deficit at the annual rate of 4,000 millions which the Duce had vowed to annul.

Soon further signs of the new plan were multiplied. On May 13th the Government took power to issue one milliard of Treasury bonds: a week later a centralized Exchange Control Board was set up. The Government forbade silver exports and took power to withdraw silver coins from circulation. Next all holders of foreign securities were obliged to register these with the Bank of Italy. On July 22nd the Bank of Italy was

authorized to issue notes without regard to the 40 per cent. minimum gold ratio. On the one hand, then, the Government was closing in upon the holders or potential holders of all wealth utilizable abroad—foreign properties and securities, the exchange proceeds of exports, silver, and the gold reserves of the Bank of Italy (which were formally pledged to holders of bank notes). On the other hand it was taking powers to borrow for itself, and to facilitate bank lending to other parties, without regard to the formal provisions of banking law. By the early summer the change was traceable in many economic indices. Between February and August the registered unemployed declined from 628,000 to 421,000; the index for hours worked in factories advanced from 69 to 85; the monthly quantity of goods carried by rail was increased by 25 per cent.; the wholesale price index was up by 10 per cent., and the note circulation of the Bank of Italy also by 10 per cent.

On such signals people with financial experience and an eye to their own interest are likely to attempt to get rid of money as quickly as possible, and to obtain, if they can, gold or foreign currency of which the supply is less easily expanded: or failing that, to stock in goods, buy up land, or at all events to purchase a share in the profits of enterprises which may be expected to expand concurrently with the expansion in the money supply. Travellers in Italy in the autumn of 1935 heard of keen pressure to buy land and buildings, and were aware that middle class people would take any available opportunity of exchanging Italian lire against foreign money. They were aware also of anxious forebodings lest the authorities should discover assets held abroad and undeclared: the Italian police were said to be sticking at no ruses, including that of forging powers of attorney, in their zeal to discover the details of Italian bank accounts abroad or the contents of Italian safes deposited in London or Paris.

The Italian Government was, in fact, determined to get possession of every Italian-owned title to purchasing power utilizable abroad, and was certainly not going to allow anybody to acquire new titles of the sort. By the rationing of imports it had ensured, from the beginning of 1935, that Italian spending power in overseas centres should be earmarked for the purchase

of the requirements of the Government and its providers in a well defined order of precedence. For already by that time the Duce's plans necessitated envisaging a rapid further unbalancing of the correspondence between purchases from abroad and income derived from sales to abroad.

Nor did the Duce intend that sharp-witted business people should gain profit, or evade loss, by dispossessing themselves of lire against purchases of goods or purchases of property. He intended, in the first place, that those with any fortunes to be anxious about should commit those fortunes to the Government for use in the general national enterprise. In the second place, he had no intention of permitting withdrawal of the available merchandize from the market by hoarders at a moment when, perforce, the supply of private requirements of foreign origin was being rapidly reduced.

The League of Nations has collated the external evidence about the foreign trade of Italy in the last eight months, and about the gold shipments effected to pay for excess imports. The reserves for expenditure abroad are, it seems, being steadily used up, and the Italian Government must obviously be constrained more and more to limit its own and its people's purchases to what can be paid for by immediate counter-exports. Meanwhile the Italian Government itself, though suspending statistics, has not ceased to publish decrees and State documents illustrative of the financial and economic struggles of the war. Thus it has from time to time announced the financial appropriations it was making for the purposes of the war. The total of the sums so announced is rather over 12 milliard lire (about £180,000,000), or about two-thirds of a normal year's Budget.

To raise this sum the Government has had recourse to a conversion loan—but of a most unusual sort. In 1934 the Italian Government had carried out a conversion operation in some respects very like the British operation of 1933, as in both cases the greater part of the total long term debt of the State, bearing interest at 5 per cent., was replaced at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In 1935, to finance the war, the Government offered a new 5 per cent. loan, at a price of 95 for cash subscribers: and undertook to accept the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. conversion loan in payment at 80. (By that time the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was worth only 65 in the

market.) Anybody with 100 lire (nominal) in the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan had therefore only to bring this along, together with 15 lire cash, and he would receive a new 5 per cent. security of 100 lire (nominal) thus earning by the cash payment of 15 lire an additional annual interest of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lire. The borrowing was thus at 10 per cent. Apparently by this method about half of the requirements for war expenditure has been raised. Then 5 per cent. bonds were issued as compensation to citizens forced to hand over their foreign securities and titles to overseas property. Possibly two milliards were paid out in this way. For the remainder the Government seems to have had recourse to banks and insurance offices.

True, there have been large taxation increases including a special 10 per cent. tax on all dividends (except on Government and similar securities), a new tax on road transport, an increase in death duties, company capital tax, an enormous increase in both the import duty and the sales tax on petrol (of which the price has accordingly been tripled or quadrupled), and a substantial raising of tariffs by the State-owned railway system. These tax increases are stated to suffice to balance the Budget for 1936-37. But in those Budget estimates no allowances whatever are made for the "extraordinary" expenses in Abyssinia and East Africa. These, in the next as in the present year, are to be offset by "extraordinary drafts which will most properly place the cost of the enterprise on the shoulders of the future generation which will profit by it." (Report of the Budget Committee of the Chamber, April 23rd, 1936.) Moreover, the consequences of the interruption of trade by sanctions for the customs revenue are disregarded as being also "extraordinary."

Out of the new borrowings the State has paid for the transport of some 400,000 men to Africa (over 300,000 through the Suez Canal during 1935, as the Canal Company reports), and for their supply and maintenance through the campaign. At the same time it has held about a million men under arms in Italy. If the 1,500,000 men had been fully employed in farms and factories up to the beginning of 1935, their deflection to military service would have ruled them out as economic producers, while leaving them as consumers—and those in Abyssinia very

expensive consumers of transport, munitions, and explosives, as well as of food. The State, then, would have been incurring new debt not only without at the same time increasing its actual or prospective income (that is to say, the income of its potential taxpayers), but while actually diminishing that income. Against this view it is protested that the 1,500,000 were not "in full occupation at the outset of the war: that the remaining civilians have by their redoubled efforts made up for the lost labour of the absent, and that the absent meanwhile have not been voyaging through the Red Sea as tourists or dropping bombs as a pastime—they have been winning an immense national estate for the future satisfaction of Italian requirements. The last claim is one about which few should yet risk an opinion.

Travelling through Italy at the end of the Abyssinian War (certified in Rome, at all events, to be the end) and observing the continuance of the accustomed ways of life despite war and sanctions, one is, however, inclined to agree that the nation at war has found the means to keep its armies in the field without going visibly more short of the ordinary requirements than this easily contented people is accustomed to do. Whoever has lire can buy food, shelter, and even clothing at a price not greatly different from that of a year ago. And the man in the street has as many or as few lire as he then had. Has nobody, then, had to pay the cost of the war? Are the heavier taxes sliced out of larger total incomes, and can the bank system "create" purchasing power without anybody being squashed out of the market as a buyer of goods?

This would be too good to be true. People are going short of some of their normal consumption. Yet even in Italy, middle class people can find much to give up without feeling that life is not worth living. They can stop buying new suits for two years, new shoes for a year, new shirts for six months. They can eat meat once a day or four times a week only. They can, above all, cease trying to save for themselves and their successors. One traveller in Italy has therefore come back seeing in the renunciation by the Italian middle class of the effort to build up fortunes and to aim at a progressively elegant and superior and differentiated mode of life, the answer—or some part of the answer—to the question who is paying for the war.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE PALESTINE MANDATE

BY KENNETH WILLIAMS

THE Palestine Mandate is become a tragedy. The pessimists' forebodings have been ignored, but today their justification is complete. The present situation is one for unrelieved gloom.

If there were any truth in the saying that familiarity breeds contempt, Britons might treat as of small account the recurrent troubles in Palestine, for the administration of which country they are responsible to the League of Nations. There were riots in the Holy Land in 1920, in 1921, in 1929, in 1933, and now again in 1936 there have been strikes and bloodshed and outrages.

Nor is the old excuse that firmness alone is needed to remedy the position satisfying to the impartial intelligence. There must be a deeper penetration than that into the problem—and the problem of Palestine is as acute and as delicate as any with which the British Empire has ever been faced. It is the business of the Royal Commission which is expected to proceed to Palestine (its terms of reference have not yet been defined, though they must certainly exceed a mere examination of alleged Arab and Jewish grievances) to make such an investigation, and to show what is desirable, what is practicable, and what is just.

To the Zionists the proposal of a Royal Commission is unpleasant—not unnaturally, for every Commission has reported in the main adversely upon their case. Yet one of their criticisms has foundation, for it is true that of the facts governing the Palestine problem the informed world is already in full possession. No land since the War has been the subject of more expert or more varied examination than Palestine, which indeed has suffered from what is popularly known in Palestine as "Commissionitis." Despite this, however, the British public has never really understood the British policy in Palestine; it has begun to doubt whether the Mandatory Power itself has envisaged

the end it has in view. Is the ultimate independence of Palestine aimed at, in accordance with the professed intentions of the designers of "Class A" Mandates, and on the lines of Iraq? Or are the Zionists to be placed in a majority before any such large development is even considered? Was the projected Legislative Council, which roused the Zionists to a bitter fury of denunciation, and provided the British Parliament with an opportunity to display a truly appalling ignorance of the sentiments and condition of the Palestinian peoples, to be an experiment preluding a larger measure of self-government?

To such questions the British public can supply no answer. It sees only the Palestine Administration groping in the dark, living for the hour, trying to diminish the bitterness as between Arab and Zionist, hoping that, out of a policy of "holding on" and impartially "keeping the ring," some solution may emerge. It suspects that the Mandatory Power has no policy other than this; and unless and until some definite lead is given to it, some clear evidence of what Great Britain is trying to accomplish, it will continue to suspect the Mandatory Power of a hesitating, obscure, if not a vacillating policy.

Nor is the close observer likely to come to any very different conclusion. He knows that the 1920, the 1921, and the 1929 disturbances in Palestine were fundamentally anti-Zionist; he recognizes that the riots of 1933 and of the present year were fundamentally anti-British—that is, that they were directed against those primarily responsible for the presence of Zionists in Palestine. But he still lacks indications of any realization that the British Government has perceived the change in the object of Arab attack, which has turned from those they detest to those who have made such hatred possible. Yet the deterioration is profound and serious. Arab Palestine is as united today as any Oriental country could ever be against the policy which is being imposed on it, and with that fact Britons have now to reckon. A blind man could sense the Arab hostility to Zionism, and it needs no prophet to assert that that hostility will endure so long as the political pretensions of the Zionists and the present policy last. This quarrel is no quarrel between Arab and Jew: it has been between Arab and Zionist: it is now, quintessentially, between Arab and Briton.

Let there be no misunderstanding about it: the name of Great Britain today is in Palestine and neighbouring countries more hated even than that of France; the British Empire is in a most dangerous position.

Before we discuss the possible policies that may be adopted by the Mandatory Power, which now, even more than prior to the rise of Italian fame in the Near East, should be anxious to avoid squalls, it may be useful to clear away a few misconceptions to which the disturbances that began last April gave rise. It has been stated that the revolt of the Arabs was due to Italian agents, that Arab leaders were bribed to stir up trouble against the British Empire, that Italian *agents-provocateurs* in Palestine had long been preparing for these troubles, that Arab intransigence could have endured so long as it did only because it was fed on Italian money. Now Italian agents both in the Holy Land and outside it have been indulging in blatant and patent pro-Arab propaganda; the broadcasts from the Bari radio station were full of it, and money from Italian sources has passed not only to Palestinian Arabs, but also to the Arabs, even to the Bedouin, of neighbouring Syria and Trans-Jordan, just as it has passed into Egyptian hands. These facts are not denied. But to suppose that they, and they alone, have been responsible for the disturbances of the present year is simply childish. To presume that the people who previously showed violence to the Zionist immigrants on at least five major occasions within the space of thirteen years needed foreign money and propaganda to manifest a similar spirit again is nothing short of ludicrous. It is on a par with the belief, formerly held by a number of well-meaning people, that the wicked Bolsheviks were responsible for every strike among the workers of the post-War West. At the most Italian propaganda in Palestine can have been but a fillip to folk in whose breasts resentment against their lot had never ceased to smoulder.

Next may be considered a much more widely held conception that the risings of the Arabs are in essence only a revolt of the old against the new. Zionists and pro-Zionist sympathizers, such as Mrs. Edgar Dugdale, have asserted that the spirit of destruction exhibited by the Arabs is merely the spirit of "the Desert" against "the Sown"—in other words, the cause of

shores, and *dunam* after *dunam* slipping into Zionist hands, care for these things?

Had the visitor to Palestine no knowledge of the workings of the Palestine Mandate, one journey alone through the Holy Land would enable him to sense the Arab dread of the Zionist invasion. No one could fail to notice the almost complete absence of social intercourse between Arab and Zionist, and no one could fail to wonder why this should be so.

The dominant factor in the present situation, far transcending the propaganda of the Italians, the "destructive spirit of the Desert," the ambitions of Arab politicians, is the anxiety of the Arab population about their future. That anxiety is a very real anxiety, and sympathy with the people who live in its shadow is extended from Morocco to India. Nothing has succeeded in removing it, neither the well-intentioned efforts of the Palestine Administration, nor the happy financial position of the Palestine Exchequer, nor even the expenditure of the Zionists to represent Arabs as friendly to their cause. The proportion of the land actually (and inalienably) in Zionist hands has been exaggerated, but it is considerable, and it constantly increases. The best land in the plains has already gone; and even into the hills Zionist colonists are now extending. Even faster than the transfer of land increases the Zionist population of Palestine. Given a continuance of the present rate of immigration, the newcomers might well be in a numerical majority within twenty years from now over those whose immemorial home the Holy Land has been.

Is it any wonder, the impartial spectator may ask himself, nay, is forced to ask himself, that the old population is profoundly anxious? Can anything, with indefinite indulgence in the present policy, he may say, prevent the Arabs, poorer and less educated than the Zionists as they are, from deteriorating to the position of serfs, eking out a miserable existence upon their barren hills?

The Jews are predominantly in the plains and the Arabs on the hills. Fly over Palestine and you will see, on hill after hill, the tumble-down villages of the Arabs and their brave little terracings, and, on plain after plain, the tidy, garnished colonies of the Zionists, circular or rectangular in shape. Nothing so

clearly enables the visitor to appreciate the change that has come over the countryside of Palestine as a series of flights over this narrow land.

It is this change, this geographical delineation, which has brought an increasing number of disinterested, or at any rate impartial, observers, to favour the scheme known as "Cantonization," that is, the division of the Holy Land into clearly defined areas in which respectively Arab autonomy and Jewish autonomy might be exercised. Many years ago this plan was bruited: I myself first heard of it from Jewish exponents. Recently, as I discovered in Palestine in 1934 and 1935, it has returned, after a period of obscurity, into some prominence. In this country it has been eloquently expounded by a former member of the Palestine Administration, Mr. Archer Cust. In essence, the plan is one for creating Arab and Jewish cantons on the basis of the existing population. Thus the Jews would govern themselves in the coastal plain from Tel Aviv to Athlit, in the Emek from Haifa to Beisan, in the settlements round the Lake of Tiberias and the Lake of Huleh, and in the old colonies south of Jaffa, by the Wadi Hunein. Of such a Jewish canton Tel Aviv would be the natural capital; and to it the Zionists could add what immigrants they chose. To the Arabs would be allotted the hill country, together with the Arab centres of Nablus, Gaza, Hebron and Acre. It is suggested that to this Arab canton should be added the Arab State of Trans-Jordan, whose Amir, Abdullah, might well choose to remove his capital from Amman to Nablus.

Excluded from either canton, and reserved for direct administration by the Mandatory Power, would be the Holy City of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and the port and oil area of Haifa. By such a division of the country, it is claimed—it might involve some removal of existing populations—the Mandatory Power could perfectly fulfil all its obligations and incidentally effect a great saving in the costs of administration.

This is, on paper, at any rate, an attractive scheme, and deserves far more detailed examination than I here have space to give it; it is indeed so theoretically attractive that the plain man may wonder why, if it be feasible, it has not been tried long ago. So far, however, it has appealed mainly to those who have

no desire for Palestine except that peace should reign there. It has evoked some opposition from Zionists, who, ever wanting more than they have, are not content to divide up the body in accordance with Solomon's precept. From the Arabs no very weighty support has been forthcoming, though individual Arabs have been fascinated by the possibilities of the scheme. Nor in the highest Government quarters has there been shown much disposition to indulge in what the outsider might consider backpedalling. But quite certainly this scheme of cantonization deserves the closest investigation, and it is to be hoped that the Royal Commission will not pass it by lightly as the vapouring of theorists. Such it is not; it is the product of hard thinking by men who have lived for years in Palestine, and who see in it the only way out of an intolerable and an unworthy impasse.

It is not for cantonization, however, that the most prominent Arabs are now calling. They demand what may be called the crystallization of Palestine in its present phase, a process which involves the cessation of Zionist immigration and of the transfer of further lands. They demand other things, too, such as the establishment of a real Parliament, as distinct from the smaller grant of a Legislative Council. But their negative programme is the most serious factor in their present attitude: the stopping of all for which the Zionists stand.

Now this question of immigration and of land is extremely vexed. The Government's criterion in respect of it has been the economic absorptive capacity of the country; yet that is a most elusive phrase. Whether the relatively enormous immigration which has been proceeding during the last year or two has really been absorbed into the economic life of the land would appear more than doubtful—a suspicion to which colour is lent by the fact that the Palestine Exchequer is holding tightly to its surplus of some seven million pounds. An overwhelming proportion of the recent immigrants have flocked, not to the land, but to the town life hitherto regarded as the Jew's sole method of existing. Zionist apologists assert that so long as the balance of payments remains satisfactory, the adverse balance of trade in Palestine is a negligible factor, that there is no doubt that the country can safely absorb several thousand more immigrants, and that those who express concern over the growing disparity

between exports from and imports into Palestine are using entirely incorrect economic criteria for a land such as Palestine. Their view, however, is not widely shared, even though, in recent years, Palestine has become a speculator's Paradise. It certainly is not shared by the Arabs, who foretell a dire economic crisis for their country which, they say, will inevitably hit them, the poorest and least equipped section of the community to meet such a calamity, the hardest of all.

But the question is bound to be asked: could the Mandatory Power so suspend immigration as to counter the Arabs' criticism and at the same time remain faithful to its pledge to facilitate the establishment of a Jewish National Home? Answer cannot be made until another question has been answered, namely, what is a Jewish National Home? The Zionists have already proved, what was previously unsuspected, that, given adequate financial support, they can make good in agriculture. Everyone knew that in urban enterprises they had no superior. What more do they want? Very much; but the difficulty is that they cannot define how much. They say that a National Home will not have been created until it is safe beyond a peradventure from Arab malevolence: in other words, they postpone the realization of a National Home until the Greek Kalends. But there must come a time when the Mandatory Power pronounces that further facilitation is impracticable, for patently a conditional pledge cannot endure for eternity. Is that time at hand? Many observers believe that already the Jewish National Home has gone ahead far too rapidly, that the feverish speed at which the Zionists are working will inevitably kill their ultimate hopes. This is a problem upon which the Royal Commission must authoritatively pronounce.

But if neither cantonization nor crystallization be decided upon by the Mandatory Power, there remains one thing only: the continuance of the policy pursued during the last few years. That policy, with whatever reservations it be hedged about, in the form of regulations designed to protect the interests of the indigenous population, means in effect the naked rule of force. It is plain to all that the Palestinian Arabs, howsoever they be conjured or bribed, will never willingly accept that section of the Mandate which imposes upon them an increasing number

of those whom they regard as alien interlopers. Admittedly, Great Britain could hold down Palestine, a country no larger than Wales. But is such to be the policy of a ruling country which everywhere else in the East has shown a disposition to allow to the Orientals formerly under its care a greater and greater degree of independence? It is barely conceivable, even if the strings which the Zionists can pull are long and many. The grander thing, the more statesmanlike thing, to do would be to admit that the Mandate was fashioned largely in ignorance of the facts of Palestine, that we have at last perceived the errors of our ways, and that, without permitting hurt to those who, trusting to our bond, have settled in Palestine, we will forthwith amend our manners.

Were Great Britain to adopt such an attitude, and were the Government to explain it to the country, as they have done on the issue of rearmament, frankly confessing that their earlier policy was mistaken, there would admittedly be protests, denunciations, animosities; but if the British Empire cannot stand up to such things, it will assuredly lose very considerable prestige in the East. So far we have been going up a blind road, and with unseeing eyes; but the scales are now fallen, and we should retrace our steps. The juster way is the more expedient way; but if we continue pathetically groping, it is not so much the Arabs or the Jews as ourselves who will suffer for refusing to turn to the light.

In conclusion, perhaps I may be permitted to remind my readers that, in writing on Palestine in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* of December, 1933, I said: "The policy of the Palestine Mandate is impracticable. It has failed, and so long as it is persisted in, there will be trouble for Great Britain." It is melancholy and comfortless to indulge in "I told you so." I would only say that everything that has occurred since I wrote those words has buttressed me in the conviction that Great Britain is on a most dangerous road, from which, if she does not change her route, she will emerge with neither gratitude nor gratification. If we do not take to heart the present tragedy of Palestine, there will, beyond a doubt, be stormy weather for us elsewhere than in the Holy Land.

THE BOTTLE OF MEDICINE

BY DR. HARRY ROBERTS

OVER sixty years ago, Dr. Samuel Wilkes, lecturing at Guy's Hospital, thus addressed his students: "All our best treatment is empirical. I should have preferred to have offered you some principles based on true scientific grounds, on which you could act in particular cases. At the present day this cannot be done, nor is it wise to speak of principles when framed from conclusions whose premises are altogether false. To say that I have no principles is a humiliating confession, for my own part, I believe that we know next to nothing of the action of medicines and other therapeutic agents. There was a time when I scarcely dared to confess these opinions to myself, and this is the first occasion in which I have been bold enough to assert them before my class."

These sentiments found an echo in many an honest doctor's heart. The beneficent cynicism grew, and desire for sounder foundations on which serious medical practice might be conducted spread.

Twenty-five years ago it looked to many of us as though the bottle of medicine were on its death-bed. The comparative ineffectiveness and futility of nine-tenths of the drugs in the pharmacopœia had become fairly obvious to most doctors who seriously thought about the matter. Then along came Mr. Lloyd George, with his Health Insurance Bill and his exuberant promise to the working people of this country that if his Bill were passed they would in future be entitled to receive from the doctors as much medicine as they wanted, of the same "high quality" as that of the medicine which hitherto had been available only to the well-to-do classes. Bigger bunk never was.

Today, so far from the medicine bottle being on its death-

bed, it has experienced a renaissance. The working men and women who come under the provisions of the Insurance Act drink something like fifteen million quarts of medicine every year—that is, nearly four million gallons. The vendors of proprietary medicines, instead of finding their trade cut into by this cheap rivalry, have gained enormously from the official recognition of the “bottle of medicine” as the essential instrument of medical treatment. The poor panel doctor finds himself on the horns of a dilemma. If, enthusiastically, he endeavours to materialise the promises made to insured persons, and orders for those who consult him the consolatory drugs they expect, choosing such as may afford some relief, or, at any rate, will do no harm, he is liable to be haled before an Insurance Committee and fined for what is called “excessive prescribing.” I myself have been fined a hundred pounds for this “offence.” If, on the other hand, he is more sternly “scientific” and tells three-fourths of the patients who come to him for advice the hard truth that no medicine in the world is likely to do them any good, and that his professional sense prevents him from ordering medicines which, in similar circumstances, he would not think of taking himself, he is likely to be reported to his Insurance Committee for refusal to treat one of his insured patients, and to be penalised accordingly.

Personally, after over forty years of busy general practice, I doubt if, apart from psychic or “magic” influence, more than one bottle of medicine out of a dozen makes an iota of difference to the course of the illness for which it has been prescribed. On the other hand, I believe that not one bottle of medicine in a hundred does the slightest harm. I do not think, however, that the majority of practising doctors share my incredulity as to the value of the medicines they prescribe for their patients. Most of my doctor friends, when they fall ill, call in a colleague, and in all solemnity take “every three hours” the dose ordered, exactly as does the layman. Sometimes I am inclined to think that the chief difference between the doctor and the quack is that the former believes that his prescription has specific significance; whilst the quack is often clever enough to recognize both the credulity of scientists and the limitations of established medical science.

Anything that can be called exact science still plays but a very small part in medical practice. We are but at the beginning of a knowledge of how the body works, and of the relation between physical happenings and the emotions. As we learn more about human psycho-physiology, science, we may be sure, will play an increasing part in practice. The material on which we have to work, however, is far from uniform. Not general rules alone, but a quick grasp of varying circumstance and a keen eye for idiosyncrasies—physical and temperamental—with a faculty for prompt and sound judgment, are needed for the efficient practice of everyday medicine. In the absence of these qualities, science will carry the doctor but a little way; yet, without science at the back of his temporizing, he is, of course, no doctor at all. But, to quote Mr. Wilfred Trotter, “the affectation of scientific exactitude in circumstances where it has no meaning is perhaps the fallacy of method to which medicine is most exposed.”

It must, moreover, be remembered that the practising doctor, unlike the pure scientist, is constantly being faced with problems calling for an early, often an immediate, solution. He dare not for long remain in a state of scientific doubt; he must act. In the light of such “facts” as present themselves or can be unearthed, a provisional verdict must be arrived at. In the Sir Charles Hastings Lecture last year, Sir Walter Langdon-Browne told how, when he was demonstrator of morbid anatomy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the post-mortem register was still labelled “Register of Complete Cases”—no medical case being considered complete until the post-mortem table was reached. We have got away from that idea now, for we know that a great many of the most important features of an illness are not discoverable *post mortem*, and that not every “case” of illness has that “terminal result.”

Though we must assume that the chief ultimate purpose of the doctor and that of the patient are identical—namely, the recovery of the latter—in relation to immediate objects, the points of view of doctor and patient may well differ profoundly. The pain and discomfort which the patient experiences are apt to seem to the serious doctor, however sympathetic, of secondary consequence. As Mr. Trotter explained to his surgical students

a few years ago, the ordinary patient goes to his doctor because he is in pain or because he is suffering some other discomfort, and wants to be comfortable again; he is not in pursuit of the ideal of health in any direct sense. "The doctor, on the other hand, wants to discover the pathological condition, and control it if he can. The two are thus to some degree at cross-purposes from the first, and, unless the affair is brought to an early and happy conclusion, this divergence of aims is likely to become more serious as the case goes on. The good doctor, therefore, has to learn to serve two objects at the same time—the diagnosis and treatment of the patient's ailment on the one hand, and to keep him comfortable on the other."

Nearly all the medicines in common use are based entirely on empiric observation. Anything worthy of the name of medical science is comparatively new. This does not mean that nearly all medical art is unsound, or that nearly all medical practice is worthless. A cure for scurvy, or, rather, a means of preventing it, was announced a hundred years before science recognized it as a deficiency disease. So with rickets. The efficacy of lemon juice and of cod liver oil in these complaints is no greater since the discovery of vitamins and of the ultra-violet rays of light, important though these discoveries are. The value of quinine in malaria was known many centuries before its lethal potency over the malaria germ—or even the existence of the malaria germ—was suspected; these examples might be multiplied. The dangers of empiricism as a basis of practice lie in its deceptiveness. If we do not know the nature of the immediate cause of a bodily disorder, and recognize the disease only by its symptoms, there is bound to be confusion, because individual symptoms are common to a large number of diseases. Quinine, for example, is effective in malaria because it has a specific action on the animalcula that causes that disease. Before this was known, quinine was thought to be a valuable drug in all kinds of fevers, as well as in the fever called ague or malaria.

It was not a doctor, but a peasant, who discovered the efficacy of foxglove leaves in certain forms of dropsy; but, when they heard of it, doctors assumed that digitalis is a specific cure for all forms of dropsy or watery swellings—it was even authori-

tatively commended as appropriate to the treatment of ovarian cysts. Even now, digitalis is, by half the doctors in the country, automatically prescribed for every sort of heart disease, though in fact its great value is manifest in only one form of heart trouble. Nearly all these old, well-established drugs are good for something, but not for one-tenth of the illnesses for which they are prescribed or sold. There are no such things as universal specifics for "headache," for "indigestion," for "coughs," for "sore throats." It is nearly always symptoms of which patients complain to their doctors—though a good many now are coming to know the possible significance of symptoms, and are concerned more about that than about the discomfort which first drew their attention to themselves. One result of this is that the advertised specific "quack medicine" is just about as likely to relieve the unpleasant symptoms experienced by a sick person as is the mixture dispensed by a high-class chemist on the average prescription of a highly-reputed physician. The latter, however, is more often in a position than is the cleverest untrained quack to recognize the particular cause of a symptom and, if the trouble be organic, to give helpful advice or a likely prognosis.

Has the bottle of medicine, then, a future as well as a past? The answer is, Yes; though, of course, the administered medicine may not in literal fact be served out in bottles. Even those few drugs discovered, as it were, by chance—quinine, rhubarb, ipecacuanha, foxglove and so on—would never have survived all these hundreds of years had they not often enough manifested their potency. It is thanks to these really useful traditional drugs that the public, and the doctors themselves, have kept up their faith in the efficacy of drugs in general.

But the truly valuable drugs constitute only a trivial proportion of the multitude that still figure in various official pharmacopœias. It was a shrewd as well as a cynical doctor who uttered the aphorism: "He is the best physician who knows the worthlessness of most drugs." This, of course, does not represent, nor was it meant to represent, the whole truth; but it was as wise as well as a witty saying, all the same; for the chemical and physiological action of the drugs which the bottle of medicine contains is, in the majority of cases, far less important than are

its psychic or "magic" effects. Man finds it very hard to worship abstractions, without symbols.

Yet, foolish as is the belief that for every human ill there exists a curative drug if we did but know where to find it, at least as foolish is the belief that drug treatment is inevitably ineffective—a mere relic of the superstitious and ignorant Middle Ages. Apart from recently acquired physiological knowledge, the experience of most people would convince any but the prejudiced of the physiological potency of at all events some drugs. The efficacy of opium as a reliever of pain has for thousands of years been beyond doubting; so with the purgatives; so with cinchona bark, and a few others. Then came the discovery of the hormones, those chemical messengers and activators manufactured in our own bodily drug factory; which, though distributed in homœopathic doses, have such vital influence on our physiological and mental well-being. First of all, thyroxin; then, later, adrenalin and pituitrin; and, later still, insulin—to give the names of but the better known of these endocrine products or "home-made drugs." These are tangible chemical substances, and in time each will doubtless be synthesised in the laboratory, just as adrenalin is today.

Everyone has heard of the pathetic human creatures known as cretins. There is another pathologically allied state called myxœdema, not very uncommon among middle-aged women, which shows itself by a drying of the skin, general puffiness, and the slowing down of physical and mental activity, including even speech. A great fillip to the belief in drugs was given when it was found that both cretinism and myxœdema result from a lack of the thyroxin normally produced by a gland in the neck, and that myxœdema could be promptly relieved by the administration of this drug extracted from the thyroid gland of other animals. Cretinism, if recognized early enough, also can usually be favourably influenced in the same way. No less impressive is the potency of the pituitary secretion. The pituitary gland is a tiny structure weighing but a fraction of a gramme, situated at the base of the skull. It consists of two lobes which, except in anatomical position, seem to have little in common with one another. The front gland or lobe plays an important part in regulating our growth and our sex physiology.

If the secretion of this lobe is sub-normal, we get dwarfism and sex infantilism; if it is above normal, we get gigantism—all reminiscent of Alice in Wonderland. Equally potent, but very different in its action, is the secretion of the posterior lobe. On its presence in correct amount, the healthy tone of the blood-vessels largely depends. When it is realized that, normally, only about one two-thousandth of a milligramme of the active principle of this secretion is present in the entire blood of an adult, the notions of those who disbelieve in the potential efficacy of chemical substances in regulating bodily processes are likely to be shaken.

A discovery, perhaps even more significant in relation to the effect of drugs on the human body, is that messages sent along nerves produce their action through the intermediation of a chemical substance brought into existence by that message. It was found out some years ago that on stimulation of the vagus nerve—whose messages exercise an inhibitory influence on the heart's beat—a substance called acetylcholine is liberated in the heart-muscle, and that when brought into contact with another heart, this substance exercises an inhibitory influence just as would stimulation of the vagus nerve itself. It was further found that the drug atropin, obtained from belladonna, neutralises the effects of acetylcholine, just as we know it temporarily puts the vagus nerve out of action—or, rather, prevents the drug produced at the nerve's terminal from entering into combination with the receptive substance in the heart-muscle. As it has neatly been put: "substances produced temporarily and locally, by virtue of their chemical properties, translate for the tissues the messages of nerves." To those unfamiliar with physiology, all this probably seems rather involved and difficult to follow. But it is worth trying to understand, for the therapeutic possibilities arising out of this new knowledge are almost infinite. Biochemistry, limited though is its immediate practical application, has a big future before it.

In so far as drugs have any action on the workings of the body, they act by favouring or hindering certain tissue tendencies. The often-quoted saying of Ambroise Paré, "I dressed his wounds, God healed him," is as applicable to the physician as to the surgeon. The administration of helpful drugs in the case

of a medical lesion is, as we are increasingly coming to see, but, the equivalent of the ligatures and dressings of the surgeon. As Sydenham wrote: "The chief weakness of medicine is not our ignorance as to the ways and means by which certain indications may be satisfied, but our ignorance of the particular indications that thus want satisfying. How I can make a patient vomit, and how I can purge or sweat him, are matters which a druggist's shop-boy can tell me off-hand. He can tell me, too, how to cool a man when he is heated. When, however, I must use one sort of medicine in preference to another, requires an informant of a different kind—a man who has no little practice in the arena of his profession."

JUBILEE OF THE RAND

BY SIR ROBERT N. KOTZE

DURING the present year an important Empire Exhibition is to be held in Johannesburg, which will celebrate a very memorable event in South African history: the discovery of the rich gold deposits of the Rand. Fifty years ago Frederick Struben was working a small gold mine on the northern flanks of the range of hills known as the Witwatersrand (ridge of white waters). The mine was in itself of little significance or value and is now derelict and forgotten. The lode worked was a quartz body such as is commonly associated with gold in parts of the globe. While so engaged he discovered that certain conglomerates (Afrikaans *banket*) in the neighbourhood also carried gold, and further search by himself and others soon disclosed that some of the beds, or reefs as they are called in South Africa, carried the precious metal in highly "payable" quantity. These beds are now known as the Main Reef Series and have yielded by far the largest portion of the gold which has been won on the Witwatersrand.

The occurrence of payable gold in such conglomerates was in itself a new discovery for the world, and the professional mining engineers of that time were extremely suspicious of such a phenomenon. It took years of practical demonstration to convince them, and others, that here was a permanent and vast deposit of gold, such as had never before been seen, and which is probably unique in the world.

The geological formation in which these reefs occur is very ancient. It was laid down probably in the delta of a large river, long before the advent of life in any form on earth; one would not be far wrong in saying that these beds are 1,000 million years old. They represent the detritus or remains of even more ancient rocks, carried down by the river and spread out in

the delta near its entrance into the sea. The extent of the Witwatersrand goldfield is sixty miles from east to west, and the total known extent of the formation exceeds 150 miles. It might seem that this is too large to be accounted for by a delta, but the deltas of some modern rivers like the Mississippi and the Yangtze are even larger. The mere extent of the beds presents no difficulty that the delta theory does not cover. There are, however, other features of the formation which are not readily accounted for by the delta theory, and a full and satisfactory explanation of the origin of all the details of the beds is not yet available.

The reader must picture the Main Reef Series as a set of beds like coal seams, but containing, instead of black coal, a conglomerate consisting of rounded white pebbles from half an inch to two inches in diameter, embedded in a species of hard sandstone which is brown at or near the surface and bluish when it comes from a depth. The thickness of the beds varies from a few inches to five or six feet and more.

The small mines of earlier days have been merged into larger properties, and today there are only thirty-five producing mines. Outcrop mines are located on the beds of conglomerate where they come to the surface, while deep level mines extract the ore from the same beds at depths, in precisely the same way as a coal seam might be mined near the surface by one colliery and at a greater depth by another immediately adjacent. Amongst the mines there are several that rank as the largest gold producers in the world. Half-a-dozen of them handle over 2 million tons a year, and two of these over 4 million tons.

The deepest mines in the world are also to be found here, one mine having reached a maximum depth of 8,500 feet. High temperature is the most serious difficulty encountered at such great depths, but fortunately the rate of increase of temperature is low. In most parts of the world the temperature gradient is about 1° F. for every 60 feet of depth, but on the Rand the rate is 1° F. for every 200 feet. The average temperature at surface being about 65° F., this means that at a depth of 8,500 feet the rock temperature is about 107° F., where it would have been over 200° F. in most other parts of the world.

High temperature, coupled with the humid air prevalent in

mines, makes continuous hard work impossible for any length of time. Heat stroke, sometimes resulting in death, may follow. The temperature has therefore to be reduced by the use of ventilating fans such as are employed in coal mines, and a few of the deeper mines have also installed air-cooling plant, by means of which a further substantial reduction of temperature can be secured.

By these means it is hoped to carry operations to a depth of 10,000 or even 12,000 feet, a depth undreamt of in mining only a few years ago. The limit to the depth at which mining is possible is set, not only by natural physical conditions, but also by economic considerations. With the increase in depth, costs increase for many reasons. The ore broken, as well as the persons employed and the materials used, have to be hoisted from greater depths, and in addition labour gets less and less efficient and more costly per ton of ore mined. If the gold won is sufficient to pay for it, there may still be a profit in spite of the increase in cost, but finally a limit is reached. Expensive plant, for example, can be installed to cool the air, but only if the ore is rich enough to pay for it.

The continuity of the auriferous beds and of their gold contents is astonishing. Not only do these reefs outcrop, or show their upturned edges at surface, over a length of 60 miles and more, but as they plunge into the depth they can be followed for miles on their sloping downward course, getting thicker here and thinner there, but still continuous. And they also continue to carry gold to the greatest depths hitherto reached. It is true that on the whole the outcrop mines were richer than are the deep levels, but there are exceptions. It is to this extensiveness of the ore bodies and to the continuity of their gold contents that the goldfield owes its unique character. Gold bearing lodes elsewhere in the world have been far richer in the amount of gold contained per ton of ore, or in the thickness of the lode, but in comparison to the Rand, they have been of insignificant extent laterally or in depth, and either the lode or its gold has disappeared within a few thousand feet.

On the whole the Rand is a low grade goldfield. There are a few mines, such as the Subnigel and Springs Mines, with high-grade ore, but the average value per ton of the conglomerate

is so low that it only pays by operating on a large scale and thus spreading overhead charges over as large a tonnage as possible. The efficiency of all operations is constantly watched and improved, and has reached a pitch of excellence which elicits the admiration of all professional mining visitors from abroad.

The amount of gold in the conglomerate is so small and is distributed in such minute particles that it is seldom to be seen in any specimen of the rock. The process of winning it consists in breaking and grinding the rock in water to powder, catching the coarser gold particles on a species of rough cloth, and dissolving the finer particles in a solution of cyanide. When the gold is thus dissolved the clear fluid containing the gold is separated from the sand and mud of the crushed rock, and treated with zinc, which throws out the gold as a grey slimy powder. This is collected and melted down, and finally appears in the form of gold bars. These are brick-shaped ingots of yellow metal weighing up to 1,000 ounces, and consisting of about 90 per cent. gold and 10 per cent. silver, and are sent to a central refinery for refining and for the separation of the silver. The end products are gold and silver of a high degree of purity, which are again cast into bars for commercial use or transmission to the banks or overseas.

The native labourers in the mines were formerly mainly recruited by special agencies which approached them in their homes, but nowadays a large percentage of them need no such recruiting, but offer themselves voluntarily. The best recruiting agent is the returned native labourer himself. In many native areas it is deemed to be the hallmark of achievement in the tribe for the young native to have worked on the gold mines of the Rand. These native labourers are, of course, largely savages, and have to be taught their work. They contract to work for a period, generally of six months or more, and then may either go home or bind themselves for a further period. They are housed in barracks called compounds, in one of which as many as 10,000 natives may be quartered. They are fed by the mines on rations laid down by Government regulation, and their physical condition on the mines is generally much better than it is in their homes. Medical attendance and hospitals are provided for them.

Recreation is encouraged, and the war dances indulged in on some of the mines on Sundays are a standing attraction which no visitor should miss. Arrayed in the picturesque native panoply of war, the mimic warriors display their prowess to the chant of war songs, while tomtoms and Kaffir "pianos" emit barbaric music. From time to time one or more of the impassioned warriors will dash forward and indulge in a bit of individual byplay for the especial entertainment of the onlookers. Such displays are otherwise only to be seen on rare occasions in more or less inaccessible places, but are here readily accessible.

The present relative prosperity of the dominion is due to the prosperity of its gold mines and to the great expansion in the industry which has taken place during the last three years since South Africa went off the gold standard and the price of gold rose. How great that expansion has been may be gauged from a few figures. The last year of the gold standard in South Africa was 1932, and the returns of that year show the following comparison with those of 1935 for all the gold mines of the Transvaal, which include some relatively small mines outside the Witwatersrand.

	1932	1935
<i>Producing Gold Mines :</i>		
Tons of ore crushed	35,700,000	45,800,000
Ounces of gold recovered	11,600,000	10,800,000
Value of gold recovered	£49,100,000	£76,500,000
Dividends paid (Calendar year)	£9,000,000	£16,400,000
Paid to Government as taxation and share of profits	£4,300,000	£14,300,000
<i>All Gold Mines :</i>		
Spent in salaries and wages	£16,800,000	£23,100,000
Spent on stores	£16,100,000	£25,600,000
Europeans employed	24,300	34,500
Natives and coloured persons employed ..	228,900	299,200

The history of the Witwatersrand gold mines has been one of almost continuous progress. After the earlier vicissitudes culminating in the Anglo-Boer war, the industry settled down to a period of steady development. Fortunately the law-givers of republican days were wisely guided and evolved a gold law which is on the whole at least as good as that of any other country in the world. In 1908 a general consolidation of the law was enacted and an important new principle introduced. Prior

to that time, it had been the law to allow auriferous areas to be pegged out as "claims" on the principle of "first come, first served." But when very valuable auriferous land had to be dealt with this system was found to invite trouble, and it was finally decided to lease these lands direct.

The State's share of profit is generally arranged on a sliding scale. When the profit per ton is low, the State takes only a small percentage of the profits; when it is high, a very substantial one. In addition, these so-called "leased mines" also pay the same tax on profits as is paid by other mines, an income tax which is fixed by law from year to year.

In the period of inflation following the great war, wages and cost of materials rose to unprecedented figures and costs became so high that the mines were forced to work their higher grade ore only. The industry was threatened with disaster, and in order to avert it steps were taken to reduce wages and discharge redundant workers. A bitter but unsuccessful revolutionary strike resulted, and thereafter the changes proposed were carried into effect. Within a year the industry was reconstituted. Costs fell by more than 6s. per ton, and lower-grade ore again became workable. By the year 1927 the number of white workers had mounted to its old figure, and thereafter the industry continued to expand.

A few years later ominous signs of an early decline of the industry began to appear. It was shown, however, that if only costs could be reduced large quantities of low grade ore would become workable. If they could be got down from the average of about 20s. per ton to 16s., the tonnage and the life of the industry would be doubled, to the enormous advantage of the country. How to effect this reduction was the problem, for no definite solution was visible. In the meantime Great Britain had gone off the gold standard. South Africa, for various reasons, continued to adhere to it, only to find that its economic position was rapidly growing worse and worse. Finally, after fifteen months of struggle, South Africa also was forced off gold. The result was a marvellous and rapid restoration of prosperity. In the gold-mining industry the recovery exceeded all expectations. Parity of exchange with London once more gave our exporters the full benefit of the price received in Europe for their

products. Instead of receiving only 16s. for every £1 worth of gold or any other produce sold in London, they now received 20s. The price of gold, which had been 85s. per ounce, went on rising until it even surpassed the present level of about 140s. per ounce.

The essence of this situation lay in the fact already mentioned that we had vast quantities of low-grade ore, and in the existence of large areas of still unexplored mineralized ground. The marginal low-grade ore which had been unpayable before now became payable. The resultant benefit is equivalent to a fall in costs of over 6s. per ton. Where a fall of 4s. in costs would have doubled our available tonnage, the new conditions have trebled that tonnage.

An enormous stimulus was given to the opening up of the dormant mineral areas. The known auriferous lands were rapidly taken up by mining companies for which there was now no difficulty in finding the capital, and intensive search began for the continuation of the Main Reef Series in the doubtful areas. This exploratory work has had the benefit of the recently developed geophysical methods, and is being richly rewarded.

The Main Reef Series lies buried south west of the Witwatersrand under the cover of several thousands of feet of younger formation, and its position and existence were equally uncertain. The prospecting operations have been very successful, and today it looks as if we are witnessing the opening up of a new goldfield in the south-west, probably larger than any other in the world excepting the old Witwatersrand field.

Given a continuation of the high price of gold, South Africa is thus launched on a new era of prosperity. Up to the present fourteen new properties have been floated. Most of them show promise of becoming large producing mines in course of time. Other properties will also be launched in the near future. The existing mines have nearly all had their life greatly prolonged by the possibility of working their low grade marginal ore. Several old properties, formerly closed down as unpayable, have been reopened.

Recently the writer made what was considered at that time to be rather a fanciful estimate of the probabilities ten or twelve

years hence. He made the forecast that by that time the industry would have doubled its tonnage and its expenditure on costs, that it would employ 50,000 whites and 400,000 natives, and that the population of the Rand would be 50 per cent. higher than it is at present.

Within a few months the forecast has found support. Steps are already being taken by the Chamber of Mines and by the Government to secure a much larger force of native labour than we now have. Such preparations must be made, in new recruiting areas, several years ahead. It requires time for the natives in a new field to look with favour upon the idea of working on the, to them, unknown mines of the Witwatersrand, and for recruiting efforts to be successful in such a new area.

The taxation on the gold mines is more onerous than it is in other gold producing countries. On the average it amounted in 1935 to about 40 per cent. of the net profits. The taxation, being so burdensome, has some deterring effect on the provision of capital for new ventures, but this has not hitherto proved serious, and the weight of current political opinion in South Africa is in favour of the Government appropriating as substantial a portion of the profits as can safely be taken. Gold mines being wasting assets, it is thought that the State should utilize them as far as practicable in such a time of prosperity to secure its position against the evil days that may come, days when perhaps these assets may have disappeared for ever. It will be seen from the figures already given that the State has taken the bulk of the extra profits due to the higher price of gold.

As to the ultimate life of the goldfield, no forecast is possible. It is clear that with gold at its present price and with costs of working remaining substantially at their present level, the field has a long and prosperous future before it. Many hundreds, probably several thousands, of millions of pounds' worth of gold will be produced to add to the world's stores of the precious metal. But it all depends on one thing: the maintenance of gold in its present unchallenged position in the world of finance. Fortunately for South Africa, no substitute has yet been found for the precious metal in this respect. Although gold may have disappeared for ever in the form of coins, recent financial

history has entrenched it more firmly than ever in its commanding position in the economic affairs of the world.

We therefore think that we have every reason for confidence in the maintenance of our great national fountain of prosperity. A possibility to be guarded against is that of a substantial difference arising between our pound and the British pound. Our exports are larger than our imports, and allowing for invisible imports, the balance of payments is similarly in our favour. A continuation of these conditions over many years may lead to difficulties, and perhaps make it impossible to maintain practical parity of exchange between London and South Africa. The present policy of the South African Government to make every effort towards encouraging exports and discouraging imports by the establishment of local industries and protective duties, may therefore in the long run entail disastrous results for all exporters, whether they be producers of gold or of wool, fruit, or anything else. The position obviously needs careful watching.

The visitor to the Empire Exhibition who takes an interest in gold mines will find much to increase that interest if he takes a little trouble. Permission to visit a mine is not difficult to obtain, and the visitor should not be content merely with admiring our array of head frames and spectacular white sand dumps, gleaming mile by mile in the bright South African sunshine. He should go underground, inspect the reduction plant, visit the central gold refinery and the native compounds and procure information which is readily obtainable on the various aspects and features of our mines. The professional mining visitor especially will find that he can spend several months crammed with interest on this goldfield. All of them will find that they are very welcome.

THE CRITIC AND CONSISTENCY

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

I

IT looks as if criticism in general as it has hitherto been understood, and musical criticism in particular, are on the way to final discredit along with so many other institutions bequeathed to us by a more stable and more credulous past. For quite a long time, criticism's bugbear has been the personal equation. If criticism is judging, and if the critic's judgments are to carry any authority, we have a right to demand that judgment shall be given in accordance with what both the defendant and the spectators in court can regard as the law. But all attempts to formulate the law have broken down at some point or other. Nor does it help us in the least to declare valorously that the quest for laws is in vain, and that, even supposing them to be discovered or discoverable, criticism based on them would be a rather dull affair—that the wise critic will confine himself to saying, with Anatole France, "Today I am going to talk about myself *à propos* of So-and-So or Such-and-Such." That is a mere evasion of the problem of authority, not a solution of it.

For in the first place the very critics who, in one breath, deny that criticism can or should be anything but the expression of a personal point of view are found denying, in the next, the right of those who differ from them to have *their* personal point of view: anyone who differs from them is confidently declared to be "wrong." Some years ago a literary critic objected that Mr. John M. Robertson's painstaking efforts to find some kind of objective basis for criticism "did not give us certitude, for this same scientific method found little poetry in the *Ode to a Skylark* and heaps of it in the most minor things of Edgar Allan Poe." Denying, that is, that "certitude" in judgment *can* be found, this critic suggests in the same breath that *he* has found

it; for the plain implication of his words is that everyone who knows what real poetry is will take *his* view, not Robertson's, of the values revealed in *certain* poems. Does Anatole France's well-known remark, the writer continued, "reduce criticism, then, to a matter of taste? Of course it does, but it is the taste of the critic that matters." Here again the implication is that *his* taste, and that of people who happen to share his taste, is the criterion of "certitude." We are no further, then, at the end of it all than when we started. The critic who relies on individual or group taste as a criterion of values must do one thing or the other—either admit that one taste is in the last resort as good as another, or give us reasons why we should regard *his* taste or that of his group as having the authority of law for all men of taste; in which latter case he will have to go in quest of those very principles of objective certitude whose existence he began by denying.

In the second place, abstract criteria of excellence, supposing them to be discoverable, are one thing: the application of them in practice may be quite another. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has praised Matthew Arnold because he treated criticism "as a deliberate disinterested art, with laws and methods of its own, a proper temper, and *certain standards or touchstones of right taste* [*italics mine*] by which the quality of any writing, as literature, could be tested"; after which it seems grossly disrespectful on our part not to accept all Arnold's judgments as binding upon the whole world of letters. I have never known a critic yet who was not firmly convinced that *his* "standards or touchstones of right taste" were not mere matters of individual appetite but principles rooted in the eternal reason of things: his difficulty has always been to persuade others that his application of these eternal principles in this case or that is compellingly valid. The nineteenth century critics of Wagner were always assuring their readers that Wagner's music was a sin against what they called "true art." If, they said, true art means this, that, and the other, then Wagner's works are not true art. It is beyond question that this, that, and the other are to be found in all true art. It has long been equally beyond question, for the world at large, that these qualities are found in Wagner. The trouble was that his contemporary critics could not see

that their own principles were realised in his practice. Evidently it is not enough to be the fortunate possessor of the "touchstones of right taste"; one needs also the ability to apply them.

In the third place, all attempts at compromise between the opposing views of the critic as a purely personal assayer and the critic as a law-giver—in virtue of certain touchstones of right taste—have broken down. Refuge has been taken, for example, in the formula that the critic's first duty is to try to "see the thing as it really is," to "see the work of art as the artist conceived it." But alas, this recipe will not work either. For one thing, to see each work of art as the artist saw it would be to declare every work of art first-rate, for that is certainly what the artist thought it when he created it. For another, the old spectre of the personal equation pops up its embarrassing head once more. To see the thing as someone else sees it implies that you are constructed along the same lines as he, whereas the diversity of men's reactions to this or that artist obviously comes from the simple fact that, in colloquial language, he strikes on A's box but not on B's. Would Dr. Isaac Watts have been able, try as he might, to see a single one of the poems of the *Fleurs du Mal* as it really is? Everyone agrees that what Tchaikovsky thought of Brahms is not evidence. According to Delius, admiration of Mozart is a sure proof that you are no musician. The notion that it is within the capacity of the critic to see a work of art as it really is leaves out of consideration the notorious fact that beauty is less in the thing itself than in the eye of the beholder.

II

The personal equation has long been a thorn in the flesh of criticism, a thorn that not all the scientific method in the world has so far been able to pluck out. What now if the devil's advocate sets himself gleefully to the task not of plucking it out, but of driving it further in? We have hitherto accepted unquestioningly the term "personal equation" as expressive of a reality. But what if at the back of it there is no reality? What if the concept of a "person" is itself a mere delusion? We talk about a "man," meaning thereby a definite entity that is one with itself the whole time it walks the earth. But what if there is no entity really corresponding to the term? What if,

applying to man himself the Heracleitean doctrine of perpetual flux, we decide that a permanent personality is merely a metaphysical delusion? No man bathes in the same river twice, said the old Greek thinker. True there is always something which, our organs of perception being what they are, we agree to regard as the same river. But it is not the same river, for every atom of it is in endless motion. Not only is the Thames today not the same Thames upon which Julius Cæsar looked, but it is not the same for any two consecutive seconds as I look at it today; for second by second each drop of water passes on and is replaced by another. The idea of objective permanence is an illusion. What now if our very personalities are merely a subjective illusion, a concept of permanence imposed for working purposes upon the perpetual flux of personalities within us? Admit that this is so, and the quest for certitude in criticism becomes more hopeless than before.

It has always been held that a marked departure from a critical position formerly occupied with complete confidence discredits, if not criticism in general, at any rate the critic. When Arnold, for instance, who had begun by denying a first place in poetry to Byron—alleging that he was "empty of matter"—placed him, in later years, alongside Wordsworth in the front rank of nineteenth century poets, some of his readers may not unreasonably have asked what value could be attached to "touchstones of right taste" that yielded such different results from the same material at different periods. Knowing how hard it has gone with famous critics who have affirmed A and not-A with equal confidence at different periods of their lives, each conscientious critic, recognizing something of that embarrassing process in his own judgments, has become a trifle perturbed not only about himself, but about the whole problem of criticism.

My revered master, the late John M. Robertson, who did more hard thinking about criticism and its problems than any other writer on the subject, past or present, was himself faced with this awkward question when, in 1927, he came to reprint some essays originally written more than thirty years before. He found that he no longer looked at certain things in the former way. "It is a fine question," he said, "whether the critic, of all men, can without serious self-impeachment avow a serious

change of judgment. . . . It is a serious matter for the critic, as such, to have to avow that he has given a false judgment ; for it means that, however honest in intention, he has used false tests. . . . He must in honesty be prepared to make confession of change of position when he finds it has taken place. And if it should chance that the change is such as to discredit his claim to authority, the more honest he is in his function the better will his service be (if he can render any) in respect of giving his reasons." These changes of opinion have a genuine scientific value, for an examination of the causes of them, by the critic himself or by others, may help towards a clarification of the fundamental critical problem ; but they emphatically discredit the critic as an "authority." He is absolved, however, if, abandoning all claim to authority, he accepts the position frankly as it is, recognizing that the complex of forces he calls his "self" is as subject to the law of the flux of things as any other phenomenon of nature.

III

To complicate the matter still further there is an epochal as well as a personal equation : not only each individual but each age naïvely prides itself on having at last attained to the real truth in art. The terms of commendation of one age become, to a later age, terms of derision or of obloquy. Baroque, for instance, became, towards the end of the eighteenth century, a pure term of abuse among critics. It was defined by Quatremère de Quincy as "le raffinement, ou, s'il était possible de le dire, l'abus du bizarre. L'idée du baroque entraîne avec soi celle du ridicule poussé à l'excès." Ironically enough, however, these very terms of abuse had been applied to their own art by the founders and contemporaries of baroque as terms of the highest eulogy. "Capriccioso," "bizzarro," "stravagante" were then not words of censure but of praise. Vasari, discussing Michelangelo, uses "stravagante" and "bellissimo" as interchangeable terms : he praises Michelangelo for having "covered up with delightful and capricious ornaments the defects of nature." The eighteenth century, priding itself on having "returned to nature," wrote off baroque as a regrettable aberration on the part of its misguided ancestors : while a still later generation has returned

with enthusiasm to baroque, and finds, for its part, the art and the criticism of the epoch of the "return to nature" a trifle conventional and colourless.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries "Gothic" was a term of abuse, synonymous with "barbarism," not only among architects and art-critics—"today," said one of them, "no one who understands *true architecture*" builds in that way—but among literary men : Boileau thought he had disposed of Ronsard when he called him "gothic," while Molière could speak of

Le fade goût des monuments gothiques,
Ces monstres odieux des siècles ignorants
Que de la barbarie ont vomis les torrents. . . .

And just as some of our old-fashioned younger people of today, with youth's eternal and infallible flair for anticipating the past, would fain banish Beethoven or Wagner from our concert halls and theatres as *démodés*, so a French critic of 1800 put forward, in all seriousness, a plan for burning down all the Gothic cathedrals in ten minutes with the minimum of trouble, expense, and risk.

These instances—which might be multiplied a thousandfold—of a naïve change of point of view on the part of a whole epoch are the secular equivalent of self-contradiction on the part of an individual ; and if only epochs were as given to self-doubt and self-searching as wise individuals are, they would recognize that for them also, in Robertson's words, a serious change of judgment is a serious self-impeachment. For, supposing there to be a "right" and a "wrong" in art, the same thing cannot possibly be "right" at one time and "wrong" at another, and then once more "right" a century or two later still ; from an age, as from an individual, we are surely entitled to demand that its measuring rod shall not contain at one time twelve inches to the foot and at another five or fifteen.

IV

The difficulty vanishes, however, if we recognise frankly that for both the individual and the age the canons of what is good and bad in art are in perpetual flux. We make it no ground of complaint against the creative artist that his attitude towards his

art and the world changes with the years. Why should we make such change a ground of complaint against the critic? To blame the critic for "inconsistency" in having other standards at sixty than those he had at thirty is as fatuous as to regard it as a sad lapse from "consistency" on Wagner's part not to have gone on writing *Rienzi* all his life, or to have thrown over, in *Parsifal*, many of the principles of verse-construction for musical purposes that he had looked upon as dictated by the very nature of the two arts when he conceived the *Ring*, or, having declared the Ninth Symphony to be the last, its special virtue consisting in its having called in the aid of words at the point at which music of itself could reach no further, he should in his old age have been planning symphonies and quartets of his own on purely instrumental lines.

The truth is that the personality of the critic, as well as of the artist in his dual capacity of creator and critic, is as subject as everything else in this world to the law of flux. Only half-wits will expect "consistency" of either of them, in the sense that what he has once thought he should always think. We have been regaled recently by the spectacle of Stravinsky, whose advanced creative work during the last fifteen years or so has shown him making a valiant effort to catch up with the past, retracting his former disparagement of Beethoven as being "too philosophical" a composer, and discovering that a Beethoven deserves the respectful attention of even a Stravinsky.

Changes of this kind, over which we have no control, are incessantly going on within all of us, affecting profoundly our view of artists and art-works. Nor does it even follow, as a matter of logical necessity, that the changes are for the better, though we always indulge ourselves in the hope that they are. It was hardly a change for the better in Goethe that after adoring Michelangelo he should come to rank him lower than Raphael: still less a change for the better was it that made him now turn a cold eye on Michelangelo's sculptures, preferring to them the conventional classicism of the Apollo Belvedere. He was merely seeking himself—the self of that particular stage of his development—in the art-works he saw, praising and blaming them according to whether they swelled or ran counter to the current

of his own inner life. This is what we all do. An aliment that was once a prime necessity to our spiritual health becomes in later years unnecessary, perhaps even unassimilable; conversely we find ourselves extracting vitamins from what we formerly looked upon as mere chaff. A vast amount of inconsistency in our judgments over a period of years is therefore inevitable. But we are not guilty of self-contradiction. We are as true to ourselves in our later judgments as in our earlier; it is simply that our present self is not our old one. The richer the nature of the critic, indeed, the more he will change with the years. It is the more jejune natures that preserve unaltered into mature life the same artistic passion or phobia that directed their judgment in earlier years: the animal that takes the most consistent view of its environment all its life is probably the blind cave-crab.

No authority whatever, then, can be claimed for criticism, no "standards or touchstones of right taste" can be found. Between the personal equation, the epochal equation to which we are all as subject as to the personal, and the fact that even the personal equation itself is not a constant in any of us, because our very personality changes with the years, the last shred of authority is torn from the miserable body of criticism. The critic as law-giver is a figment of the past. The most the critic can hope to do is to furnish by his restless, pathetic activity a future and a wiser age with material enough to define with something like certainty the limits of our understanding of art and artists, and explain the causes of our misunderstanding of them.

THE GHOST OF JEFFERSON

BY D. W. BROGAN

IT is thirty-six years since "Mr. Dooley" commented on the old American habit of consulting the ancestral voices on great questions of public interest and he commented on it with his usual good sense. Both the presidential candidates of 1900 were, he asserted, "ancesther worshippers like th' Chinese, Hinnessy. An' what I'd like to know is what Thomas Jefferson knew about th' troubles iv ye an' me? Divvle a wurrud have I to say again' Thomas. He was a good man in his day, though I don't know that his battin' av'rage 'd be high again th' pitchin' iv these times. I have a gr-reat rayspict f'r the sages, an' I believe in namin' sthreads an' public schools afther thim." But the practical Mr. Dooley wanted his "advice up-to-date," and when confronted with tags from either Jefferson or Washington, declared to the quoters: "they larned their thrade befure th' days iv open plumbin'. I says, 'Tell us what is wanted ye'ersilf or call in a journeyman who's wurrukin' card is dated this cinchry.'"

Despite this brisk dismissal of the appeal to the great ancestors, the American mind is still, in political matters, reverent in a fashion no longer dominant in China, and the ghost of many a founding father walks today, not in mere oratorical flourishes like those of the late Warren Gamaliel Harding, but in actual controversies between representatives of great interests and great schools of thought. Texts are quoted from the sacred writings with fundamentalist fervour and bandied to and fro in battles far from mimic. There is a rich choice of scripture to draw on but, for the moment, one father leads all the rest. As a source of modern controversial material, Thomas Jefferson is first and the rest nowhere. The Jeffersonian answer to the American riddle is being sought, and when found announced to the world in speeches, in pamphlets, in books, and at least until

November of this year the search will continue, for the voluminous works of the master are rich in missiles if not in wisdom.

Why should Thomas Jefferson have attained this primacy? It is at first sight hard to understand. A generation ago Jefferson's fame was clouded enough. He was the founder of the party which had backed the loser in the great conflict of the Civil War and, in an age in which the new Republican party was dominant in the field, in letters, in economics, the claims of Jefferson on public admiration were given more formal than real reverence. Even hereditary Democrats like Woodrow Wilson were cold in their attitude to Jefferson and that smug and bitter partisan, Henry Cabot Lodge, was full of contempt for the vague and sly "idealist" who had dared to oppose (and to defeat) his idol, Hamilton.

In general, the low esteem in which the achievements of the third president of the United States were held by the educated classes was not countered by irritation bred by too vigorous a teaching of the lesson that the future in America lay with more practical creeds like that of Hamilton, creeds whose essential rightness was demonstrated by the wealth and power of that business society of which Hamilton had dreamed. It is true that even in such centres of Republican enlightenment as Boston the ghost of Jefferson walked. Though gallant efforts were made to forget it, the Republican party itself, sacred organ of Hamiltonian practice, had had to pay lip-service to Jefferson, even to taking the name of the party he had founded, and on a note of surprise that suggests some historical naïvety, the late Irving Babbitt, doctrinaire conservative of Harvard, had noted that Lincoln had to defend himself from the charge of having spoken ill of Jefferson!

Every year, on the great annual festivity, the Declaration was read, the Declaration that the young Virginia lawyer had made at the invitation of the Continental Congress in 1776. To a modern English historian, the style of that document is bad; it certainly bears little resemblance to his own baroque-gothic eloquence, but to the simple-minded American the phrases were not merely true and touching but beautiful:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal,

that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness,—that to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of governed—that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

The average American learned these phrases as a creed at school; he reflected on them as little as most men do on what they learn at school; he doubted, as little as most men do, what he had been taught, and he saw no need to apply, with pedantic accuracy, principles that he never thought of denying. So there was no determined or united opposition to such adventures in imperialism as the conquest of the Philippines. The man in the street was not unattracted by the gaudy charms of empire and the United States, as William James put it, “puked up her principles”. There were protests, however; protests from odd quarters. Speaker Reed, the “Czar of Congress”, long thought of as the most orthodox of Republicans, most hard-boiled of politicians, resigned from Congress rather than be a party to the betrayal of American principles. But the practical men had their way over the mere sentimentalists. Lodge and Beveridge were eloquent on the glories and profits of the new imperialism, on the trade and cultural possibilities of the Philippines and other deep matters. By some accident or other, the matter of fact objective plans and hopes of the practical men have turned out to be dreams far more remote from reality than any of the sentimental *clichés* of the Jeffersonians.

Who could foresee that by the year 1933, in the controversy over the methods of liquidation, Jefferson would be raised to the rank of prophet by both sides. Who so sound on suspicion of all government action as Jefferson—given by the far from admiring Macaulay, the praise of being no meddler? Who so determined an enemy of personal power, of authority concentrated in the hands of a small group as Jefferson? Was not President Roosevelt an usurper of authority in a fashion beyond Hamiltonian dreams? Was he not an embryo Napoleon, and what had Jefferson said of the Corsican Ogre? “A cold-blooded, calculating, unprincipled usurper, without a virtue; no statesman, knowing

nothing of commerce, political economy, or civil government, and supplying ignorance by presumption.” I have heard one of the candidates for this year’s Republican nomination describe Mr. Roosevelt in terms that added only verbal force to the main Jeffersonian contention.

Texts like this could be multiplied and are being multiplied. Jefferson, thinking of a fundamentally rural society, separated by great distances and bad communications, was averse to centralization, to governmental interference, to the slightest direction of economic life by government. What would he think of the A.A.A. paying farmers to grow less: he who was a famous model farmer and zealous improver of cultivation? Would he not bless the Supreme Court which, reversing the precedents of his detested cousin, Chief Justice Marshall, put an end to the whole monstrous structure of N.R.A., the A.A.A. and all the rest of the tyrant’s alphabet? So argue the conservatives, nervous of the tyrannical powers vested in the federal government; so talk the indignant admirers of Hamilton who only want a strong government when it is strong for them or for the interests they represent.

Yet there seem no signs that the plain people, the people in whose fundamental wisdom Jefferson trusted, even the American farmers whom he thought the foundation of the republic, are much affected by the propaganda of the Liberty League or the other bodies so handsomely endowed by the wealthy Du Pont family. Why? Largely, or so it seems to me, for reasons that would have appealed to Jefferson. He believed that the people was capable of judging between parties and men, that it could discount the smell of a red herring fairly quickly. He believed that it could see through fictions to facts. So the claims of states’ rights coming from the State of Delaware strike no answering chord in many persons who think there was much to be said for the old states’ rights of the resolutions of 1798. The horror of governmental interference which is felt by the embattled millionaires is not widespread; it is not quite certain that Jefferson would have thought such interference so intolerable an evil that it would have blinded him to such new forms of old evils as those immense fortunes beside which the entailed estates of Old Virginia were as nothing.

This at least is the contention of the defenders of the experimentalism practised by Mr. Roosevelt. In the modern context, they assert, the old negative concept of liberty is inadequate. Freedom of contract has no meaning when the individual is faced with the great corporation; only by government action can the common man be put in a position to defend his inalienable rights. What Jefferson said in a wholly different context one hundred and fifty years ago is less important than the Jeffersonian spirit with its suspicion of hereditary claims to rule, whether asserted by great landowners or by big business men. To cling to the letter of the Jeffersonian creed is to destroy its spirit, and what could be less Jeffersonian than that, what more reminiscent of Jefferson's old enemies, the clergy? Did he not denounce the "interested and crafty individuals among them who inculcate a sanctimonious reverence for the customs of their ancestors"? Indeed, it might be argued that the true Jeffersonian will studiously avoid taking too literally maxims drawn from his writings, since that involves binding one generation in the thought and institutions of another. But in America so completely sceptical an attitude is rare. The parties will quarrel over their respective rights to stand in the shadow of the great name. With us, what Mr. Gladstone said in '83 may be a joke, but that is not so in the United States. Mr. Dooley asserted, it is true, that "ye can't vote th' cimitries". American politicians are not so sure, and all this year there will be a determined effort to cast the vote of that founding father who, by his voluminous and not always consistent writings, best lends himself to the extraction of proof texts. It is rather hard on a great and versatile man that he should be treated so, but there is this consolation: whatever party wins this November will assert and believe that it did so under the ægis of the author of the Declaration of Independence whose death on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of that document seemed to set heaven's approval on the doctrines therein enunciated.

MRS. BOTTOMLEY'S BOOK

BY ALASTOR ROY

"I have often fished in troubled waters, but
Spanish troubled waters I will never try again"—*Duke of Wellington.*

IT was raining heavily in Torras.

We had been told it never rained in Spain, and we had accordingly taken a cottage in the little fishing village for a month's sunshine. June in Torras, we had been told, meant thirty days of perpetual sunshine and sea-bathing, surrounded with the charms of a simple life amongst a primitive folk, unspoilt by modern improvements. The place boasted a herald, who issued proclamations to the sound of a trumpet; a night-watchman who sang the passing hours like the fellow in "Meister-singer", and a castle which looked exactly like the setting for the third act of "Tristan."

The night-watchman was there all right, for he came round every week-end for his pay, but I never heard him at work. The herald was a sad-faced little person, who wore a threadbare suit of drab fustian—not a sign of the tabard I had expected—and the trumpet-call turned out to be two and a half notes on a wheezy cornet. I only heard him use it once, and that was to announce the raffle of an anæmic chicken. The medieval castle came quite up to expectations.

We had been installed for over two weeks and it had not stopped raining yet. Occasionally the wind blew as well. The streets began to look like Venetian canals; our front porch was permanently under water, and moisture exuded in green patches on the clammy walls and floor. We sat before a wood fire and listened to the hissing of the damp logs.

My wife eyed me. When you have to look after two small children and three large Spanish servants in a tiny cottage, where the kitchen is about the size of a small pantry, cooking

has to be done on a charcoal fire which goes out if you stop fanning it, and there is no bathroom, the presence of a husband can be lightly dispensed with.

"I think it is clearing up a little", she said.

"If I don't get some exercise soon", I answered, taking the hint, "I shall have a liver like a Strassburg goose".

"Why not take Mrs. Bottomley's book to the Post Office and send it back? We have both read it, and the walk will do you good."

I went to the door and looked out. The rain had actually stopped for a moment, and already the village brats were sallying forth from the doors with raucous cries. Mangy, half-starved cats were crawling between the pools of stagnant water and sniffing gingerly at heaps of refuse on which fish-scales glittered like spangles. Under a shed opposite, a party of gypsies were squatting. There being nobody to beg from, they were passing the time in catching parasites in each other's hair.

Two of them immediately jumped up and followed me, as I picked my way down the street. They made such flattering remarks about my personal appearance that I felt it would be unbecoming not to recognize such appreciation and, turning round, I offered a coin to the girl—an astonishingly handsome creature, in bright rags and caked with dirt. She was quick to snatch it, but the boy was quicker still. With one movement, swift as a mongoose, he grabbed the coin and vanished. The girl pursued him for a few steps and then followed me, uttering plaintive cries like a wounded animal, until I had to give her another coin to get rid of her. She snatched it as a starved dog does a bone and disappeared after her relative.

As I opened the door of the tobacconist's shop, with its tinkling bell, an overpowering odour suggesting rancid olives, stale tobacco, salt codfish and the breath of garlic, rushed to meet me.

"Buenos dias", I said to the puffy-faced individual with a fierce moustache who lounged behind the counter.

"Buenos dias, Señor".

"We are having a lot of rain".

"Si, si", he replied. "No, no . . ."

"Si, si", I said.

"We have had a lot of water this June", he said. "This year, for June, we are having a lot of water".

I had often noticed this habit of the natives of repeating their remarks backwards. It wastes time, makes more noise and involves no expenditure of extra thought.

"I want a light Havana cigar", I began. "A Havana cigar I want. It must be light."

He took down a box from a shelf and studied the back with some attention. The word "Colorado" was clearly visible to me, even through the darkness of the shop. He held the box open for me to choose a cigar.

"I said I wanted a 'Claro' and these are 'Colorados'."

He again studied the back of the box.

"Si, si. No, no. The fact is that they often get the boxes mixed. They put the 'Claros' in the 'Colorado' boxes and the 'Colorados' in the 'Claro' boxes. You must look at the colour".

"I am looking at it. They are quite dark."

He had the effrontery to offer me one which was almost black. I shook my head, gave it up and made for the Post Office.

Directly opposite the tobacconist's sat two elderly females in rusty black—all old women are clothed in black in Spain. They said "Buenos dias" severely, in a tone which obviously signified disapproval of foreigners. The hotel-keeper, who was refreshing himself with a tooth-pick after lunch, saluted me most cheerfully. He entirely approved of foreigners since he depended upon them for his livelihood.

"Buenos dias, Señor", said the girl in the butcher's shop, an energetic young woman of some thirty summers, who was hacking the remains of a goat to pieces with an axe.

"Buenos dias, Manolita", I replied.

In the next house lived the Mayor, a democratic individual, indistinguishable from the rest of his fellow citizens; and there was a red-haired girl there, always sweeping the patio, of which one caught a glimpse through the open street door. I don't mind saying "Buenos dias" to her for she is a good-looking wench, smartly dressed, with a roving eye.

"Buenos dias, Conchita", I said to the red-haired girl.

"Buenos dias, Señor", she replied, with a flashing smile.

There were only a few more salutations before I reached my

goal. Two of these were wasted on a pair of the village elders who sat, shivering, in the place where the sun ought to have been shining.

With a sigh of relief that I had reached my journey's end I went into the Post Office.

"Buenos dias", chorused the three occupants of the room as I entered. There was an old woman in the inevitable black, frowning over her knitting by the fire. An elderly man rocked himself in a chair opposite to her, emitting clouds of acrid tobacco smoke. I knew the Post Mistress by sight, as I had often seen her, with her red umbrella, going her rounds distributing to the foreign visitors such letters as bore addresses capable of being read by her. It is just as well to keep on pleasant terms with her as otherwise you get no mail, for, in Torras, the postage stamp is not supposed to cover the cost of delivery. After all, postmen do not fetch letters to the Post Office from your house, so why should they carry them to your house from the Post Office? Unless, of course, you like to pay; and there is a tariff for delivery. It is five centimos for an ordinary letter, although the foreigner is usually so surprised at the idea of getting a letter at all in Torras that he gives the pleasant-faced woman ten centimos, especially if she smiles when she hands him the letter. The natives call at the Post Office for their correspondence—if any.

"I want to send this book by post", I began. "This parcel must go by post. I want some stamps for this book, er . . . to post."

"We don't sell stamps here", said the Post Mistress.

Of course I might have guessed they would sell stamps anywhere except at the Post Office.

"Where can I get them?"

"At the tobacconist's."

"But I've just come from there", I pleaded. I was tired of saying "Buenos dias", and the thought of the gauntlet I should have to run between the Post Office and the tobacconist's and back again almost unmanned me.

"It's a fiesta today and the tobacconist may be closed", said the Post Mistress.

I knew that on certain Saints' days this functionary only

opened his shop at odd hours, when only a Spaniard would think of buying tobacco, but I never knew what the close period was. In fact I never knew the time at all in Torras. There were two clocks in the place, one on the Town Hall which always stood at 11.25, and the other in the fish-market which suffered from weak hands, the position of which largely depended on the force and direction of the wind.

However, there was nothing for it but a return to the tobacconist's.

I escaped with only two or three "Buenos dias", for the attention of the street was taken up with several women who were hawking fish for sale in flat baskets:

All trembling alive
With pink and grey jellies, your sea fruit;
You touch the strange lumps,
And mouths gape there, eyes open, all manner
Of horns and of humps.

I knew, of course, that the natives would eat almost anything which did not bite them first, but I did not fancy the thought of any of this "sea-fruit" on the dinner table, and hoped the cook would not notice it when making the purchases for the evening meal. The fish, such as were recognizable as fish by their shape, were extremely small, but the women could not have made more noise if a whale had come ashore.

I put my fingers in my ears and hastened to the tobacconist's. The smell inside was far less offensive than the noise outside.

"I want to send this parcel by post", I said. "I want to buy some stamps. Can you, please, let me have some stamps to post this book?"

"How many do you want?"

"I don't know", I replied.

"You must find that out at the Post Office."

"But I've just come from the Post Office."

"Well, you must go back and ask for the tariff. Perhaps you've got time before I close the shop. It's a fiesta."

"But haven't you got a tariff?"

The tobacconist gave me a look. His face usually had the appearance of primitive chaos, void and formless, but it now assumed an expression meant to convey indignation, surprise,

and contempt. What fools these foreigners were! The idea of a tobacconist having a tariff!

He turned to sell five centimos worth of sweets to a child who had just entered, and I faced the street once more.

"Buenos dias", I said to the two old ladies.

"Buenos dias", said the hotel-keeper, "I think it will rain again soon. It will rain again soon, I think".

"It does nothing else", I replied. "Buenos dias, Don Pepe." This to the little cura of the parish church, the only one of the local priesthood who speaks to heretical foreigners (in the hope, of course, of getting something out of them) and who is, in consequence, frowned on by his black-frocked brethren. He obviously wanted to stop and have a chat, but I eluded him—a difficult feat—and after having "Buenos dias" the meat-shop girl and the pretty red-headed girl and the two decayed elders, I found myself back in the Post Office.

"Buenos dias", said the pleasant-faced woman, once more.

"Will you please tell me how many stamps I need for this parcel"? I asked the Post Mistress.

She took it and examined it gingerly.

"How much does it weigh?"

"I don't know", I replied, "about a pound and a half, I should think".

"The first thing to do is to get it weighed."

"Well, won't you please weigh it?"

"We have no scales here. The best place to get it weighed is at the tobacconist's."

"Look here", I said, my temper beginning to rise, "Torras is no doubt a very charming place, and the main street has its points as a promenade, but I don't want to spend the rest of my life walking up and down it in order to send a parcel by post".

The Post Mistress shrugged her shoulders: "We have no scales here."

I was clearly up against it. My irony was wasted on her imperturbable placidity. It is never any use to talk to a Spaniard with your tongue in your cheek, and it is fatal to lose your temper. Once you begin to argue, after doing that, you are lost in an overwhelming flood of verbiage. From the look in the Post Mistress's eye, and the way she licked her lips, I saw that she

was preparing to drown me with a torrent of speech if I opened my mouth. And, so far as I could see, she spoke the truth: there were no scales in sight.

But then there was nothing about the place to indicate that it was a Post Office, except a slot for letters in the outside wall. A few bentwood chairs, a table and a dresser formed the only furniture of the room and the walls were decorated with a portrait of San Narcisse, the local Saint, and two hideously coloured chromos advertising a brand of cigarette paper. I turned to go back to the tobacconist's.

At this stage the old woman suddenly intervened. Putting down her knitting and aiming a kick at the cat, she picked up the parcel and disappeared with it into the next room. Sounds of weighing were heard, and presently the old woman came back with the book under her arm and her hands full of small black objects, which had apparently once been weights.

"It weighs this", she said, depositing them on the table, "but I can't read the marks".

The Post Mistress examined the objects, aided by the old man, who put on his spectacles for the purpose, and a heated discussion arose. The woman maintained that one weight was a 6, while the old man, who remembered buying it some half century previously, claimed that it was a 9.

"Call it a 9", I said, looking over the shoulder of the Post Mistress, who was making hieroglyphics on a dirty scrap of paper. The highest total she had reached out of several attempts at addition was 413 grammes, and jotting this figure on the back of the parcel I dashed out of the Post Office.

I thought I heard the woman's voice calling after me, but fear of finding the tobacconist closed sped me on my way. One should never run in Spain, but I walked faster than local etiquette allows, and began to be horribly self-conscious of the amount of attention my movements were attracting. Every door and window seemed to have fresh faces, which saluted me with an alarming increase of personal interest.

The tobacconist rolled a bilious eye on me. He was engrossed in the business of selling a 5 centimos cigar to a client, who, to judge by the fumes he radiated, had recently been dining, and garlic had obviously formed one of the principal ingredients of the dishes.

I held up my offending parcel timidly.

"It weighs 413 grammes", I said. "Call it 420."

As I spoke, I had a horrible misgiving that this would mean nothing to him.

It didn't.

"Well, how many stamps do you want? And the shop is closed."

"But can't you tell me yourself how many stamps are required? Approximately, perhaps. I don't mind putting on a few too many."

He shook his head. "I told you we had no tariff here. You must ask them at the Post Office."

I began to feel that three weeks in Torras had perhaps produced some form of mental deficiency in me. Probably I should have to go to a nursing home to recover from my holiday. It was quite true that he had told me that he had no tariff, and now I remembered that the Post Mistress had shouted something after me when I left the last time. If I had not been in such a hurry! One should never be in a hurry in Spain! However, I was determined not to return to the tobacconist's if I could help it. I would buy a supply of stamps. They would always come in useful.

"Give me ten pesetas' worth of stamps", I said, ignoring his remark that the shop was closed. He stared at me and shook his head. I thought probably he had not got ten pesetas' worth.

"Well, sell me all you have."

"That's against the regulations. Besides, someone else might want to buy a stamp."

This seemed so unlikely that I was about to make a flippant remark. But I remembered myself in time. The tobacconist was a State official. If his dignity got between me and the purchase of a stamp my parcel would never leave Torras. Finally, after a short interlude of irrelevant conversation, he agreed to part with three pesetas' worth of stamps, and I hastened away with them.

The afternoon was closing in. It was getting dark and beginning to rain again, and although the two elderly females had disappeared and the two antiques had been taken in for the night, the street seemed full of people shouting "Buenas tardes".

It was like a horrible nightmare. A whole crowd of young women, just released from a factory, where they were employed in the unromantic trade of producing ready-made corduroy trousers for the fishermen, were marching up the street two by two and greeting relatives, whom they had not seen for at least two or three hours. From the warmth of their salutations one would have thought they had just returned from a cruise round the world. Unfortunately several of them recognized me. They all said "Buenas tardes, Señor", and I had to answer. Hoarseness added to my irritability. However, I was still able to say "Buenas tardes" when I entered the Post Office.

"I hope this is the last time I shall molest you this evening", I began. "The tobacconist hasn't got the tariff and can't tell me how much it costs to send this book by post."

"I was going to tell you that", answered the Post Mistress, "but you went off so quickly".

"Never mind", I said, "it was very thoughtful of you. But I think I have got enough stamps with me. How much will it be?"

She picked up the book and looked at the address.

"Where is it going, Madrid?"

"Yes."

She shook her head.

"We only have the local tariff here. I don't know how much it will cost to Madrid."

This was the last straw. I sank down on an empty chair, exhausted. The thought of having to go back and admit my incompetence to my wife was too much.

"Hail Mary"! said a voice at the door.

"Conceived without sin", chorused the inmates of the Post Office, and the little cura crossed the threshold.

He snook hands all round and then, pulling up a chair, sat down next to me.

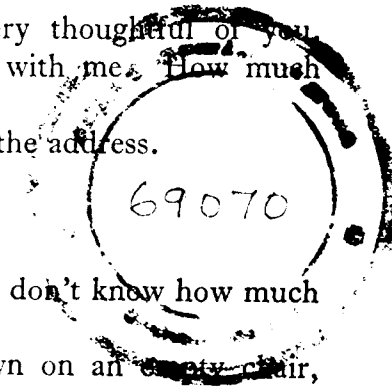
"Well, Señor!" he began, "What's the news?"

"Could you tell me where they keep the nearest postal tariff, if any?"

"At San Martin."

An idea seemed to strike the Post Mistress.

"We might telephone and ask San Martin."



Germany will join hands to assert their predominance over such neighbour States as cherish old-fashioned ideals of personal and national independence. In one sense, their own ideals are irreconcilable, since the *Führer* wants ascendancy for the German race, and the Duce claims it for the Italian people. But Europe is large, and Germany has, as yet, no claims on the Mediterranean, nor is Italy concerned about the Baltic; and they are united by a common detestation of the Russian ideal which differs from theirs in being applicable to all peoples. So far as one can judge, the Russian ideal aims at making the underdog topdog in all places, and does not care what the breed may be. The ideal is professedly international; yet behind it is the driving force of a national enthusiasm. That play *Tovarich* rang true; the old Russian will recognize a comrade in the New Russian so long as he serves Mother Russia.

Yet in fact, as all goes in France, Ireland, theod ", I said. "I'll leave the book with you. You the carrier to send it off in the morning and I'll refund his expenses and give him a tip. Shall I make a deposit?"

"Oh, no", she said, with true Spanish courtesy, "that is not necessary".

"Come along, Padre", I said to the cura, "you've saved my reputation. Let's go and have a vermouth".

* * *

Next day, as I was standing in the porch watching the rain, I saw the Post Mistress's umbrella coming down the street. In response to my question, she called out that she had given the parcel to the carrier and would ask him what he had done when she returned that evening.

When next I saw her, she said she had seen the carrier but had forgotten to ask him.

The next time, she said she had asked him what he had done with the parcel but he had forgotten to tell her. "Mañana", she said, and I knew then that all hope must be abandoned.

When I saw her after that I did not trouble to ask any further questions.

Nor, as far as I know, did Mrs. Bottomley ever receive her book.

Russian sense. Doubtless there are men, and even leaders, to his left, who may; and they might conceivably overthrow M. Blum in Paris. But if it came to that he would have France and its *kulak* peasants behind him to resist a confiscatory change.

All that happens in France is of untold importance to Great Britain, because if the essentials of freedom are to be preserved in Europe, France and Great Britain must work together, with a closeness of understanding that up to the present has been sadly lacking. So far, Great Britain, a democratic country, understanding the necessary impediments in democratic working, has had to mark time in European affairs until the new French government should be fairly in the saddle. Unfortunately marking time does not mean progress, and the Fascist dictatorships have been busy, individually, and it is probable, also busy between themselves. But increased solidarity between the

Will Italy, privileged? freedom is well worth waiting for, Join Germany? century those who were born about

when Lord Houghton died will be saying that they are glad to have lived in a bourgeois world. That was for good and for bad. a world of individual freedom, when a man was entitled not only to have his own thoughts but to express them articulately. Such a world does not submit to be closely organized, but as things go on, we are made ruefully aware of the strength which is conferred by organization; and if it comes to a trial of force the organized must win every time. Organization cannot be improvised; those who have it ready get too long a lead in the early stages of a contest. Germany very nearly beat Europe because it was incomparably better organized in advance. Germany had made the necessary sacrifice of individual freedom—though with nothing approaching to the completeness that is now exacted from that formidable country. Yet so far as we know, the individual German is today as free as the individual Italian, and probably freer than the individual in Soviet Russia.

Beyond yea or nay, if these three States combined they could crush all that is left of freedom in Europe. Fortunately this combination is not thinkable; there are variations in the tyranny of the hive which discriminate these servitudes and render them mutually hostile. But it seems more than likely that Italy and

Germany will join hands to assert their predominance over such neighbour States as cherish old-fashioned ideals of personal and national independence. In one sense, their own ideals are irreconcilable, since the *Führer* wants ascendancy for the German race, and the Duce claims it for the Italian people. But Europe is large, and Germany has, as yet, no claims on the Mediterranean, nor is Italy concerned about the Baltic; and they are united by a common detestation of the Russian ideal which differs from theirs in being applicable to all peoples. So far as one can judge, the Russian ideal aims at making the underdog topdog in all places, and does not care what the breed may be. The ideal is professedly international; yet behind it is the driving force of a national enthusiasm. That play *Tovarich* rang true; the old Russian will recognize a comrade in the New Russian so long as he serves Mother Russia.

Yet in fact, as all can see in England, and even in Catholic Ireland, the Bolshevik ideal makes a wide appeal by reason of its universalism, just as the principles of the French Revolution did in their time. Russian examples, and perhaps even Russian direction, have counted for much in the remarkable phenomena now to be observed in France. Do they amount to a revolution, as some observers hold? If so, there is an end to French *bourgeois* freedom, for either the revolution will set up a state on Russian lines, or counter-revolution will destroy these beginnings and establish a Fascist regime. For my own part, I do not expect either of these extremes; chiefly for one reason. Russia's example has taught us what may happen to *kulaks* under Bolshevism, and no country in Europe has so large a proportion of *kulaks* as France; nor, I think, is the *paysan* (to give him his proper name) anywhere else so truly educated. What is more, every *paysan* is a trained soldier. So of course is every other adult male in France, but if it came to trouble, the peasants would be the better material.

Paris can no longer impose its will on the provinces. Modern communications are too quickly responsive, and even a countryside could be mobilized with great rapidity in response to news that travels faster than sound-waves. I do not think that M. Blum aims at anything which would be revolutionary in the

Russian sense. Doubtless there are men, and even leaders, to his left, who may; and they might conceivably overthrow M. Blum in Paris. But if it came to that he would have France and its *kulak* peasants behind him to resist a confiscatory change.

All that happens in France is of untold importance to Great Britain, because if the essentials of freedom are to be preserved in Europe, France and Great Britain must work together, with a closeness of understanding that up to the present has been sadly lacking. So far, Great Britain, a democratic country, understanding the necessary impediments in democratic working, has had to mark time in European affairs until the new French government should be fairly in the saddle. Unfortunately marking time does not mean progress, and the Fascist dictatorships have been busy, individually, and it is probable, also busy between themselves. But increased solidarity between the Great Powers that stand for freedom is well worth waiting for, and M. Blum's notions upon European policy appear to be in line with the main trend of British opinion, so that collaboration should be reasonably possible. His internal measures are not, strictly, Great Britain's affair; yet it is plain that France under his direction is going to try out experiments which may have great value for other free countries. National control of armament making and national control of the national Bank are no more revolutionary socialism than national control of the Post Office, and both of them may allay grave suspicions that hamper the action of all democratic governments. As to the universal forty-hour week for labour, this means no more than that France, which lagged behind Great Britain, has moved a step in advance; it is not twenty years since French labour was agitating for *la semaine anglaise*.

All the same, those of us who know France a little, and love France a great deal, will watch with anxious interest the result of these far-reaching interferences with the peasant's life. You cannot carry on the agriculture of small holdings to the rhythm of a forty-hour week; and that is the way of life most intensely characteristic of France. Already one has heard all over that lovely country complaints that the young are turning away from

The
Forty-hour Week

the laborious life of the land. They are going already from long hours of labour with very little cash payment, to work in the towns with more clear leisure, and with what an Irishman calls "dry money in their fist." In a vineyard on the edge of Burgundy, whose wine had more than a local reputation, vintagers were busy on the great sun-gathering slope; but several of the long vine rows were out of cultivation, unpruned and unweeded. I questioned one of the vintagers—an old man working with three or four women. "It's the same way everywhere," he said; "the young think it *un métier pas intéressant*"—a trade with nothing in it—"Quand les vieux sont morts, il n'y aura plus de vigneron." Please heaven, it will not be so bad as that. But neither the vineyards of Juvigny nor those of the Côte d'Or can ever be worked on the basis of a forty-hour week. Fortunately M. Blum is none the less a Frenchman because he is a Jew, and one may trust Frenchmen to see that Socialist notions do not interfere too gravely with the cultivation of *la terre*, to say nothing of the vine. Yet his advent to power brings nothing to reassure the *petit rentier*, eager to escape from the clutches of *la vie chère*.

Still, somehow, France will go on being itself; a country which combines great readiness for far-reaching experiment with the most tenacious conservatism. Every month, twice every month, a small illustration strikes me. I can remember when the English *Spectator* went through a crisis of heart searchings before its directors decided to issue the paper cut; I can remember the protests from old-established readers who complained that their Sundays were now deprived of a ritual occupation. But that was nearly fifty years ago. Take up today the most famous of all reviews, and you will find that you still must cut the *Revue des Deux Mondes* at the top, the sides and even the bottom of its pages. Is there any reason conceivable except a rooted and widespread dislike to change? Or again, to take a somewhat more serious instance, is there anything but a fierce conservatism which decides that France shall not be able to get rid of its present Parliament until four years are out—not even though it should, as is quite possible, bring the country's affairs into abysmal disorder? England had a short way with the last Labour administration, and a strictly democratic way; but

France is, by its own conservatism, clamped into the control of the present five or six hundred representatives and cannot break the cinch by any means that France recognizes as constitutional.

One thing, however, seems—certainly not sure, but at least reasonably to be hoped for. M. Blum's administration may be able to move. France was sick, all Europe was sick, of perpetual changes in the Government of France which meant always more of the same thing. Impetus is now about to be given. There must be a real force in the movement that brought M. Blum into power because it was not checked even by the sudden shock of Germany's move into the Rhineland. If it were felt that the security of France's frontier were imperilled, M. Blum's tenure of office would be short. But democracies are suspicious, and while a democracy can be persuaded that preparations for security are really a device for putting money into the pockets of private armament makers, preparations may be neglected. Take away that argument, and any French government—for that matter, any British government—will find it less difficult to obtain democratic support for a policy of arming in defence of freedom.

Meantime in England, it is to be supposed that policy is in preparation; though if we accept the view that policy must wait on armament (it was accepted by so good a Radical as Sir Charles Dilke), policy must wait a while yet before it can be venturesome. Sir Thomas Inskip appears to inspire confidence, as Minister in charge of the co-ordination of defence, and Sir Samuel Hoare should be efficient at the Admiralty. But something must be decided about Great Britain's attitude towards Italy, and that decision must in reality be Mr. Baldwin's; and as I write, his mind is not disclosed, or even dimly indicated—except by the fact that Mr. Eden remains at the Foreign Office. But it would be idle to deny that his administration as a whole has lost prestige over the episode in which Mr. Thomas figured so unhappily. What matters most is not the individual indiscretion of a minister,

**Real Power
for M. Blum**

**Cabinet
Indiscretions**

but the disclosure of a general laxity in discipline. Mr. Gladstone would have been horrified no doubt by the leakage of a budget secret through the carelessness of a Cabinet Minister: but I think his greater fury would have lit upon the letter in which Mr. Baldwin acknowledged Mr. Thomas's resignation. "My dear Jimmy," it began, and went on to say that Mr. Baldwin would have done exactly the same thing if he had been placed in Mr. Thomas's position. One does not see Mr. Gladstone putting himself even by the most hypothetical stretch of imagination in that particular predicament. F. S. Oliver had a condemnatory phrase which fits this situation; he would have said that there was too much "old chappery" about the whole business. Mr. Thomas is suffering from other people's lack of discretion as well as his own. By his very remarkable qualities he had risen from a working man's status to be a high-placed Minister of State, and that in itself is a severe test of character; but it grew ten times harder when with a very few companions he thought it right in a national emergency to break away from the affiliations which were, at least formally, ties of class as well as of party. That needed very great moral courage, but it also called for very great wisdom in the man who made such a choice. Leaving, as it appeared to millions, the party of the poor for the party of the rich, such a politician owed it to his own credit to be careful that money bore no part in the inducement. What is more, his well-wishers owed it to him and to themselves to bear this in mind. But evidently enough he found himself among men who were spending lavishly, and he liked to do as they did; liked it so well that he forgot what he should have remembered. In fairness it should be said that when politicians were attacked as those Labour men were who helped to form Mr. MacDonald's first National Government, one or two at least will tend to disregard all criticism, and say: Talk till you burst yourselves, you shall have plenty to talk about. That may account for much in the case of Mr. Thomas. But if a Prime Minister and a Chancellor of the Exchequer are on terms of Christian names with a colleague, they are on terms to tell him that a Cabinet Minister who is not a rich man cannot be allowed to gamble, or associate with gamblers: not for any reasons of puritanism, but simply from common sense.

Mr. Thomas has spoilt a notable career. This does not alter the fact that he has been worth more to his class, and to the State, than most of those in his class, and out of his class, who are rubbing their hands over his discomfiture.

In the United States again we are presented with a singular commentary on the disabilities of democratic freedom. Four years back, when things looked as ugly as they could, a very able energetic man claimed power to act on behalf of democracy, and acted. Things became less ugly. Then the safeguards of democratic freedom came into play, and it was asked whether anyone had the right to give him the powers through which he acted; and from the supreme authority, the answer has been reiterated, No! No! and again No! What was done cannot altogether be undone, and there is no means of forcing the Supreme Court to consider and report on what would have happened if things had not been done unconstitutionally. But it is settled that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor any other shall continue to use such powers, or assume them again. In fact every means by which democracy could be enabled to cope with an enemy enjoying the advantages of dictatorship has been condemned in advance: though no doubt if war came, the Supreme Court would go into abeyance, and if it found fault, would only find fault after the necessary things had been done. Still, even as it is, in times of peace, it seems pretty certain that Mr. Roosevelt will get another term of office; not at all clear to us outside how he and the Supreme Court are going to get along together.

In China we have a caricature of the Western democratic ideals—more specially of the American: while Japan provides example of a State, so to say, naturally Fascist which did not need to be hypnotised into the instincts of the hive, but possessed them from the beginning. Democracy in China allows itself with more than European liberality the licence to find fault with authority, and at present, now that a considerable degree of real power is exercised by Chiang Kai-shek, Southern China endeavours to lessen that authority by outbidding his pretensions to national

**Fa. East and
Near East**

spirit. And meanwhile the state where nobody challenges authority, whose obedience is automatic, following a general impulse, cuts into the body of China as a knife cuts butter, and awaits the chance of an excuse to slice more boldly. But who in Europe really knows what freedom really means in the East, and whether China under Japanese administration would be less essentially Chinese? Nearer home, European ideas of freedom are setting up strange ferments along the coasts of that sea which is European, Asiatic, and African. In Egypt the principle of nationality, accepted by Europe, is being asserted; and once more it seems as if the English, chief champions of this principle, are disinclined to let it have full expression where England is concerned. *The Times* published a leading article which suggested that in the negotiations preliminary to recognition of Egypt's sovereign independence, the military advisers of the British Government were insisting upon conditions being imposed which the Egyptians found it hard to reconcile with an Egyptian view of what national independence should be. Mr. Eden denies this statement with some brusqueness, but the negotiations drag on. Egypt no doubt desires to be ensured against the chance of becoming a fief of Italy. But if she feels herself treated as a fief of England, she may well seek better terms elsewhere.

In Palestine again the question of nationality raises problems to which no solution is clear. Had England, had Europe, any right to hand over Arab country to the Jews for a National Home? The official answer is that they did not do so: the Jews were to find a home among the Arabs. But both Jews and Arabs hold that they did; one side presses for fulfilment of the pledge, the other rages against the fact that it was given. Lord Balfour had a great name for statesmanship, but he left his country with a *damnosa hereditas* in that particular mandate. Arab resistance has reached a point at which only drastic military measures can impose a check. But a democracy has always great difficulty in sanctioning drastic military measures, and the more it knows of the crude details, the less willing it is to be drastic.

In the Danubian region, Hungary and Austria emphasize their disposition to cling to Italy and avoid all close relationship with the Little Entente. It is clear that Italy is by far the most

powerful guarantor of Austrian independence (if that is the proper term). The conclusion is that, since Germany looks to friendly relations with Italy, such ambitions as Germany may cherish must be directed elsewhere. Naturally the Little Entente makes a display of drawing together. But the key to the situation is in Poland. Has Herr Hitler that key in his pocket? It is not so sure.

For another region where trouble may come is the Baltic, and here Poland is acutely interested. So are its neighbours further East; but England, which proclaimed its indifference to the fate of Poland in 1920 does not need to make a similar avowal concerning Lithuania and Estonia. Yet, is it possible for Englishmen to have no concern about those other Baltic States from Finland westwards which maintain something more approaching to the English conception of free citizenship than can be found elsewhere in Europe? Denmark, lying nearest, is in many ways the most intimately connected with Great Britain; but all Scandinavian lands are in sympathy with her, and have followed her leadership at Geneva. For more than a century they have steadily adhered to a course of pacific liberalism (on which, strangely enough, they were launched by one of Napoleon's best lieutenants, the Gascon Bernadotte) and European statesmanship has had little anxiety from them or for them. Yet a book recently published, the *Life of Carteret*, by Mr. Baring Pemberton, reminds us how particularly unstable was all ownership in this area, now apparently so stabilised; and how closely England was involved in the intrigues concerning a group of little states, bordering the Baltic to north and south. They were then to Europe what the Balkans are now, a field strewn with powder mines. Fortunately for all, England is no longer directly concerned as she was when her kings owned Hanover; yet in plain truth Denmark is far more vital to England now than Hanover ever was. It is curious to look back on the story. Carteret's first important public duty was to attempt (in 1719) a reconciliation between the conflicting claims of Russia, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and Hanover to various territories and privileges of trade in the Baltic region. Denmark and

Sweden were then ambitious predatory powers : Russia was an overshadowing menace : Prussia began to be formidable, and even France had a finger in the imbroglio. The chapter in which Mr. Pemberton describes the methods by which Carteret brought about a " pacification of the North " is the most valuable part of a book which as a whole, unhappily, lacks interest.

Mr. Pemberton is not to blame, though Carteret was by consent of his contemporaries (especially of his opponents) the most brilliantly endowed statesman of the age. Yet we cannot get to know him as we know (for instance), Bolingbroke, because in a period when letter writing was in fashion, and at its very best, Carteret, though the greatest of readers, was too lazy to write. On the question of why a man so gifted with charm, eloquence, and knowledge, and so willing to work, yet left a record of failure, Mr. Pemberton has shrewd things to say : but for a more illuminating appraisal, one should turn to Oliver's observations in *The Endless Adventure* on this contemporary of his central figure, Sir Robert Walpole. " His character lacked that kind of rough holdfast strength that is required for the adventure of governing men. . . . The miscarriage of his foreign policy was not due to its inherent defects, but to the inability of its author to maintain himself in power." In short, Carteret had the will to power, which draws a man to the political life, but he would not face the drudgery of politics. And so, though so vital to his contemporaries, so vivid and so genial a figure, he is to us, even after we have read Mr. Pemberton, only the shadow of a name. But he is remembered as a politician who loved letters with a real scholar's devotion, and it is a pity that a book which dwells on his scholarship should be disfigured by such blunders as *en seconde nocces*, which at least is not misleading. But *mala sarta gratiae* is a sad deformation of *male sarta gratia*.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE MAID

By J. MIDDLETON MURRY

SAINT JOAN OF ARC, by V. Sackville-West. *Cobden-Sanderson*. 10s.

It is not easy to grow tired of reading the story of Joan of Arc—no matter who tells it. After all, hers is a story of which the essence cannot be changed. Scholars and pedants may quarrel over the details ; but the details are unimportant. Psychologists and men of religion may come to loggerheads over the nature of Joan's voices ; yet it does not matter very much. For no one can doubt the completeness of her own conviction that she was inspired by God.

She was a wonderful creature. No doubt much of the light which seems to shine upon her through the darkness of her times is legendary ; but more than enough of the radiance of the simple human being remains to draw our imagination towards her. And if ever an innocence was blazing, it was hers.

The marvel is, not that a being so candid should ultimately have been caught in the world's great snare, but that she should have prevailed so far against it. And we must hold it to the credit of the dim and mysterious age in which she lived that it had room for such as she—dangerous room, for it was difficult to be inspired by God and not become a heretic, and heresy was a fatal condition to be found in. But there was at least a universal readiness to expect the *kind* of thing she was ; without it the rapidity of her success is inexplicable.

Probably, we tend—under the influence of the hagiographers—to exaggerate the rapidity of that success. By inevitable process it has become a little more miraculous than it was, and the impression remains even in so careful a narrative as that of Miss Sackville-West. Even she cannot help dramatizing the story at moments, for though she does not conceal, she minimizes the evidence that Joan's reputation was widespread before she began her journey to the king.

And well it deserved to be ; for whatever we may think of her " miracles," or her military achievements, her reputation as a truly great woman (though she was only a girl) rests on a sure foundation. The record of her behaviour during a trial that lasted three months and a-half, during which, utterly alone, she was examined day after day with all the pitiless subtlety of a tribunal of mediæval theologians, is astonishing and unchallengeable. Here are facts. " Speaking with some experience of courts of law, and with some acquaintance with the literature of trials," said the late Sir John Macdonell, " I know of nothing comparable to her bearing under pressure and strain which would have broken down the most heroic." The evidence of this more than heroic demeanour is derived not from her encomiasts, but her enemies ; and it shows us a girl in whom inspiration and common sense went hand in hand. They were, indeed, more inti-

mately allied even than that well-worn metaphor suggests; they seem rather to have been obverse and reverse of the same medal, aspects of a single and unique capacity. We may call it just genius; but there are many kinds of genius. Joan's genius seems to hover—but solidly and certainly—between that of Socrates and Jesus. It was a simple clarity of vision which even the sceptic would naturally call divine.

It is mysterious; it was mysterious to her. Indubitably she experienced it as a kind of visitation, and probably it was her own effort to achieve some mental grasp of the phenomenon that made her bring it into categories familiar to herself. When Joan said she "saw" angels and archangels, it may be doubted whether she saw anything at all in the ordinary sense of "seeing." Her hesitations and vagueness when she was pressed by the doctors to describe her visions suggests the effort of one forcing an inspiration into a familiar language that will not contain it. And probably Joan's natural language was visual to an extent which we, poor victims of the printed word, can hardly imagine. Her straining to see angels, and her failure to grasp them visually, may well be a particular form of the mystic's inevitable necessary failure to express his certainty in language.

What is astonishing—and the divine simplicity of Joan is such that one forgets that it is astonishing—is that her inspiration had such definite practical ends. Possibly this is an effect of the strange foreshortening of history; and she may not have been quite so certain as she now appears to have been that her sole mission was to turn the Godons out of France. That is what has impressed itself on history: for the good reason that she came so near to doing it. But even at this distance of time we are conscious of another element in her purpose: she was concerned not merely with the national and military rehabilitation of her country, but with its moral and spiritual regeneration. The army she led was to be an army of Christian soldiers, in the true sense of the phrase. For a moment she nearly achieved that too. It is possible, and to me it seems probable, that in Joan's mind the second of these purposes was quite as important as the first. They were not separate purposes; they were one purpose; and the achievement of the former really depended on the achievement of the latter. For myself, I think something of this order is required to explain her strange pertinacity in clinging to her man's clothes, and the depth of her distress when she was required to part with them. The explanation given by Miss Sackville-West, that it was a practical precaution against sexual violence, seems to me almost grotesquely inadequate. I suspect that her man's clothes were intimately connected with her religious mission—perhaps symbolic of the condition where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

However that may be, Miss Sackville-West has told the story well. Rather unexpectedly, her management of her material is superior to her actual style, which is hardly simple enough for the matter.

CARAVAN ON THE SPICE ROUTE

By V. S. PRITCHETT

THE SOUTHERN GATES OF ARABIA, by Freya Stark. John Murray. 16s.

"We are brought up to painful efforts from our childhood," Miss Stark explained apologetically to the Emir and his wife at Makalla when she set out with her four beduins and one of the Emir's guards for the Hadhramaut. His wife, too shy to speak before her husband, looked at the departing traveller with pity. Miss Stark was not the first European traveller in these regions by any means, but she was the first woman to go alone. It required a courageous mind. This was no modern Amazonian stunt; indeed occasionally I thought Jane Austen might have written such a book had the female been emancipated in her day—there is the same stoicism, shrewdness and irony, but directed with sympathy, upon a curious social scene as enclosed in its way as the society of Winchester was. Perhaps one does not imagine the author of *Pride and Prejudice* on a donkey attended by half-naked men dyed with indigo; and prying tactfully into the minds of beduins by the camp fire. She would have remained in Aden or those other places where pleasant emoluments from petrol and flying have become the perquisite of the right people who a generation or two back were in Army, Law or Church.

The Hadhramaut country lies between Aden and Oman. From Makalla, the sea port where the journey began, cargoes of incense are still shipped to Aden, but the immense and even sacred riches of this trade which once supplied the altars and funeral pyres of Nineveh, Jerusalem and Rome, have long ago dwindled to the price of a few tons still gathered in the

remoter valleys. Miss Stark's imagination had been moved by the stories of the old incense road that led from the southern gorges of Arabia northward, and she hoped to go from town to town, each built against the rock of the Wadis like little Corbusier models, until she reached the ruins of Shabwa, once the richest, most guarded, most privileged city of the trade. Illness—measles is the humiliating plague of these towns—prevented her from achieving this; but what it took from her with one hand it gave with the other. If she had not lain ill fending off the politely offered but drastic cures of these people—the hot flat iron on the bare back, incarceration in a darkened cave, etc.—and helplessly watching the domestic life of the harems where she stayed, the peculiar stoicism, acuteness, serenity and sensibility of her character would have had so much less opportunity to charm us. In any case, Miss Stark is not one of those travellers who remain outside their picture. Like all creative artists she is in her work. One sees a country and people who have the fascination of old and rare jewels in a rough setting, through a temperament nervous and aristocratic. And she can write. The well-bred traditions of English near-Eastern literature are delightfully maintained by her.

Very early the four beduins became attached to her, and her guard—made responsible for her life by the Emir—got correspondingly more jealous and sullen. She caught their talk. It was about poetry, tribal wars and the values of their guns and knives. One played the flute. There was once a rumour of a robbery ahead and the beduins and the soldier were found to hold views—

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nowadays unpopular in Europe—which might have come straight from Geneva. The Beduin or modern Chicago-European view was that you took what you could if the man did not belong to your tribe; alternatively he bought you off. On the plateau of the Jol, the arid, tireless, tableland, there occurred one of those small episodes which add mystery to the tedium of travel. A boy appeared from nowhere and sat to eat with the party. No one greeted him or questioned him.

"Where does he come from?" I asked.

"Probably from a cave. Men live in the ravine."

He ate and sat with us and vanished in the darkness as he had come."

Miss Stark makes no giggling or declamatory stunt out of being a woman alone in her camps. She believed rightly that it is better to travel alone anywhere and particularly in Arabia. There is always an undercurrent of comedy in her situation among the tribesmen, so rooted in thoughts of their quarrels, so formed and protected by their rituals, so fanatically intent on their few but essential interests, the elemental concerns of those whose life is governed almost exclusively by the instinct of self-preservation. This austere, half noble and half cynical road life had a warmer and civilized counterpart in the medieval castle habits of the governors' houses where she stayed in the towns. Here she was among the women, dyed, pretty creatures, chattering about their relatives in Egypt, Abyssinia and India, shocked by her use of scented soap, displaying their clothes like children. She heard the family scandals and quarrels, saw the domestic problems caused by slaves who weep to be sold into another town because, perhaps, they have a child there. She heard, too, young wives sing melancholy songs of their own composition about their husbands who after marriage leave them for years or a life-

time to get jobs abroad. It is a region of lonely and melancholy women, absorbed in the jealousies and niceties of harem life and looking with affectionate pity at the foreigner who chosos to move from their house and go on from town to town. Only at one place was she badly received—owing to some tactlessness of which she herself was not guilty—and there she narrowly escaped being stoned from the place.

Signs of the West are appearing in these forgotten towns. The Birmingham tray is there, the Western dressing table has come to the Sultan's guest house in Makalla. His best dining-room chairs were upholstered with pink plush roses. And:

Mother-of-pearl ash-trays, a bronze equestrian figure, photographs of royal parties—the German ex-Kronprinz in one foreground—beautified the walls or sprouted about on small occasional tables. Over all this the happy-go-lucky East had spread its casual veil; dust and cigarette ends lay there, left by former guests; bats flickered in and out; mice ate one's clothes in the chest of drawers. . . . When the evening came, and the sweet shrill cry of the kites, that fills the daylight, stopped, 'Awiz appeared with three paraffin lanterns, which he dotted about the floor in various places.

But in Tarim, though the rich live outside the town in new casino-like buildings and golden sovereigns are preferred as coat buttons, while a visiting bridegroom may arrive in a motor car with the headlights tied up in flowered calico, the religious will still avert their eyes and draw in their gowns from pollution as the infidel passes. And in the evenings "the young men of leisure drive out to enjoy their sunsets" in gardens hidden in the cliff wall, where with carpets and cushions spread they sit and drink their tea. How long ago is it since the smart young man in any Western capital went out to enjoy his sunsets?

A DEFENCE OF DICTATORSHIP

By GEOFFREY WEST

LEFT WINGS OVER EUROPE: or How to Make a War About Nothing, by Wyndham Lewis. *Cape. 7s. 6d.*

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS, artist-pamphleteer, has been acclaimed by Mr. Roy Campbell, poet-satirist, in the metaphor of a bull-fighter ("I am only a banderillero in the cuadrilla of that great matador"). A lesser admiration may well prefer the analogy of the bull itself—a bull in a red herring shop, a wild angry being who assails violently without discrimination, perpetually rushes off on false trails, and when he attacks the right object does so almost invariably for the wrong reasons. The fine fury—or anyway the fury—of his loyalties and antagonisms permits him to base his conclusions, or for that matter his whole argument, upon the most arbitrary and to most minds inadmissible assumptions.

For instance, his book is on the face of it about that next European War which so many people today seem to accept as inevitable, an attitude he rejects and seeks to controvert, for in his view neither the people of Britain nor anyone in Germany wants war, and no one anywhere—save the ubiquitous Communist—stands to gain anything at all. So far, or nearly so far (for his iconograph of celibate, vegetarian, Epictetus-like Hitler will stick in some throats), so good, but the book has a deeper essential basis, summarized in three queries which are declared to be really the same question on different levels. They are: (1) "Are you for centralized government, or for decentralized government?" (2) "Are you for the Super-state of Internationalism, or for the Sovereign State of non-

International Politics?" (3) "Are you for yourself or for Man-in-the-Abstract?"

Already the assumptions are appearing. Mr. Lewis is rooting just as hard as ever he can for decentralized government, the Sovereign State, and himself, as against centralized government, Internationalism, and what he calls Man-in-the-Abstract. He assumes, that is, that the three first alternatives are mutually identical, as also the three second ones. No Sovereign State, that is, can present a centralized government, or fail to represent the concrete individuals inhabiting its confines. If, therefore, an unhappy German Jew in Breslau, dispossessed of his civil rights by decree from Berlin, thinks himself a victim of centralized government, he is in error, though conceivably a Durham miner, knocked off the dole, might be quite right in thinking so, in view of the degree to which Great Britain, by supporting a League of Nations which includes Soviet Russia, has given hostages to Internationalism! These are frankly hypothetical cases, not to be laid at Mr. Lewis's door, but he reaches other conclusions no less extraordinary, as when he declares democracy a farce in Britain (a very arguable case) while *simultaneously* asserting its reality in Nazi Germany. "It was a pure parliamentary democracy that voted in—as nearly by democratic vote as it is humanly possible to get—and has periodically confirmed in power, the great patriot who is now the 'Dictator' of the German Democracy." The italics are mine, and were seldom better deserved.

It is upon a succession of such postulations that Mr. Lewis builds up his argument, which is essentially that

Britain, at the bidding of International Finance, has got on to the wrong side, supporting France and Russia and threatening Germany and Italy against all her own true interests—and for the realist, the abstraction-shunner, he insists, "charity begins at home." Our statesmen, he believes, have resolutely closed their eyes of late to all that is evil in Communist dictatorship and all that is good in Fascist dictatorship—and in order to right the balance reverses the process with no less absolute fidelity, typically treating of the Italian-Abyssinian war without any reference either to gas-bombing or, more fundamentally, to Mussolini's deliberate disregard of League promises and obligations incurred, in this particular case, at his own previous insistence.

One does almost begin to wonder whether there is anything at all in the book to make it really worth reading for the man of moderate view, who prefers to keep his vision of both sides clear. It is not quite as bad as that. At the worst, Mr. Lewis is a stimulating writer, waking one to vigorous contradiction if nothing else. He does good, moreover, in his stress upon the existence of a German case against her post-War treatment by Britain and the other signatories of the Versailles Treaty, and his doubts of democracy, his questioning of the reality of the freedom of the Press, and his exposure of the hypocrisies (or perhaps merely the blindnesses) of eminent Churchmen who cry out against evils abroad while seeing nothing of those at home, have all elements of value. His greatest error, however, is his apparent view that "the Great War No. 2" can be prevented or evaded by a simple declaration of Britain's refusal to participate upon the side of France and Russia—and *nothing else*. Something very much else will be needed, and something much more positive!

GOVERNMENT IN THE THIRD REICH, by Morstein Marx. McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. 8s. 6d.

THE serious study of a society where "propaganda has acquired the role of the principal process of government" is something new in the way of political science. But if novel, none the less indispensable. Dr. Morstein Marx, of Harvard, has made a brilliant success of it, thereby, incidentally, **highlighting** the shortcomings of the orthodox approach. If there are some American verbirosities which will aggravate the English reader they are redeemed by a sprightly style and a delicate irony which enables the author to "get over" a prodigious amount of erudition.

The German people, then, is the object of propaganda, and its exclusive contribution is to absorb the approved creed. Like most commentators Dr. Marx enjoys himself hugely at the expense of the Popular Enlightenment which "has kept the nation in a trance." As the end of the four years' mandate sought by Herr Hitler approaches, his conclusion is that the awakening of Germans to a recognition of the perilous economic course to which their country is committed has really exposed the weak ideological foundation whereon the one-party State rests. At the same time he does not underrate the potency of the mumbo-jumbo of metaphysics and mysticism with which the "state of national community" is maintained.

Not the least interesting section of Dr. Marx's book is his historical background study showing how and why the German people are predominantly "authority-minded." The strength of the civil service, with its admirable heritage of executive self-reliance as well as ant-like industry, is well brought out, and the author is moved to indicate that this bureaucratic tradition, though badly battered, is the one "objectifying influence" today.

W. H. C.

VOYAGE TO GALAPAGOS, by William Albert Robinson. Cape. 8s. 6d.

ALL the adventurers I have met in the flesh have had a self-regarding eye; "How'm I doing?" was their spiritual theme-song. It is perhaps inevitable that men who frequent the edges of the world should romanticise about themselves and those edges, otherwise they would not come together; unbeglamoured, the edges must generally have little attraction. And so they call one another Old Timer, or its local equivalent. But it is when they come to write their books that the self-regarding eye develops its worst double-vision: squinting along the gun-barrel in a tight place, it can also reverse its sight and watch the owner getting out of the fix, with manifest enjoyment. The marvellous thing about William Albert Robinson, who wrote *Deep Water and Shoal*, was that he seemed to be free from all that kind of self-consciousness.

Now Mr. Robinson has written a second book, *Voyage to Galapagos*, which I would not have missed for anything; it continues the saga of his amazing 30-foot-ketch, *Svaap*, and parts of it are as good as anything in *Deep Water*, which is very high praise indeed. But Mr. Robinson's keen, amusing, outward-looking eye is learning to swivel alarmingly in the adventurers' manner. Occasionally now he writes of "my sailor's intuition whispering to me," which would have been unthinkable in the old *Svaap* days, and advises "Never put faith in anyone else's judgment against your own in your own field of knowledge. Pilot your own ship as you would your ship of life." Oh, quite, quite, but—

Is it the touch of domesticity that has done it? As he points out, only too often, he has lately "married the only girl in the world who could have shared this crazy life of mine, and loved it."

(But the *Deep Water* Robinson would not have thought it crazy, or if he did, would not have lived it.)—"Such a man's woman as one might not find the world over." Surely domesticity, though noticeably fell for adventurers, need not be as fell as all that? And it is bad luck on one who is undoubtedly an intrepid, hard-wearing and intelligent girl that the author should set up in the reader at the beginning a Mrs. Robinson-resistance by paragraphs like this:

The picture in my mind remains today as clear as it was those days on the Atlantic, and later on the hurricane-threatening Caribbean or the rolling blue Pacific. It is the picture of a slender girl standing at the wheel, bracing herself against the heave of the little ketch, soft golden hair whipping free in the breeze, blue eyes gazing steadily ahead to a distant horizon, and now and then at the compass or aloft at the sails. . . . From my bunk I could see her there—the light of the binnacle casting a faint glow upon the oval of her face, vaguely suggesting her delicate features.

That must have been very nice for Mr. Robinson, but somehow it is not an experience that shares well, while most of his others emphatically are. There is the long account of their race with a hurricane which is literally breathless reading at times, even though the reader knows that the author must have survived, to have written the book. And the account of his operation for acute appendicitis at the back of beyond is—contrary to the story of every operation that anyone else has ever had—extremely funny and moving and as exciting as the hurricane. The business of the wild dogs on Albemarle Island—the peculiarity of the gallinazos—Señor Sanchez and his beautiful house: three quarters of the book are enchanting, which makes it all the more important that Mr. Robinson should cure this touch of adventurers' eye before it becomes chronic.

E. ARNOT ROBERTSON.

BRIDLE PATHS, by A. F. Tschiffely.
Heinemann. 6s.

SONG FOR SIXPENCE, by Geoffrey Pollett. Longmans. 8s. 6d.

HAVING ridden thousands of miles through jungle, desert and mountains, Mr. Tschiffely has now made an even more adventurous journey; from the New Forest to Scotland, a paradoxical kind of pioneering; the rediscovery of Cobbett's England.

Now as to such a journey, one's prognostication would have been, first, that he would break his neck: to tour tarmac England by horse is a more dangerous undertaking than to ride from Buenos Aires to Washington. Or if he escapes with his life, he will find no stable for his horse, no oats, chaff or hay at any inn; hardly a bed for himself anywhere off the motor routes. And if he searches for the old bridleways he will find them either tarred and motored or fenced up and forgotten, for the horse is dead as mutton.

But no, it is not even as dead as horse. Avoiding as far as possible the modern "nerve-centres," Mr. Tschiffely found that his appearance on horseback opened countrymen's hearts: farmers directed him over their cart-paths; stables were provided; fodder was to hand; and one inn-keeper even tried to get him to mediate between him and his wife.

The reader who knows a little of rural England will have suspected that there is still a good deal of horse sense where hoardings are scarce: not of the hunting, racing category either, but the kind that is used in tavern gossip; the higgler's pony, the yeoman's cob. But he will be surprised to find the freemasonry so flourishing, as Mr. Tschiffely reports.

Mr. Tschiffely found the heart of England, not geographically but organically. A knowledge of the horse pertains to the old arts of life: thus equipped you meet country people on their own ground: you are part of the land you travel. The book ends with suggestions

for an Equestrian Touring Club. Why not? The automobile has its Association, and motors were not exactly welcomed with open arms by the country; but every countryman is a friend of the horse. Cobbett insisted that the only way to see England, the essential England, was on horseback. Perhaps his words are true today.

Mr. Pollett is also something of a pioneer, in travel and in human nature. The more ordinary it becomes to visit the wild places of the earth, the more men's insatiable thirst for adventure leads them to discover what is under their noses.

Simply what Mr. Pollett set out to do was to get to Bovey Tracey to see some friends. Being a poet, he had no money; so he peddled his poems. Judged by results he was a great success. He made three poems take him from Sussex to Cornwall and back again, and feed and lodge him the while. The price of it was physical fatigue and occasional endurance of that violent rudeness of which the Englishman is capable when disturbed at a meal. He had three hundred copies in his pack, and with these he went knocking at the doors of villas and bishops' palaces, and the homes of well-known men and women.

Even if you do not read the book straight through, you can, by means of an index, satisfy your curiosity as to how the "great" behave to the stranger (with no social pretensions) at their gate. It is a crucial test. Mostly they were literary folk. Only the writer can guess what he misses when he grunts sourly "Not today," even though in the trance of composition it would seem superhuman to say anything else. What a pity that a number of the great names Mr. Pollett called on were not at home.

All this on the proceeds of three poems—and still Wales and Scotland to be peddled. In the meantime Mr. Pollett will surely compose three more. There need be no end to it. ADRIAN BELL.

THE RULE OF TASTE, FROM GEORGE I TO GEORGE IV, by John Steegmann. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

IN an age like ours it is pleasant to be reminded of old enthusiasms and by-gone controversies. Mr. Steegmann, whose book deserves the praise which it has received, sets out to show how Taste began to take form soon after the expulsion of James the Second; how it crystallized into rules and became Correct Taste; how Horace Walpole and a few others perceived the beauty of Gothic art and challenged the kingship of Palladio; how people in due time responded to the charm of *chinoiserie*; how, after the French Revolution, they redoubled their ancestors' admiration of the Ancients; how during the Regency they "succeeded in combining incongruously but successfully a rigid austerity of line with a hearty vulgarity of adornment;" and lastly (writing with some tartness) how as a result of the Reform Bill, democracy and general education, taste collapsed for lack of a strong and intelligent direction from the few. He uses the word Taste as though it were a synonym of "fashion" and by so doing may confuse many readers if they suppose that the finer a man's taste the less will he be at the mercy of fashion.

The book is packed with knowledge easily handled. It glitters with provocative but well-weighed judgments. Moreover, it contains a dozen illustrations which do actually enrich the text. Most readers, too, will owe to Mr. Steegmann their first introduction to a number of architects, garden-designers and even painters who had genuine talent and were of importance in their day.

Those who cannot resist the beams, mullioned windows, deep-cut window-seats, wide stone fireplaces, twisted chimneys, formal gardens and all the warm gracious beauty of a Tudor manor-

house may be dashed by Mr. Steegmann's indifference to things so English and so fair. Others may wonder why, having stated that George the Third "had a great anxiety to be associated with major artists," he should append the words "feeling that this might add lustre to his position." Some, no doubt, will wish to get at him when they read that "England in the beginning of the nineteenth century was becoming commercially so prosperous that there was not much time for honesty, and politically so democratic that there was not much demand for intelligence."

It is delightful, on the other hand, to be made by Mr. Steegmann to share his enthusiasm for George the Fourth, not as a king but as an art-patron of exquisite taste, for everyone who reads this book will find himself thinking more kindly of the Regent.

CLIFFORD BAX.

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JOURNEY WITHOUT MAPS, by Graham Greene. Heinemann. 15s.

MR. GREENE'S *Journey Without Maps* took him some 350 miles on foot through Liberia, an inadequately explored African republic chiefly notable for an experiment in Negro self-government and a profusion of tropical pests. He himself is not an explorer in the geographical sense of the word. He met with many discomforts but few adventures, and his interest was chiefly in the human side of the picture. "When one sees," he writes, "to what unhappiness, to what peril of extinction centuries of cerebration have brought us, one sometimes has a curiosity to discover if one can from what we have come, to recall at which point we went astray." In this sentence he supplies the key to the whole book.

I do not think he satisfied his curiosity. Perhaps too much cerebration had been brought to bear on the creation of Liberia and the Americo-Liberians who nominally rule it had imported too much sophistication of the Tammany Hall brand for the country to have been really well suited to his purpose. But he met a host of strange and interesting people, a president, a military dictator, chiefs and commoners, tax-collectors and professional Devils who in private life were mostly blacksmiths. About all of these, about his journey, and most of all about his own mental reactions he has written a book which is singled out by the quality of its prose, the consummate artistry of its descriptive passages and the sincerity of its purpose for a very high place in the literature of travel.

Mr. Greene has a fancy for suddenly transporting his readers from Liberia to civilization and back again. Without warning he snatches you from a native village and drops you in the Cotswolds, at the Gare St. Lazare, or in a flat off the Strand. By so doing he makes his contrasts vividly and effectively, but his purpose is usually—not always—to

show you something rather nasty, a vicious old man or a dead dog in a child's pram. After a time one begins to ask whether there is not a touch of jaundice in his outlook, and whether his mapless journey would not have been a more cheerful affair and no less serviceable to his end for an occasional dose of mental liver-salts and a constant star to steer by.

That these reflections should arise proves that the book succeeds, as only a good book can, in making the reader a travelling-companion in spirit of the writer. It leaves him, however, with an unsatisfied curiosity, for Mr. Greene had a travelling-companion in the flesh—a cousin. He has, it is true, an example in Sir Samuel Baker, who spares only a brief line to tell you that Lady Baker spent most of her time treed by a rhinoceros while he was catching fish in the Nile. Mr. Greene goes one worse. He does by a chance word disclose his cousin's sex, and he tells you that she did not quarrel. But on how she fared with the rats, the mosquitos and the villages which were so depressing that there was nothing to be done in them except to get drunk, he is tantalizingly silent. Perhaps she, too, has written a book, and he chivalrously does not want to queer her pitch.

The reader who wishes to get the best value out of *Journey Without Maps* will do well to buy from H.M. Stationery Office, as a companion volume, a little book priced 1s. 6d. and entitled "Comd. 4614." It consists for the most part of reports to the League of Nations on the affairs of Liberia and is extraordinarily interesting. It was instrumental in sending Mr. Greene there, although on most people who read it it will have the opposite effect. With or without its help *Journey Without Maps* remains a book which for its sustained brilliancy and far from infrequent flashes of genius everyone should read.

LAWRENCE ATHILL.

THE ENGLISH CASTLE, by Hugh Braun. Batsford. 7s. 6d.

FRENCH CHÂTEAUX OPEN TO THE PUBLIC, by Angus Holden and Ralph Dutton. Allen & Unwin. 5s.

NOTHING could better illustrate the difference between the English castle and the French château than these two books. It is a difference that seems inherent even in the various renderings of the Latin word "castellum." Our harder consonant rightly suggests the great stone fortress built sternly for defence, but in an age and against dangers so remote from us that its aspect of utility has yielded to one of enchantment and romance. At this date "castles in the air" would be no less fantastic structures if they appeared on mounds instead of cumulus. But the Frenchman's "château en Espagne" is surely the ambition of his practical mind, removed by some miscalculation from his own ground to his neighbour's. "Château" suggests trees and comfort in a sheltered valley—a place where the owner may live in philosophic leisure, rather than use his military strategy to stand a siege. Our sieges are over and our castles derelict, while the château is still inhabited, not by a custodian, but as a country seat. This accounts for the respective schemes of the two accounts before us. Mr. Braun views his subject historically, moving forward in time. Messrs. Holden and Dutton, who described the English Country House, have simply shifted their ground across the channel to continue geographically (and for greater ease in reference, alphabetically) across the departments of France.

One may be excused, when reviewing a Batsford publication, for dwelling on the photographs before the text. In this case they are emphatically the main feature. Their technical perfection, richness of atmosphere and sheer beauty do more than whet the appetite for castles. Here are the towered walls of

Caernarvon, looking as new as when Edward I constructed them, the rugged curtain walls of Conway, the Gatehouse and twelfth century chapel of Ludlow—where the earliest setting of Milton's "Comus" may be still seen if imagination amend it. Accompanying and explaining these impressive pictures, Mr. Braun's plain narrative leads us from the earliest earthworks, such as Maiden Castle and Badbury Rings, to the Norman fortresses. He shows how, by "inventive evolution" as it might be termed, the design of the castle was varied and adapted to secure its safety. He is concerned with the military structure alone, and at once abandons his diminished edifice when it becomes a mere fortified manor house, or, as the late Lord Curzon described Walmer, a "castellated residence."

For in fact the Englishman's home is not a castle. The Frenchman's almost has to be a château, if he is not to blush for it. While these also may achieve noble proportions, and have not been without their engines of defence, they are mainly typified by large-windowed façades, steep roofs and pinnacled turrets, proclaiming the "stately pleasure-dome" in an era where ornament is allowed its place. The authors of this useful handbook have set out a clear guide to each château; it includes descriptive and historical summaries, name of owner, price and hours of public admission. The explorer who has paced round our bleak fortress-shells may feel a contrasting warmth of welcome as he finds in every château a complete interior, furnished and inhabited (crimson brocade and priceless furniture embellish Chenonceaux, to take one example); an interior which, by the distinguished owner's generosity or business sense, he is in many cases allowed to enter "at all reasonable times."

SYLVA NORMAN.

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**THE RISE OF EUROPEAN
LIBERALISM**, by H. J. Laski. *Allen
& Unwin. 7s. 6d.*

PROFESSOR LASKI has provided us with this book as a background to his *The State in Theory and Practice*. Briefly, its thesis is that Liberalism throughout its history has meant liberty for the business man and the subjection of the rest of society to the power of his money. Through the last four centuries of political thinking Professor Laski traces first the effort of the business man to free himself from the restrictions to which he was subject, then his attempt to identify morality with what suited his own interests; finally his capture of the State power and his readiness to abandon, on the first attempt to claim it for a class other than his own, his allegiance to the liberty which he had proclaimed for so long as a universal principle. Page after page of fine and sensitive rhetoric exposes the essentially pragmatic quality of Liberal philosophy, the utter callousness of Liberal practice. One after another of the Liberal thinkers is quoted to show how one and all believed as firmly in slavery as any ancient Greek, and believed not merely in slavery, but in poverty and misery as well, as being necessary for the foundation of a state of civilization.

The whole of this portion of the book is moving and erudite, and in the course of it Professor Laski coins many phrases which deserve to live, as when he calls Burke "the great watershed of English political philosophy." Yet the book has one serious defect. Professor Laski leaves off his analysis just where he has the hardest case to meet, that is, at about a century ago. At that time the era of capitalist expansion had by no means ended, the workers in most countries were apparently still well "in hand," everything seemed set fair for the industrialist and financier. Philosophy, the churches and the State all combined

to further their purposes. They seemed destined to advance to ever greater dominion over an ever greater proportion of the world. And at this time, when they had the world at their feet, the Liberals proceeded to put shackles upon themselves and to admit to power those whom they had hitherto oppressed. It is true that the shackles were light, the power largely illusory, yet it was that illusion, as much as any other cause, which led the oppressed classes to expect the reality and to demand it. Who indeed can refuse to the Liberal spirit the triumph of having bred a generation so false to its own interest as to limit its own liberty by factory acts and humanitarian laws? It is a wise child that knows its own father, and Professor Laski might be wiser to moderate his contempt for a spirit of which he is the legitimate inheritor.

ALAN M. WELLS.

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SELECTED FICTION

A HOUSE OF WOMEN, by H. E. Bates. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.
THE CAMEL, by Lord Berners. *Constable*. 6s.
SEVEN RED SUNDAYS, by Ramon J. Sender. *Faber & Faber*. 8s. 6d.

MANY of Mr. H. E. Bates's short stories have suggested the influence of D. H. Lawrence. Not that Lawrence "could have written" this or that story, that they were to be taken as better or worse than the master's; but the debt was there. The sexual clash—that look of recognition, at once imperative and hostile, between strangers, which so often surprised us in Lawrence—seemed occasionally borrowed in the younger novelist. Their landscapes have something in common. Rather less obviously there is a similar toughness in both when they are describing country manners, a love of native dourness and stubborn speech, which is the counterpart of their feeling for nature. The resemblance perhaps goes no further than that, and yet reading *The House of Women* I have been reminded of Lawrence again.

The House of Women is certainly the best of Mr. Bates's novels, and probably the best book he has yet written. The opening passage, describing a family turning the hay under a sky that threatens rain, is not only an excellent piece of descriptive writing, which fixes this family in our memory at once, but an image of the life which by the end of the book will be destroyed.

"If we can git this done," Tom said, "and it holds off, and we can git carried, I don't know as we shan't ha' two crops off o' this meadow yit."

"When did we get two crops last?" Frankie said.

"Seven years ago," the mother said. "I remember that. 1898—that were the

year. Two good crops. It come hot about hay-making and then it broke directly and we had wet till August time . . ." she was babbling on in a sudden fervour of reminiscence, raking and panting and talking and whipping the grey hair out of her grey eyes in a constant fever of activity, "—and then come September we had it hot again and we—"

"Ah, mother, git on," Tom said. "Git on, do. You'll want that breath."

Impossible to think of this tradition of sullen labour as being broken, the big farmhouse falling to pieces, the family dying out, and yet we know from the first page that this is what will happen. The eldest son, Tom, marries the barmaid of a local pub. Rosie is superbly strong, passionate, exuberant in speech and gesture; she goes to take her place in the farmhouse which is guarded by its women with Nonconformist stubbornness; and it is her vitality against theirs. She wins. The women can't stand up to her. Not even her confession of an illegitimate child can give them the strength to turn her out. The men go to the war, and Tom comes back a cripple, incapable of directing the work of the farm, the only life he knows, or of keeping his wife's love. He dies, the farm is mortgaged, and only Rosie is left able to walk out into some sort of new life. We see her at the end, middle-aged and still with a touch of jauntiness, going off with a friend of the old pub days.

The resemblance to D. H. Lawrence? Well, one sees it in the women's characters, the depiction of hatreds and old age, the decay of the family and the triumph of Rosie's vitality. She is, I may say, a better achievement than any of Lawrence's portraits of women, except the picture of his mother in *Sons and Lovers*; and Mr. Bates never

makes the mistake, which queered much of Lawrence's work, of identifying vital with sexual experience. *The House of Women* must be compared with such stories of Lawrence's as *The Daughters of the Vicar*; and it survives the comparison.

The Camel is a delightful, if not very original, fantasy of English village life. The vicar's wife, who has memories of the East, is astonished early one morning by a ringing of the bell and the appearance of a camel on the doorstep. It gives her an almost human look and she takes it in. The spectacle of the vicar's wife riding a camel becomes a familiar sight in the village. Difficulties arise from the camel's habit of magically but ineptly carrying out his mistress's unspoken wishes; a fur-coat is snatched from a lady's back, the skeleton of a pet dog is disinterred and appears on the lunch table, and finally the vicar shoots himself. The story is wittily told in a manner suggesting the simplicities of more pious tales. Personally I found it charming.

Seven Red Sundays is an unwieldy novel of revolutionary life in Madrid. Whether or not it can be strictly called a "proletarian" novel, I doubt. It gives a vivid but confused picture of communist-anarchist activity, most of its characters exclaim against bourgeois sentiment, but fall by other sentiments, which do not seem essentially different, and the writing is a curious mixture of realism and a rather naïve symbolism. Much of the material is interesting, and the tough passages seem to me very much better than the sentimental ones. Señor Sender has been compared by some reviewers with Malraux; but there is little ground for the comparison. Good Communist writers are rare, and the second-rate—like Señor Sender—are, alas, difficult to read and unrewarding.

G. W. STONIER.

GOVERNMENT AND THE THIRD REICH

By Morstein Marx

8/6

The great merit of Dr. Marx's study is the thorough understanding of the whole background of National Socialism which he brings to his treatment. As a scholar and civil servant in Germany who had already established his right to speak with authority, he is uniquely qualified to interpret contemporary Germany.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

As can be inferred from Robert Bernays' analysis of the Parliamentary situation in this issue, **Sir Edward Grigg** has been an active influence in stiffening the Government's policy on defence and in other directions. He has always moved in circles where real political power resides. He was Dominions Editor of *The Times* before the War, military secretary to the King during his tour of the Dominions as Prince of Wales in 1919, and then private secretary to Mr. Lloyd George when Prime Minister. On African affairs he writes with the special knowledge gained in his six years' Governorship of Kenya.

Lord Allen of Hurtwood recently resigned from the National Labour Party owing to the declaration in its official organ that "we ought to admit that Italy has smashed the Covenant." Till then he had supported the Government by speech and vote in Parliament, though never compromising in his Socialism. He has always been a pacifist, and during the war he was three times imprisoned as a conscientious objector.

S. K. Ratcliffe's last contributions to the *Fortnightly* were the two diverting papers on lecturing experiences in America published last autumn. Since then he has again been satisfying the thirst of American audiences for knowledge of British and European affairs.

Robert Bernays sits for Bristol in Parliament as a Liberal of independent views. He was for years a leader writer and correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, and after a visit to India for his paper made his name as an author by *Naked Fakir*, a study of Gandhi.

Sisley Huddleston and **D. W. Brogan** are well known names in these pages, and **C. J. S. Sprigge**, who is Financial Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, has made two visits to Italy to study conditions there since he wrote his estimate of the economic problems facing Mussolini at the beginning of the Abyssinian war.

Kenneth Williams, editor of *Great Britain and the East*, is a specialist on the Arabic lands of the Middle East, and published in 1933 *Ibn Sa'ud*.

Dr. Harry Roberts is not only a busy practitioner of medicine but a prolific author of books on the most various subjects.

Sir Robert Kotze is one of the best-known names in South African gold mining. He was Government Mining Engineer of the Union, 1910-1926, and is now a director of some of the chief mining companies and a member of the Union Parliament.

Ernest Newman, our foremost music critic, writes a weekly article in the *Sunday Times*.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST, 1936

SECURITY DEPENDS ON SEA-POWER

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND, K.C.B.

ONE effect of recent events in the Mediterranean has been the opening of long-closed eyes to the insecurity of British interests in that Sea. Anxiety about the Mediterranean, never seriously felt before (though misgivings have occasionally arisen), is now alive. The question is asked whether Great Britain today could use the Mediterranean route to the East in another war. It is suggested that if we should be confronted in war with one of the Mediterranean Powers we should be obliged to abandon that highway of our communications, military and commercial, and send our shipping to the East round the Cape of Good Hope; and it appears also to be imagined that by thus evading difficulties we can find security.

The question does not end there. It needs to be realized that the Mediterranean is not only a route to the East. It has also an integral importance in itself if Great Britain is to play a part in international affairs. The assistance which this country has given on the great occasions in the past in which it has been one of a coalition opposing the domination of Europe by a great perturbator, has never been confined to the use of economic pressure, nor to the mere defence of her own commerce. It has also, and necessarily, taken the form of rendering direct assistance to her allies in the Mediterranean. She has sent her fleet thither not only to protect her trade but also to carry her armies to co-operate with the allied armies, to enable the armies of her allies to use the sea, to prevent the enemy from enjoying the great advantages of movement by sea, and to eject the enemy from territories he had seized. From the days of William

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III it has been in the Mediterranean, through command at sea, that Britain has been able actively to co-operate with other European Powers—Sardinia, the Empire, Spain and Russia—in restraining and compelling compliance by an aggressor.

Moreover, the trade whose safety it is sought to provide by diverting it round the Cape is not the only trade in which Britain has a concern in the Mediterranean. There is a trade also of no small importance with the states on the borders of the Mediterranean—the oil which reaches Haifa by pipe-line, the cotton of Egypt, the exports from the Black Sea. Are we there to run a short gauntlet in the Mediterranean and then make a voyage of circumnavigation round Africa because we are unable to protect it through the two thousand miles of the Mediterranean?

Those who speak so lightly of diverting the trade round the Cape would do well to realize that the importance of the Mediterranean does not arise only from its being a link in the chain of Eastern communications, military and commercial, important as that chain is, but also from the strategical and economic elements involved in the whole problem of the inland sea.

Events in the North Sea and the Channel have loomed so large in the public eye that the importance of the Mediterranean in the late war has tended to be obscured. The fleets of great ships, of Italy and France with their British reinforcements, and of Austria, kept their harbours, but the small craft and the submarine were engaged throughout in a deadly struggle whose outcome at times appeared doubtful. The final adoption of convoy proved successful; it so proved because the superiority of the Allies in their surface craft prevented the surface craft of the enemy from destroying the small vessels which dealt with the submarine. The conditions of another struggle would be different. Whereas then the fast lesser vessels and heavy ships of the enemy could be confined to the immediate neighbourhood of their Adriatic ports, since the risk of operating in the open waters was too great, that would not be the situation in another war. And to that has been added the new weapon in the air which can strike over the heads of the sea forces: illegally, certainly, but recent events have shown conclusively

how little regard is paid today to any engagements made in peace.

It seems to be too little realized today that the defeat of the submarine campaign was due largely to the fact that the submarine had to play a lone hand, unassisted by the other units of the enemy navy. The weak escorts of half a dozen or so light craft which sufficed to protect shipping against submarines would be wholly insufficient to guard it against such massed attacks of surface craft as, in the geographical conditions, would be possible. Strong bodies like those of the old corsair commanders of Dunkirk would threaten every convoy. Nothing indeed is more strange than the blindness which has characterized the naval policy of successive British Governments regarding cruisers and flotilla forces in the complete abandonment of every principle which hitherto had governed their strength. It is a blindness matched in its strangeness by a foreign policy which aims at the security of the Canal by diplomatic engagements with Egypt, while the naval policy fails to make provision for the safety of the shipping in the waters through which it has to pass to reach the Canal. An impregnable position in the Canal zone will serve no purpose, so far as Eastern communications are concerned, if, for want of adequate defence, ships cannot pass between Gibraltar and Port Said. Fears are entertained of the threat to shipping from the air. The eyes of the people have been so continuously directed upward that the happenings on the surface of the sea have not been noticed.

Such justification as there was in the past for a feeling of security lay in the fact that a British fleet at Malta was a threat to any large foreign forces, tending seriously to check any active movements by them. It came therefore as a shock to the public when the crisis recently arose in the Mediterranean, to see the Fleet moved from this, its obvious and proper covering position, to the Eastern extremity of that Sea. Was a fleet in Malta insecure? Could the fleet no longer occupy the only appropriate strategical base?

If there is one factor which runs with unfailing continuity through the history of naval war it is the determining influence of base positions upon control at sea. Whenever British fleets have been unable to avail themselves of bases so placed as to

enable the fleet to dominate all the movements of an enemy, control at sea has been intermittent and partial at the best, and, at the worst, unattainable. Many millions have been spent in latter years in endeavours to make battleships invulnerable—an unattainable ideal, even if it were a practical solution of British security at sea. What is needed now is that our bases shall be as impenetrable to attack from air flotillas as we made them in the past to surface and submarine flotillas. It is the base, not a small proportion of the ships using the base, which must be invulnerable, and money spent upon base security would give strategical power to the fleet out of proportion to its amount. Have we already forgotten the effects of the neglect to make Scapa Flow secure against submarines?

Summing up this aspect of the British situation in the Mediterranean, while the use of the Cape route by shipping may furnish some relief to the efforts at sea in the Mediterranean, its use can be a palliative only. It can serve as a by-pass to reduce the volume of shipping and therefore ease the fleet of some of its defensive functions. But that is all. The need for exercising control in that Sea still remains in order to maintain essential trade, to conduct military movements, and to co-operate, in a general European struggle, with our allies. No greater delusion could be entertained than that the problem at sea in the Mediterranean is to be solved by evasion of one part of our responsibilities.

The needs to be met are threefold. First, a main body of fighting ships of types and in numbers adequate to meet at all times whatever concentration the expected opponent may effect. Secondly, a harbour in which the ships and vessels of this fleet can lie in security, with their needful facilities, so placed that it can mask the enemy main body. Thirdly, a number of vessels of the lesser types sufficient to provide guards against attacks by forces which, no matter how strong the main bodies may be, cannot be confined to their harbours. In all this there is nothing new. It is the merest repetition of the need of all ages, unaffected by whether the ships and vessels are of wood or steel, propelled by the wind or by oil, their guns ranging a thousand or twenty thousand yards. New elements there are, however, in the flotilla which flies, and in the manner in which

modern civilization condones, if indeed it does not openly approve, attack upon the civil population. We are called on to witness bombs being rained upon the non-combatants in the merchant ships. Undoubtedly there is no complete defence against attack in this form, though escorting forces with efficient artillery fire will mitigate its effects. But it is well to recognize certain elements which enter into this form of warfare. At no time, even in that of our greatest superiority at sea, was shipping, even in convoy, immune from loss; the nimble privateer snapped up many a ship from escorted shipping. Although, moreover, pictures are made of flotillas swarming in the air, there are considerable practical difficulties in the continuous maintenance of effective occupation of, or observation over, a water area through which shipping intermittently passes, and it would be very unwise to assume that such great forces as are pictured would be free to operate in this manner. Finally, if this form of attack upon the non-combatant at sea is made, the enemy non-combatant on land lays himself open to very far-reaching reprisals at the hands of an enemy possessing superiority at sea.

While there has been some recognition, arising out of recent events, that conditions in the Mediterranean have changed since the last war, that recognition, as I have tried to show, has been partial only. It has seen some, but by no means all, of the situation. It is confined almost entirely to a realization that aircraft have introduced two new major factors into the strategy of the Mediterranean. But it is not the Mediterranean alone that demands attention. Another change has attracted the notice of, and given rise to anxiety even more acute in, the Dominions in the Pacific—the growing aggressiveness of Japan.

If the strength of the Navy had been maintained at its old standard the policy of Japan and the outward expression of threats by some writers in that country might have been observed with complacency. The people of Australia and New Zealand have hitherto always recognized that their own security—that is, the integrity of their territory, the maintenance of their internal and commercial policies, and the uninterrupted flow of their trade—depends upon sea power. But as the strength of the Navy relative to that of other Powers has been reduced, and

as the Japanese claim of a need for expansion for her increasing population has taken a threatening turn, these Dominions have felt that their security is no longer assured. From each of them comes the cry that they no longer possess the shield they need and have hitherto possessed. Mr. Hughes, in his book *The Defence of Australia*, and other writers have expressed their fears and expectations that if at some future—perhaps not too remote—time Great Britain should find herself involved in a European War, the whole present British Fleet would be needed, in its full strength, in the European seas; and that then, as Japanese writings give reason to believe, the opportunity to take advantage of the undefended Dominions would be taken. History affords too many examples, both in the more remote and in the immediate past, of such action for these fears to be dismissed as mere scaremongering; and this the more particularly when the policies of so many countries are in the hands of dictatorships. Modern nations have not scrupled in our own lifetime to act upon the principle that one nation's difficulty is their own opportunity, and it does not appear to be beyond the range of possibility that the converse to the Australian fear might take place: trouble in the Far East might form the occasion for an unscrupulous European Power lying upon the lines of communication through the Mediterranean to seek to obtain what it desires from Great Britain in the Mediterranean.

The solution of the problem of security which is receiving attention in the Australasian Dominions is the military solution of local defence. It aims at the creation of such local forces in the form of armies, air forces and small craft—in particular submarines—which shall offer an obstacle to the landing of an army and, if landed, effective opposition to conquest: and to develop local resources in armaments which will render the country independent of external supplies. In other words, that the country shall be made secure by its own efforts.

Such a policy, admirable as its intentions are up to a point, will not, however, provide the realities of defence, for it is a partial, not a complete, solution of the problem of security. Even if it should prove possible for a people of some seven millions successfully to oppose the efforts of a people of seventy millions, with a great naval and military organization, it fails

to provide for the security of those sea communications which are essential to the life of a nation whose only outlet is the sea. Nor, though it aims at providing for local defence, does it furnish complete local defence, since it affords no security to those coastal communications by sea which constitute an integral and important part in the distribution of goods and materials. Whether the railway organization could meet the needs of internal distribution if the coastal services were brought to a standstill may be doubted, but this is clearly a matter for the examination of expert transport authorities. But that it is an element of great importance in security is a matter of no doubt at all. The distress caused by the interruption of the coastal trade in the war of the American Revolution and the war of 1812 is well known to students of those struggles. Optimistic anticipations of the use of aircraft and mines for the defence of the coastal shipping fail to take practical account of the limitations of these instruments—their want of endurance, the conditions of bad weather and darkness, the great uncertainty of such an untested fighting machine.

Apart however from this aspect of the problem of defence of communications, the prospect of such a local system of defence against invasion being effective is open to very serious doubts. No one who has made a study of the many schemes of invasion of these islands by our old antagonists in France can be unaware of the difficulties of defence of a country whose coastline extends over several thousands of miles, with widely separated objectives and therefore an almost unlimited power of making feints and diversions. We, in our time, in our small island never knew where a blow might be delivered, but, having superiority at sea, we were able to mask the main enemy fleet and so render the passage of any large body of troops impossible. Small forces might and occasionally did escape the vigilance at sea, but none of these was of a strength sufficient to effect conquest of the island. Land forces could deal with these lesser detachments. But our case was very different from that of Australia in the conditions supposed. Superiority at sea on the part of the invader confers the power to transport large bodies, to divide them, to threaten simultaneously many positions, to transport by sea and change the point of attack at will and uninterrupted. Until the popula-

tion has greatly increased the power to raise armies on the scale which would be needed does not exist.

In what manner, then, is it possible to give security to these remote Dominions if there is a possibility that the hypothecated situation may arise? To remove the probability of its arising is one answer; but whether the expressed desire for expansion on the part of Japan can be removed is a political question lying outside the realm of naval and military strategy. If it be beyond the power of diplomacy to apply this prophylactic, it remains to devise means which shall either deter the expected aggressor or, if he be not deterred, to ensure the defeat of the attempt. In plain terms, the possibility envisaged is that of a simultaneous attack upon British territory and lines of communication in Europe and Asia. There is one means only by which such attacks can be defeated, and that is superiority at sea which can meet them in both theatres.

In what manner, then, is it practicable to furnish this superiority? Two courses are open—either by means of alliances or by means of our own Imperial efforts.

Whether the country is disposed to commit itself to defensive alliances is a political question on which the opinion of the present writer is valueless. Whether alliances constitute an effective safeguard is a matter of opinion in which experience is a useful witness. Experience, it may be stated with some assurance, shows how little solid trust can be reposed upon guarantees of help. It never can be certain, it would seem, whether an ally will fulfil his obligations: for the record of failure is long and disillusioning. Lord Lansdowne, when considering the advisability of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in June, 1905, recorded his own reading of the experience of alliances.

"History," he wrote, "furnishes many examples of expected assistance not being forthcoming owing to different interpretations being respectively placed on the wording of a Treaty by the parties to it. . . . There is only one guarantee that the Power which signs a Treaty will fulfil the military obligations which the Treaty imposes. It is that the acts which it has bound itself to perform or leave undone are acts which its own interests, and which an intelligent and patriotic view of its own

welfare, require to be done or left undone. In short, for a Treaty to be of real value it must be the expression of permanent interests on both sides."

If corroboration of this opinion be needed it is necessary to do no more than test it in the light of history. Loopholes for escape from the obligations will always be found by those who wish to find them. The Dutch, bound by the Treaty of Westminster of 1678 to join Britain with definitely specified forces if she were attacked, found loopholes large enough to evade performance of their part, both in 1756 and 1779. The grounds in both cases were of the same nature—who was the aggressor? In 1756 their High Mightinesses decided that England was the aggressor, and that hence no *casus fœderis* arose. In 1779 they refused assistance on the ground that their promise of assistance was conditional on the war being a "just" war, and that in making the Treaty Holland had never intended to give up the right "which is in the nature of a defensive alliance, to examine first, and before they grant the required assistance, or take part in the war, the principles of the dissensions that have prevailed, the nature of the differences from which they sprang: as also to investigate and maturely weigh the reasons and motives which may enforce the *casus fœderis*, and which are to form the basis of the equity and lawfulness of the war, on the part of that confederate state claiming the aforesaid assistance." In other words, it was most dangerous to Holland, threatened as she was by France if she should move to the help of Great Britain, to fulfil her obligations, and reasons in plenty could be found for not doing so. She had nothing to gain and everything to lose. The interests of the ally, as Geffcken wrote, have in fact always been the greatest weight in the balance. They form the determining factor.

With so great a wealth of experience, confirmed as it has been by many recent events both before and after the institution of the League of Nations, it would assuredly be the very height of unwisdom in a world ruled and directed as the world is today, to confide the security of the Empire to promises so uncertain of fulfilment. It remains, therefore, to take such steps with our own resources as are required to render ourselves secure by our own efforts, diplomacy playing its part by double-locking the

door, and by the friendly relations which it is able to create with other Powers.

The key of all success lies in the concentration of effort. Surrender could be forced upon the Empire either by a blow at the heart or the destruction of its communications. The outlying Dominions cannot survive if their mainstay is defeated. Neither the United Kingdom nor the Dominions can survive if their communications are destroyed. Superiority at sea will, as it has hitherto done, provide security against water-borne invasion either of the United Kingdom or of the outer Dominions; it cannot provide security against an air-borne blow from those countries which lie within the effective range of combatant flight. But no blows of a vital nature are practicable against the outer Dominions by air so long as command at sea is retained. Security of communications can be furnished by sea-power only; but the word "sea-power" does not imply merely the possession of water-borne force. It means a navy composed of all those weapon carriers which are capable of taking effective part in the operations at sea—surface vessels, submarine and aerial craft all form integral parts of a navy of today. It means also that that navy has the use of secure bases; for without them those vessels and craft cannot operate.

The vital common problem of the Empire therefore is the establishment of its sea-power. Many years ago it was realized that the time was coming when the burden of maintaining its sea power would become too heavy for the people of this country alone. As security of the sea communications is the common need of all the nations of the Empire, as the benefit of this security is shared by all, so the provision of the sea power which alone can secure safe passage for the trade of all and for the troops which require to pass to the assistance of any threatened part is the first and indispensable responsibility of all. Economy, in its true connotation of wise spending, is not served by expenditure upon local defence which cannot keep open the sea routes nor suffice, unaided, to meet an attack on the scale contemplated in the hypothesis of a simultaneous war in Europe and Asia. Local defence is necessary up to a definite point. It must be sufficient to repel such raids as we may reasonably

calculate may be made, as they have been in the past, by evasion, and to hold out for a period defined as the "period before relief." There is a danger of over-estimating the scale and nature of such attacks.

As long ago as the year 1887 the danger of what he called "territorialism" in the Empire was foreseen by Jan Hofmeyr. He saw then that there was a tendency to think in terms of local interests in contradistinction to regarding the defence of the Empire as a whole. What is now needed to avert those risks, both in the Mediterranean and at the Antipodes, is co-operation in a general scheme based upon the sound principle of a common effort to establish and maintain the common need—superiority at sea. This is the only sound basis for expenditure on Imperial, as distinguished from local, defence. The time has certainly come when, if we are not to suffer the fate of being destroyed in detail from an inability to assist each other or to maintain the trade which is the lifeblood of all of our communities, we should combine in building the sound foundation upon which the security of all of us depends—sea-power.

DEFENCELESS NEW ZEALAND

BY DONALD COWIE

AT a time when all the talk is of national security and defence it may be permissible to say a word or two about the most defenceless country in the world—New Zealand.

Like other modern nations this Dominion relies for protection upon an army, a navy, and an air force. The army consists of a permanent force, a territorial force, and several corps of school cadets. On May 30th, 1935, the strength of the permanent force stood at 92 officers, 11 staff cadets, and 421 other ranks. It is divided elaborately into regiments and corps, the perfect skeleton, as it has been called, of an army. But, naturally, you can tramp up and down the length and breadth of New Zealand and not meet a man in khaki. One of the first impressions of the New Zealand visitor to England is of an essentially militaristic population.

Prior to 1931 terms of service in school cadet corps and the territorial force were obligatory for every male New Zealander. Since 1931 the compulsory provisions of the Defence Act have not been enforced, but this has been for the sake of economy rather than in response to public opinion, and the Government could re-impose conscription at any time if they so desired. There would be no necessity for special legislation. The territorial force now comprises 779 officers and 11,512 other ranks, all enrolled under a voluntary agreement to serve for three years. The force is liable for service in any part of New Zealand, but could not be compelled to fight outside the Dominion. During the year it carries out 36 hours' training in drills and parades, and six days' continuous training in camp. Needless to say, there are no mechanised units in the modern sense of the term. The cavalry work is, of course, as fine as anything since Waterloo.

The strength of the various school cadet corps on March 31st, 1935, was 362 officers and 16,662 other ranks. It is not compulsory for boys to take any part in school military training, and it is rumoured that the new Labour Government, militantly pacific, may prohibit cadet training altogether.

The net expenditure on military defence during 1934-35 was £321,700, as compared with £156,311 in 1931-32, and £453,580 in 1927-28.

The New Zealand Air Force today (last figures, May 30th, 1935), comprises no more than 28 service aircraft, half of which are obsolete, and a personnel of ten officers, 101 other permanent ranks, and 85 territorial officers.

In 1887 New Zealand agreed to pay part of the cost of a naval force "to protect trade in Australian and New Zealand waters." In 1934-35 the Dominion paid £568,454 towards the cost of naval defence, inclusive of £100,000 for the Singapore Base, and £30,614 as debt charges on loan-money raised for building the gift-cruiser "New Zealand" in 1909. Today the New Zealand Division of the Royal Navy consists of two light cruisers, two sloops, and a minesweeper, mostly obsolete, with a personnel of 63 officers, 943 other ranks, and 33 ratings in England for courses. There is a Royal Naval Reserve of 101 officers and 1,408 other ranks. They are a fine body of men, and most of them have an expert knowledge of the handling of small craft.

That is all.

Half a century ago New Zealand was three to six months' voyage from Great Britain. Today the voyage takes five to six weeks by direct vessels. But within a short time people will be landing in New Zealand in five days after starting from England. Imperial Airways will link up London and New Zealand in a few days' journey, and Pan-American Airways will bring Auckland to within 35 flying hours of the United States. No longer will the "shy" Dominion be able to boast of her isolation. With Australia and several Pacific islands a few hours distant by air she will have to enter the struggle for existence.

Coincidentally she will realize that her fair land consists almost entirely of vulnerable coastline, and that the only war machine capable of protecting her is urgently needed at the other side

of the world. The British Navy is no longer on a two-Power standard. Most British experts believe that the Navy, as at present constituted, would find it exceedingly difficult to preserve order in European waters were there to be sudden world war. Under no circumstances could Britain afford to send half her fleet permanently to the Antipodes. But easily half the Navy would be needed to protect Australia and New Zealand, and the protection, in time of universal war, would have to be sustained.

Left dependent upon her own defence forces New Zealand would be an easy prey. It is manifestly ridiculous that her Naval Division would be able to repulse a determined invader. With the best heart in the world two light cruisers could not be in a hundred or more vulnerable places at once. And New Zealand is within the sphere of influence of Japan, whose navy is one of the largest and most efficient in the world, whose aims are avowedly imperialistic, and whose polite attention has been upon the Dominion for some considerable time. In the event of war a small section of the Japanese Fleet could sail down to New Zealand, destroy both the light cruisers, and disembark large landing parties from protected troop ships. Aircraft carriers with the invaders could bring sufficient up-to-date fighting 'planes to vanquish the Lilliputian New Zealand Air Force in an hour. Once ashore the invaders need not fear opposition for several days. If they landed in the fertile but sparsely populated Marlborough district they would have time to dig themselves in very thoroughly before defenders arrived. Even if they landed in Wellington Harbour or on the shores of Pegasus Bay they would not meet anything like an opposing army. Their baby tanks, chemical barrages, and remarkable light artillery would certainly make short work of any impetuous New Zealanders who happened to stand naked in their way. By the time warships and aeroplanes arrived from the other side of the world to protect New Zealand the country would be a Japanese protectorate.

I am not a militarist, and I am not exaggerating New Zealand's and our weakness. I have lived in the Dominion; I have served in its territorial force; and I have all the facts and figures at my finger-tips. I believe that most thinking New Zealanders

are as uneasy about the position as I am. Towards the end of last year there was a real war scare at the Antipodes. New Zealanders feared a conflict between Great Britain and Italy, because they realized that such an eventuality would leave their own country open to immediate attack from another quarter. New Zealand at present obtains all her supplies of artillery, ammunition, and aircraft bombs from Great Britain. She has no workable oil. Her only advantage, indeed, despite the paucity of her population, is that she possesses a uniformly virile man-power.

Out in New Zealand, as I have already remarked, intelligent people realize their country's vulnerability. But even the intelligent ones have passive minds. They have for so long placed faith in the power of the British Navy to protect them that they cannot conceive of any other form of protection. This attitude was expressed by the Rt. Hon. G. W. Forbes last year when he told a Canadian reporter: "No discussion has taken place in New Zealand as to participation or non-participation in a future war involving the Empire. New Zealanders are confident that Britain will always be on the side of peace and will make no commitments not absolutely necessary. We do not have to discuss those things."

In direct reaction to this point of view New Zealand radicals are even less inclined to take active steps for the protection of their country. To the question, "Would you resist, without question, a threatened invasion of New Zealand?" only 62.26 per cent. of students of the University of New Zealand who filled in a recent questionnaire answered Yes, 28.66 per cent. answered No, and 9.09 per cent. were doubtful. To the question, "Would you take part in a war to assist Britain, no matter what were the causes or the occasion to which Britain had committed herself?" 28.19 per cent. answered Yes, 59.19 per cent. No., and 12.61 per cent. were doubtful. In the event of war, 27.23 per cent. would enlist or urge their friends to do so, 56.15 per cent. would not, and 16.62 per cent. were doubtful.

Some New Zealand students of foreign affairs and politicians play with the idea of invoking the protection of the United States of America in event of war, whereas others favour a protective alliance with Japan. But as soon as they realize their

impotence to adopt any policy towards these countries unless it falls in broadly with the policy of Great Britain they quickly lose interest in a well-nigh insoluble problem.

The fact is that Great Britain is still expected by most New Zealanders to take the initiative in Pacific affairs ; and, if this country does not take the initiative, then nobody will. There is a responsibility to be taken up by Westminster and Whitehall, and it is by no means a gratuitous one. Some millions of pounds of British capital are invested in New Zealand, and the return from these millions up till now has been fairly constant. Our exports to New Zealand are a small proportion of our total exports, but they have been steadily increasing, and there is no reason why they should not continue to increase. We obtain a large proportion of our lamb, mutton, butter, and wool from New Zealand, and practically all our imported cheese. If both New Zealand and Australia were cut off from us in wartime we should have to find substitutes for their products or starve.

I suggest that if we are going to re-arm we should do it intelligently. A scheme of Imperial defence that ignores the Dominions, or involves them fortuitously, is a contradiction in terms. The money that is going to be spent upon rearmament in the next few years should be increased by contributions from the Dominions, and the rearmament, after consultation with the Dominions, should apply not only to this country but to the Empire.

Before I left England I was a pacifist, and I hope that I still hate and detest the very sound of the word "war." But, after traversing the world and living for some years in a distant Dominion, I have reached the conclusion that it is impossible to remain an Englishman and a pacifist without laying oneself open to a charge of hypocrisy. We don't want to lose Australia and New Zealand. Therefore we must be prepared to fight for them and protect them, or at least supply them with the wherewithal to protect themselves.

THE DESPOT AND THE ARTS

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

THERE is in Europe now a strong tendency to what its supporters call "totalitarian government." The old-fashioned name for that kind of thing was despotism, and perhaps it is better to keep to the old title because everybody knows what it means. If these despotic governments remain powerful, and still more if their system spreads, the effects on the arts will certainly be marked, particularly upon the literary arts, because it is by these that men express themselves and by these they are moved to various political and other emotions.

What effect will the despot have upon the fortunes of the writing man and his audience ? The first answer that would be given to such a question by anyone brought up under the old Liberal traditions of Europe would be that despotism is fatal to art of all kinds. The essence (we should be told) of art is freedom. Because, any art being the self-expression of the artist, if he is constrained in any way his activity will be maimed. But the supporters of the new despotic form of government in Europe deny the value of this argument under modern conditions. What they say is that under modern conditions art is debased by two things, the taste of the mob, and what is closely associated with that, the power of great sums of money. They would say that art in a highly developed civilization is always subject to restrictions and it is simply a choice of what kind of restriction you prefer. Even in the most liberal state and one with the highest public taste there is a certain amount of censorship, especially upon stage plays, and there must be such, otherwise there would be no limit to the obscenity and blasphemy which might be put before the people, to the destruction of society.

Violent extremes always attract by novelty and the acuteness of sensation which they provide for the moment. The tendency therefore if there were no censorship of stage plays

would be for the most disgusting and degrading extremes of violent emotion to be pandered to.

But (say those who now support despotic government) today there is no practical question of censorship by public good taste, for public good taste has disappeared. The proletarian herds of our modern industrial cities will either demand the worst or be given the worst by their few plutocratic masters. It is better for them and for the world that limits should be chosen and imposed by men who, being all powerful, cannot be bought and cannot be deceived.

They have also an argument from history which is a very powerful one. It is simply this: that the best work in every department of art, and particularly in dramatic art, has been done under strong central governments. There have been exceptions to the contrary. But that has been the rule. There is no good art without a patron, and when an all-powerful monarch is the chief patron art should naturally be at its best. One spirit acting with intensity and summarizing the energies of the whole community inspires all that is done. Florence was at its best under the Medicis. French drama was at its highest under Louis XIV—and so on.

To this the other side reply: "None of the old central governments acted with the complete despotism of the modern centralized governments. These have certainly killed political expression in the press and the art of political discussion; their strength is so absolute and their influence so universal that the same deadening must appear in whatever else they affect, and particularly will that loss of vitality be apparent in the drama."

But the new despotic governments answer this by saying that you can actually see them at work and discover that they have no such evil effects. The only thing (they say) which is in practice prohibited is something which is nearly always productive of bad dramatic work, and that is revolutionary doctrine: attack upon authority. If you do not attack the executive of the state your art will be left perfectly free. What is more, it will be rescued from the vulgarity and decline which invariably accompany the control of the state by mere wealth. Today in all countries boasting of freedom, in all large countries at any rate, capitalism has become completely master. Now the

despot has for his chief task the fighting of the money power. Napoleon put it in one of his innumerable terse and striking judgments: "The only instrument mankind has ever discovered for defeating the money power is monarchy."

It is indeed principally upon this plea of reversing and amending the increasing evil results of capitalism that the modern despots have seized upon power. Whether they call themselves openly Communists as at Moscow, or rather Nationalists as at Berlin and at Rome, the mass support they get—and it is very solid and looks like being enduring—comes from the popular feeling that they do at any rate master the mere power of gold.

It is the excesses of capitalism which have produced the modern despotic governments, and hitherto we can see for ourselves (say their supporters) that the system works well, fills society with most active life and therefore must of its nature inspire the arts.

You meet men all over Europe, men at once intelligent and enthusiastic who will tell you that the revival of the arts, and with them of the drama, must come today and can only come today from society under absolute centralized government. These men talk everywhere of the new world which is being born. They associate this new world with the presence of irresistible central government under a leader or leaders whose function it is to incarnate all the society which they control. In that new world art will, like everything else, be new-born. We shall have a Renaissance after the deserved breakdown of nineteenth century capitalism, and in that Renaissance we shall find glories which we could not have dreamt of in the old unhappy state of things where most men were driven by competition to a life of such grinding anxiety, and usually of poverty as well, that there could be no room for art. When it is pointed out to them that the new despotic states have as a fact produced very little worth seeing or reading, and that in particular the drama has been sterile, they answer that we must give the new experiment more time, and that anyhow its productions are not below the very low standard of the recent past.

There is another argument. The despotic state has at its disposal for the patronage of the arts unlimited funds. Today the painter for instance is dependent upon the caprice of a few

individual rich men, most of whom have become rich by the exercise of cunning or worse, and are cast in a mould fatal to the understanding of art in any form. This is less true of the drama, but it is largely true of the drama also, and certainly of that press by which the drama is judged and advertised.

Now all these arguments in favour of the novel experiment in despotism which we see all around us in Europe (and which is manifestly growing in power) must be appreciated if we are to understand the virtues as well as the errors which would appear before us in the near future. The arguments in favour of despotism are weak from the moral side; they are not very strong upon the political side, but on the economic side they are formidable and on the æsthetic side they are strongest of all.

But even on the æsthetic side there is one underlying weakness which the supporters of despotism never face. It may be very simply stated and has been stated in the fullest clarity by every great thinker on politics and art who has attempted to teach mankind during the last three thousand years of Western civilization.

It is simply this. That whether a despotism be of good or bad effect in any department, but particularly in art, depends upon the despot, his philosophy and his ability.

From this there flows a conclusion upon the new despotic experiment proceeding so rapidly in the Old World and spreading over so widely extended a field, which conclusion no public man seems as yet to have voiced. The conclusion is this, that despotic governments will very soon prove to be of the most varied kind. Despotism will not make for a universal type: quite the other way. It will make for very different results indeed according to the difference between the despots themselves and the material upon which they work.

Anyone can see for himself, for instance, the strong contrast between the effect of Fascism in Italy upon the arts—especially upon architecture—and the effect of the Nazi despotism in Prussianized Germany. Modern Italian building is majestic and modern planning in Italy of cities and their approaches is admirable. Nazi Prussianized Germany is even more despotic than Fascist Italy, but its public work is deplorable. It builds fine great roads which necessitate fine great bridges, and the

bridges are as ugly as sin. It puts up huge buildings which are an eyesore, and when it ventures upon initiating a dramatic expression—such as the Hindenburg Funeral—it lapses into ridiculous melodrama, whereas Fascist Italy produces pageants of unforgettable splendour.

What the strange Moscow despotism does in the way of art I cannot judge, for I have not seen it at work. So far as pictures are any guide it seems to revel in the offensive.

This general conclusion that despotic government as it increases its area of action will breed strongly contrasting diversities of artistic experience has a very important political and social side to it. Those despotisms which are inspired by a strong artistic sense may well become models even for the societies which still retain institutions nominally free.

The Nazi blunders in art, the Communist offensiveness therein, would move no foreigner to copy them, except perhaps from pure snobbishness, the desire to do what is novel merely because it is novel: the worst, because the most irrational of all criteria. But any modern society may be proud to produce, if they can be produced, under conditions of a general voting, parliaments, millionaire newspaper owners and the rest, such sights as modern Fascist Italy can show.

I do not think that the citizens of countries still attached to Liberal formulæ (such as Ireland, England and France, Belgium and Holland) will easily fall under despotic forms of government. There is something so well established in their civic traditions that unlimited and absolute power in one centre is too repugnant to them to be adopted. Moreover they have never fallen as yet into such a chaos as the German Reich suffered after the War, or the social system of Italy before the Fascist Revolution. They have less motive for establishing despotism than men had in the Reich or in Italy, and they are less suited to obeying a despotism. But I do think that in the arts, and ultimately in drama as in all the other arts, a despotism which proves itself successful in the exhibition through art of beauty and majesty may easily become a model for the nations still possessing something of the old Liberal tone. I think it possible that a despotism guided by high taste and rewarding through artistic genius may rescue societies of other political type from artistic chaos.

WHEN KNIGHTS ARE BOLD

BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

IT is delightfully ironical that Sir Bernard Pares should like the Soviet regime and Sir Walter Citrine dislike it. Sir Bernard's *Moscow Admits a Critic** is full of appreciation, Sir Walter's *I Search for Truth in Russia*† is full of acute common-sense disapproval. The Liberal and sometime supporter of Kerensky finds the Dictatorship of the Proletariat a promising growth, the trade union leader and Socialist asks: "To whom are the proletariat dictating if there are now no capitalists, no kulaks, only one hundred and seventy million proletarians?" and does not get an answer. It is as though a free-thinker should admit, after being shown round Heaven, that it wasn't so bad, while a bishop complained that its general organization left much to be desired and that the heavenly hosts lacked animation.

"Intourist" has not been happy in its handling of trade union leaders. Men of letters like Mr. Shaw have presented few difficulties, emotional politicians of the Centre like M. Herriot were flames that scarcely needed even fanning, if the Webbs grew uneasy statistics sufficed to quieten them, clergymen and Quakers were conveniently deflected from queues to *crèches*; but trade union leaders proved stubborn. They have an irritating way of asking the price of this and that, and how much such a grade of worker receives and how much such another, and then relating prices and wages. It is not enough to show them a block of flats and murmur "workers' dwellings" to win an approving smile. They examine the block of flats, and make rapid calculations to find out whether provision of housing is keeping pace with population growth, and ask about rent and how new flats are allocated. They betray a lamentable familiarity with the working of the piece rate system, and lack the intellectual subtlety necessary to differentiate between Capitalist

competition and the Socialist speed up; worst of all, they often bring wives with them who make disparaging comments on the quality and prices of goods displayed for sale in Soviet shops. One such visiting trade unionist long remained a bitter Intourist memory. He was an ex-checkweighman, who ate and drank all he was offered, stared stolidly at all he was shown, responded amiably to fraternal greetings, and when asked what he would like to see next invariably replied: "Want to go down in't mine." It almost drove his interpreter mad. The Park of Culture and Rest failed to satisfy him, graphs and statistics and plans of future Socialist cities left him unexcited, not even anti-God museums were enthralling enough to turn him from his single purpose. At last in desperation he was taken down a mine, formed his opinion—a bad one—about the way it was being worked, and returned to England satisfied with his visit.

This method of forming an opinion about the Soviet regime on a basis of understood details rather than general principles may seem absurdly limited to those accustomed to making panoramic judgments, but it has its advantages. It has been the method employed by Sir Walter Citrine. He considered the U.S.S.R. not as a potential classless, Socialist society, not even as a potential ally against German aggression, but as a place where people lived, and asked himself whether the sort of life available for them there was better than the one available for similar people elsewhere. On the whole he decided it was not. He found by asking a few simple questions that wages were lower, prices higher, the struggle to keep alive more strenuous, housing conditions worse in the U.S.S.R. than in England and other countries he had visited. The absence of all freedom of speech, the monotonous adulation of Stalin and the other leaders, the fatuous deceptions that were practised on him irritated, and he was confirmed in his opinion that trade unionism as he understood it had been as ruthlessly stamped out under a Dictatorship of the Proletariat as under any other dictatorship.

Sir Bernard Pares was not interested in such matters. Having made up his mind that Bolshevism was a lesser evil than Nazi-ism, he read a sense of purpose into each face that passed him by in the streets of Moscow, repented of past misdemeanours

* Nelson, 2s. 6d.

† Routledge, 10s. 6d.

and made his peace with the Soviet Government. Were there not still forty churches left, and did they not fill on New Year's Day? To register his proletarian sympathies and to be in the fashion he wore the cap he reserved at home for going to League football matches, and lent an uncritical ear to all he was told. Surely, he thought, cloth capped, it is the same old Russia. There had been excesses certainly. Old friends had died or vanished, peasants had starved, but a new underground railway and a new Constitution on the way recompensed for much. It was not quite government of the people by the people for the people, since only one political party was allowed to exist, not quite—yet; but with Hitler across the frontier it did not do to be too pernickety. If it was a question of taking Stalin or Hitler to his bosom, then he knew which he would choose. He took Stalin to his bosom, and the *Daily Worker* threw in its blessing.

Neither Sir Walter's nor Sir Bernard's testimony is likely now to make much difference. The matter at issue has passed beyond the realm of testimony. If Lenin himself stepped out of his glass case and announced that what had come to pass in Russia was not a classless, socialist society but a brutal form of State Capitalism, with its new privileged governing class and old dreams of world domination, he would be as little heeded in Russia as if Christ had returned to earth to repudiate Saint Paul. Years of intensive Socialist salesmanship have borne fruit, and it will be for future historians, not us, to enjoy the joke of dictatorship being cast out in the name of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, of peace being safeguarded by the prophets of world revolution, of Democracy being championed by the parent Totalitarian State.

Sir Bernard is one of many prodigals. The Webbs, as apostles of gradualness, frowned on ungradual Lenin, but now write of a new civilization; Lord Beaverbrook has come to feel that a regime which avails itself of Schiaparelli's services cannot be wholly bad; Mr. Lloyd George, a leading spirit in the Intervention, now numbers the U.S.S.R. amongst the virtuous Powers; even *The Times* sees a Pink Dawn where formerly it saw only darkness. These notable conversions are all based on the supposition that an essential change has taken place in the

character of the Soviet regime. No longer, it is felt, is the main objective to bring about the circumstances for world revolution. Marxism has become as ceremonial a creed as the Sermon on the Mount, referred to now and again in the speeches of Stalin and his colleagues as the blessedness of the meek is referred to now and again by bishops, but not seriously meant; the Comintern, though still technically in existence, has become an impotent body, and the new Russian governing class, if it has not yet acquired the good breeding of the one it replaced, is on the way to doing so, stands socially about where a self-made industrial magnate does when he receives his peerage. These comfortable suppositions have been confirmed by recent changes like the tightening up of the marriage laws, the resurrection of patriotism and family ties, the revival of military titles and of payment by results, and measures to stabilise the currency, all of which suggest that the time will soon come when a dress shirt will be as congenial in Moscow as on the Riviera, Thomas Cook and Son have an office in the Red Square, and Stalin become one of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals honorary Vice-Presidents.

If Sir Walter Citrine is not so confident that the Russian Revolution is to end in Democracy living happily ever after, it is because he has had first-hand experience of the workings of the Comintern. He knows how autocratic and unscrupulous are its methods, how much it had to do with the collapse of the Left in Germany and the consequent establishment of Hitler in power, how cynically it is prepared to sacrifice working-class interests in other countries for the convenience of the Soviet Government. Has he not himself conducted negotiations with the Third International, and been the object of its venomous attacks because he frankly said that proletarian solidarity did not mean just accepting orders from Moscow? Is he not even now being blackguarded because he has ventured to criticize the Soviet regime, to estimate for himself wage scales and cost of living in the U.S.S.R. instead of accepting and then echoing all he was told? Independence of mind is the sin of sins in any Totalitarian State. It does not worry Sir Bernard Pares that the values he has believed in have no place under a Dictatorship of the Proletariat, nor worry Mr. Bernard Shaw that if he had

happened to be a Russian his pen would have been idle since 1917, nor worry the Webbs that as Soviet citizens they would have had to relate all their sociological data to a constantly changing Party Line; but Sir Walter Citrine has no liking for being dictated to, being told what he may read and what not, whom he may admire and who not, what is of good repute and what of bad. He, at any rate, is not prepared to forget old associates because they have been exiled to Siberia or shot. Mere propaganda stinks in his nostrils even when he is in sympathy with the principles it aims to uphold. His horror of Nazi-ism is not so great that it will blind him to the faults of what Nazi-ism opposes, his Socialism not so fanatically held that whatever calls itself Socialist is thereby sanctified and above criticism.

In *Moscow Admits a Critic*, Sir Bernard Pares thanks Hitler for enabling him to obtain a Soviet visa. As the advent of Hitler to power, he implies, made him look more sympathetically on the U.S.S.R., so did it make the Soviet Government look more sympathetically on him. It wanted allies as he did against a common enemy. The Marxist lion shall lie down with the Liberal lamb, and Sir Bernard shall lead them. It is a strange vision—the remnants of European Liberalism finding a champion in the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, pacifists and internationalists and humanitarians, all enlightened persons, grouping themselves round the Red Flag in defiance of the Swastika. In the same way Tsarist Russia came into a war to make the world safe for Democracy. The stock Marxist argument, used for instance with particular force by Prince Mirsky, an ex-colleague of Sir Bernard's and now a fellow Friend of the Soviet Union, has been that the Capitalist Powers must inevitably destroy one another, and that when this happened the Dictatorship of the Proletariat would inherit the earth. Every rumour of war was as welcome to Marxists as horrifying to their pacifist admirers because it meant that the overthrow of Capitalism was approaching. The idea of France and Great Britain and Germany becoming involved in another and more ruinous conflict was Moscow's comfort in time of trouble. Belts might have to be tightened, collectivization of agriculture bring famine in its wake, but there was always the hope that at any moment the glad tidings might come of German and British and French

soldiers killing one another, thereby fulfilling the law and the prophets.

In pursuance of this hope the Soviet Government assisted the rearmament of Germany and employed its influence to expedite the collapse of the Versailles settlement. Diplomatically, it was ranged on the side of the anti-*status-quo* Powers, not because it had any sympathy with their grievances but because that was the most effective way to foment war. The triumph of the Nazis in Germany altered the situation—apart, of course, from getting Sir Bernard his visa—only in so far as it created an immediate fear that the U.S.S.R. might be attacked before the Capitalist Powers destroyed one another. Under the stimulus of this fear Soviet foreign policy, and with it the Comintern's underwent a drastic change. The League, formerly a hypocritical attempt to make Imperialism respectable, became worthy of the support of the toiling masses; France, instead of a wicked uncle, was a noble ally. It was as though a party of Seventh Day Adventists, praying for the end of the world and listening delightedly to distant rumbles of thunder which seemed to presage its coming, should, when the thunder grew nearer and the very ground beneath their feet began to quake, suddenly pray for its postponement at least until they had moved to a more convenient place to witness its coming.

The sincerity of Hitler's declarations of his pacific intentions has been legitimately questioned on the ground that previous utterances were in a very different strain. The Soviet Government's ostensible change of heart is, in the eyes of Liberals like Sir Bernard Pares, of unquestioned genuineness. Has not the French Government accepted it as such? Is not the U.S.S.R. now a signatory of the League Covenant, and therefore prepared to fight to preserve the European *status quo*? Until a year or so ago the drift of the Soviet Press, of Stalin's speeches in his capacity of head of the Comintern, of the propaganda that filtered down from the Communist party ideologues to rank-and-file party members and from them to all sections of the population as well as to Communist organizations abroad, was that the great justification of the Russian Revolution would be the precipitating of similar revolutions elsewhere. In films, in plays, in school text-books a stock hero was the active revolu-

tionary on the Foreign Front, working away to disrupt Capitalist societies from within, arranging for the speedy liquidation of Sir Bernard Pares and all he represents. Has fear of Germany put an end to all this? Or is it merely in abeyance until the threat of German expansion eastwards is less urgent?

Sir Walter Citrine is inclined to take the latter view. "Regarding the possibility of co-operation between British and Soviet trade unions in resisting Fascism and war, he asks himself: "Do the Communists of Russia and the British trade unions believe with equal sincerity in the thing they wish to defend?" If it is Democracy that is to be defended, Communists despise it as heartily as Fascists, yet profess themselves anxious to combine with the workers of other countries in its defence. They want to avoid war certainly, but "despise and denounce pacifism," and advocate violent revolution which "must lead to civil war and bloodshed." What then is their real purpose in offering their co-operation in defending a political system for which they have nothing but contempt, and in preventing the outbreak of a war which, in that it presaged the coming of civil wars and revolutions, they used to regard as their great opportunity? "I seem to recollect," Sir Walter writes, "something that Dimitrov said, at a meeting in August of the Communist International, about employing the tactics of the wooden horse of Troy to defeat the opponents of Communism." In other words, the formation of a Common Front with political and trade union organizations that were formerly anathema is designed to disrupt from within what could not be disrupted from without.

"For years the tactics of the Communists in Britain and elsewhere aimed at weakening the faith of the workers in trade unionism. They tried to show that it was inadequate and ineffective. They strove to undermine the confidence of the workers in their leaders. That explains why day after day and year after year a campaign of vilification and abuse has been conducted against such people as myself. We are represented as being in the pay of the capitalists, and never given any credit for sincerity of principle or motive at all. I well remember reading to the Trade Union Congress some years ago the statement of Losovsky, the Secretary of the Red International of Trade Unions, where he said that the object of the Communist party must be to destroy the trade union apparatus. That seemed to me quite logical. But fortunately the attempt to form break-away unions in Great Britain failed. The Communists have become politically and industrially impotent. Then they tried to permeate the trade unions and they failed at this tactic too."

Now their tactics are to combine not merely with "reformist" trade unions and trade union leaders like Sir Walter Citrine, but with Radicals and Liberals as well, but still with the same ultimate object—the destruction of parliamentarism, and the establishment of a Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

How is it possible, Sir Walter asks, to protest against infringements of civil liberty in Fascist countries in alliance with the Communist party which has as drastically infringed civil liberty in the U.S.S.R.? "The methods employed are largely the same. All have their secret police, and employ arbitrary arrest and imprisonment. What is the difference in that respect between the Russian OGPU, the Gestapo of Germany and the Ovra of Italy? They are all endowed with wide powers of arrest and imprisonment. Russia, too, has suppressed all political opposition. Liberty of speech, freedom of the Press and public meeting are denied to all but the Communist party." Sir Bernard Pares does not feel the same compunction. He was so surprised and delighted not to be followed about himself when he was in Moscow that he was ready to assume that no one was followed about. Or perhaps the prevailing atmosphere of terrorism, which Sir Walter Citrine noted and disliked, was part of the resemblance between pre- and post-Revolution Russia which so comforted him.

In so far as the tendency amongst Liberals to look sympathetically on the Soviet regime is based on the supposition that it is now as greedy, class-ridden, imperialistic and unequalitarian as any other, they are justified. To each according to his needs has long ago been replaced by the more usual and respectable slogan—to each what he can grab. The privileges that go with membership of the Communist party led long ago to economic and social inequality, and the spur to work long ago became in the U.S.S.R., as elsewhere, greed fortified by fear. The soldier swaggers in the streets of Moscow as he does in the streets of Berlin or Rome because he represents force, and force is the ultimate sanction. Adulation rises everlastingly from newspapers, hoardings, demonstrations, up to Stalin because he is in authority, and whoever is in authority is good. The strong are fawned on by the weak, and whoever falls is kicked. The Humble and Meek who were exalted when the Revolution

put down the Mighty from their seats soon learnt the ways of their predecessors, and settled down to the task of ensuring that no Humble and Meek should ever put them down. By thus conforming with the ways of the Mighty in all ages and in all places they have soothed many fears, and gained many new and important friends, if at the same time losing a few unimportant ones.

If, however, the Soviet regime has hardened as the years have passed into a mere autocracy, it does not necessarily mean that the U.S.S.R. is a useful ally, or even that the Comintern is no longer dangerous. Lenin's dreams of world proletarian revolution had a queer mystical flavour, like the Book of Revelations, and it is easy to imagine wars of conquest ostensibly to free the workers of the countries conquered from the chains of Capitalism, a War of Jenkins's Hours of Work instead of a War of Jenkins's Ear. Indeed, some foretaste of what may happen has been provided in Outer Mongolia, which has been as effectively conquered by Soviet troops as Abyssinia by Italian troops, and countries where the Governments are dependent on Communist support are likely to find how arbitrary and changeable Moscow's orders are, and how subservient to the Soviet Government, whose policy today is to encircle Germany but tomorrow may be aiming at a German alliance, just as it was at one point ready to be the first to recognise Japan's ill-gotten gains in Manchuria in return for a Japanese-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact and to range itself with France in defence of Italian Imperialism in the hope of recreating the anti-German Stresa Front.

There can, in any case, be no effective collaboration between the two democracies of Western Europe and the U.S.S.R. Rightly or wrongly they believe that peace is attainable, whereas the Soviet Government, struggling by any means at its disposal to safeguard itself against an immediate threat of invasion, is convinced that war is inevitable, even if the U.S.S.R. were not involved, desirable. Just as Lenin signed the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk to gain a breathing space and without the smallest intention of observing its provisions, so his successor has signed the League Covenant. If Germany attacks eastwards the Covenant will be invoked and the toiling masses in all parts of

the world called on to defend the Soviet Fatherland ; if westwards, not a Red soldier or aeroplane will move, and the toiling masses will be told to hold their fire until the warring Capitalist Powers are spent and then prepare to receive their deliverers from Moscow. Soviet Communism cannot rally anti-Fascist forces, because it is just the same as Fascism. Both represent hatred of the individual and contempt for all individual rights, an attempt to create an ant State, the mob worshipping the mob as personified in a Leader. Their slogans are different but their technique is the same.

If non-Fascist and non-Communist Europe has no answer to either but to side with one against the other it is doomed indeed, like Indian Maharajahs who tried to sustain their waning authority by invoking the help of French or British invaders. If the Totalitarian steam-roller is to pass over us it does not matter much which particular roller does the job. We shall be flattened out just the same.

CHINA'S DILEMMA WILL SHE FIGHT?

BY GEORGE E. TAYLOR

THE East is aflame with undeclared war. The struggle is in China, but the conflict concerns the power and interests of the Japanese and British Empires. This war is being fought with economic and political weapons. For example, the Customs smuggling in North China, made possible by Japanese actions, is a form of economic sanctions on both China and Britain. It undermines British trade, endangers the payments on British loans, and robs Nanking of both revenue and authority. Every blow struck at China is a blow struck at the British Empire. The refusal of the Japanese to do anything effective to stop the smuggling is an answer to the Chinese currency reforms of November, 1935, which were so strongly supported by British banks. A further indication of the tenseness of the situation is the tendency for the financial centre to move from Shanghai to Hongkong. Financial initiative has passed from the Hongkong-Shanghai Bank to the Yokohama Specie Bank. Even Germany, together with Japan and the United States, is ahead of Britain in the Chinese import trade. For Britain the territorial and administrative integrity of China is imperative as a defence for her investments and a guarantee for her trade. Her policy is to play off China against Japan; it is a race between Chinese reconstruction, aided in part by Britain, and Japanese aggression. In these circumstances the conspiracy of silence in the British press about the growing strength of Communism in China is highly significant. It reflects a changed attitude to China—Nanking must be supported. To Britain, therefore, the direction of Chinese policy is a factor of enormous importance.

To fight or not to fight? All political discussion in China begins and ends with the same question. To fight? This would mean chaos or national subjection, at least for the

present, perhaps for a long time to come. China is hopelessly inferior to Japan in military technique and equipment. Not to fight? If Japanese policy be rightly interpreted it means the same thing for China and opens the door to Japanese interference in internal politics and the exploitation by sectional interests of the national dilemma. Furthermore, Nanking must suppress anti-Japanese activities, thereby forfeiting nationalist sentiment and strengthening the moral position of the Communists who are loud in their determination to fight Japan. The Chinese patriot feels like a family friend in a house divided against itself. The fires of Imperialism are burning all around while the inmates continue their private quarrels and the Communist burglar is locked in the attic. According to his temperament he shouts for war or hopes that rival imperialists will extinguish each other in mutual conflict.

The straining of relationships between Nanking and the South is bound up with the internal dilemma and the external conflict. The Hankow-Canton railway, whose rapidly approaching completion helped to bring matters to a head, is financed by British funds. And Kwangsi province, which was the first to strike, has been using Japanese military advisers. To some extent, therefore, the Southern revolt must be regarded as an episode in the larger Anglo-Japanese struggle. The internal situation, however, is more complicated.

The Englishman, who compares China with his own country instead of with Europe, finds it hard to visualize civil war when a foreign power is at the gate. No one could imagine Mr. Lloyd George moving Welsh troops towards the English border, but everyone has become accustomed to the secession of the Irish Free State from the United Kingdom. Indeed, Anglo-Irish relations during the last two or three decades give a homely indication of the perspective of civil war in China. War is always possible, but not probable; relations can reach breaking point even though Irishmen hold prominent positions in London, just as Cantonese fill the ministries in Nanking.

The parallel must not be pressed too far. General Pei Tsung-hsi, the able and ambitious ruler of Kwangsi, is not, like Mr. De Valera, an elected representative of the people. One of the last of the war-lords with any semblance of independence,

his militarization of the provincial government and the people, which has gone to far greater lengths than anywhere else in the country, has made Kwangsi a by-word among foreigners for good government. But his hopeless ideal of economic self-sufficiency naturally involves him in an economic struggle with Nanking for which he is ill equipped. The Hankow-Canton railway, now that it is so near completion, threatens to destroy his strategic position. For this, as well as for economic reasons, he could not wait. He had to strike quickly or not at all. Kwangtung, the Cantonese province, though by no means a good neighbour, is a natural ally against Nanking. Alarmed by the increasing strength of the Central Government, distressed over the loss of bargaining power following the death of Hu Han-min, anticipating that the imminence of a Japanese-created autonomy movement in Fukien would embarrass and absorb the Government, Chen Chi-tang, the Cantonese general, was willing to make capital out of the situation by using his most powerful weapon, political blackmail. In other words, by urging a national campaign against Japan. For this very reason Nanking had to suppress him.

There are few Chinese who misunderstand the situation. But although the policy of Nanking is obvious, that is, to divide Kwangtung and Kwangsi, many are spending sleepless nights, for the fire-eating temperament of Pci Tsung-hsi may lead to a certain amount of fighting and the occasion would be seized by the Japanese for further extensions of their power, probably in Fukien. The situation, indeed, may have further implications. In spite of the cynical exploitation of the student movement in the past by militarists and politicians, new generations of students can still be stirred up by propaganda. It is possible that the fierce anti-Japanese sentiments of Chinese youth may be aroused to such a pitch that the Government will once more be forced to choose between war or the ungracious task of putting out the flames of patriotism. Students have been told for years that they are the leaders of the nation; they have come to believe it.

Europe has yet to see the spectacle of university and public school students lying across the tracks of an important railway until they are provided with free transportation to Geneva to

protest against the inactivity of the League of Nations. No one seriously expects the Oxford Union to go *en masse* to Whitehall and stand for twenty-four hours in the rain waiting for Mr. Eden to explain the foreign policy of his government. Nor do we anticipate that wild-eyed boys from Eton and Harrow will guard the streets of London, searching cars and pedestrians for goods from countries placed under sanctions. Such things happen in China. The student, fired by the spirit of the Gettysburg address, "That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth," is "saving the nation." Under the influence of a Chinese Gandhi the students and intellectuals of China would be irresistible. Meanwhile they are controlled with a gloved but firm hand.

Last year I asked a student why there had been so few demonstrations during the last few years. Had the students become tired of making history? The answer was that young Garibaldis, not to mention Mazzinis, were not encouraged; they tended to disappear. Those who had too lively an interest in political affairs or were not satisfied with the Government, soon found themselves removed from the universities. There were spies everywhere. On the other hand, when student delegates came to Nanking early this year to demand action by the Government against Japan, they were banqueted and entertained to such an extent that they had no heart to press the matter. Not many European Governments would have emerged from such a situation without the loss of a few lives. A group of students from a big national university once called on Mr. Wang Ching-wei to ask him for a more permanent university president. There had been five during the last year, and one of these had almost been lynched. The job was not popular. Mr. Wang invited them into the National Government buildings and talked for an hour about Japan. It was not till the students returned to their rooms that they realized that their demands had not even been considered. It is a wise government that tempers force with paternal cunning.

But why, asks the foreigner, if there is strong anti-Japanese feeling in China, can fifty Japanese soldiers occupy a strategic railway centre, as they did last autumn, without meeting any open opposition? Why is there not a St. Bartholomew's

make some kind of compromise with them." At least he recognized the basic fact that no war could be waged against Japan without either stabilizing the front against the Chinese Soviets or coming to some working arrangement with them.

The point is that a Government engaged in a relentless struggle with considerable sections of its own people cannot resist foreign aggression and leaves itself open to fundamental questions as to its sincerity. The public is gradually losing confidence in the good faith of Nanking, although officialdom is still loyal. A Chinese radical explained the reason for this. "The present government has learned at least one thing. When it has to retrench it does not cut the salaries of its own officials too seriously. Earlier governments were not so wise." It is the non-official groups which are assuming that the ruling classes have more to fear from Communism than from Japan, and that this attitude is partly dictated by those foreign Powers whose influence it was one of the aims of the revolution to eliminate.

It is not easy to keep up a modified position for long. The dilemma and the contradictions in policy that it involves are not difficult to see. To determine the source of sovereignty in China is another matter, and one very germane to the question of resistance. Who rules China? Answers are as varied as informants. A foreigner, of whom I asked the question, replied, "China is ruled by about two thousand returned students." He had not been in the country for long. The thin crust of highly educated officials, more often than not graduates of foreign universities, conceals from the foreigner the realities of the situation. These men have made the reconstruction movement in China indigenous, they are the backbone of nationalism. They staff the banks, the commercial houses, the press, the professions, the Academia Sinica, the government departments and technical positions in public enterprises. They are active in the passing of legislation, the ventilation of China's problems and development of the educational system. Most of them are enthusiastically unhappy about their country. They suffer all the consequences of responsibility without power: they reign but do not rule.

Who rules? Chinese sometimes refer to the "Sung Dynasty," meaning the three Sung sisters, their brother T. V. Soong, and their husbands, Chiang Kai-shek, Dr. H. H. Kung (Minister

of Finance), and the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Ask a man from the villages, he will say—the landlords; a scholar dismisses the question with—the military; a merchant suggests—the Banks; officials point to the Kuomintang. All are right in varying degrees. The truth appears to be that Chiang Kai-shek, that is, the Army, holds the chair. He decides all-important questions of policy.

It is easy to over-emphasize the power of the army. The cynic points out that during the Wang-Chiang regime civil officials went up and down the Yangtse river like shuttle-cocks. Military headquarters at that time were up at Kuling. This is true, but the army is not an irresponsible force; it is limited by powerful interests on which it is in large measure dependent. It must respect the advice of bankers and build up a sound currency, guarantee security for investments, restore foreign credit and encourage industrialization. On the other hand, it cannot afford to offend the landlords and gentry in the rural areas, for they finance the peasant and control the collection of land taxes on which provincial armies depend. It is also necessary to control the Kuomintang, a vested interest in itself, and pay lip homage to Sun Yat-sen, whose name is still essential to the legitimacy of any regime. If Chiang Kai-shek's eight crack divisions, on which the authority of the Central Government ultimately depends, are smashed in a war with Japan, what will happen to him, to Nanking officialdom, and the unity of China? The case for peace is strong. Japan is obviously taking advantage of that fact.

Last year a group of Chinese intellectuals from various walks of life met to discuss the situation in the north. I attended many of their discussions. Those who were in favour of fighting immediately, to the last man, hoped that a prolonged struggle would involve Japan in social disturbances at home. They sent a telegram to their government asking it to declare war. This was a minority action, but the whole group was for resistance of some kind. The question to decide was at what point active resistance should begin. What were the real Japanese aims? Were they inimical to the development of China as a nation or could a vigorous Chinese diplomacy meet the Japanese half way and settle outstanding questions in a friendly spirit? It was felt

that the hydra-headed and heavy-booted policies of Japan did not admit of negotiation. With whom could one deal? The Foreign Office, the General Staff, the Kwantung Army (in Manchukuo) or the junior officers? More might be gained by playing off one against the other, for none could be trusted, than by declaring war and so uniting a divided nation. To fight would be to play the game of the promotion-hungry, swaggering young samurais of the Kwantung Army. Responsible opinion is generally agreed that resistance by force of arms is out of the question except as a last desperate resort.

The chief concern of intelligent Chinese is not so much the question of fighting in the present as in the future. To say "The Yellow River and not another inch" is to misunderstand the nature of Japanese policy. Japanese aggression must rather be measured in terms of diplomatic commitments, political pressure, interference in the development of Chinese industry and commerce and intervention in Chinese internal administration. And the chief enemy in this matter, at least for the public, is the facts.

The crux of the situation comes down to the question: If China does not fight now, will she ever be able to fight? There is only one way in which Chinese public opinion can be satisfied on this point. It must be assured that a central core, a nucleus of five or six provinces, is being built up from which China can ultimately expand to her full stature. Certain Chinese writers suggest that this nucleus should be constructed in the interior, that industry should be developed away from the vulnerable coastal provinces. It is as if someone were to suggest moving London to the Hebrides to avoid air attack. Meanwhile the only practical "Prussia" for China is in the Yangtse valley. This must be kept free for development whatever happens in the north or south.

If this is the pattern of Chinese policy there are three ways in which Japan can be resisted. China can, in the first place, refuse to fight—a policy consistently followed except for the brief struggle over Jehol. The defence of Shanghai by the 19th Route Army was not authorized by Nanking. Secondly, she can refuse to sign away her territorial and administrative rights however much they may be invaded in practice. In this

respect the Tangku truce appears to be a serious commitment, although China can afford to give away in the northern provinces what could not be surrendered in the central. Lastly, she can continue to "play off one barbarian against another." In particular she may be able to exploit the growing Anglo-Japanese antagonisms of policy and interest on the Asiatic mainland.

The dilemma of China is resulting in two opposing tendencies. The Government is turning for inspiration to German Fascism, the people to the U.S.S.R., and the Chinese Soviets. Only certain officials talk politely about the League of Nations. In Nanking, last summer, I saw a Russian film at the end of which were shown some impressive May Day parades in Moscow. The solid phalanxes of white-clad youths moved across the Red Square. The audience clapped and shouted its approval. The might of Russia is seen as a threat to Japan; many Chinese still hope for a Russo-Japanese war in which the Island Empire would be crushed. This prospect is not so pleasing to a government which could not expect to survive whichever side won, for to support Japan would outrage public opinion and invite Russian help for the Chinese Communists. Neutrality, the only way out, could not be maintained without Anglo-American support. China's rulers turn to Fascism, to militarization and "national revival" through the authoritarian state, to a stern and uncompromising suppression of all opposition, particularly of Communism. Meanwhile, although the internal situation in China will continue to get worse, there is no immediate danger of a Sino-Japanese war. China, with British encouragement and indirect assistance, will keep up a limited resistance and watch with great attention the outcome of those Anglo-Japanese rivalries which now dominate international relations in the Far East.

CUT OUT THE STARS

BY JAN STRUTHER

"TO glaze it the same again," said Mr. Cotterson, "'ll cost you a guinea."

"A guinea?"

"Yes. You see, it's one of them old-fashioned ones. This here black border's all painted on the glass from the inside, and them gold stars is done in leaf."

I groaned. It is a commonplace of domestic life that just when one has made up one's mind that for a year at least one must buy nothing but necessities, a nail slips out of the wall and sends a picture crashing to the ground. To let a valuable engraving be ruined by dust for the sake of a new glass is obviously bad economy. It is true that one might wrap it up for a year in a dust-proof parcel: but for one thing, no parcels are dust-proof in London, and for another, there is an oblong mark on the wall which would put off prospective tenants. So I took it round to Cotterson's, prepared to spend, reluctantly, a few shillings.

"How much would a plain glass be?"

"Plain glass woan do," said Mr. Cotterson. "That'd need a mount, plain glass would. And I can do this black and gold affair for lessan a guinea."

There was a silence.

"Of course," added Mr. Cotterson thoughtfully, "if you cut out the stars, that'd ony come fifteen shillings. There's a lot of work in them stars."

I jumped at this rebate, though even fifteen shillings seemed an appalling sum.

"All right," I said. "Cut out the stars." And as I walked away down the King's Road I knew that, quite by chance, I had hit upon a slogan.

Now a slogan is a very great help. The belligerent clans of

the Gael knew this many centuries ago—though they, with their genius for wasting letters, wrote it *sluagh-gairm*. "*Chlanna nan con thigibh a so's gheibh sibh feoil!*" yelled (no easy matter) the Camerons of Lochiel as they charged down the brae with drawn claymores; and their opponents—who gathered, astutely enough, that this meant "Sons of the hounds, come here and get flesh!"—shook in their brogans. Of late years the principle has been rediscovered by those indefatigable campaigners, the advertising agents. "Eat More Tripe!" they bellow at us from every hoarding, or scrawl in letters of smoke across the impartial serenity of the sky; and before long the whole country has become tripe-conscious, and smart women sit round the fire, after dinner and before the men come up, discussing the rival merits of monk's-hood and honeycomb. If a slogan can work such magic, it is clearly worth having one. "Cut Out the Stars. . . ." It is a poem in itself, apart from its esoteric significance.

The well-known axiom, usually applied to alcohol and tobacco, that it is easier to do without than to do with less, is equally true of expenditure. Not that one can ever become a total abstainer from spending: one's landlord on quarter-day would remain coldly unmoved by a letter saying that one had signed the pledge. But to some temperaments it is less irksome to buy no extras at all than to have the intolerable strain of deciding, every time the instinct to buy a non-necessity crops up, whether one can afford it or not. This attitude, by the way, often earns its possessors a reputation for self-denial which they do not wholly deserve: there is much in it also of indolence, of hedonism, of a desire to save not money, but time and trouble. But it has this advantage, that with its aid one more quickly gets back on to that rung in the financial ladder at which one need no longer cut out the stars. One may even, if one keeps it up long enough, reach that still higher rung which is known in one family at any rate as being on the Amber Duck Standard.

This expression was minted many years ago when we, during some previous and now-forgotten financial crisis, happened to go to dinner with a charming, kindly, and hospitable old bachelor of whom we were very fond. On his chaste Adam chimney-piece, flanking the graceful ormolu clock which had been there

ever since we had known him, we caught sight of a new treasure—a pair of Chinese ducks, nearly half life-size, carved out of clear amber. They were rich in duck-like characteristics: they had the practical fussiness, the bland innocence, the complacent humour, all the inward and outward *curliness* of duckhood. Facing each other, they floated motionless on their little ebony pools, miracles of plump translucency. They were delicious.

“*Oh!*” we exclaimed with one voice.

“Yes,” said our host, beaming. “Aren’t they nice? I got them at —’s this afternoon.”

The name he mentioned was that of the most expensive dealer in St. James’s, but that was beside the point: what struck us, filling us with a mixture of envy, amusement, and awe, was how wonderful it must feel to be in the market not only for bread and circuses, but for chimney-piece ornaments as well.

Ornaments, as a rule, are things one does not buy. One inherits them, one receives them as wedding or Christmas presents, one wins them at a hoop-la stall. For it must be borne in mind that there is no difference whatever between a pink china boot and a Dresden shepherdess: both, technically, are amber ducks. I have, before now, heard the expression on other people’s lips, misused, and known the vexation of a carpenter who sees one of his own chisels being employed as a screw-driver. I have heard it applied to such things as plays, films and concerts, which is entirely wrong: these things are circuses, not amber ducks. Books, pictures, and gramophone records, too, are exempt, for some reason vaguely, perhaps snobbishly, connected with uplift: though to buy a limited edition, vellum-bound, of a book which is obtainable in ordinary form, is getting nearer the mark. Even this, however, the purist would reject. For a book, however grandly got up, can still be read: whereas with an amber duck, strictly speaking, there should be no possibility of doing anything at all except look at it. The term may be stretched, however, to include usable objects which you do not in fact intend to use, such as snuff-boxes, *étuis*, vinaigrettes, lacquer fans, damascened daggers, unwashable milk jugs in the shape of cows, and all bowls, jars, dishes, plates, and glasses which are considered too valuable to contain flowers, food, or wine.

Let it not be thought that I am in any way denigrating amber ducks. Far from it. They are, for me, a symbol of prosperity: to be in a position to buy them (and their price varies from two-pence at the Caledonian Market to a hundred guineas in King Street, according to the buyer’s standard of living) is to be a wealthy man. They are more than cake, more even than sugar icing; they are the paper frill round it and the little silver balls on the top. They are decorative and idle and unjustifiable and lovably absurd—the aristocracy of the world of inanimate objects.

And like other idle aristocracies they are the first thing to be thrown overboard in a crisis. As a virtuous bride, from her wedding day onward, keeps her heart so closed to temptation that her eyes are blind, her ears deaf, to the flying banners and sounding trumpets of adventure, so, when one embraces a regime of economy, one ceases even to be aware of the existence of amber ducks. (Not just at first; but after a while a merciful numbness sets in.) And as, to one who is in the mood for adventure, there is no lack of it to be found, so, directly the necessity for economy is over, one’s range of vision automatically widens. One becomes conscious, and lustfully conscious, of the green glass egg in the corner shop which one has walked past, unseeing, every day for months: in no time at all one is strolling in and asking the price.

But that day is a long way off. In the meanwhile one has still to climb back somehow on to the rung below—the rung called Legitimate Replacements. In the meanwhile one must still, with drawn claymore, cut out the stars.

PUBLISHERS AND SINNERS

A Retrospect

BY ARTHUR WAUGH

EVERY lifetime has its milestones; and most of them, however significant to the individual, have no sort of interest to the world at large. They are best remembered (and regretted) in silence. For example, the fact that in my own life the month of August, 1936, sees the completion of my seventieth year ("the allotted span of the Psalmist") concerns nobody outside the small circle of my family, and even them very little; a lifetime mainly devoted to fostering the children of other people's brains has enjoyed scant liberty or leisure to make provision for its own. But, looking back over my experiences as a publisher, I was aroused the other day by the fanfare of publicity which acclaimed the gathering of a Congress of Publishers in London, and reminded any lingerer who cared to listen that thirty-five years had passed since such a meeting had taken place under the shadow of St. Paul's—thirty-five years—just half the seventy I am now bringing to a close! And I could not help remembering that thirty-five years ago I myself had taken a small part in the proceedings; had read a paper to the Congress; and had heard its arguments discussed by better and more successful men than myself, almost all of them now vanished from the scene of their labours.

How keen we were in those days! How eager and hopeful! There was so much to do that somehow has never got itself done. The old problems return, still unsolved, and further complicated by changed manners, customs, rivalries, and abuses. "Old men forget"; but they remember also. They remember, and compare. It seemed to me just possible that there might be a spice of public interest in a short retrospect or survey of the changes that have come over the publishing world in the interval of nearly fifty years, since I began living in the world of

books and bookmen—a survey mainly commercial and social; for the publisher, we are continually being told, knows very little about literature, and (perhaps) not very much about commerce. At any rate, the two milestones, standing side by side, set my memory to work; and here, in short, are a few reflections, for the benefit of such as have the time to hear.

"Publishers, and Sinners!" It was Henry W. Nevinson who first called us that, in a memorable speech, made to his contributors and friends, when, to the regret of all true lovers of literary journalism, he retired from his editorship of the Book Page of the *Daily Chronicle*. And "sinners," no doubt, we shall always be in the eyes of the general public; for there is no branch of commercial activity so freely, and often (I may add) so erratically, criticized by those who, as a matter of fact, know nothing whatever about it all. Because books are, so to speak, common property, all the world thinks itself qualified to dogmatize over their fortunes. Take this recent Congress, for instance; the Press has given it an astonishing amount of patronage. If the licensed victuallers had held a jamboree, or the worthy society of "charcutiers" had met to discuss sausages and tripe, what reporter, however short of material, would have troubled to make "copy" of their deliberations? But, when the publishers (and sinners) meet in conclave, and problems of copyright and translation, broadcasting and distribution are in the air, the Press displays a highly complimentary curiosity over the secrets of the counting-house—a very much livelier curiosity than it displayed five-and-thirty years ago. For in the interval books have become "news"; the Press has taken over the dictatorship of the book-trade; and the Press is out to teach us all our business. That is one of the most vital changes I have witnessed in my time as a publisher; and I cannot pretend to believe that it is very helpful to literature.

Books have become "news." Let us consider for a moment just what this means. It means that today books are reviewed, discussed, and marketed, more and more exclusively from the standpoint of journalistic "copy" and newspaper "stunt." There is a current expression which pervades every corner of the daily paper—I mean the word "story." You are confronted with the portrait of a goggle-eyed infant, bearing some such

inviting legend as "Little Polly, the champion child skipping-roper"; and underneath, in staring italics, "Story on Page 5." Every paragraph must tell its "story"; every book must have its "sensation"; and, for the better spreading abroad of "story" and "sensation," every newspaper must have its own tribunal, selecting its own "Book of the Month," on the same basis of excitement, competition, and glittering award. Just as a cricket test-team is chosen over and over again by amateur judges, long before the selectors at Lord's have started their deliberations, so these judges of the Press must proclaim their standards of literature, which (to give them due credit) they do with such bursting vitality that the public cannot choose but be impressed. And, as a publisher, I must make free confession. I am pleased enough when one of our books is the pressman's choice; for I know that *that* book at any rate will soon be run after at the libraries. At the same time, I cannot escape the certainty that the run upon that *one* book will be bad for all the other books in our season's list. And what is true of the individual list, is true of the whole trade. The library public is a jostling flock of sheep, following the bell-wether hither and thither, pell-mell. And it is the library public and not the book-buyer who keeps the book-trade still alive.

The influence of the circulating library is paramount today. That is the second of the great changes of the last five-and-thirty years. The old-fashioned book-buyer is a dwindling class in England; and his defection is a sad loss to literature. Many causes have contributed to his decay. There is, first and foremost, the housing question. The English home has become a restless caravan, and the tenant of Mr. Lewis Baumer's "latest model of bed-sit-kitch flatlet" has simply no shelves upon which to store a private library. Here today, and gone tomorrow, he (or she) travels as lightly laden as possible: chairs and tables, pots and pans—these things needs must be, but books!—so long as you can borrow them by the week, who wants them collecting dust in odd corners? So the circulating libraries flourish; rival programmes vie with one another in cheapness; until at last you can borrow all you need to amuse you for twopence a week, which is much cheaper than a week's issues of the newspaper which tells you what to borrow.

The book-borrowing habit has grown enormously in the last twenty or thirty years; and the number of potential readers now includes every class of the community. There was a time when the libraries chiefly catered for country houses and parsonages, and "Mudie's box" was eagerly expected by stay-at-home spinsters in rural districts, where Miss Braddon was regarded as "rather bold," Rhoda Broughton as "distinctly dangerous," and Ouida as "dreadfully naughty, but very exciting." These books were for the parlour; in the kitchen the "Bow-Bells novelettes" fanned the imagination of parlour-maids and page-boys; but the vast army of working girls, in shops and factories, read very little at all, except perhaps *The Police News*. Today, there are book-borrowing facilities in every village, and subscriptions "to suit every purse." The twopenny subscription, in particular, has revolutionized popular reading. Gaze around you in the omnibus and the tube railway, and you will see that nearly every passenger has a book. Look over the reader's shoulders, if you can snatch a chance, and you will be surprised to see that 75 per cent. of the books bear titles you have never heard of. There must be a vast hive of subterranean activity supplying this daily demand; and the result, it would seem, must surely be all to the advantage of publishers and authors?

Well, of course, it is good in its way; but it complicates the publisher's problems most intricately. It complicates both the choice of the volumes, and the cost of production; for cheap subscriptions mean cheap readers; and both taste and terms have to be adjusted to the situation. The "twopenny library" is chiefly fed by the half-crown novel; and the half-crown novel is generally a reprint of a book which has already succeeded at seven-and-sixpence. But the "twopenny" client is not too easily put off with an old book or an unknown name. She has heard some popular success discussed at the dinner-table, and she sees no reason why she should be kept waiting for her turn to read it. So the life of the original edition grows shorter and shorter; the more "select" libraries have scarcely had time to reduce the prices of their "slightly soiled copies," when a brand-new reprint, scarcely distinguishable in type and format from the original seven-and-sixpenny edition, is on the market, so

that the unsold stock becomes unsalable, except at a break-up price. How many books can stand this rush of competition? Which of his partial successes is the publisher to choose for this second blooming; and how many will bloom again? And how will the authors of the books not chosen be satisfied by excuses and explanations? If they are not satisfied, they are more than likely to transfer their loyalties to a rival house. So the publisher's list keeps on changing; the market is in a perpetual state of unrest; certainly more books are read, but at a much greater expenditure of nerve and capital. And the profit accruing to the balance-sheet is seldom proportionate to the energy demanded. In short, the publisher has to think, and work, at least twice as hard as he did forty years ago.

He has to think and work also in the teeth of continually increasing competition. "There are too many publishers," says the half-witted woman at the cocktail party, "and too many books." As a matter of fact, there are neither. Compared with the number of people employed in almost any other form of industry, the regiment of publishers is very small indeed; and there are simply not enough books to go round. The general standard of literature improves from year to year. I myself have been reading manuscripts for more than 45 years, and I never knew a time when so many respectable productions kept flowing in from all over the country. But the improvement is a question of average, not of outstanding brilliancy. The age of giants is no more. And the curious paradox of the present day is the fact that, at a time when the word "story" is bandied about with such wearisome prodigality, it is precisely the gift of story-telling which our aspiring writers seem to lack. Directly a really good story appears, it runs like wildfire through the country. But how many really good stories are published in a year? Not fifty; perhaps not twenty. There is a constant demand for tales of crime and mystery; but what a poor show most of them make! They are jig-saw puzzles, without character or real drama. Match them against the mysteries of Wilkie Collins, or even of Sheridan Le Fanu, and they go down, and are counted out in the first round. It is an old article of my own publisher's creed that, if a new Wilkie Collins were to appear today he would sweep the board. But we ransack our manu-

scripts in a vain search for such gifts ; the art is dead and done for.

There is another fatuous argument of the amateur critic. "Books," she declares, "are too dear. If they were cheaper, they would be bought in millions." Believe it not, receive it not, oh budding publisher ; or you will burn your fingers to the bone. No scheme will ever succeed which is based upon the conviction that there is a public itching to *buy* new books, if only they are offered at popular prices. The foreshore of my own memory is strewn with the wreckage of such deceptive dreams. Twenty-five years ago it was my fate to be chairman at a dinner of the book-trade, in the week when an enterprising and hopeful firm had just launched a new series of full-length *new* novels, published at two shillings apiece. All the speeches of the evening turned upon this glittering adventure. Wiseacres, who ought to have known better, prophesied an immediate revolution in trade methods. Those were the days of the six-shilling novel. This new experiment, we were assured, would kill the six-shilling novel. No book would ever be published at a higher price than two shillings—"ever any more."

Chaos was come again. There were a few of us (I may indulge Her Highness my Vanity by remembering) who refused to be convinced. "Wait and see," we said. In a very few months the new series ceased to serialise. The publishers had paid their authors in advance on the assumption that, at a third of the old price, at least three times as many copies would be sold. The dream was a delusion. Money was lost freely ; the old price was re-established. The same experience has been repeated again and again. It culminated in a gallantly-acclaimed attempt to swamp the market with a deluge of brand-new novels in neat, attractive ninepenny volumes. There was an inaugural luncheon, whereat Deans dogmatized and Cabinet Ministers prophesied smooth things. For a few weeks all was "gas and gaiters" ; then the gas evaporated, and the gaiters took their flight. The old business of borrowing at the library counter was resumed. So it always will be resumed, until a New Dispensation converts the borrower into the buyer once more.

But by this time I seem to hear the reader's voice raised in reasonable protest. "I have been patient long enough," he

interrupts ; " but there are two things I should like to remark. First, in spite of all you say, books *are* bought all over the country ; look at the bookshops—the really good bookshops—in every town. Second, you have been talking all the time as though every book were a novel. Let me remind you that there are such things as biographies, histories, travel-books, and works of philosophy and religion—much more important literature than the novel." Yes, indeed ; there are also primers, grammars, atlases, and treatises on campanology and hydrostatics ; and all these are worth more than many novels in the service of mental progress.

But I have let my argument run riot over the field of fiction because it is the novel that the vast new public first pursues, and because the novelist is the outstanding figure in the book-market, the centre of competition, the quarry of the hunter. A public character may write his reminiscences *once*, and even find a backer to pay him £20,000 for his " story " ; if he be a politician, with " war memories," and a case to plead, he may continue the recital through several volumes, and lay up a small fortune from the hospitalities of Fleet Street. But it is the novelist who chiefly makes a whole-time profession of writing ; whose praises fill the columns of the Sunday papers, now in the shape of reviews and now in the form of glowing advertisements which might almost be written by the same hands ; it is the novelist over whom the contending publishers struggle even to the death. The novelist makes the money of the book-trade, alike for himself and his publisher, and he makes it, not by the copies that are sold, but by the copies that are borrowed.

" Then how about the bookshops ? " retorts my critic. Well, sir, have you ever taken stock of a prosperous country " bookseller's " ? Have you considered what proportion of his goods are books, and in particular *new books* ? Have you considered those glass-cases full of writing materials, inkpots, stylographic pens, leather reticules, purses, and even cigarette-boxes ? Have you noticed how the customer gravitates towards those revolving screens of picture postcards ? And have you stepped upstairs, and mingled with the throng bustling round the courteous but over-worked manageress of the circulating library department ? When you have done all this, and con-

trasted the sum of these activities with the languid demand at that centre-table of " New Books On Sale " in the front-shop, we will talk together about the prosperity of the country bookseller ; and I believe we shall find many points of agreement. " No," said a well-dressed woman to the representative in charge of our own stall at last year's Christmas Book Exhibition, " I never pay more than half-a-crown for a book. That is my limit." Then she dropped her voice. " Unless you have something really spicy at three-and-six ? " She went away, grasping with a hand of ice a book whose wrapper revealed a girl of lively physical attractions, prettily bare under a loose peignoir, and about to open a bathroom door. As it happened, she had chosen a book of high distinction, *The Pilgrim of a Smile*, by Norman Davey ; but she had chosen it with other expectations. In this particular case she was not likely to be disappointed. But that was a freak of fortune. Meanwhile—" I never pay more than half-a-crown for a book " will remain the common precept of the book-buyer ; and with so many desirable reprints to choose from—not forgetting the really wonderful " Penguins," a model of taste and judgment—there is no reason why anybody ever should. Yet the author cannot live upon the proceeds of a reprint. He must still look to the libraries for the backbone of his livelihood.

So we have arrived, I hope, at some sort of outline of the changes and chances of modern publishing ; and, if the retrospect and prospect seem rather grey, they are not really meant to be. I have dealt in generalities, and I know well enough that there are plenty of examples on the brighter side. Hidden in quiet corners all over the country, there are still loyal bookmen and women (even women !) of the old order, who buy and cherish a good book when they hear of it ; the enormous success of such a pure piece of literature as *The Story of San Michele* is proof enough of that, and to spare. The good thing still ~~makes~~ its way, but it has freakish difficulties to overcome. I see the modern publisher like a motorist in a block of traffic, with a narrow bottle-neck to negotiate. Beyond him, on the other side, is the public, ready to welcome him if he can get through ; but immediately ahead of him is the strait defile of the circulating library, with the librarian checking his advance, and exacting

toll for his passage. And all around him is the inexorable crowd of his colleagues and rivals, cutting in, trumpeting, driving him to the kerb ; if there is a collision now and again, what wonder ? For indeed they drive like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, and are no respecters of mud-guards and wind-screens. Am I over-sensitive if I believe that the traffic was not always so uproarious ; that the road has lost something of its honourable amenities ? Half the publisher's troubles, it seems to me, are brewed in the house of those who should be his friends. Congresses meet, international congresses, bubbling over with protestations of good will ; but when the captains and the kings depart, there is the same old thunder on the hills. The guns are in position ; the League of Nations is impotent ; where is the boasted " collective security " of the scattered conference ? After all, authors, publishers, and booksellers are bound, or should be bound, by the closest ties of mutual interest. We did not always steal one another's authors, or imitate one another's advertisements, or start, week in, week out, a rival cheap series exactly like our next door neighbour's. If publishers were always sinners, sealed of the tribe of Barabbas, at least there was honour among thieves. I wish there were a little more today. I wish we could foster together the things that belong unto our peace.

But then I am an old man ; and this month sees my seventieth birthday. Other times, I suppose, other manners. And the trade, the business, the profession of publishing (call it what you will) remains, and will remain, in spite of all its self-made hindrances, one of the most fascinating in the world. Like Gordon's sick stock-rider, " I would live the same life over, if I had to live again " ; and, take it all round, I would try to live it on the same lines, under whatever changed conditions. I can even bring myself to envy the youngest beginner, who has his own new standards to plant upon the outward walls which we shall soon desert. I can envy him, and I wish him luck. And, when he, too, attains his three-score years and ten, may he have as many sunlit milestones to look back upon, and count himself happy in the indulgence of as many kindly friends !

THE TROUBLES OF POLAND

BY GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK

A VISIT to Poland or any attempt to understand her present position is meaningless unless one tries to see that country against its historical background. And it is difficult, even after the briefest acquaintance with Polish history, not to feel a very deep sympathy with Poland. Seldom has a nation had a more tragic past, seldom is a state so heavily handicapped by its historical inheritance as the present young Polish Republic.

Centuries of foreign invasion by every possible kind of foe : Tartars, Turks, and Teutons (the famous Teutonic Knights, a branch of that international nuisance of the middle ages, the Crusaders, who did more killing and plundering than baptizing) ; then Russians, Swedes, Prussians, and finally dismemberment, which for a century did away with the Polish State altogether. The Napoleonic wars, a series of unsuccessful and ruthlessly repressed rebellions, the great war, and, almost immediately after independence had been regained, a war with the Soviets. Is it not extraordinary that the Poles have survived all this and have emerged from such ordeals with a spirit undaunted and with the cultural achievements of which they are so justly proud ?

The war, which gave Poland her independence and a reunion of the three dismembered parts, also left her a completely ruined country. How Pilsudski formed the first Polish legions, actually at the very outset of the war in August, 1914 ; how, after a series of trials and adventures, he lived to see the proclamation of a " free and independent Poland " as a condition of peace ; how he became the first head of the newly born State, then its military and eventually its political saviour—all this is well known and can be found in any text book.

What is less known is the extent to which Poland had been bled dry both by the Russians and the Germans between 1914 and 1918, how she started her national existence with nothing

but millions of paupers, and the way in which she owed her first steps towards recovery to the American Relief Committee under Herbert Hoover.

I am mentioning all this because without it present-day Poland, more than sixteen years removed from these happenings which appear both so recent and yet so far away, cannot be judged in its proper light. When I revisited that country some weeks ago, I could not help thinking, bearing in mind Poland's past, of the famous Johnsonian remark about the dog walking on its hind legs, that the strange thing is not that it is doing it badly but that it can do it at all.

Poland's industrial development has proceeded under the influence of two most unfavourable factors, viz., a large annual increase of the population and acute lack of capital. This increase amounts to the fantastic figure of 500,000 souls a year, Poland having the highest birth-rate in Europe. As a result of this superabundance of labour and scarcity of capital, an unhealthy disequilibrium has arisen with what is known as "cottage industry" (i.e., artisans working in their own homes) on the one side, and a number of gigantic industrial enterprises—created or controlled by foreign capital—on the other. It is one of the fundamental weaknesses of Poland's economic structure, and although only 10 per cent. of the population are employed in industry, the country as a whole greatly suffers from it.

Nearly three-quarters of the population live by agriculture, and here, too, the position is most precarious. That they are adversely affected by the unfavourable world trend from which all agricultural countries suffer today goes without saying. But they have no accumulated resources to draw upon, and the poverty of the Polish peasant today surpasses all imagining. Yet that peasant has great and sterling qualities. He is hard working, moral, and strong; he has an innate sense of pride, almost nobility, yet he is singularly humble and courteous. He is also profoundly religious. One can feel to the present day the breath of Rome and the French monks who brought Latin Christianity to the Poles nearly a thousand years ago, and there is nothing more fascinating to observe than the strange blend of Western and Oriental influences among such a fundamentally Slav race.

That is another point to bear in mind when trying to understand present-day Poland. Its people have all the typical virtues and faults of the Slavs. They are emotional and highly artistic. Their very demeanour and looks and costumes reveal that, and it is enough to mention their music and literature, their peasant arts and crafts, or their painting and architecture, to indicate some of the most striking outward manifestations of the race. As to their spiritual quality, only those who have lived among a Slav people can fully appreciate it, and I shall not attempt here a description or an analysis of *l'âme slave*. Suffice it to say that it is that mental or spiritual quality of the Slav which enables him to put up with suffering and sacrifice and self-denial to an extent that is quite beyond the Latin or Anglo-Saxon races. All this, moreover, without the spirit being in any way broken or affected. This detachment or indifference to material well-being is one of the features that make the Pole so interesting and so attractive. But the failings of the typical Slav are equally prevalent in him: lack of precision and the exasperating absence of any notion of time; love of meditation and introspection, of abstract mental speculation; individualism carried to such extremes that it makes teamwork almost impossible; or again a hopeless lack of political intuition and discipline.

It was out of this kind of human material that Marshal Pilsudski attempted to make a united nation. The difficulties will be further appreciated when the profound heterogeneousness of the population is taken into account. To begin with, there are some considerable national minorities in present day Poland. Only 69 per cent. of the people are actually Poles. Ukrainians constitute 15 per cent., Jews 8.5 per cent., and White Russians nearly 5 per cent. of the population. There are also German, Czech, Lithuanians, and purely Russian elements. These national minorities offer great problems, and although the Poles are by nature tolerant, the present economic, religious, and racial antagonisms of other countries have contaminated them as well. More of this later. More than a century of Russian, German, and Austrian domination has stamped each part of the former and now re-united Polish state with specific local characteristics. In education, standard of life, occupation, environment, the people in these three different parts of Poland are unlike each

other, or perhaps it is more correct to say that despite certain fundamental characteristics that they have in common they have each developed on their own lines. One need only reflect on the vast difference between, say, military service in the Russian and the German armies, or between a Russian and a German school or university to realize the full significance of this. It is no mere coincidence that one of the first tasks of the new Polish state was to establish a system of national training and education tending to produce a more homogeneous type of Pole. Indeed one of the first acts of independent Poland was to introduce compulsory and free education in elementary schools. Much has also been done as regards national health and social welfare, while surprisingly great strides in games, sport and every other kind of physical exercise must also be recorded. The youth of the nation is genuinely enthusiastic about all outdoor games and very proficient in them. Nothing is more striking in that respect than the difference between the young and the older generations in Poland today.

Many other examples of progress and achievement could be found, in fact they could be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*—in the growth and development of the city of Warsaw, for instance, where next to the beautiful old palaces and churches, real gems of baroque architecture, you find imposing new modern buildings and squares and monuments, some of them the work of that great Polish architect Lalewicz, who formerly contributed much to the embellishment of Petrograd. I might mention in parenthesis that with the unerring Anglo-Saxon instinct for building the wrong thing in the wrong place (think of English and American churches in France or Italy, for example) an English assurance company has seen fit to put up an idiotic skyscraper in a small old square. One must be grateful that the unique "Old Market Place," which looks today exactly as it did 400 years ago, has so far escaped such disfigurement. Another mercy is that the Germans, when they were driven out of Warsaw at the end of the war overlooked a lovely old pub that has been in this square from time immemorial. The mere mention of the word "pub" prompts me to say that the restaurants, and especially the cafés, of Warsaw are very good indeed, their main fault, however, being that food is too rich.

As to theatres, concerts and other artistic entertainments, Poland has always stood in the front rank of European nations. To divert the Poles' interest from other issues, the old Russian authorities encouraged and even subsidized the arts, and there is little doubt that in this as in certain other matters Poland's capital owes her former oppressors a genuine debt of gratitude. Apart from Warsaw, there are also fantastic art treasures in some of the old cities like Cracow or Torun or Lwow, whose architecture is unique; and there is much of interest in the smaller places and even in the villages, not to speak of the grand manorial houses of the old nobility.

And yet, despite all that has been achieved, Poland today is in a thoroughly bad way. Her difficulties are both of a political and an economic order, the situation of late having taken a more than usually acute turn. Nothing demonstrates this clearer than the Cabinet reconstruction which took place on May 15th, when General Felician Slawoj-Skladkowski became Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior. In other words, the attempt to initiate a more liberal form of government, which apparently the rulers of present day Poland had hoped to achieve, has failed, and now the army is taking charge.

It must be realized that up to May, 1926, when Pilsudski made his coup, parliamentary democracy had failed to give Poland a responsible and stable government. For the nine years that followed, the Marshal ruled the country as a dictator, yet it was his personality rather than any application of force that lent him power and authority. He never lost touch with the masses, never destroyed Parliament, and never over-estimated the chances of a military dictatorship in Poland. Unfortunately, however, he concentrated his attention almost entirely on two issues: national defence and foreign policy, leaving internal political matters as well as social and economic affairs to look after themselves. His authority was so great that on the strength of it alone the Polish nation could be kept together, internal struggles avoided and the business of government successfully transacted.

Marshal Pilsudski's death just over a year ago left a political as well as a personal vacuum which is becoming daily more apparent. Pilsudski had been the system. When he disappeared

there was nothing left except a number of rival politicians, all of whom had at various times held office under him, and all of whom are therefore "Pilsudchiki" as they are called. But apart from their loyalty to the late chief and the rival claims to his spiritual inheritance, little or nothing can be found that these people have in common. Some of them are actually at loggerheads with one another, and this after so many years of subordination to one dominating outside will is only natural. Then there is the army, with a titular successor in the position of Inspector-General, General Rydz-Smigly. But until the recent crisis he seemed anxious to avoid all political action, and, of course, he does not and cannot enjoy the late Marshal's authority. To carry on a dictatorship without a dictator would be difficult enough under any circumstances.

Enough has been said, I think, to show why the problem of Poland is well-nigh hopeless. And the fundamental economic weakness of the country, worsened as it is by crisis conditions, has made the situation even more complicated. Social unrest, fostered by real hardship and exploited by party propaganda, is growing daily. There has been trouble with the unemployed; there is trouble over the Jews. The Nationalists (or Right opposition of the present regime) are conducting a violent anti-Semitic campaign, and have succeeded in upsetting the reasonably satisfactory old order when Poles and Jews lived quite happily side by side in their mutual contempt for each other. The Poles despised the Jews because they did not work on the land, while the Jews despised the Poles for their incompetence in commerce and money matters; but having once accepted this state of affairs as normal, both sides showed themselves anxious for very friendly collaboration. Marshal Pilsudski's tolerant and friendly treatment of the Jews even earned him a certain amount of adverse criticism among the Polish diehards, who accused him of having sold himself. But not until recent times did the spread of wild anti-Semitism become an important issue in the political life of the country, and the Nationalists today represent roughly one-third of the population.

On the other side of the barricade is the Left opposition, also representing about one-third of the population and consisting of peasants, workers, and Radical or Socialist intellectuals. It was

with this Left opposition that the "Liberal Pilsudchik" Zyndram Koscialkowski, the present Premier's predecessor in office, was supposed to have sought an understanding or some sort of working arrangement similar to the one made with the Ukrainians. Had he succeeded with their support in restoring public confidence and carrying through the necessary social and economic reforms, perhaps the present strained position could have been avoided. Instead, he has been replaced by an army man who in the past was more than once employed by the late Marshal to "clean up" internal difficulties. It is symptomatic that for the first time General Rydz-Smigly has not only openly emerged from his reserve, but has taken steps to emphasize the fact that it was he—Pilsudski's successor as Inspector-General of the army—who got General Slawoj-Skladkowski appointed to the premiership by the President of the Republic. Not only has the idea of an understanding with the Left opposition been dropped, but the country will henceforward be ruled in an "authoritative" military way. The most recent decree, officially making General Rydz-Smigly "No. 1" in Poland—next to the President of the Republic—and placing even the Cabinet and the Premier under his orders merely confirms this trend of policy.

There is no doubt that with the army's support the new government can suppress the political effects of the present situation, but it cannot remove its causes. The internal social and political pacification of Poland cannot be accomplished that way. The hollowness of the system is too patent, and if the present Cabinet attempts to use too much "authority" it will pay heavily for it. Nor is it possible to conduct simultaneously an expansionist economic policy, such as is promised, and maintain the present gold value of the zloty. "Neither deflation nor devaluation," says the new President of the Bank of Poland. But how that can be reconciled with a public works scheme to combat unemployment and raise the standard of living (a question of burning urgency), and also with increased expenditure on defence, is somewhat hard to see. As to the keeping of a balanced budget—a quite recent achievement after many years of deficit—and the maintenance of payments abroad, something more than a conjuring trick would have been required if these schemes had had to be carried out. For some time past it had been quite

clear that a moratorium or devaluation could scarcely be avoided much longer, and the fear of this greatly contributed to the general uneasiness about the zloty. An attempt was made to apply strict currency restrictions as a remedy, but the futility of the effort must have been obvious almost before it was made. No regulations of any kind could alter a situation which had been gradually developing on account of the unfavourable balance of payments and the consequent drain on the Bank of Poland's gold and foreign currency reserves. Within barely a month of the new Cabinet taking office the suspension of foreign debt transfers had to be announced, and henceforward service of the loans involved will be made in zlotys through special accounts opened for this purpose by the Bank of Poland. Though this will mean a saving of about 100 million zlotys per year it is by no means certain that suspension of debt transfers alone will relieve the present tension, and devaluation may yet prove unavoidable.

So much for the internal political and economic difficulties, the solution of which is getting more and more urgent. There remains the question of Poland's foreign policy, which for a number of years has been conducted by the able, sphinx-like and ambulant Colonel Beck. The actual problem of foreign policy, as far as the Poles are concerned, is a plain issue. If they wish to maintain their freedom and independence, if they wish to avert the danger of a new German or Russian invasion, then the observance of the strictest possible neutrality is their best or only chance. Of that all Poles are aware, and it is one of the few things on which they all agree. But the actual translation of this axiom into their foreign policy has undergone many changes, and even now opinions differ very considerably as to how this neutrality should best be observed and consolidated. It goes without saying, however, that to be rendered effective such a policy must be backed up by the strongest possible system of national defence to make the potential aggressor (whoever he may be) realize what obstacles he would meet if he attempted to attack or intimidate Poland. Of late Poland has manifested a strong desire to collaborate with the Baltic and Scandinavian countries, while in the rest of Europe she has both her old friends, like Hungary, and old enemies like Czechoslovakia or Lithuania. The vital question, however, is that of Poland's relations with her

two formidable neighbours, Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany, and this affects also the extremely complicated nature of her present relations with France.

When the future historian comes to consider the European diplomacy of our times, he will have to devote some considerable effort to the study of Poland's foreign relations. In an article like the present one it is impossible to go into the details of this most interesting aspect of the Poland I have just revisited. To put it briefly, if somewhat paradoxically, France and England may yet succeed in making the Poles do what none of them wants (Colonel Beck possibly being the only exception), namely, drive them into the arms of Germany. The position is simply this: Poland can no longer rely on France and England to help her in the hour of need. Their record of weakness and surrender to "major considerations" is there for everybody to judge. If France did not react more actively to the Rhineland business, if England has allowed herself to be humiliated by Italy—in both cases when their own direct interests were at stake—what reason is there to suppose that they would so much as move a finger to honour their pledges to other countries?

On the other hand, Hitler at the moment needs Poland more than she needs him. Though the Poles have surrendered nothing to him, he has wiped out more than fifteen years of violent German anti-Polish propaganda by accepting the *status quo* of the Corridor; he also wants Polish raw materials and is prepared to pay for them—the economic collaboration between Warsaw and Berlin is rapidly getting closer. Nothing is more significant in that respect than the way both Poland and Germany are handling the Danzig problem at the present moment. They want at any price to avoid a clash (which to me seems sooner or later absolutely unavoidable). If Brüning or Stresemann had behaved over Danzig the way Hitler is behaving now, there would have been a revolution in Germany. As to the Poles, they have no illusions but they want to keep up the present "friendship" with Germany as long as it will last. They think it serves their purpose.

The Poles resent the way they have been treated by France—that policy of alternating flattery and kicks, which can drive anybody crazy. Foolishly enough, they even grudge France the

Franco-Soviet pact, although surely from their point of view anything that separates Germany and Russia should be highly welcome ; after all nothing could be more dangerous to Poland than the revival of Rapallo, i.e., of close Soviet-German co-operation. Notwithstanding all this the Poles are never tired of repeating that the alliance with France remains the foundation of their foreign policy.

It may be that the path chosen by Colonel Beck is dangerous ; yet so long as the present so-called " peace " remains, his policy is not devoid of shrewdness and vision. But the proposition becomes an entirely different one if it is assumed that sooner or later there will be another European war. Then a German alliance would prove fatal to Poland, for in case of Germany's success it is hardly likely that Germany would show the Poles, whom they really hate and despise, much consideration ; in case of defeat the position would be even worse. Joining the anti-German camp would at least give Poland a hopeful chance in case of success.

But perhaps that is looking too far ahead. Poland's problems today are of such an urgent nature that the future of international relations—grave though it is—cannot be said to be of immediate concern. Europe, at any rate for a while to come, is likely to go on " muddling through." What is much more to the point is whether Poland can or will. A nation which has suffered so much, which has fought so gallantly and which has succeeded against terrible odds in so many ways deserves to live and to thrive. It has all the makings of a great country. But it does not do itself justice. If a paraphrase of Talleyrand's famous dictum is permissible, " The mismanagement of Poland is worse than a crime—it is folly."

THE POLICY OF PIUS XI

BY MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

POPE PIUS XI has recently celebrated his eightieth birthday. Let us frankly admit it : most non-Catholics and not a few Catholics felt that a shadow had fallen over the festivities associated with so auspicious an occasion. The celebration followed almost immediately after the success of Italian arms in a war which was commonly described in Great Britain, for example, as an instance of barbarous aggression as black as any in history. And it would seem that the Catholics of Italy, led by the clergy, approved the war and rejoiced in its outcome. It would seem too, that the Vatican—which is not Italy—tolerated Italian conduct and at any rate allowed that its outcome is, in so far, a happy event.

To say the least of it, all this has put Catholics in Anglo-Saxon countries on the defensive, and many and ingenious have been the arguments adduced to show that the obvious judgment against Italian Catholics and the Vatican can and should be qualified through further study.

It has for example been said that the Church contents herself with general prohibitions or condemnations of types of action and never singles out, except for purposes of discipline among her own subjects, specific cases of immoral conduct for condemnation. Attempts have been made to prove that the war was not in fact one of aggression on Italy's part. We have been reminded that no country at war ever believes itself to be engaged in an unjust war, and that ecclesiastics as a whole feel bound to support their lawfully constituted authority. As for the Pope himself, one can recall that more than once he has condemned wars of aggression and that in the case of the present war he not only remained silent but forbade any signs of rejoicing at the Vatican and ordered Italian bishops not to give their gold pectoral crosses to be melted down. Only when the war was

over and done with did he venture to rejoice in peace and in a victory which may well be thought to be more likely to ensure an era of stability than an Abyssinian victory leading to anarchy in Italy.

Such arguments, however, sound to Anglo-Saxon ears like the special pleading of a man trying to wriggle out of a position whose weakness leaps to the eye. It does not, of course, follow from this that the arguments are not in fact weighty, but to have the slightest chance of carrying conviction they need to be incorporated into a totally different setting.

Very little effort to present the constructive and complete point of view of the Vatican has been made in this country, yet there is one obvious argument that should make thinking Englishmen pause before condemning Pius XI and the Church. It is this. Is it really conceivable that an experienced Pontiff, a first-class scholar, an able diplomatist, a man in youth trained to the ways and code of sport, a person by all accounts of singular holiness combined with clarity of mind—is it conceivable that such a man should fall at the first temptation into the crudest nationalism, the most arrant cowardice, into a course of conduct that must necessarily cause grave scandal to those of his subjects who prefer to follow the lead of fifty nations rather than accept the bullying of the leader of one interested party? Surely common sense alone should make one pause before subscribing to this view. Popes have done queer things in their time, but there could never have been anything queerer in the history of the Popes than to find one of the character of Pius XI, during a period when the conscience of the world is peculiarly touchy and delicate, not merely giving in without a fight to a self-constituted autocrat who makes no pretence of using the Church as anything more than a useful ally, but actually supporting him with all the weight of his unique ecclesiastical dignity.

What then can have happened?

The truth is that Pius XI is working out a policy of the nature of which the ordinary Englishman has not the faintest understanding. He is not thinking in terms of politics at all nor is he thinking in terms of the present day: he is thinking of the Church of tomorrow.

It is no exaggeration to say that ever since Soviet Russia was

admitted to the League of Nations Pius XI has ceased to have much regard for the League. To the Englishman accustomed to compromise this may seem curious behaviour, for if the League stands for a good ideal it is, in so far, all to the good that Russia should belong to it. The Catholic, however, has a deep suspicion of *natural* goodness, divorced from supernatural guidance and authority. He believes, it must be remembered, in an infallible visible Church which, while based on natural reason and therefore appealing to the conscience of natural man, nevertheless enlightens, secures and guarantees with its Divine authority man's unaided reason and conscience. The Catholic believes that it is to the teaching through the centuries of authoritative Catholic Christianity that Western man owes so much of a detailed code of ethics as he still retains. As the years go by and the general influence of the Church weakens by comparison with secular influences, whether of individual thinkers or of the State, so does there open an ever wider gap between Christian ethics as taught and guaranteed by the Church and the accepted code of Western peoples and countries. Hence the League itself, while it may incorporate a great deal of the teaching of Catholic theologians in the field of international relations, stands in the eyes of the Pope as a structure that may or may not happen to be sound in itself but which is inevitably at the disposal of the strongest political Powers, Powers that make no pretence to be guided by other than utilitarian considerations and which in some cases are professedly anti-Christian.

When therefore an international structure directed by secular Powers—and all the more dangerous in that its incorporation of moral idealism makes it less suspect—admitted into its inner councils the representatives of a nation whose avowed aim is world revolution for materialistic and atheistic ends, it must have seemed to the Pope—as it did to most Catholics—that the League lost all claim to be taken seriously from a thought-out Christian point of view.

This is all very well, it may be argued, but what is the Pope going to do about it? What can he suggest to take its place? Can he really suppose that a League of Christian Powers, with himself as its head, is a practical idea in the modern world?

The present Pontiff is certainly much too much of a realist to

have any such delusions. His policy has been thoroughly consistent. His pontificate has been devoted to the building up of a Catholicism that, as it were, side-tracks the national and international problems that are the main concern of the secular world.

He has pursued two lines of action. The first is the organization of what is called "Catholic Action." The second is the establishment of the Church in Africa, Asia and to some extent in the Americas, as an organization largely independent of European support.

"Catholic Action" really means the gathering together under one united leadership in each country of all the forces of the Church so that they may form a kind of Catholic front consciously set up against the organized secular and especially totalitarian fronts. The idea seems to be copied to some extent from the methods of both Communists and Fascists. The clergy and laity are to work together under the direction of the bishops for the purpose of spiritual conquest, but the spirit of the movement really consists in making every Catholic realize that his being a Catholic involves something more than his profession of a religion of which in the past he too often tended to be slightly ashamed. He is to be as proud of his Catholicism as any Fascist or Communist is of his political creeds. He is to realize that Catholicism means a special attitude to the whole of life. Wherever he is, whatever he is doing, he is to be an active apostle of Christianity.

In this country the movement in its full elaboration has as yet hardly penetrated, but in France, Italy, Belgium and Spain the Church as a fighting, aggressive body has been largely reorganized.

Despite this new spirit and organization, the Vatican has few illusions about the likelihood of reclaiming European nations to the Church. In Spain for example Catholic Action, which had its opportunity when Gil Robles was in power, seems to have had very little success. The time no doubt has been too short and the work to be accomplished after a century of liberalism too great. In Germany the battle seems lost already, and the feeling in the Vatican at present is that within thirty years the Church there will be reduced to an ineffectual minority.

In Italy, for accidental reasons, Church and State have helped each other to the strengthening of the influence of both, but the Vatican is perfectly aware of the dangers of Italian Fascism and the opportunism of its dictator. The Catholic history of the present pontificate will not be written round the Lateran Treaty, which was no more than a convenient solution to a tiresome problem.

The point here is that no more is expected of "Catholic Action" in Europe than the spiritual revitalising of individual Catholics and the formation of a spirit that will resist as long as possible the growing secularism and totalitarianism of Europe.

It is for this reason that Pius XI, with the farsightedness of the greater Popes, has been quietly working for the establishment of the Church outside Europe. This work is commonly called taking an interest in foreign missions. But it is much more than this. In time it will be seen that the most important Encyclical of the present pontificate is the overlooked *Rerum Ecclesiae* (1926) in which the principle of self-government in the Church in distant lands was described and encouraged. In time the Church in Africa and Asia is to be entirely served by native bishops and clergy, the natural culture of the native race is to be incorporated as far as possible into the external working of the Church, its art, its method of appeal and so on. It need hardly be said that there is no question here of independence from Rome nor of any change in dogma or the fundamentals of Catholic worship and teaching. The change constitutes, however, a very definite and far-reaching breach from the tradition of making the Catholic Church throughout the world as like the Church in Rome in every detail of action and culture.

There is, therefore, no doubt that Pius XI, while doing all he can to strengthen the Church in Europe, envisages the possibility of a catastrophe, such for example as a war or the rapid growth of a persecuting totalitarianism, and is consequently taking statesmanlike steps to compensate for such an event by the rapid development of the Church in Africa and Asia and the rendering it as far as possible independent of European leadership and support.

It has been necessary to say all this in order to explain why the Vatican does not at the moment share our preoccupation

with international problems. The contrast between the Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church in the matter of the Abyssinian war has been glaring. It looks as though the leaders of the Church of England have a greater sense of their responsibilities as religious leaders. In point of fact, however, the Vatican feels so strongly that Europe has drifted into a morass from which any escape for the nations along moral lines is impossible that it has, as it were, washed its hands of Europe as a political factor and concentrated instead on the spiritual formation of individual souls, looking outside Europe for the Church's future as a corporate spiritual power.

Only in one respect has the Pope really led a determined attack within Europe, and that is against Communism. Even granted that Europe as a whole has drifted so far away from the teaching of Catholic Christianity as to make it impossible to distinguish clearly between the bad and the less bad, it still remains true that Communism is from the Catholic point of view wholly bad. The badness of the rest of Europe is to some extent a negative badness: it is a-morality. But Communism is specifically directed to materialism and atheism and, as a consequence, to the active destruction of Christianity. The Pope refuses to allow that there can be any separation between the economic and social aspects of Communism on the one hand and its religious and moral aspects on the other. It is, in his view, as much one and indivisible as is Christianity: it is the opposite of Christianity.

For these reasons Pius XI never omits an opportunity to repeat his warnings against the evil and danger of Communism, especially in its less crude forms. Time and again he has forbidden anything that could be interpreted as any sort of attempt to seek a *modus vivendi* between Communism or Socialism and Catholicism.

As regards the Nazi State, he feels that there, too, is a genuine and growing anti-Catholic spirit, and though he has carefully distinguished between the nature of his condemnation of Soviet Russia and his condemnation of Hitler's Germany (which indeed includes a vast number of fervent Catholics) the danger to Catholic Austria of a Nazi invasion was until recently so great that he became sterner and sterner in his remarks.

Lastly comes the problem of Italy, the problem with which we started. One has to remember that beggars, so to say, cannot be choosers. Convinced of the growing a-morality of Western Europe with its League, profoundly aware of the increased anti-Christianity of Germany with its threat to Central Europe, and under no illusions whatsoever with regard to the menace of Bolshevism both through its crude anti-God propaganda and its more subtle methods of provoking disturbance in the West, either through the League or otherwise, Pius XI finds himself at peace with a Catholic nation which, however potentially dangerous as regards its government in many respects, nevertheless does give the Church and himself liberty of action, not only respects Catholic teaching in the social field but incorporates much of it in the constitution, and also stands as a bulwark against both Bolshevism and the secular drift of Western States, a drift that may land more of the States than one imagines into Socialism and Bolshevism. Is it any wonder then that with his constructive views about what can be saved of true Christianity and about where Christianity may flourish again, he should look upon the Abyssinian war and the conduct of Italy as a secondary matter? Placed in this setting do not the arguments adduced in the first part of this paper cease to be the last hope of the debater fighting a losing battle, and become instead the obvious justification for not disturbing more than can be helped the development of a constructive and far-reaching plan not only to save Catholic Christianity from disintegration and virtual destruction, but to build it up anew in the hearts of European Catholics and in the lands that lie outside our comparatively small continent?

And after all no one can deny that to do this is the first and most important duty of any Pope.

THE LIBEL RACKET

BY KENNETH HENDERSON

IF Shakespeare were alive and writing *Othello* in the England of today, it is possible that Iago would be made to say :

" . . . he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 But makes me *rich* indeed."

For nowadays if a person's reputation, be it good, bad or indifferent, is defamed in writing a golden prospect is open to him if he is prepared to avail himself of the complexities which now surround the law of libel in England. A defamatory statement circulated, say, by a news agency and published in several newspapers may result in the person defamed receiving by way of compensation (!) a sum of money far in excess of that which he would be awarded if he lost two or more limbs and was disfigured for life as the result of a motor accident. And the paradox is all the greater when it is realized that the defamed is not required to prove—as indeed in most cases he could not prove—that his pocket has suffered to the extent of one penny.

Now the law of England always has been that a person is entitled to have and maintain his reputation unsullied, and any unjustified attack upon that reputation is, if anything, more grievous a wrong than any trespass to property, but owing to the capriciousness of juries and to the judicial determination of " nice points," the law of defamation, particularly in regard to libel, has become so complex that the very threat of proceedings is to most people a very grave menace, as it may involve them in ruin.

The bare contemplation of the possibility of being involved in litigation is sufficient to undermine the fortitude of some otherwise resolute characters. The late Jerome K. Jerome had a deep-rooted horror of legal proceedings. When he was conducting *The Idler*—that must be a great many years ago—we fell to discussing the threat of an action arising out of some idle thoughts he had contributed to the magazine. Jerome was

genuinely worried and had been unable to do any real work for several days. I was very young at the time, and consequently both optimistic and enthusiastic. " Fight it," I said, " you may win." " Fight it : fight it," he repeated. " Let me tell you this. If I were walking down the Strand and a man tried to take my watch from me I would fight to the last drop of blood in me. But if that same man issued a writ against me and claimed that my watch was his I should hand it over at once and should be glad that I had got off so lightly."

Now Jerome was not a timid person, and if he reacted in that way to the threat of litigation what must be the reaction of thousands of others who are condemned to earning their living by committing words to paper ?

Surely something is amiss with the law of libel when we find His Majesty's judges using on the Bench expressions such as " gold digging operations," and " the menace of costs " when referring to certain classes of libel actions. The late Mr. Justice McCardie, who both as counsel and judge had an unrivalled knowledge of the subject, stigmatized more than one of the claims which came before him as little short of disguised blackmail. Speaking from the Bench on one occasion he said :—

" I recognize the power of the Press to injure reputations and I agree that the law must be strong to enable a good character to be vindicated and to penalize baseless imputations.

" But I know quite well how large a number of fraudulent undesirable persons remain unexposed through the severity of the rules of law with respect to defendants in cases of defamation. The public, too, often loses the protection it so greatly needs.

" I know also of the large trade that exists in seeking to extort damages from newspaper proprietors and others under circumstances which are little better than disguised blackmail."

It is to be feared that the attitude of many to the vexed subject of defamation is that it is a matter which concerns principally wealthy corporations who are well able to look after their own interests.

This is a mistaken and short-sighted view. The right of fair comment on matters of public interest is not a right peculiar to the publishers of newspapers, periodicals or books. It is a right enjoyed, if one may use the term, by everybody, and the less able a person is to exercise and enjoy that right for himself the

more necessary it is that others should freely enjoy and exercise it on his behalf. This freedom of fair comment is indeed valuable in inverse ratio to the degree of information a person has. The less a person knows the more desirable it is that he should be informed by someone else.

For a proper appreciation of the problems involved some short statement of the present law of defamation is required. In England a person's reputation is protected against defamatory words by the law of libel if the words are in writing, and by the law of slander if they are spoken only.

There is, however, a very important difference between the protection afforded to spoken and written defamation. If the defamatory words are spoken, no protection is given (except in certain special cases) unless it can be shown that the speaking of the words has resulted in some financial loss to the person of whom they were spoken. The special cases in which an action will lie without proof of such financial loss are those in which the words impute that the plaintiff has been guilty of a criminal offence punishable "corporally" (*i.e.*, by imprisonment) or that he suffers from some contagious disease, or where they are spoken of him in the way of his office, trade or profession, or where they suggest of a woman that she has been unchaste. In these cases the law assumes that the words must from their very nature have resulted in some damage to the reputation, and does not require proof of any financial loss.

In the case of libel, however, the protection given by the law is very much greater, and an action may be brought and damages recovered for any defamatory words without any proof that a single pennyworth of financial loss has been suffered by reason of the publication.

Today the remedy given by the law of libel is proving wider than is required for the legitimate protection of the reputation, and in consequence the law is being increasingly used for the purpose of extorting money by persons who are not concerned with any fancied injury which their reputation may have sustained, but whose sole object is to make money.

Several factors have combined to produce this result. First, in libel the damages are "at large," that is to say, there are no fixed rules for calculating their amount and the jury are entitled

to award such sum as they think fit without regard to the amount of any financial loss which the plaintiff may have suffered, and indeed even if there has been no loss at all. While libel is not the only wrong for which an action may be brought without proof that any financial loss has been sustained, it is by far the most important. The judge can, it is true, assist the jury by indicating to them the matters which they should bear in mind in assessing the damages, such as the extent of the publication of the libel and the conduct of the defendants since the publication was made, who by a prompt apology may have reduced the damages or by their persistence in the allegations may have increased them. It is not possible, however, for the judge to give the jury any guide as to what effect in money each or any of the above factors should have.

In consequence there has grown up in libel actions what may be described as a fashion for very large verdicts, and within recent years awards of £5,000 and upwards have become the rule rather than the exception. Anyone who doubts that the amount awarded by a jury can depend on the fashion of the moment has only to compare the very large sums which were awarded in breach of promise cases before the war (the largest being £50,000 in 1913) with the trifling amounts awarded in such cases to-day.

Members of the public, when called to serve on a jury, naturally carry into the jury box with them the idea that these inflated damages are proper.

It may be asked: Is there no check on the amount of damages which may be given? The answer is that for practical purposes there is none. The defendants have always the right, it is true, to apply to the Court of Appeal to have the verdict of the jury set aside if it can be shown that the jury have taken into account some factors which they ought not to have considered, or that the amount is so large that no twelve reasonable men could have given it. In libel claims, however, this right is of very little value. The matters which a jury may properly consider are so vague in nature and it is so difficult to give them even an approximate cash value that it is almost impossible to succeed in such an application.

It thus follows that for those who are speculatively inclined

a claim for libel offers rewards far beyond even the most favourable venture on the Stock Exchange. Recent legal decisions, moreover, have extended enormously the class of statements which are to be regarded as defamatory and have correspondingly increased the opportunities for speculative and less valid claims.

In 1929 the Court of Appeal held that a statement innocent in itself might nevertheless become defamatory by reason of some facts unknown to the person publishing the statement. In the case in question a newspaper had published a photograph of a man and woman at a racecourse and had attached to the photograph a caption stating that the man (Mr. C.) was engaged to the woman. This information had been obtained at first hand. It transpired that the man was already married to someone else and his wife brought proceedings for libel, alleging that the words and the photograph conveyed the meaning to persons who knew her as Mrs. C., that she had been living with Mr. C. without being married to him. The newspaper was, of course, quite unaware of the existence of Mrs. C., and had no reason at all to think that Mr. C. was married, but the Court of Appeal held that even though the words in the caption were quite innocent by themselves, the jury were entitled to find them defamatory because of the extrinsic fact, which was quite unknown to the newspaper, that Mr. C. was already married.

The claim in the case referred to was, of course, perfectly properly made, but the effect of the decision will be readily appreciated. In short, it means that no amount of care exercised beforehand can prevent the publication of statements which, although they appear innocent on the face of them, may yet, owing to circumstances unknown at the time of the publication, have a serious defamatory meaning. Indeed, it may be said that anyone whose name appears in print is invited to consider whether some accidental slip may not amount to a defamatory statement and justify the putting forward of a claim for libel.

The Courts have not yet perhaps made quite clear what limits (if any) there are on the principles laid down in the case mentioned above, and this uncertainty undoubtedly adds to the difficulties of those concerned in libel actions. It would appear that the above decision is capable of making almost any inaccurate statement defamatory.

Assume that a picture paper publishes a photograph of a woman and child with the caption "Mrs. Y. with her three-year-old daughter." Actually the daughter, let us say, is only two and Mrs. Y. has not been married three years. She may claim that the words mean, to persons knowing when she was married, that the child was born before her marriage, and a claim may be put forward on behalf of the child herself that the words mean that she is illegitimate.

This wide extension of the field of defamatory statements has enormously increased the number of claims for libel, and the difficulties of those against whom the claim is brought have been added to by another legal decision, the short effect of which is that unless the defendants can prove that the libel is true, they are not allowed at the trial to refer to specific facts relating to the plaintiff's character. Thus a person even with a criminal record may recover heavy damages from a jury who are quite unaware of his character.

It is perhaps this last type of case which interferes most seriously with the right of public criticism. A newspaper in endeavouring to warn the public against methods adopted by some person may in all good faith make some mis-statement of fact on some minor matter. The person complaining is entitled to bring proceedings against the newspaper and recover damages. The fact that his character is bad will not be taken into account by the jury in assessing damages.

The results of these two cases are felt equally in the claims which are settled before trial and these, of course, far outnumber the actions which are in fact heard in Court.

If the fashion for large damages has made of many libel claims a speculation in which the potential profit is very large, another factor has given the speculation the additional advantage that the amount which need be invested by the speculator may be very small—indeed, he may get his gamble for nothing. This is due to the existence of what are known as "speculative" solicitors, who are prepared to conduct litigation for a plaintiff on the terms that no costs will be charged to the plaintiff. The solicitor relies on recovering his costs from any sum which can be extorted from the defendants.

In some cases it would appear indeed that it is the solicitor

who first draws the attention of the plaintiff to the existence of the defamatory statement and who invites him to "chance his luck."

Claims of this kind are, of course, not confined to the law of libel and they are very frequently met with by insurance companies in respect of injuries sustained through street accidents; but it seems obvious that it is directly contrary to the public interest that the law should be used as a means of speculation instead of as an instrument for the protection of rights.

It should not be thought that the number of solicitors who are prepared to conduct work on these terms is large, but it would be equally a mistake to ignore the fact that such solicitors do exist and that the assistance they give to litigants contributes materially to the undesirable type of libel claim so prevalent today.

It may be said that if the claim is a just one the defendants have no ground for complaining on being called on to pay, whereas if it is an unjust claim they will be successful if they defend the action and will escape liability. This, however, is not the whole truth. To defend a libel action involves legal costs which may run into several thousands of pounds. It is true that the defendants if successful will be entitled to recover those costs from the plaintiff, but it will be found that in almost all cases of the type mentioned above the plaintiff is an impecunious person quite unable to meet any part of those costs. Whenever such a claim is made, the defendants, if they contest it, are faced with the certainty of spending, without hope of recovery, large sums of money in establishing their rights. If they can avoid this at an early stage of the proceedings by a payment in the nature of "nuisance money," which will provide the plaintiff's solicitor with his costs and give some sum in addition to his client, is it to be wondered at that they take advantage of the opportunity?

It is for this reason also that the recent amendment in the law of libel which entitled a defendant to pay money into Court while still disputing his liability—a privilege previously enjoyed in all actions except libel actions—has not proved very effective in practice. It is true that if the jury award no more than the amount paid in, the plaintiff is in most cases ordered to pay the defendants' costs, but apart from the difficulty in "guessing"

the figure at which the "guess" of the jury will ultimately fix the damages, the relief given to the defendants is in most cases of little practical value because, for the reasons stated earlier, the plaintiff will be unable to pay any part of the costs incurred.

The remedy, I suggest, is to be found in an attempt to place the law of libel more or less on the same basis as the law of slander, and in giving to the judge some wider discretion in the matter of costs. The result of such an amendment would be that, except where the law of slander recognizes a right of action without proof of financial loss, proof of such damage would be required also for libel. In this way the number of purely frivolous claims would be reduced without a single person whose reputation has sustained any real injury being deprived of his remedy. An additional provision which would defeat claims fostered by unscrupulous solicitors would be the rule that in cases which produce the greater number of the speculative claims, namely, where the words relate to the office, profession or trade of the plaintiff or impute unchastity to any woman, no larger sum can be recovered as costs than is awarded as damages unless the judge makes a special order.

This rule would make it no longer profitable for solicitors to promote trivial litigation.

This last provision is not the novelty that it may appear to be, for it has for over 40 years applied to claims for slander imputing unchastity to a woman, and seems to have been effective in preventing frivolous claims.

These views I endeavoured to embody in the draft Bill which I prepared for the consideration of the delegates to the Empire Press Union at their meeting in London in June. The principles of the Bill have been approved, but in these days of crowded legislation some considerable public support will be required if it is not, like most private members' Bills, to fall by the wayside.

The acceptance of these amendments should remove an evil which is contrary to the best interests of the public, and restore the freedom of criticism while enabling the law of libel still adequately to fulfil its function of protecting the reputation of the individual.

MEN AND POLICY IN INDIA

BY SIR HENRY WHEELER

WE have just passed through that period of the year at which the Englishman is accustomed to seek the company of those associated with him by ties of locality or profession, to renew old friendships and recall common memories on the occasion of the annual "Dinner." Figuring prominently in the list of such engagements are the gatherings of those who, in one way or another, have been brought together in India. Provincial and service dinners are regular annual events, and despite the similarity of the proceedings from one year to another they seldom fail to attract a good attendance. Speeches of varying merit are an inevitable feature in the programme, and the range of interests with which they deal is wide, but whatever the aspect of life in India with which they are concerned, and whatever the part of that vast continent with which they are particularly connected, they will be found to exhibit one common feature. They depict the life of the speaker and his fellows not as one of sorrowful exile and regret, but as rich in pleasant memories and interesting incidents. In no sense do those retired from the Eastern scene spend the evening commiserating with those who may shortly be returning, nor do those still active on the Indian stage bewail the hard fate which led them there. Not infrequently do the men who have already played their part regard with envy those who still appear behind the footlights.

This phenomenon is worthy of remark at a time when Indian affairs have lately attracted so much attention and the controversies arising out of impending political changes have led to the expression of apprehensions and forebodings calculated to discourage those who in the past would have contemplated an Indian career. However genuine the fears upon which these

warnings were based, the effect of them has nowhere been more unfortunate than on recruitment for the Indian Civil Service. Formerly the goal of many keen and able men at the Universities, in recent years the attraction seems to have temporarily disappeared; and even where employment under Government is sought, preference has not seldom been given to other Services which in former days would never have been regarded as on an equal footing. Undoubtedly the pendulum has swung too far. The shadows in the picture have been exaggerated, and it is time that steps were taken to depict the facts in juster proportions.

And more especially is this desirable now that the present Secretary of State for India has frankly faced the position, and by the practical separation of English and Indian recruitment has removed one real difficulty of recent years both in the way of securing the total number of recruits required and of ensuring their proper racial distribution. Further, encouraged by the experience of the Colonial Office, Lord Zetland has announced the intention of resorting to nomination to supplement, if need be, the normal entry by examination. It is a most welcome fact that, as stated by Lord Willingdon at the recent Indian Civil Service Dinner, the response has been excellent, and there is every reason to anticipate that the Service will soon be brought up to its full strength and that the proportions of 50 per cent. of English recruits and the like number of Indians, which in theory has been the standard since the report of the Lee Commission, will once more be attained.

To consider first the fears of the pessimists which have undoubtedly influenced parents in regarding a Government career in India as fraught with too much uncertainty to justify its adoption by their sons. These are based largely on the fact that the political structure in the future will be materially different from that in the past, which is undoubtedly true. Very shortly in the provinces, and at the Centre whenever Federation may materialise, Indian Ministers will, under the Governors and Governor-General, and subject to the control of legislative bodies, take over the direction of affairs, whereas till then Members of Council drawn from the Service have had a share, and the control of the Legislative Councils has been more

indirect. It is not the purpose of the present article to argue yet again the merits of these changes. In the course of the examination of the problem extending over years all that can be said on either side has found expression, but it is to be remembered that the change is one of degree rather than an absolutely new departure. Ever since the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms of 1919 Indian Ministers have exercised control over the wide Transferred field of administration, while the influence of the Legislative Councils has been constantly increasing. On the Reserved side, too, half the Members of Council have been non-official Indians. It is a considerable time, therefore, since the old autocratic position of the Service disappeared. When the "old days" are recalled, it should be borne in mind that they will soon be "very old," and since experience has already been gained of a different state of affairs which has not hitherto rendered official life impossible, it should not be too hastily assumed that it will do so in the future. Again, can there be a reversion to the "old days" in any country in the world? For good or evil the World War closed an epoch and life is lived everywhere under vastly different conditions from before. In this respect India is no exception to a general fact.

But in one aspect, and one which may well influence those contemplating the possibility of Indian service, there has been little change, and that is that official life in India offers opportunities of shouldering responsibilities and dealing with affairs affecting intimately the lives of thousands, which will not occur to the ordinary man, and that, too, at a time when the officer is still young. As soon as he has passed his departmental examinations (mainly in languages and law) the new recruit will be given a territorial charge, it may be comprising half a million people, and with the maintenance of order, the magistracy and the lives and interests of a predominantly agricultural populace he will find himself most intimately concerned. It is an excellent tradition of the Service to require responsibility to be assumed when young; at the outset of his career an officer has every opportunity of showing of what he is capable. In former times he would have had a direct interest in local self-government, roads, schools, and medical relief, all of which afforded admirable opportunities for getting to know the people,

but this is now in non-official hands. Official influence, however, can still make itself felt and can afford valuable advice and guidance.

On the other hand, official energies are being increasingly directed towards village improvement, not only the amelioration of the physical conditions of the countryside but the encouragement of fresh activities in rural life. Broadcasting is opening up possibilities of getting into touch with the masses in a way which was previously undreamed of, while agricultural improvement and the extension of the system of co-operative credit are movements of comparatively recent growth, both badly in need of official stimulus. In fact, there is little touching the daily interests of the nation with which the official cannot usefully make himself acquainted, and in which his help will not be of the utmost value. Indeed it is part of his duties to get in touch with his charge and to be alive to what is going on. The leisurely tours on horseback which were characteristic of earlier days, with tents pitched in the village grove, afforded admirable opportunities of doing so: latterly the motor car has tended to substitute more casual dashes from headquarters and back, which is to be regretted. But it should still be possible, while making use of the wider range of the car, to retain something of the old system. The Indian will only speak freely to someone he knows, and mutual confidence takes time to develop.

Passing from the sub-division to the district and from the district to the division and the province, these features are common to life on the executive side, the importance and area of the charge increasing as time goes on, but to those who prefer a more sedentary life the judicial line has attractions: indeed under the new conditions it will in some ways offer better pecuniary prospects, while there are various specialised departments, for instance, Finance, the Post Office, and the Customs which afford opportunities to men of that particular bent. The machinery at headquarters is the Secretariat, with its grades of Under Secretary, Deputy Secretary and Secretary. A thorough grounding in the details of administration is an essential qualification for the Secretariat, and preferably terms of district and Secretarial work should alternate, the living touch with actual affairs being thus preserved. At headquarters

the administration is viewed over a wider range and various amenities are enjoyed—a larger society and an annual sojourn in the hills. The Central Secretariat of the Government of India is recruited from the Provincial cadres and is the natural goal of the ambitious man; the all-India outlook is necessarily wider than that of any one province. But there are those to whom the heavy and continuous office work of the Secretariat does not appeal and who give preference to the greater freedom of the ordinary executive side.

It is evident, therefore, that the career offered by the Indian Civil Service is one of considerable variety. On the importance of the English element in the Service, stress has often been laid, and it will in no way be lessened under the new political conditions. One of the regrettable results of the reforms has been the intensification of communal feeling. The old antagonisms, which were more or less dormant under the old regime, have tended to flare forth now that power is to be attained by one community or the other. The greater the need, therefore, of the independent standpoint of the English officer, and the value of it has already frequently been demonstrated. This need imply no aspersion on his Indian colleagues. However impartial he may be, the fact that he belongs to one or other of the rival communities is always liable to be alleged against him as a disqualification. Again, without raising the controversial issue of the relative efficiency of English and Indian officers—which has been the bane of more than one Royal Commission—there is little question that either category can contribute special gifts of its own. The Indian must always possess the more intimate knowledge of the country: the Englishman probably, on the average, preserves his activity better and is more willing to take responsibility at an earlier age. The structure of the administrative machine is doubtless Oriental, but the English element has introduced many features of value in it. If these are to be retained, English officers in the Service are indispensable. Again, the future development of India is conceived on democratic lines and Parliamentary institutions are familiar to the Englishman. In so far as their successful working depends mainly upon the spirit in which they are approached, some inspiration from English sources is essential.

Another feature in the Indian situation which may rightly prove to be attractive is that of novelty. Admittedly the country stands on the threshold of a big experiment. There are those who view the future with the utmost confidence, others who do so with dismay. The voices of both have been uplifted in recent times with equal emphasis. But the truth probably is that it is unwise to prophesy too boldly. Even under the old regime, India was a land of the unexpected. Peace might seem assured and some sudden outburst arise: the skies might look overcast and then miraculously cleared. A Viceroy much experienced in the affairs of Western countries, once remarked to me that whereas in other countries he had always thought that he could foretell with fair certainty the probable course of events, in India we never seemed to know a fortnight ahead what was likely to happen. If this was the case when the lines of administration were fairly stereotyped, it can scarcely be expected that the future will be more certain. What is this huge new electorate going to do? Will it be drilled into servile submission to a few astute organizers, or will it develop on lines of its own? Will the majority be apathetic, at the mercy of an active minority, or will a widespread interest be evinced? What will be the influence of the feminine vote, which even if still in small proportion to the population, has reached a number much in excess of anything previously contemplated?

Pending experience, none of these questions can be confidently answered, and this possibly accounts for the lull which at the moment is noticeable in Indian affairs. Certain it is that the mere recording of all these votes is going to be a task of no small difficulty, and various curious developments unknown to a Western franchise will probably manifest themselves. But whatever the results of the elections the whole spirit of the administration will be changed by them. The popular voice will come more and more to be the deciding factor.

Given this change, new interests will come to the fore and others will make themselves more loudly heard, while Western panaceas will be advocated which are entirely new to the Eastern World. Few would have foretold that already Socialism in India would be publicly advocated by a leading Indian politician, while Communism is lurking in the background. Unfortunately

the economic problems in India are as controversial as the communal ones. Between the money-lender and the *raiya* little love is lost : the relations between *raiya* and landholder are frequently strained. But all these matters of future doubt, uncertainty, and even risk merely emphasise the need of a strong administrative machine, fully manned and efficient, both on the English and the Indian side. The new recruit will find himself faced with unexpected situations, in coping with which he can display enterprise and ingenuity.

But to the variety and novelty of work may be added diversity of scene. No two provinces are alike, and each presents problems of its own. The characteristics of the races inhabiting these administrative units differ as widely as the areas in which they dwell, and there is a multitude of tongues. Even within the same province there is little uniformity, and most districts present special features of their own. There is thus a wide scope for the display of special aptitudes or for the exercise of particular tastes.

It can therefore be fairly claimed on behalf of the Indian Civil Service that it still affords a man's career in which there is every chance of rendering notable public service. From the pecuniary standpoint, in no country is a government official likely to be a rich man ; if money is the main aim, then it is true that other directions of making it should be sought. But a reasonable competence is offered, and in many ways the conditions of service are noticeably better than they were. The timorous may ask : "What is the absolute guarantee that things will remain unaltered ?" Frankly there is none, either here or anywhere else. The world has changed, is changing, and will change, and India cannot remain static. But the question of security for Service interests was fairly faced in Parliament and safeguards were inserted in the Act with the definite statement that they were intended to be real, although the hope was quite reasonably expressed that the good sense of Indian politicians would render the application of them unnecessary. The risk, therefore, is no greater than a spirit of enterprise might well accept, and it is to the enterprise of British youth that an appeal has never failed in the past, nor will it in the future.

IS ENGLISH A DEAD LANGUAGE ?

By V. S. PRITCHETT

I DO not know. But an article by Mr. H. E. Bates in a recent number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* and comments by smart reviewers on the superiority of the language of the American negro, gangster, and truck driver, argue that the prose of the contemporary English novel is dead. And so a lot of it is ; many modern novels in the long manner are long not because of their material but because the writers use three words where one alone is necessary. The necessary one thus dies of suffocation. If we are to judge by the pallor of the prose of the English middle-brow novel, the corpse is already laid out ; and the clever American pressmen, Hemingway, O'Hara and Company, have arrived with plenty of bottles to hold a lurid wake around it. Ought we to join them ? No, but let us observe with pleasure the indecent feast and then examine the present peculiarities of English prose and speech more thoroughly : the superiority of the American "Sez you" to the English "Tell that to the marines" is a negligible factor in the controversy.

Mr. Bates is a more formidable and more precise opponent because he attacks us on our own ground. He confines his attack to the dialogue of the English novel, and says it is dead because it is unreal. The novelist does not use his ears. If he used them he would hear the rich if uncouth speech of ordinary people and would have to write it. Readers will remember how he gave the example of the talk of some nonconformist country people in the Weald of Kent ; readers will also remember their disappointment that he did not print this conversation. Mr. H. E. Bates accurately foresaw that his Kentish nonconformists would be the first to cry out for police censorship if they were to see their ordinary speech in print. There is something in Mr. Bates' view ; yet he must admit that the number of people who speak this vivid, uncouth, unprintable English

diminishes with every turn of the short-wave knob. Novelists in their flat, colourless, even stilted, dialogue are usually reporting very faithfully the grey acres of artizan and middle-class speech. Proletarian or rural ways of speech are rapidly disappearing, and the least life-like dialogue of all is produced by the so-called proletarian writers—cf. Mr. James Hanley and Mr. Sean O'Casey in his London plays. If it is still true that English speech is livelier in life than in fiction, there is an added reason: the great middle-class public, straining every nerve to forget its humble social origins of a generation or two back, has discovered the genteel uses of euphemism. "It won't be there if I don't look at it." One has only to listen to members of Parliament and to many of the B.B.C. programmes—it isn't enough to ban books, the B.B.C. has a list of banned words—or to read the popular press (I except their lively sporting columns). Euphemism as a habit of speech and thought is smarmed over English speech and life like cheap brilliantine on an office boy's hair. It is typically middle class. We "explore avenues", a lady is "in a certain condition", King Carol has a "friend", we "commit improprieties"; suffer from "internal pains" and "incomplete elimination", go to "rest rooms"—this is from America—and finally in unutterable gentility "pass away". This attitude of mind is pervasive. It is part of the three-word-to-one habit and is turning the prose of English novel into a vast Golders Green.

When to the loss of local dialects, the "refining" of the vernacular, the standardization introduced by broadcasting, is added the argument that the spread of literacy and the yearly increase in the output of printed matter wears out the language and impoverishes it, it looks as if we had better bury the corpse quickly. Mr. Bates loses because the kind of English dialogue he wants is vanishing and Messrs. Hemingway, O'Hara & Co., with all the transatlantic newspaper boys, seem to win. And yet . . .

For me arguments about the decline of English are pointless and without meaning. We can still talk of good and bad prose. As an Englishman I am a maker of modern English; as a novelist I have to use what English I and my contemporaries have made. I do not regret the passing of such a phrase as "That didn't

'alf jog my ol' flipper up" because it never was part of *my* language. What is my language? Middle-class English? No, English. And what about middle-class English?

Here we come to it. English prose and English speech are in a period of crisis which has made Joyce write the not very comprehensible *Work in Progress*, which has made the smart reviewers turn American reporting into a fashion. And like many past crises of style this one is at bottom a class crisis. Middle-class life is breaking up and changing, and middle-class English prose is changing with it. Prose style, like living in a certain class, is a habit. At first the habit is formed by certain facts or necessities; after a time it lives on its history and becomes a bad prose style referring not to living things and living ideas, but only to its habitual cadences, just as a class becomes inbred and obstructive. To understand what is happening to English prose and speech one must turn to other periods where a comparable class crisis arose. One cannot foresee the future of English prose, but one may in the past find hints of its possible direction.

At one time people ready with the revolutionary tip—and who knew that revolutionary periods are marked by a return to the natural and simple—suggested that soon all Englishmen would write the plain, honest simple English of William Cobbett. This may be so. But there seems to me to be an earlier and more startling model. I mean Daniel Defoe. A literature does not take one man as a model, but it may well look to the life and manner of one man when writers find themselves in a position similar to his. And the similarity of our situation with the one in which Defoe found himself is striking. First of all, the dynastic question was settled in his time and newspapers turned from politics to wider interests. (Compare Applebee's with the *Daily Herald*.) The age of chivalry had given way to republican ideas. (Romantic individualism gives place to socialism, trusts and planning.) The middle class were released and formed a great new reading public whose tastes were not aristocratic and elaborate, but who wished to read plain and simple narrative and not the elegant or fantastic romances of the earlier generation. In other words, the realism of Defoe, Fielding and Richardson, the first modern novelists in English, was the

product of a class revolution. And there is one other important item which makes the foundation of the B.B.C. jump with unusual pleasure into the mind: in Defoe's youth Charles II founded the Royal Society for the supervision of the new and growing quantity of scientific writings, and members of this society were requested to write their papers in language of utmost simplicity. Anyone who, in a B.B.C. studio, has been startled by the advice to regard the microphone not as a microphone but as a little child's ear, will appreciate that the Royal Society's request has a parallel.

Defoe was exactly the man to exploit this new condition of literature. He belonged to the newly emancipated class, was indeed a nonconformist—he had the nonconformist's instinctive skill in reconciling his conscience and his pocket—and was a man of bold temperament and original gifts. His books owe little or nothing to the past tradition of English letters; we can surmise only that, like all his successors, he owed something to the picaresque novelists of Spain whose work had been translated. He may have read them in Spanish on his business journeys to that country. He set out to write what he called his "homely and plain" prose to please the multitude, and no one had written in this manner before. His work was revolutionary; so revolutionary—and here is the warning to those who see too much hope in the homely and plain Hemingways—that it was either not imitated or was found to be inimitable. The homeliness of Defoe was the result of a most carefully adjusted marriage of art and nature. It has been interesting to see the revival in Defoe which has taken place in the past twenty years or so—the rather studied homeliness and simplicity of Mr. David Garnett's work is one off-shoot of it—but Defoe's style is only one part of our parallel. His personality, his matter and his attitude to it are of equal interest.

Defoe is the man-in-the-street. He is the first man-in-the-street in English literature. He is the ordinary citizen, the man who has been turned out rough, unfinished, but sharp-eyed by the new era to get his living and make a place for himself. And he starts, like all revolutionaries, in the street. The polite writers of romances of the period he was supplanting, like the psychological novelists of today, were people of the drawing-room,

the boudoir and the lonely tower. They might refine upon their sensations, they might speak nobly of the soul, they might trace the nerve-strings of their amours like a lady drawing the thread of an embroidery. Good modern psychological novelists are better than Mrs. Aphra Behn, but their successors stand to them, for all the excellence of their sensibility, as Defoe stood to that passionate lady. The American pressmen have shown us as Defoe, the pressman, showed us, that the immediate, if not the later, future of the English novel is in the streets.

Then, his material. Defoe's characters are engaged in a life of endless adventure, but it is not adventure for adventure's sake, nor for the soul's sake, nor the sensibility's. Their adventure comes to them in the course of their work. Defoe is writing all the time about work and workers, and he is preoccupied with the one thing that preoccupies all such people; with money, profit, financial security. Robinson Crusoe does nothing but work on his island. He scarcely ever thinks. He feels only in the most limited way. We are interested in Crusoe because we want to know how he worked; we are not interested in adventure, but in the domestic, economic, practical circumstance of adventure, of how a man actually ran his Utopian island state. It is the most revolutionary theme. The Russian Government should have canonized this saint of the Five Year Plan.

But a passage from *The Journal of the Plague Year* will make clearer the relevance of all this to the present condition of English prose in the novel. I quote at random:

His discourse had shocked my resolution a little, and I stood wavering for a good while, but just at that interval I saw two links come over from the end of the Minories, and heard the bellman, and then appeared a dead cart, as they called it, coming over the streets; so I could not longer resist my desire of seeing it, and went in. There was nobody in the churchyard, or going into it, but the buriers and the fellow that drove the cart, or rather led the horse and cart; but when they came up to the pit they saw a man go to and again, muffled up in a brown cloak, and making motions with his hands under his cloak, as if he was in a great agony, and the buriers immediately gathered round him, supposing he was one of those poor delirious or desperate creatures that used to pretend, as I have said, to bury themselves. He said nothing as he walked about, but two or three times groaned very deeply and loud, and sighed as he would break his heart.

Free, indeed, from any trace of euphemism, scientific in its

precision of observation, rhythmical, simple and clear, this passage is a superb example of that excellent thing—the few standardized and colourless English of his time. There is not a picturesque word in it and, although Defoe was a tiny child at the time of the Plague of London and was therefore very consciously using all his art to pose, in the person of a London tradesman, as an eye-witness, no one could accuse that passage of a single literary affectation. He sought to tell the story—and here succeeded—as a tradesman would tell it, going to the length of introducing corrections and repetitions—"that drove the cart, or rather led the horse and the cart"—and one can be certain after reading this passage that the standardized dull, flat English of the half-educated, wireless trained, one-class society which is replacing our old middle class, has a power of survival and a literary future which the speech of Mr. Bates's country people has not. Defoe has shown us that standardized English has vitality when we come close enough to it; and coming close to it means letting the living voice, ordinary as it may be, sound in the words, like the voice of a singer in a chant.

And here we come to the final point of our parallel. Defoe wrote, with inimitable art, the narrative speech of the ordinary man. A new class, a new voice, even a new accent. And he wrote as if he were delivering evidence to the Royal Society. We are in a very similar situation. There will be a great increase in the broadcasting of plays, stories, and general narrative on the wireless. One can foresee the wireless serialization of novels from night to night. The spoken word may even eclipse the written word; but the spoken word on the wireless must first be written, and it must be written with that indispensable inflection of the voice in ordinary speech. Very little has been done about this so far, and for two reasons: the first, whose importance cannot be exaggerated, is that the B.B.C. does not yet give story writers liberty to write about what they like, how they like, and cannot therefore easily find good matter which will not shock the genteel susceptibilities of listeners—a great deal of Defoe and most of the Bible would, apparently, shock the present-day listener—and the B.B.C. naturally has to deprive the many who are intelligent, in order to keep quiet the many more who are not. The second reason—and an admirable

excuse it makes for not doing anything about the first—is that few if any writers exist who can write in the simple, direct, speakable narrative of Defoe. Born in the middle-class literary tradition, whose style now refers to other words and not to things and ideas, they are incapable of coming close to the life and manners of ordinary men—that is to say, themselves. The late King, an engine driver, some unemployed man achieved it, but hardly any writer, however meritorious otherwise, can do so yet. It will happen, of course, sooner or later. Some inspired pressman, some born man-in-the-street will do it. For the great instrument of our present class revolution and its English prose style revolution, is the wireless.

This does not mean that I am one of those who think that literature depends for its merits, its interest or vitality on its suitability to revolutionary ends or to broadcasting. We may take our warning from Defoe; he founded no school, he has no tradition. Lamb called his writing "kitchen literature", which was excessive, but it is true that educated people are bored by work of very limited sensibility. Defoe is often a very monotonous writer because of this limitation. One tires of few men so quickly as men-in-the-street, and the English novel quickly left Defoe for more literary writers like Fielding, Richardson and Sterne. But one can see at a glance how far they had gone from Mrs. Aphra Behn. Their sensibility was not to words but to the sensations of life. It will be the same, I think, if there springs up a school of pressmen or wireless novelists: the wireless has the effect of detecting literary falsity at once, it shows up immediately the word which does not refer to real things, sensations and ideas, but merely to other words. Its criticism of our present best-selling, culture-while-you-wait imitator of George Moore would be devastating. We may submit our work to the criticism in this respect with profit; thereby we shall recover economy in the number of words used, objectivity, visual vividness, and a simple ease of narrative and statement. We shall have been bathed in reality, spiritual and physical; but when we go on writing, it will not be for a child's ear but for an adult's mind.

LIFE IN A WINDMILL

BY HAMISH MACLAREN

MY windmill stands on a high summit of turf amongst woodland in a secluded part of the Chiltern Hills. How old it is I have no real idea. People think nothing of coming inside the gate especially to ask me, as if I was likely to be flattered by this tedious question. I have given answers ranging from a vague: "Oh, seventeenth century, I believe," to a definite: "It was built in 1883."

I have never been bitten by the antiquity bug. I came here because I wanted somewhere convenient to live, and couldn't find a cottage cheap enough.

It was autumn when I settled in, seven summers ago. The garden of the Raven Inn was full of big purple daisies crowding up to the white palings and the darkling woodland dells were full of the robin's song. It was a good time for this part of the world. The steep fields were golden with harvest and the brooks were running fresh again with watercresses.

The mill had been cleaned up, made shipshape, new windows put in, and there were beds, bookshelves, more or less all the usual furnishings of an ordinary simple human dwelling. The bottom room had been fitted out as combined kitchen living-room, with a two-burner oil-stove and a big iron stove. The second room contained, besides the mill-stones, my desk and typewriter (where I now sit tapping, for the moment steadfastly resisting the lure of massed white mayblossom's scent that keeps drifting in) and the top had some camp beds and was otherwise to be used as a sort of sun-parlour.

It gets the sun all the clock round, as well as any wind that may be going. Up there on a breezy day you have the feel of being in an aeroplane or sailing-ship's cabin, something between the two. It was the sort of room that would make an early-riser out of the most confirmed slug-a-bed, I found.

I was sitting in the garden of the Raven one of those first days, feeling pleased with my morning's work, drinking my bitter cheerily.

Presently I went into the tap for a refill. A swarthy gypsy man, with very dark glowing eyes and a coloured scarf about his neck, was sitting there drinking, with a younger man. We exchanged a few words, then they went out to the garden.

I was just following with my drink when Bert, the landlord, said to me:

"Know who that is?"

I replied:

"No. How should I?"

He referred to the dark one who carried a big canvas pack. I had taken him vaguely, in the dim little room, for a pedlar, one of that rare, dwindling independent type, last of the genuine old English wayfarers, who are very occasionally to be met with still about the roads.

"That's Mr. Coppard," Bert said.

It was A. E. Coppard. By a coincidence, I had just had some correspondence with him, through the weekly newspaper that I was then working for.

I went out and did some introductory business, and he told me he was on his way over from a certain Oxfordshire hamlet to the Golden Cockerel Press establishment at Waltham St. Lawrence in Berkshire. This was the press that had published his first volumes of stories, a private press, the only publisher in England that could be found to print a book containing some of the finest short stories ever written in the English language.

Coppard had a hut in the woods not a hundred miles from the mill, so that it looked as if we should be seeing some more of each other. As a matter of fact, he came over one evening about a week later.

It was then that I showed him the unfinished typescript of my book, *Private Opinions of a British Bluejacket*. I had doubted if it was worth the effort of finishing and trying to get published, not because I didn't consider it good by any means (no more false modesty for me, I've suffered too much from the effects of that already!) but because of the "difficult" unconventional language. But Coppard sat there slapping his leg and shouting

with laughter. "Caw, o'man, it's rich! Get it done and published as soon as you can!" Alas for my hopes. I was certainly pleased with the book's reception. But I have been in this writing racket long enough now to know the value of reputation.

It is very useful for about one month. After that there is only one question that matters. How much are you making? I soon found that I was a disastrous failure at the authorship business.

But I had one comfort in my windmill. My rent was only £4 a year.

In those first days, before I had my fence up, people used to consider the mill and its environment public property. They still do, the more thick-skulled of them. In a silly, fumbling, blindly self-satisfied way they walk right in at the gate and round to the garden-plot, and even when they see my beanstalks and rows of bushy sticks for the peas they don't seem to get an inkling of the truth into their heads. Last Sunday a bovine motoring party turned up and behaved like that. When they saw me they turned and stared, began to simper and then look a little awkward.

"Not trespassing, I hope?" one of the women blandly asked. "It's such a lovely view, isn't it?"

I was bored black with hearing that. I rapped:

"This is private ground."

They stared fatuously. "Oh, is it? We thought, a windmill —"

"Surely to God anyone with half an eye could see it is," I fairly barked, with an imperative gesture of dismissal.

They shuffled out, looking so shame-faced that I almost felt sorry for them. But not really. Such people are a menace.

Perhaps I should have a notice prominently at the gate:

"PRIVATE. BEWARE OF THE DOG."

Not that there is a dog, only a cat. There was also a goat, but this infernal animal was kept by my neighbour at the cottage. It was supposed to be tied up, but it kept getting off, and all my early efforts at gardening were rendered null and void by it.

I tried to train honeysuckle to grow up the sail-supports, but of course that was cropped down at once. The animal would eat

anything, even small firewood, for which purpose, as I wrote in *The Spectator* at the time, it actually forced an entrance into the mill, butting open the bottom half-door (the door being made to open in halves, like a stable's) when I was sitting inside.

"Has it ever been previously recorded," I also plaintively enquired, "that goats can climb trees? I testify to having seen this one halfway up a hawthorn, cropping down the young shoots."

Another occasional pest was the quite genuinely decent sort of person who would stroll up, as I was busy on some outside job, with scythe or turfing iron, and innocently ask some would-be intelligent question, such as:

"I say, do the sails go round?"

Mighty intelligent, I must say! The sails, as they call them, are mere stark wooden beams, without a shred of canvas left on them, nothing but a few crossed laths of lattice-work on the top left-hand one.

Then there was the lady who got out of her car on the road, and sweeping across the grass like a full-rigged ship running free, brought up all standing within a few feet of me and began to gush at once:

"How charming it is! How truthfully romantic! And tell me, do you make all your own bread?"

When I was more or less settled in (the bigger pieces of furniture, incidentally, had to be got into the upper rooms by being hauled up with ropes through the windows) some friends came down to stay for the week-end. Nights had turned frosty and we built up great roaring fires of beech-logs in the iron stove. Hatches to the upper rooms were left open and thus, the heat rising, the building was quickly warmed throughout, and everyone said how wonderful and snug it was. The visitors went away envying me.

And on the following Monday or Tuesday, when I was alone again, came the first big autumn gale.

It came on in a hurry at evening. I was some way from the mill, looking for hazel-nuts, when it first began to blow up. I had heard the trees swaying and sighing in that sinister way they do before a storm. I made my way quickly on to the road and even as I hurried along it, remembering windows left open,

the coloured leaves were being stripped off the beechwoods. They were soon going away in streams and the roving, somnambulistic rooks, caught unawares in the sudden blast, were swept over me and blown a mile away before they checked and went plunging down for safe moorings.

When I came to the mill the worst was happening. I was just in time to see one of the new windows blown out with a bang, frame and all went sailing out over the hedge. I rushed up the ladders and somehow managed to get the other one shut.

Soon the place was in an uproar. The gale was pouring round it in a howling tide. The whole structure rocked and shivered, and the great sweep-beams began to groan and swing with appalling menace. I knew they couldn't go round, but I felt that the weight of them, swinging like that, would soon be wrenching the mill's top off. I looked out of the window to see, in the gathering dark, my little wooden out-house being bowled over and sent bouncing off down the hill.

I rushed about securing what I could. The top of a haystack that was up here on the hill for horse-fodder was whipped off in one slice, and the rest of it quickly went away in straws. The larches in the plantation were bending like saplings, and the noise was such that I could not have heard myself shout.

It was something like a hundred-mile-an-hour gale, as I heard afterwards, one of the fiercest ever recorded. Several ships were wrecked round the coast.

I lit a lamp in the middle room, and remained there for some time, like a captain who refuses to abandon ship. But the shaking and booming, and complete desolation of the place submerged in the ghostly-grey cloud-wrack roaring round it soon began to get on my nerves. I had little doubt but that it would shake to pieces before long, beams would come crashing on my head. And why wait for that? I asked myself.

I decided to sheer off until the gale had abated, and did so coming out of the door in a rush of wind and out clear from under the sweeps, swinging wildly in the black invisibility above. I allowed myself to be blown away down to the Raven.

It seemed mighty snug down there in its hollow under the roaring leafy limes. I stepped into the warmly lamplit tap where the landlord's daughter sat by the fire, sewing.

"My God," I said, speaking my glum thoughts aloud, "What wouldn't I give for an ordinary decent little house now, instead of that hollow horror up on the hill!"

The landlord's daughter was sympathetic.

"Yes, it's a terrible wild night," she agreed. "It must be awful up there at your place. Why, you're soaked through," she added.

Rain-squalls had come on when I was halfway down the hill.

"We'll soon dry here." I had a tot of rum and sat there steaming, sniffing the succulent smell of some roast coming in through from the kitchen.

"The mill won't blow down, I hope? You'd better not go back tonight," said the landlord's daughter. She said they were just going to have some supper and invited me to join them. I accepted with alacrity.

"No, it was sheer madness ever to have gone to live there at all," I said. "The place is just untenable on a night like this. Shouldn't be surprised if it's in complete ruins by the morning, the way things are going on."

It was certainly the wildest night that I can remember, on land. Nevertheless, I borrowed a waterproof and went back. I had to battle up every inch of the way. Water was now pouring along the roadside ditches and showers of wet leaves slapped in my face as the wind tore them off trees and hedges. When I came to the windmill in the darkness I was really quite surprised to make out that it was still there, a cone of deeper blackness anchored in the black flood of the gale. I went in under the groaning beams with a rush, slammed the door shut and climbing up to the top room, lit a lamp there.

By comparison with the torrent outside I seemed to have come suddenly into a still pool. All at once I noticed a little owl sitting hunched on the edge of the table, looking perfectly satisfied. There was an opening down from the chamber above, the space right under the roof where the great wheel and machinery connecting sweeps with turning shaft is situated, and it must have come in that way. I did not disturb it.

Thus we sat up there quietly, enclosed as in a resounding lamplit shell somehow moored up in the dark tide of wind.

And I soon began to feel that those old builders had known what they were about when they constructed this place. It was made fast, not going to fly loose at all. I turned in and presently slept the sleep of the just, and when I woke up the grey light of dawn was at the windows. The owl had gone, but the wind was still pouring close roundabout as if it would go on for ever.

But from April to October, given ordinarily equable weather, this is a charmed spot. And all the more so for being comparatively so near London. There is a certain point on the road from where, arriving on the motor cycle, I see the mill about two miles off, up there on the open sheep-cropped turf over the woods, against the sky-blue, and it is like an illustration for some old nursery-rhyme, ridiculously unreal. But I have not been about the place long before it seems that this is the true reality, and the racket and rush of the city only a confused dream. The contrast is sudden and direct.

In the fine summer weather it is like living always in the open, there is so much light. It is literally on top of the visible world, overlooking everything else, a hollow white wooden cone-capped cylinder set securely in its circular patch of shaven green, outside which the weeds and wild flowers grow tall, and all is perfectly silent at the moment but for the little monotonous song of a whitethroat.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

A Monthly Commentary

NOTHING seems to me more interesting than the position of Mr. Baldwin. In the House of Commons with him before the War, I knew his appearance and also the sound of his voice, but no more. When he became Prime Minister, I said this to a friend who had also been in the House during those years. He said: "I did not know either, and I belonged to his party." In other words, Mr. Baldwin was very slow in asserting himself, but when he did, the assertion was powerful. When outcry against him was loudest, those who knew recognized that if he chooses to stay where he is, no one can dislodge him: though beyond all doubt confidence in him had been shaken. The result at Derby, when Labour gained 3,000 votes, and the National Government lost 10,000, represents possibly the phase at its worst. But rumour went that he was "losing grip"—that is, really losing the will to power, which he has had perhaps as strongly as Sir Robert Walpole, whom he likes to quote as his exemplar. His speech in the City disposed of that view; and his own account of his brief withdrawal from actual presence in the House of Commons recalls to me very vividly a personal encounter. It was at a small private dinner to men interested in politics but drawn from all parties. Mr. MacDonald, then Labour Prime Minister, was there and far more than common friendliness was shown him by the Leader of the Opposition. It was obviously the desire of this typically English politician that the first Labour Premier should have every chance to make good. But one piece of advice remains clear in my mind. "Don't let them worry you and put on you. Go down to Chequers, get a novel and an armchair, stick your feet on the mantelpiece and tell them all to go to the devil." It

seems to me that Mr. Baldwin has been practising what he preached and has insisted on taking time to ruminate. It is a particularly English characteristic Walpolian trait to dislike swift decisions—such as came natural to the great Welshman. Mr. Churchill's strong dash of American blood probably makes for the same result; and, just for that quality of swift decisiveness, many would like to see either or both these figures closely associated with the Government. But Mr. Baldwin evidently prefers colleagues whose minds do not move faster than his own. Walpole would not use Carteret, the most brilliant political genius of that day. We may have to accept Mr. Baldwin with his limitations, and for my part I find myself agreeing with the opinion of an English member who has voted habitually against him during a quarter of a century, that Mr. Baldwin was the best Prime Minister he had known. He has generosity (far more than Walpole had), integrity, and sagacity; and he has the strength to refuse to be hurried. But this strength is only of value if one can feel that decisive action will come; and nobody feels sure of that.

Certainly the difficulty is appalling. Everyone in England wants to see Germany back in the League. On the other hand, many people in England think that Italy's continued membership of the League makes the whole institution meaningless, after her conquest and annexation of another League state. Yet suppose that England refuses to co-operate with a guilty member, but wishes to introduce Germany, the French will urge that Germany's occupation of the Rhineland was just as flagrant a breach of faith. Mr. Baldwin says that no improvement is possible in Europe unless an understanding can be brought about between France and Germany. But can that be achieved? Can one ask that it should be achieved, if Germany's intentions are represented by Herr Hitler's book which is distributed to every new married couple in Germany? A bowdlerised version has been carefully prepared for the English market—leaving out passages that plainly point to recovering Alsace Lorraine. Beyond a doubt, Germany will intend what *Mein Kampf* expresses, unless the certainty of resistance by superior force causes these projects

to be dropped. Mr. Baldwin emphasizes the need for strengthening England in a military sense. But is he going to be able to do it? Government can buy machines, but can it buy the men to work them? Increasing military man power is for England a question of cash, unless such a state of feeling exists as was roused last autumn by the attack on Abyssinia. Since then, the spectacle of defeat accepted by the League, with Great Britain giving the signal for acceptance, has produced a sullenness in the response to appeal for men; and one aspect of that sullenness is a lack of will to co-operate with France. When Mr. Duff Cooper made a speech in Paris saying that France and England had a common frontier to be defended, he was violently attacked. Yet it is perfectly true that in Europe, France and England have to defend a common frontier—the frontier of freedom. And unless they stand together to defend it, wherever it is assailed in Europe, freedom in Europe will be lost.

Mr. Lloyd George, in a powerful attack on the Government for its desertion of the Abyssinian cause, made a disastrous limitation: England, he said, would never fight to defend Austria. If he meant that England would never fight to prevent Austria from joining Germany should a majority of the Austrian people clearly so desire, he spoke what required to be said. But if he meant that England would do nothing to oppose such another foul blow as was struck against the Chancellor Dolfuss, he gives England a poor standing in Europe. When Italy is condemned for what Italy has done in Abyssinia, it should not be forgotten what Europe owes to Italy's intervention at that earlier crisis. Austria now has decided to declare that she "recognizes herself as German"—which indeed corresponds to the truth of facts. But she is recognized by Herr Hitler as independent. Her people are to be allowed to mould their independence as they desire. If they adopt the Nazi pattern, that will be their own choice—though what Austria as a whole desires nobody out of Austria, nobody in Austria, seems to know. But if Austria, with Germany as her friend, chooses to bring back the Habsburgs, her neighbours on the East will have to acquiesce. Certainly neither England nor France will

make war to prevent it. Thanks to Italy's prompt action in the past, a reasonable solution has been decently arrived at—and not thanks to Geneva.

On the other hand, by Italy's violation of all pledges, Abyssinia, men say, is wiped out and disappears. I wonder. A people that has maintained its separate existence and its Christian religion since long before English was a language does not easily vanish. Ireland was conquered seven centuries and a half ago, when its stage of development was very like that of Abyssinia in our days: but the conquest was not completed for five hundred years, and after two hundred years more, Ireland put herself on the map again, at least partially, as a Free State. Italy is likely to have her hands full in Abyssinia, even though probably, as in Ireland, the resistance may be sporadic. On the other hand, attempts to meet rebellion by extermination are not likely to be so whole-hearted as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries applauded in Ireland. Unless modern Italy can do what ancient Italy did and make Romans of people wholly alien in blood, I should give Abyssinia not more than fifty years to be Abyssinia again; and it is not impossible that Haile Selassie may live to see his country welcomed back into a League of Nations which can guarantee the safety of its members. If not, much else that civilization thinks worth preserving will have disappeared, as well as the Abyssinian State.

Civilization must fight for its own existence, and that existence is collective. It may have to define the boundaries of what it is prepared to defend, and may allot provinces for the task of mutual defence; but there must be willingness to defend an interest which is recognized as common—the common lawful peace. *Vital Peace* is the title of a notable book in which Mr. Wickham Steed expresses the conclusions forced upon him by lifelong study of European affairs—or rather of those states that were included in the Kellogg Pact. Peace, as he makes plain, cannot be a fugitive and cloistered virtue; if none are ready to face the dust and sweat but those who have the will to war, then war assuredly must dominate and possibly destroy the world. For unless

**Civilization
Must Fight**

human nature alters out of knowledge, even the unready will resist aggression, and the struggle against prepared violence, whether successful or not, will be desperate, recoiling from none of the means that modern knowledge has placed in man's control. The pith of Mr. Steed's book lies in two main conclusions. First, he draws a sharp distinction between peace and "non-war." "Non-war" is such a state as exists in Europe today, when no guns are actually going off, no bombs raining from the air. But if aggression took place tomorrow in Europe, as it took place yesterday in Abyssinia, nobody is certain what would happen. "Vital peace" is organized; it is the state of a body corporate where reactions are certain. We are so used to it in civil life that we forget how few generations separate us from the time when the killing of a man was a thing to be dealt with by his kin, his clan, or his feudal lord. Today the measure of England's civilization is the completeness of society's resistance to lawless violence. An illustration is painfully present to me. It was recently recalled in another connection that when Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson was shot on the doorstep of his house in London, passers-by raised the hue and cry and the men who shot him were run down. Nobody stopped to count the risk, much less to inquire into the motives of the crime. In Dublin at the same period many such deeds went unpunished, partly from fear of an organization behind the criminal, but largely because political murder was distinguished from ordinary crime. There was no "vital peace." Indeed up to the present hour many in Ireland would be unwilling to bring a political assassin into the grip of the law, because political crime is imperfectly condemned.

There is no state in Europe or in the world which reacts to aggressive war as English society reacts to any case of murder.

**The
"Neutrals"**

Italy's action was condemned by fifty-two nations, and the vast majority marked their disapproval by imposing "sanctions." Some, however, declared, or were allowed to declare, that they would remain neutral. They might condemn on principle, but in practice it was, they held, no business of theirs to interfere. That is the attitude of many individuals in Ireland to a case of

political crime. While that attitude is recognized as possible as between state and state, there can be no "vital peace"—no organized protection of the individuals by the whole society. And, as is pointed out by Mr. Wickham Steed's second main thesis, if the League of Nations means anything, if the Kellogg Pact means anything, there can be no more neutrals. War of aggression is forbidden by both as a crime against society; under both, there is means to have a pronouncement whether aggression has taken place. That being so, no nation can say: "This is a crime, but we shall stand impartial between the combatants. We shall have the right to do good offices, impartially, to either of them, according as opportunity offers, and our interest dictates." This makes nonsense at once of both League and Covenant.

Yet Switzerland, in many ways the most self-respecting of all states, and the most internationally minded, claims to maintain its traditional attitude of neutrality, whenever, wherever, and however war occurs. That claim illustrates the difficulty of organizing a "vital peace." But until Switzerland and all other European countries feel that, for instance, an attack by Germany on Czechoslovakia must be resisted as if it was an attack on themselves, peace in Europe can neither be organized nor vital.

Discussions at Montreux on the future rights in the Dardanelles throw a singular light on the situation. The Turks, applying in civilized fashion for removal of the bar imposed upon them, claimed to fortify the Dardanelles; and the claim is at once conceded in principle. But angry discussion arises as to the right of other Powers to send warships through. Manifestly, in case of war, if Turkey is not neutral, the right will be denied to the side which Turkey opposes; and we may presume that the fortification this time will be formidably effective. But whereas Russia and Rumania desire that France and Rumania's other allies should be able in case of necessity to send assistance at once, Great Britain's spokesmen objected on the ground that difficulties might be created for Turkey. The objection appears to be that action might be taken under the Covenant before the League Council had decided that a case of aggression had occurred. If this plea came from Turkey,

it would have a different aspect. As it was, the Powers concerned inclined to hold that Great Britain sought to lessen the usefulness of a pact formed within the Covenant, by which the Western Powers, that is chiefly France, could bring help to the East—that is, the Little Entente—and that Great Britain's desire was to propitiate Germany and Italy—the only states which give evidence of the will to war.

In the case supposed, after the League Council has spoken, Turkey, as a member of the League, will really have no right to be neutral. The crucial question is whether **The Classic Example** a state, not directly attacked but holding a key position in the conflict, has the right to act in advance of the League's decision in support of its own view of right. In modern conditions aggression is likely to be swift, violent, and unmistakable: steps to meet it cannot brook delay. If Mussolini had waited for the League Council before he sent his divisions to the Brenner, the Nazi *coup* in Austria would probably have been a *fait accompli* in a week. On the other hand, a classic example of prolonging an attitude of "neutrality" until it became impossible without disaster is so recent that it still sticks in all our digestions.

It is probably not necessary for the British people to make up their minds what they would do if Germany attempted a *coup de main* in Danzig. No Power can afford to turn into an enemy so valuable a buffer state as Poland is for Germany. If the Germans and Poles can agree to something that will satisfy Germany, so much the better. But if Hitler has no results to show in Danzig, he may seek them elsewhere. Is the integrity of Czechoslovakia to be regarded as a thing to be maintained because the violation of it would break the common peace? Or is that an interest which England must leave to the protection of other people? And if so, has the pact between the Soviets and France no value for the frontiers of freedom? There seems a tendency in England to disapprove and even to thwart that Pact because it is unpopular in Germany. Yet without it, what even moderate guarantee is there for the independence of Masaryk's people?

Lord Hugh Cecil's acceptance of the Provostship of Eton is one of those facts which would bewilder a foreign observer.

**The Provost
of Eton**

One of the most admired figures in Parliament gives up his seat to become head of a school—yet not even to be a teacher: indeed, the foreign enquirer would be at a loss to find what precisely the Provost has to do at Eton, beyond reading the lessons in chapel. For that matter, does any man not an Etonian really understand much about Eton? We all know that education there costs more, and consequently that the disproportion between scholastic knowledge acquired and money expended is often even greater than in other expensive English schools—because nowhere else is there so little compulsion to learn. We all know that there is an Eton stamp, but it is far less clearly defined than that of Winchester—again for the reason that there is so much individual freedom. In working on the papers of a brilliant Etonian (Sir Cecil Spring-Rice) it seemed to me that the life I was following was rather that of an undergraduate than of a schoolboy. Clearly in his case, a great part of education, (probably the greatest as in all Universities), was given by the young to the young. But also, in that lavishly endowed institution, there was, it seemed to me, even more than at Oxford, for such lads as desired it, access to minds of first rate culture, with leisure enough for their influence to radiate. Presumably, the Provost will be included among these sources of intellectual stimulus; if so, the young whose parents pay largely to send them to Eton, and those others whose brains have earned them entrance there on the footing of King's Scholars, will have a notable privilege. Lord Hugh's approach to any subject has always been entirely his own. He seldom differed from his party, but the reasons which he gave for agreeing with it were seldom those which other men would have thought of. His mind was one that never would "think in track"; but it could make the track of its own thought clear as daylight, expressing the most uncommon reasoning in the simplest and most familiar words. His eloquence shunned all inflated periods; it seldom departed from the key of serious talk; it abounded in delightful quips whose wit was never verbal but lay in some odd unexpected turn of thought; and though he could be passionate, passion

never muddled the limpid flow of his speech. At times he could make himself the generous defender of a principle that he did not share: notably, when supporting the war with all his heart, he pleaded the cause of the conscientious objector—I think that in twelve years I heard no speech more truly eloquent delivered at Westminster. I should like to hear that clear, rather thin, but admirably flexible voice reading the lessons in Eton Chapel.

There was, it appears, some difficulty in finding a publisher who should help to provide the one suitable monument for

**Sir William
Watson's Poems**

Sir William Watson, by bringing out the definitive edition of his favourite poems, selected and revised by him during the last months of his life. Thanks are due to Messrs. Harrap for this volume—two hundred and seventy-five pages of it. Not all will last, of course, though the level of workmanship over more than forty years is singularly equal. The collection opens with nearly a hundred sonnets, presumably because in this form his mastery was held to be most clear. Here are lines, all the more notable because written in 1894:

"I beheld alone

The Europe of the present, as she stands,
Powerless from terror of her own vast power,
'Neath novel stars, beside a brink unknown;
And round her the sad Kings, with sleepless hands,
Piling the fagots, hour by doomful hour."

Or here again, from "Estrangement" (perhaps the best of them all) is a fine sextet.

"Thus may a captive, in some fortress grim,
From casual speech betwixt his warders, learn
That June on her triumphal progress goes
Through arched and bannered woodlands; while for him
She is a legend emptied of concern,
And idle is the rumour of the rose."

Yet in all his sonnets there is a certain inflation of the note alien to that austere form; I prefer this poet when he can give himself to the full rush of words and images, as in the "Hymn

to the Sea," whose classic associations fit with his tendency to stately words of Latin origin. One is often arrested by occasional felicities in this most sententious of poets : for instance, the praise of England, written for the Coronation Day of Edward VII :

"Time and the ocean and some fostering star
In high cabal have made us what we are."

But for his very best one would always turn to his poetic characterization of the poets—above all to his stanzas for the centenary of Shelley's death. Yet I had rather quote here (if only to recall his command of blank verse) the "Apologia," in which claiming—though only "as the veriest hind May yet be sprung of Kings"—a true descent from the great masters of English poetry, he defends his own work :

"Though I be to these but as a knoll
About the feet of the high mountains, scarce
Remarked at all save when a valley cloud
Holds the high mountains hidden, and the knoll
Against the cloud shows briefly eminent ;
Yet ev'n as they, I too, with constant heart,
And with no light or careless ministry,
Have served what seemed the Voice ; and unprofane,
Have dedicated to melodious ends
All of myself that least ignoble was."

The man was something too insistent on the greatness of the art which he followed—and what is far less pardonable, too complaining of its meagre rewards. Yet he was a fine and sedulous craftsman and passionate with pride of his country :

"O England shouldst thou one day fall
Shatter'd in ruins by some Titan foe,
Justice were thenceforth weaker throughout all
The earth, and Truth less passionately free,
And God the poorer for thine overthrow."

Fifty years ago he wrote that, and he died in the same honourable faith.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE RUSSIAN BALLET

By SACHEVERELL SITWELL

BALLET RUSSE, by Prince Peter Lieven.
Allen & Unwin. 15s.

APOLOGY FOR DANCING, by Rayner
Heppenstall. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

BALLETOMANE'S SCRAP-BOOK, by
Arnold Haskell. *A. and C. Black.* 7s. 6d.

Two of the biggest theatres in London have during the past month been playing to capacity in Russian Ballet. This is, in itself, a phenomenon in the public taste ; but, as well, there is a torrent of literature upon the subject. The start of this came with the *Life of Nijinsky* by his wife. This has been followed by a whole bookshelf written by Mr. Arnold Haskell and culminating in his *Life of Diaghilev*. That was a fair and generous tribute to one of the most difficult subjects of biography. The first of the books to be noticed in this article is, in some sense, a supplement to that.

The author, Prince Peter Lieven, a member of a famous Russian family, has the memories of the authentic pre-war balletomane as foundation to his project. He has, as well, the advantage of intimate friendship with Nicholas Benois ; and his book is based in large measure upon the conversations and personal views of this *doyen* of the Russian dance. The most important chapters in Prince Lieven's book are those in which the rightful importance of Benois is stressed and he is restored to his authority in Diaghilev's councils. Diaghilev, it must be remembered, was a person who

derived his strength from others. At different stages in his life Benois, the Spanish painter Sert, Jean Cocteau, and, latterly the young Russian poet Boris Kochno, were the persons upon whose judgment he implicitly relied. But most decisive of all was the influence of Benois, who had been a friend of Diaghilev from his student days. The setting and conception of *Petrouchka* is the monument to their collaboration in taste. But it is apparent in this book that *Scheherazade*, the masterpiece of Leon Bakst, is no less due in the first place to Benois. Another scheme upon which he was engaged for many years was concerned with a ballet to the dance music of J. S. Bach. This was a favourite project with Benois ; and when Diaghilev died, sooner than allow it to lapse altogether, Benois produced it for Mme. Ida Rubinstein, and some readers may remember seeing it a few years ago in London. His setting for *La Valse* of Ravel, done at the same time, was another masterpiece of its kind.

But the restoration of Benois to his proper fame is only a small part of this excellent book. It contains perhaps the best explanation and description of Nijinsky yet given. This half idiotic or innocent droll, who was yet one of the supreme geniuses of the theatre, is drawn for us in convincing colours. It is also revealed that his family were circus acrobats, a historical fact which has been glossed over in the official life of him.

It relates him more than ever, therefore, to the nomad troupe, or tribe, to which he seemed to belong. They gave their performances in Siberian towns and in the distant interior of Russia. His non-European origin accounts for a lot that was strange and unaccountable in his genius. Prince Lieven has written a no less admirable chapter about Diaghilev. Perhaps the only fault at this stage of the book is a tendency to belittle Bakst on behalf of Benois. This is the natural result of the author's friendship; but it is time, indeed, that a consecutive and grammatical life of Bakst was written. Those published have been celebrated for the most appalling English that can ever have been penned. Prince Lieven, who is ably translated into English by L. Zarine, is perhaps the person to fill this deficiency, for it can be said that every fresh revival by Colonel de Basil of one of Diaghilev's early creations serves to emphasize the importance and originality of Bakst. The author is more especially concerned with the early history of the Russian Ballet, with its creations, that is to say, up till the outbreak of war in 1914, but he ends on a note of praise for Colonel de Basil and for the young dancers who are delighting the audiences at Covent Garden as these words are written.

The second of our three books, the *Balletomane's Scrap-Book*, is a delightful compilation due to the admiration of Mr. Arnold Haskell for everything that has to do with the art of dancing. It is a collection of snapshots of dancers taken both on the stage and from behind the wings. The ordinary photograph, or snapshot, has improved out of recognition in the last decade, in proof of which it is only necessary to look at the very inadequate photographs that are all that is left to us of the art of Nijinsky or Karsavina. Very different is the situation with regard to Toumanova or Baronova, who are to be studied at

close quarters in every phase of their art through the pages of this charming book. And Mr. Haskell is too loyal to leave the great Diaghilev out of the picture. He gives, in particular, a photograph of the death-mask taken of his features, in which the resemblance is most striking to Peter the Great, from whom Diaghilev used to boast that he was descended. This same resemblance, it may be added, was very noticeable in a bronze bust of Peter the Great, by Rastrelli, exhibited in the Russian Exhibition in London last summer. This death mask is the only sad note in the book, which, otherwise is a tribute to youth in the shape of this youthful generation of dancers whom Diaghilev did not live to see. For their astonishing technical achievement, the wonderful spins, if nothing else, of Toumanova, or Baronova, or Riabouchinska, is a definite advance upon the littleness and fatigue of some of Diaghilev's later or cosmopolitan phase of production. But a point upon which Diaghilev insisted, and which may tend to be neglected in the present more assured circumstances of the ballet, is the education of the dancers in taste. Technical skill and physical beauty are not all that a dancer should possess. They must also be trained in appreciation of every form of art; and, without a Diaghilev, it may be wondered whether their education is proceeding at the same pace as their physical exercises.

In the last few years the production of new ballets has seldom, if ever, been entrusted to really competent or original painters. Neither has a first-rate musician been given his chance. These concomitants are an essential to the art, or else the ballet will be stagnant and will decay. It is, now, this side of it more than any other which requires the attention of the directors. The sudden and unexpected enlarging of the audience to whom ballet appeals, and the consequent lack of discrimination in their

weight of numbers, has allowed this aspect to lapse altogether out of the scheme of things. It is not, perhaps, until this larger audience has become familiar with the most famous of the Diaghilev creations that the demand will assert itself, but, certainly, at this moment, the ballet is in an academic or passive condition, content with the old productions and with no new ambitions.

A book of recent issue, *Apology for Dancing*, by Rayner Heppenstall, is an example of the intense feeling now prevailing in certain circles. The sprinkling of Russian names upon his pages is as frequent as the peppering of Marx and Engels in a left-wing pamphlet. This is an interesting and an irritating book to read. It contains many passages of extremely sensible writing and some pages which annoy almost beyond endurance. It is, in fact, a provoking and rather stimulating book. The author writes in a tone of fervent partisanship, and descends, at the end, into parochial politics. Massine is discussed as though he were as important a figure as the Primate or the Prime Minister; and this is all to the good, for the author is almost certainly right. The future of the ballet is approached with bated breath, and Mr. Heppenstall does really communicate his excitement to his readers so that we are left in a state of keen apprehension as to future developments and probabilities. The English choreographer, Mr. Anthony Tudor, receives a well-merited eulogy, though some of his colleagues who may have incurred the author's displeasure get less than they deserve of praise. The truth is that the art is now so firmly established in England that there is every prospect of excellent work being done in the future. The performances at the national Theatre, Sadler's Wells, have a freshness and vitality that the superior skill of Colonel de Basil's company cannot aspire to. The home of this art, which

wandered from Italy to Russia and then lived in exile for many years, is now definitely in England.

This is where a book such as this can fulfil the most useful of purposes by stimulating discussion. The subject must be kept in a state of acute controversy, comparable to the insistent appeals by which the public hospitals maintain themselves, or else this newly-founded enthusiasm may lapse and fail. It will be through no fault of Mr. Heppenstall if this were to happen. The spate of books upon Russian Ballet proves the reality and authenticity of the public. This has been due in considerable degree to the persistent efforts of Mr. Arnold Haskell, who is doing his best to raise up a generation of balletomanes. But the need is for a Diaghilev, a genius of taste and discrimination, who will lead his age in the creation of new values and discoveries.

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LOW'S POLITICAL PARADE. *The Cresset Press.* 6s.

THE peculiar strength of Low lies in his mingling of passion and vision. Other cartoonists—Raemakers notably among them—have had passion. Others have had vision, the power to see impalpable facts and forces as shapes and lines on a flat surface; but in the most perceptive series of historical cartoons known to me, Max's drawings of England, France and Germany before, during and after the War, there is no passion. Max is high above the battle, recording, not commenting. Nearly every cartoon in Low's new book is a passionate plea. The passion is now pity, now contempt, now derision; but it is always hot with feeling for what he sees as the simple soul, misled, bewildered, exploited by war-lords, munition-makers and big business. Low is seldom funny. Except in the cartoon of Mr. Roosevelt and M. Litvinov in the "Russian Ballet" (the subject of which is not very near his heart), he rouses laughter only in his little digressions from politics—Lord Snowden in his bath-chair, or Mr. Ramsay MacDonnell's public house. Even Colonel Blimp, the fat, walrus-faced fool with his baths and his games, his "Gad, Sir," and his *clichés*, becomes, after half-a-dozen of those little drawings on the left-hand pages, exasperating, as he is meant to be.

But Low, though seldom funny, is nearly always witty.

His is the wit of an artist, which finds representation in form as a wit in language finds phrases. A simple instance is that in which Herr Hitler blows up a vast balloon made in his own image, in the carriage of which crouches a perplexed little Germany, and the inscription is "All blown up and nowhere to go." Another simple instance is the endless lorry full of shells compared with the little push-tricycle of Peace. That Low can use words wittily is plain from his essay on "The World and Colonel Blimp"; but his artistic wit is so self-sufficient that his cartoons owe little to the captions and the words. Even the snatch of dialogue between the ex-Kaiser and Herr Hitler is not necessary to explain the drawing of the perplexed Dictator and the tawdler pantaloon seeing over again his old vision of himself in shining armour. Even the famous "You know you can trust me" under the drawing of Mr. Baldwin, dated December 20, 1935, is not necessary to Low's bitter meaning. Nothing, indeed, is wittier in Low's work than his drawings of men. They are all phrases, hitting off his conception of Herr Hitler, Signor Mussolini, Lord Beaverbrook, and the other giants. We are left wondering how Low contrives to put all that absurdity into the back of Signor Mussolini dancing before a squad of armed babies, and all the cruel stupidity into the back of the fattest of the three munition-makers who sit watching the "South American Hell."

Low is the most powerful propagandist now at work. He would reform the world in a week if only things were as simple as he sees them; if peace and prosperity and universal charity could be attained by rough and ready methods; if all the world's misery were due to rulers, armament-makers and financiers; if Blimpery were confined to Colonel Blimp.

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THE COCKPIT OF EUROPE

By E. H. CARR

CENTRAL EUROPE AND THE WESTERN WORLD, by Gerhard Schacher: with a Preface by H. Wickham Steed. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s.

CENTRAL Europe has succeeded since the War to the unenviable role played in pre-war European politics by the Balkans. It has become a hot-bed of the petty national animosities of small states, and the cockpit of the more dangerous rivalries of the Great Powers. Dr. Schacher's book first saw the light in Prague and, like everything else published in Central Europe, is concerned to prove a thesis. But its propaganda character is sufficiently obvious not to deceive the least wary reader. Dr. Schacher has a great deal that is interesting and valuable to say on a problem of which little is known in Western Europe; and with the reservation that it contains far too much special pleading for the Little Entente in general, and for Czechoslovakia in particular, his book can be recommended to the student of the contemporary European chess-board.

Of the five states, excluding Italy, which inherited the territory of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy—Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania—not one had succeeded, in the first ten years after the war, in establishing itself in a fully independent position. The three last-named, forming the Little Entente, enjoyed French patronage, and were well supplied with French money and French arms and

munitions. Austria became the pensioner of the Principal Allied Powers who, having forbidden her by the peace treaties to link herself with Germany, recognized a moral obligation to assist her to maintain a fictitious independence. Hungary, like Austria, was also helped with a League loan (now in default), and received surreptitious favours from Italy, who by this means secured a foothold in Central Europe to balance France's position as patron of the Little Entente. The Danubian basin was thus split into two camps of victors and vanquished, though the special favours conferred on Austria allowed her to occupy an intermediate position, and to stand rather aloof from the bitter mutual animosity which raged between Hungary and the Little Entente.

Such was the position prior to 1931. Money was easy, and prices stable. The Central European States enjoyed the temporary stimulus of foreign loans and high protective tariffs. Germany was still too weak to play an active role, and Italy and Hungary were no match for France and the Little Entente. But in 1931 the world crisis revealed the artificial basis on which the economic life of Central Europe rested; and during the period of paralysis which followed, Germany reappeared on the scene of her ancient triumphs and ambitions like a ghost of the past. The Danubian problem took on a new shape. In that shape it is still unsolved today.

There is no space here to do more

than recapitulate the principal attempts which have been made to solve it. First came the proposal for an Austro-German Customs Union, which Czechoslovakia (and perhaps other states in Central Europe) would have been forced by economic pressure to join. This foundered on the united opposition of France, the Little Entente and Italy. Then came the Tardieu Plan of 1932, which was that the five Danubian states should live by taking in one another's washing and granting one another preferences. This was impracticable in itself, and was opposed by Germany and Italy. Then, later in the same year, the Stresa Conference improved on the Tardieu plan by a project under which the Great Powers would undertake to purchase Danubian wheat at enhanced prices. This met with scant sympathy from Great Britain, who was far less interested in the prosperity of Central Europe than of Canada and the Argentine, or from Germany and Italy, who saw no point in giving something for nothing. Lastly, in 1934, came the Italian plan of bolstering up Austria and Hungary by preferential agreements and endeavouring, by the same inducement, to draw Czechoslovakia into the Italian sphere of influence. This plan has been rendered successful up to a point by the virtual withdrawal of France from Central Europe. But it can only be pursued further at the price of the complete disruption of the Little Entente.

Dr. Schacher reviews in turn the merits and demerits of all these solutions. He rejects the German solution with a wealth of emphasis, but an absence of argument—other than the argument, which is correct, but not perhaps a conclusive objection, that it would lead to the economic predominance of Germany throughout Central Europe. He rejects, more carefully and in more measured terms, the Italian solution.

Italy's economic interests in Central Europe are relatively small. Her financial and economic strength do not entitle her to play a preponderant role there; and Dr. Schacher might have added that her past policy has made her an object of general suspicion and dislike in all the Danubian countries, except perhaps Hungary. In the long run, Dr. Schacher comes back to the Tardieu-Stresa plan. The Danubian countries must unite among themselves, and in order to induce them to do so, they must be directly or indirectly subsidized by Western Europe.

It is not possible within the limits of a review to refute this thesis in detail, though the material for the refutation can be found in Dr. Schacher's book. It is a moot point whether the five Danubian countries could in 1919 have been fused into a single economic entity. But even the disappearance of the political jealousies between them—an enormous and unrealizable assumption—would not make them one today. They are no longer mutually complementary economic units. Under the policy of self-sufficiency which all alike have followed, Czechoslovakia and Austria no longer need the agricultural exports of Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Rumania; and these three states no longer want the manufactures of Austria and Czechoslovakia. As the statistics show, not one of these countries is primarily or vitally interested in trade with its Danubian neighbours. Italy is—or was until recently—Yugoslavia's best customer. The best customer of all the other Danubian countries is Germany. Fortunately or unfortunately, these facts are more eloquent than Dr. Schacher's well-marshalled arguments. Economically as well as politically, there is no Danubian solution of the Danubian problem; nor in the long run can the Western Powers compete with Germany in the Danube basin.

THE CELTIC STRUGGLE

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

A HISTORY OF IRELAND, by Edmund Curtis. *Methuen*. 12s. 6d.

ALL I need say of Professor Edmund Curtis' book is that it is not just a History of Ireland: it is the History of Ireland. On page after page one gets the feeling that one is being lifted high above the confusion of things by a scholar with an amazing power of detachment, clarity, and realism; and this with one of the most complicated stories in the development of western Europe. At first one reads for information sake; before a hundred pages are out one is gripped as by a tremendous historical novel. And when a dozen tests—the double-ditches of Irish history—are cleared with a thoroughbred ease; and a fine sense of proportion has reduced a welter of rivalries (which is all that most historians make out of this material) to their real significance, or insignificance; and, at last, a pattern emerges out of what has hitherto been inextricable confusion, one realises that this is the only credible account of what really happened.

The secret of this unique success is that Edmund Curtis writes not merely as an Irishman, but also as a humanist; that he is that rare phenomenon a Gaelic-speaking, Protestant, cultured, Trinity College, pragmatic nationalist; so that the expectations he evokes, the emotions he arouses, the hopes and despairs to which we submit ourselves in his hands, arise solely from the sight of culture and order (of what origin does not matter, whether Irish, Norman, or English, though he would obviously

prefer it to have been Norman-Irish) striving in vain to be born.

He does not emphasize; he elicits, and the facts are their own criticism. We see the old Gaelic order meet the first shock of Europeanism with the arrival of the culture and order of the Roman Church; we see it absorb and choke that seed, and already we get a hint of the inflexibility of the Gael, his power to create locally but never nationally, his "particularism," his rigid traditionalism, and we are prepared, even while still hoping for the contrary, to see the next seed, brought this time on the Norman wind, likewise absorbed, and choked. Here, between the Norman invasion and the Statute of Kilkenny (1366), whose restrictions on Irish ways is the confession of the failure of the Normans to absorb rather than be absorbed, most Irish historians have entrenched themselves on the Gaelic line, and while Curtis broods over the birth-pangs of a civilization, their records, like what they record, are as local as an ant-heap.

From that 1366 to the end of the Wars of the Roses, the Gaels did, thanks to England's internal troubles, re-possess and hold for one hundred and fifty years two-thirds of Ireland, but since in all that peace they did not even produce a good lyric, their inaction, their failure to establish at least a central rival in the west to the diminished Pale in the east, is their final condemnation. So, when re-conquest begins it faces a far more complex problem and enemy—the first

Anglo-Irish, already Home Rulers—while the Reformation defined the enemy as not merely English but Protestant. Here begins the sorry stupidity (begins?) of English rule. Confiscation, suppression, plantation, attempted anglicisation, and reformation hammer an inchoate nation into a consolidated enemy. One magnificent Gaelic chieftain, the unforgettable Hugh O'Neill, did arise then, but when he left Ireland in 1603 the Gaelic order was virtually dead. The corpse was galvanized into a few last movements by Cromwell and William; it almost came to life again; but when Sarsfield and the Wild Geese fled to foreign fields the game was thrown into the lap of the masses. They accepted the challenge, and in their rags and tatters they clung, like drowning men about a rock, to the mighty figure of O'Connell. Still ragged they followed Parnell. Still poor and unregarded they emerged under Collins—the modern Irish democracy. I do think Professor Curtis should, by then, have abandoned all hope of that old European order and faced the fact that the whole fight, from 1690 onward, was between entirely different forces. The key to Irish history up to then is undoubtedly the potentiality of reform by infusion. From Limerick onward the key is reform from within.

The second Anglo-Irish nation that emerged under the Georges—the Irish power of absorption is an amazing fact—was in its hey-day a Protestant junta who lived in genuine splendour and some real grace in Dublin city. But while we appreciate all the picturesqueness of that Dublin, we regret, with Curtis, that with greater wisdom on the part of the English people, whether under Henry II or George III, that European order, Irishised certainly, more democratic, could not have established itself in Ireland and allowed the blended strength of two races to give, in peace, whatever they had to give to the world.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: An Inquiry into the Development of English in the United States, by H. L. Mencken. *Kegan Paul*. 21s.

EDWARD EVERETT, the once-famous orator and public character of Massachusetts, declared that in America the common language was better spoken and written than it was in England. Half a century later Jolin Fiske, the historian of New England, was shocked to find that the English talked like Germans: "so much guttural is very unpleasant, especially as half the time I can't understand them"! When Sir William Craigie undertook the making of the first Dictionary of American English on historical principles the *Chicago Tribune* joyously announced his appointment under this headline, "MIDWAY SIGNS LIMEY PROF. TO DOPE YANK TALK." With due modesty I translate this delightful sentence as, the University of Chicago (situated on and about the Midway) calls an English professor to assemble and expound the speech of America. Everett made his assertion in 1820. The *Chicago* headline belongs to 1924. Mr. Mencken's book is a survey of the growth of American English mainly between these two dates.

The American Language is an extraordinary achievement. In 1919 Mr. Mencken published under the same title a book which was reviewed all over the world and attacked in England with no little severity. The volume now before us, of 800 pp., is not a new edition but an entirely new work. The author has completely rewritten it. Ample and far-ranging, masterly in statement, witty, and from cover to cover fascinating to read, it is a triumph of industry and discernment.

What is an Americanism? It was defined in 1889 as "a word or phrase, old or new, employed by general or respectable usage in America in a way not sanctioned by the best standards of the English language"—that is, the

English academic standards of the early nineteenth century. Judged by this test we are all using Americanised English (*using* here is an Americanism). From the beginning of the Republic complaints arose in England, chiefly with regard to the adoption of new and convenient words—e.g. lengthy, influential, statement, endorsement, affiliate, jeopardize, standpoint, underhanded. Imagine our plight to-day if we had to do without such "barbarous" inventions as these. Mr. Mencken considers at length the earlier coinages and the English objections. He describes the astonishing flood of new words and phrases which accompanied the opening of the manifold West, the continuous impact upon the common speech of an ever-changing immigrant stream; he examines the main features of present-day American, provides a long list of parallels, and concludes with a short estimate of the future of English as a world language. Every page bristles with points for debate; I have space only for comment upon a few of the more conspicuous.

Mr. Belloc has said that every vowel sound has in America taken on some different value. That is so, and yet, curiously, it is in his treatment of the vowels that Mr. Mencken seems to me least satisfactory. He discusses, for example, only two sounds of *A*, the broad and the flat. But the *a* of Northern England (in *Adam*, *grass*, *lad*), heard all over North America, is not flat but short. The characteristic American sound is the long flat *a* (*caan't*, *plaant*), which Mr. Mencken, who of necessity avoids all professional phonetics, indicates as the *a* in *care*. This is virtually unknown in England, although, oddly enough, one public man, Lord Curzon, almost had it in his *last* and *past*. Mr. Mencken says that the speech of the Southern States is near to that of Southern England. Certainly it is not in the matter of the short *a*. Over wide

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Money, by Hartley Withers (1s. 6d. net), a brief but masterly survey, is one of the recent additions to the new Nelson Classics, which include also *Garibaldi and the Thousand* by G. M. Trevelyan, *The English Novel* by J. B. Priestley, *The Atom* by E. N. da C. Andrade, and 300 other books. Complete list post free from Nelsons, 35 Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

regions of the South, as over the North and West, the vowel in *hat*, *man*, is the sound belonging to the North of England. Mr. Mencken, again, says that the differences in the *E* between England and America are not important. I should affirm that they are most noticeable and have become fundamental. The English short *e* (with the short *i*) has gone from a large number of words in America, giving place to the indeterminate vowel heard everywhere, as in *ullator*, *tullagram*. And no less marked to the English ear is the disappearance of the English *T*, an important question which Mr. Mencken does not discuss. To us the American everywhere appears to be saying *badder*, *budder*, *inneresting*, *Beddy*; except when, most quaintly, he turns the *t* into *r* and so makes *commirree*, *lirrerary*. I hazard the prediction that the English sharp *t* will by 1950 have dropped almost out of American speech.

As we are well aware when considering our fiercely contested "standard" English, the long *O* and long *A* are the crucial vowels, and I am amazed that Mr. Mencken should not have devoted a chapter to them. In America the *a* in *face*, *mail*, has been as pure a long vowel as English can show. It is now being broken down. The long *o* is still general in the West and Middle West, a full and satisfying sound. We may note, however, especially in the Atlantic States, a rapid process of phonetic decay, which has brought what Mr. Francis Hackett rightly calls a rich cockney note into "educated" speech. The film actresses provide a terrifying mass of evidence on both vowels, and to hear the diphthongal "Ow now!" in a smart New York voice is to have a convincing reminder of the spreading plague. It would, I believe, be strictly accurate to say that, judged by their *a*'s and *o*'s alone, the young people now coming out of the schools and colleges have a much less pure vowel

utterance than their parents, whether of British or European stock.

The aspirate, of course, is all-important, although Mr. Mencken accords it no more than a few lines. He says truly that there is nothing in America "so lunatic as the cockney mishandling of the *h*." The Americans, he tells us, early gave up the aspirated *ah*, while in England its absence is "often denounced as an American barbarism." I take this to be one of the most astonishing statements in the book. Everywhere in North America, except in some of the Southern States, the Englishman hears the initial *ah* sounded among the common folk with Scotch and Irish emphasis. A fully aspirated English is, beyond all dispute, the capital linguistic achievement of North America. Whatever may be happening to the *a* and *o*, to the *r* and *t*, here is the incontrovertible fact: that between the Atlantic and the Pacific, between the Arctic Circle and the Gulf of Mexico, the *h* is immovable. In this fact alone, we may be sure, lies the guarantee that the English which the world is to speak must be essentially American.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

JAPAN'S FOREIGN RELATIONS, by R. H. Akagi. Hokuseido Press (Long G. Allen). 17s. 6d.

TOGO AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA POWER, by E. A. Falk. Longmans. 16s.

THESE two books, both quite out of the common, make a valuable complement to each other, the one tracing the development of Japanese diplomacy from its mainly defensive attitude in the 19th century to its modern aggressiveness, while the story of Togo supplies the link and explanation between the two periods.

The keynote of all Japanese action, indeed from as early as the arrival of the Portuguese and Spaniards in the

16th century, where Dr. Akagi begins, is supplied by his saying that "from the early years of the Meiji Restoration the attainment of equality and security became the two cardinal principles of Japanese diplomacy." For 250 years the Tokugawa Shoguns had sought security by rigidly shutting the doors against all foreigners. That policy enabled the Western Powers to impose upon Japan's ignorance humiliating treaty restrictions, and—what we are seeing the evil fruits of today—it left her far behind in the 19th-century scramble for colonies. With wholly admirable patience and resolution Japan qualified herself to get rid of the obnoxious treaties; she appeared to have achieved equality in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and security by the defeat of Russia.

In respect of equality at least she has had some rude shocks—at Versailles where her proposal for the recognition

of racial equality was rejected by President Wilson; at the Washington Conference; and worst of all in the insulting American immigration law, of which Dr. Akagi says that "each year that passes without amendment or abrogation (of the law) only strengthens and sharpens our sense of injury." Not unnaturally these wounds to Japan's *amour propre* have aggravated her alarm for her security as once again Russia seems to be reaching out to the Far East. How continually the menace of Russia has loomed over Japanese thought, even since the earliest days of the 19th century, is perhaps the most striking feature of Dr. Akagi's book. There is, of course, little doubt that, but for the Russo-Japanese War, Manchuria and Korea would have been Soviet provinces today. Japan's triumph in 1904-5, at a cost of 120,000 lives and 2,000 million yen, inspired "the semi-sacred sentiment with which the Japan-

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ese nation have since regarded Manchuria," says Dr. Akagi. The phrase is worth remembering for the light it throws on later events, the seizure of Manchuria and the continued aggression towards China. In these later chapters the historian in Dr. Akagi gives place to the propagandist. He justly emphasizes the conciliatory policy of Baron Shidehara towards the Kuomintang, who in the first flush of their triumph in China were frankly impossible, and we may well believe that Mr. Hirota, the present premier, desires to follow the same path. But Dr. Akagi is conspicuously silent about the real masters of policy, the militarists, whose intolerable conduct will probably end in what they most wish to prevent by driving China into Russia's arms.

It is interesting to speculate on how Togo's influence would have been used today if he were still alive. With endless research and fine imagination Mr. Falk has given us a wonderful picture of the great Admiral, omitting none of the blemishes and thus really enhancing one's conception of him as a great gentleman and devoted patriot. It is difficult to believe that one so prudent and far-sighted, who reckoned the cost of every step and prepared for it with the minutest care, would have endorsed the reckless, endless adventures on which Japan appears to be launching out in Asia.

Togo was a samurai through and through. "Don't lose" was all his mother said in farewell when as a boy of 13 he went off to the defence of Kagoshima. He invariably fought his battles from the open bridge, disdaining shelter in the conning tower. As an old man he could not reject the honours showered upon him, but he did reject the money and lived and died comparatively poor. No hero has moved the Japanese people so deeply, and with justice. O. M. GREEN.

THE BOOK OF BARRA. Edited by John Lorne Campbell. *Routledge.* 15s. 6d.

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND. by Hugh Quigley. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.

THESE two are as different as two books could be, with Scotland as their subject. The first is concerned with facts, the second with views—in each sense of the word. Both are good books.

Mr. Campbell has done a great service to Scotland by collecting all the information available about that island of six miles in length and three in breadth which Dr. Johnson and Boswell neglected to visit—to the regret of Dr. Johnson. And he has got Mr. Compton Mackenzie to write part of his book and Carl H. J. Borgstrom another part, while he himself supplies us with a mass of well-ordered facts of economic, historic and topographical interest, as he is well qualified to do. The result is not only workmanlike and interesting but deeply moving.

Mr. Mackenzie writes with biting effect of the Catholic population of Barra and their stupid and disastrous persecution by the Presbyterians. But even his contribution pales by the side of the many pages of bare facts as well as virile exposition in which the editor lays before us all that is definitely known of a most fascinating and unfortunate island from 1549 to the present day. Of this part of the book the most valuable section for students of history is that devoted to twenty-six letters written by MacNeills of Barra from 1805-1825 to the parish priest of Barra, the Rev. Angus MacDonald, who later became head of the Scots College at Rome—letters now published for the first time. But the highest point of indignation in a splendidly indignant book is reached in the account of the clearances (1841-1851), partly reprinted from Donald Macleod's *Gloomy Memories* and in the findings of the Crofters Commission in 1883. Negroes

were not worse treated by the slave traders, yet the Barra affair had written support from Harriet Beecher Stowe! Families were torn not only from their homes, but separated, carried like beasts into the ships, and landed in Canada penniless and with hardly a word of English between them. There they had to beg and, all but some two or three per cent., to die of want in the Canadian winter. Their looks are described by an onlooker in Canada as being "of indescribable sorrow." In the later commission of crofters in the island it was established that they were robbed of their cows, forbidden even to gather their own excellent cockles, and subjected to every sort of oppression by the infamous landlord, Colonel Gordon. The young people on his estate were forbidden to build houses or to marry, and many for years "did not know what milk means." They were "just able to live" in an island where they could have had plenty. Even fishing was made almost impossible for them.

And this is the island which was "productive of good crops of corn with very rich grazing" at the end of the seventeenth century—the naturally happy and careless island, "which," says that connoisseur of islands, Mr. Mackenzie, "expresses as well as anything our faint human apperception of Paradise." He would rather see London a heap of ruins than Barra reduced as Rum has been reduced, and he hopes that Dr. Johnson was a prophet, concerning Barra as well as Iona, when he reflected that "Perhaps, in the revolutions of the world, Iona may be sometime again the instructress of the Western Regions." Who knows but that history will here once more repeat itself? It might do far worse. Meanwhile Barra has at least escaped from being a penal colony, as Colonel Campbell wished it to be in the nineteenth century.

Mr. Quigley's solution for the present

plight of the Highlands is *tourisme*, aided by the development of transport, water systems, good hotels, new roads, the expansion of home industries, and—especially—"the scientific exploitation of the forests of Scotland now being grown by the Forestry Commission." For the rest his book consists of uncommonly well-informed descriptions of the Highlands seen with an "unprejudiced" eye and a heart untroubled by tradition, and accompanied by admirable photographs on almost every page, taken by Mr. Robert M. Adam.

CATHERINE CARSWELL.

WHAT IS . . . ?
The Blackshirts' Attitude
Towards . . .

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RELIGION.**

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Wear
BLACKSHIRTS ?

What Will They Do About D.O.R.A.?

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Wynson and from all Newsagents and Bookshops.

WESTERN CIVILIZATION IN THE NEAR EAST, by Hans Kohn. *Routledge*. 15s.

THE awakening to life, after centuries of stagnation, of those countries which are loosely called the Levant, and which once were the hearth of the civilized world, is one of the romances of our time. Not through any re-emergence of older civilizations, but almost wholly as a result of contact with European (or American) methods of life, are the embers now glowing in a previously inert mass of Eastern countries. It is this induction into the orbit of the modes of the West that is the subject of Herr Kohn's painstaking study.

The author is well-equipped for his task. He has lived for a considerable time, both in Russian Central Asia and in Palestine, and has long studied conditions in the countries neighbouring those regions. It is his theme that the end of European domination in the East is at hand, an end fostered by the East's adoption of those very means upon which Europe previously relied for her superiority. Nor, if the physical aspect alone be considered, is there likely to be any serious quarrel with this point of view.

To all appearances, the lands of Africa and of Asia which are dealt with in this book are to assume, if not their importance during classical times, at any rate a much greater place in the eyes of the world than has for centuries been accorded them. Not only does the burgeoning of these lands to some extent inform the ambitions of the Great Powers, but their Westernization is also interesting for its own sake. This impetus towards Westernization has been provided, on the one hand, by the East's perception that by means of it alone could survival be ensured, and, on the other, by the realization that the East, of itself, had not sufficient civilization to stand the strain of modern conditions.

Such a statement, however, by no means implies that there will be in Africa and Asia mere replicas of European States, for in this process of transformation the creativeness of the East, long hidden, will without doubt come into play. Curiously enough, Herr Kohn scarcely mentions the bridge between East and West which the Jews in Palestine often claim to be building for the welfare of humanity—patently the omission is deliberate. I wonder whether he thought of applying to present-day Palestine a saying of the Prophet which he quotes in connection with the Lebanon: "If any man shall oppose one who is assigned to his protection, and lays too heavy burdens on him, I shall myself stand forth as that man's accuser at the Day of Judgment."

For the most part the author keeps to sober facts, accessible elsewhere, whether he is describing past ages in the Near East or the present day. His carefulness occasionally deserts him, however. What authority has he, for example, for stating, generally, that the nomadic tribes of the Middle East "gladly seize" the opportunity to settle and to become agriculturists? The contempt which the bedouin have for the fellaheen will not pass in a decade. Again, when describing world communications, he indulges in some statements which have been derived from not wholly responsible sources. He talks, for example, of a railway from Port Fuad, in Egypt, through the Sinai Peninsula to Aqaba, at the head of the Gulf of Aqaba (Red Sea); he writes that a London-Haifa-Baghdad railway is part of a British policy, but that the Iraq government does not favour the use of Haifa—a queer distortion, this; and his fancy further takes charge of his pen when he discourses on an intended railway from Aqaba to Kuwait (Persian Gulf).

Yet on the whole the work is done conscientiously and well. There are many trees in Herr Kohn's wood, but a

clear enough picture emerges of the way in which States from Turkey to Afghanistan are trying either to maintain or to win independence and to develop innate qualities. Mechanical devices are affecting profoundly all these lands. They are undergoing both a physical and a mental revolution, a revolution the pace and direction of which Herr Kohn does much to indicate.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

MONT SAINT - MICHEL AND CHARTRES, by Henry Adams. *Constable*. 12s. 6d.

MOST introductions used to be written by eminent persons to recommend the contents of a book. Recently, however, there has been a spate of publications in which the introduction is not only a laudatory notice but an explanation of how the book came to be issued, and no one will doubt that the issue of some books needs explanation. The present book first appeared over thirty years ago in America in a limited edition, and when it was suggested that a new issue should be made, the author took alarm. It was, he said, "unnecessary and uncalled for." But Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, who contributes the introduction, found the book more than a "revelation" of the life of the Middle Ages; when he read it for the first time "at once all the theology, philosophy, and mysticism, the politics, sociology, and economics, the romance, literature, and art of that greatest epoch of Christian civilization became fused in the alembic of an unique insight and precipitated by the dynamic force of a personal and distinguished style." Authors are not quite such timid people as they are usually made out to be; but even the most resolute of them could hardly have withstood so furious an assault. Mr. Adams was overborne, and Mr. Cram

had the opportunity to record his triumph in a lyrical introduction.

The book over which this battle was waged is much more than a guide to the two churches mentioned in the title. It is an essay on medieval architecture in France, and an attempt to portray the religious and political life of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Excellent advantage is taken of contemporary chronicles in dealing with the famous and infamous figures who crowd the crusading era, but the account of the struggle between Bernard of Clairvaux and Peter Abelard makes that renowned contest seem rather like a squabble between two schoolboys.

Mr. Adams gives an interesting picture of the construction of Chartres, the finest Gothic church in France; touches lightly on its history during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and describes the cathedral as it is today, with particular attention to its stained glass and other unique features. Chartres can be forbidding at certain times of the day, and Mr. Adams emphasises that it should first be seen in the morning light, when the beauty of its perfectly proportioned towers can best be appreciated. Unfortunately, his judgment is not so sound in presenting his wide knowledge. If it were, surely he would not have used so overburdened a style or adopted the pose of being the simple, very simple man. "We know nothing (of technique) and should care if possible still less," "one who is principally conscious of ignorance," and similar remarks about himself become ridiculous when repeated in a book which is often highly technical. The book purports to be written for the tourist, but only the student will derive much advantage from it. Certainly the ordinary visitor will be bewildered if he depends solely upon Mr. Adams to introduce him to Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres.

G. A. CAMPBELL.

EYELESS IN GAZA, by Aldous Huxley.

Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.

BIRD ALONE, by Sean O'Faolain.

Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE publication of a new book by Mr. Aldous Huxley is not only an artistic event of considerable importance, but is also like a flag pinned on a war-map, that shows where English culture is advancing; for Mr. Huxley is, with Mr. Forster and Mr. Wells, one of the three most eminent novelist-intellectuals in England at the moment, and is recognized as such internationally.

The first thing that strikes one is that Mr. Huxley's special talents are as richly in evidence as ever. There are the exquisite descriptions of a landscape or an interior, there are the mercilessly observed characters, humorous and tragic, the inimitable effects of bathos in scenes that are revolting or horrible and ridiculous at the same time, qualities that made Mr. Huxley famous in his earliest books. He has created no more living character than Mary Amberley, the brilliant, sensual and beautiful woman whom he shows falling a prey to an unscrupulous and brutal lover when her charms are failing, and ending up poor, hideous, morally decayed, with a morphia phial beside her amid the filth of a tiny room in Paris. And he has created no more painfully absurd character than John Beavis, father of the hero Anthony, a professor who brings out always just the wrong colloquialism and just the wrong sentiment. There are also extremely funny scenes: Mr. Huxley has done few things as good in comedy as the episode where one sister bets another that she will steal something from every shop they come to on a morning's walk, or the return of Anthony Beavis to his preparatory school after his mother's death. But there are at the same time passages of philosophical meditation, a *genre* in which Mr. Huxley has displayed some skill in the past, which are almost intolerably boring. Moreover,

Anthony Beavis seems to come to depressingly second-rate conclusions about history and the universe, falling back on a sort of Yogi mysticism after a life which one might think would have produced some more positive reaction in him. Supremely occupied with the necessity of averting a new war, he decides that Fascism and Communism are all one (and the Devil), and that the only hope lies in complete non-resistance. He then describes a fatally unconvincing scene, a large public meeting where these methods have amazing success with the first heckler, while almost at the same time the Gestapo is carrying the young German exile, Ekki, off to horrible tortures in Germany after having tricked him into their clutches.

Luckily, these philosophical passages are broken and scattered through the book, though they all form part of Anthony Beavis's Diary, in 1934-5, at the end of the actual time-sequence. And that is perhaps the only real justification for the eccentric way in which the book is composed, leaping, to the reader's confusion, from period to period and then back again, so that an event in Anthony's boyhood is sandwiched between, say, a passage from the Diary and a love-scene with Mary Amberley. It has, nevertheless, the fascination of a jig-saw puzzle, where the main design of the picture soon emerges.

It is, one feels, a technique that could never be used in a book that worked up to any kind of strong ending. It could not, for instance, have been used in Mr. Sean O'Faolain's new novel, where the climax is the death of the heroine as she gives birth to her secret lover's child, on a stormy night in a remote cottage in the wilds of Ireland, haunted by horrible fear and remorse, a sense of sin that her Catholic upbringing has planted in her. *Bird Alone* is an interesting contrast, in more ways than one, to *Eyeless in Gaza*. Anthony Beavis is a lonely figure, as

Corney Crone is, and both are left with the feeling in the end that they have lived their lives wrong, struggling to keep a freedom that has turned out not to be a freedom at all, but a death-bringing isolation. But how utterly different the lives are that have reached this common conclusion: Anthony Beavis, a cultured and sensually indulgent cynic, moving always with ample private means in upper-class English society; Corney, a young provincial Irishman of poor family, sexually starved, the two most dominant things in whose intellectual landscape are the Catholic Church and the hunted Fenian rebels. And how utterly different the misty half-tones of Corney Crone's world from the precise definition of everything that surrounds Anthony Beavis. This atmosphere, however, and the lovable, humorous character of Corney's grandfather, fanatic Parnellite to the end, are the most attractive things in a sincere and moving work. JOHN LEHMANN.

INTERVAL ASHORE, by Horton Giddy.

Cape. 7s. 6d.

TUG-BOAT, by Roger Vercel

Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

MIGUEL OF THE BRIGHT

MOUNTAIN, by Raymond Otis.

Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

IN such a questionable shape does the contemporary novel frequently come to the reviewer that he is uncertain whether it be his duty to act as a critic of fiction or as a student of fact. An extensive acquaintance with the topography of Southern Russia, the history of the Intervention, the life and language of British naval officers and French salvage crews, and social conditions in Spanish America, would ensure that the three books under notice could be faithfully dealt with as documents. Mr. Horton Giddy, however, rescues us with an authoritative assurance, the very necessity of which is a comment on the present condition of fiction. "This is a novel," he confesses in a note to *Interval Ashore*.

It is at all events that rare thing, a good story. Whereas the publishers of *Miguel of the Bright Mountain* can relate at length, and without so much as a "Stop me if you've heard this one," that book's whole plot upon four sides of its yellow jacket, to reveal the swift changes of incident in *Interval Ashore* would be to rob the reader of much of his pleasure; though not of all, since many will enjoy for its own sake Mr. Giddy's crisp style. It may be said that the scene is laid in South Russia, during and after the evacuation of Odessa, that an English naval officer is captured by the advancing Reds and at length makes his way to freedom, by a route as thrilling as could be desired, in the company of a Russian girl who has been fighting with the White Army.

With Mr. Vercel we leave port again, and in dirty weather. Captain Renard's salvage tug is called out of Brest to the rescue of a Greek steamer that is drifting helplessly, with a broken rudder, in such a storm as Lear apostrophised. The villainy of the Greek captain is of a piece with the rage of the elements, and thereto the plot, such as it is, attaches itself. But the plot matters less than the hourly work on board the tug, and in spite of a suspicion of over-writing the struggle between man and sea is one to watch.

The Iberian peoples must have, as one says of certain trees, remarkable power of occupation. The Mexican villagers in *Miguel of the Bright Mountain* are as immutably Spanish as their Andalusian contemporaries. The microcosm of Hormiga, the hill-village to whose "bright mountain" the fancies of young Miguel persist in clinging is well presented by Mr. Otis, who understands the peculiar Spanish blend of unambitious impassivity and emotional excitability. This is in some ways a curiously naïve piece of writing, but the central idea is well sustained. FRANCIS WATSON.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Admiral Richmond's last appearance in these pages was in December, when he wrote, without much hope, of the then impending Naval Conference. Its unfortunate results are now emphasized by the insecurity in the Mediterranean and unwelcome signs in the Far East. Admiral Richmond has theretofore sought, from his long sea experience and naval studies, to show the new problems thus raised for our naval strategists, which have important reactions on British policy.

Donald Cowie has recently returned to England after seven years in New Zealand, where he wrote editorials for a Christchurch paper. While there he was struck by the blind reliance on England for defence, and this subject is partly dealt with in a book which he is publishing.

George E. Taylor, after considerable travel and research in China, settled down at Nanking for three years as Professor of History at the Central Political Institute. Returning to England last spring he was immediately invited to speak on Chinese affairs at Chatham House. For the Institute of Pacific Relations he has also written a Memorandum on "Reconstruction in China." He is at present working on a book on recent Chinese economic history.

Jan Struther is known to all readers of *Punch* for the delicate verses, with decorations by E. H. Shepard, which are now shortly to be published under the title of *The New Struwwelpeter*. Her work, mainly essays, verse, and occasional short stories, frequently appears in the *Spectator* and the *London Mercury*.

Arthur Waugh's genial retrospect of London publishing is that of one who has lived a long life in the heart of the book world. Some of his reminiscences of the profession appeared in 1930 in *A Hundred Years of Publishing*, which is a record of the house of Chapman and Hall, over whose fortunes he long presided. Mr. Waugh is the father of Alec Waugh and Evelyn Waugh, the authors. His own books make a longish list, and he has edited Milton, Tennyson and Lamb.

Hamish Maclaren, as may be inferred from his sketch, was a naval man. He retired after the War with the rank of Lieutenant-Commander, and his book *Private Opinions of the British Bluejacket* owed its great popularity to his unusual success in penetrating the mind of the lower deck.

Michael de la Bedoyere is editor of the weekly Catholic journal, *Catholic Herald*, and hence in close touch with Rome. His present article, though it does not claim to be based on official knowledge, reflects the current view held generally in ecclesiastical circles in Rome.

Kenneth Henderson is a barrister who has made a special study of libel law. A paper which he read on the subject at the conference of the Empire Press Union in June led to much discussion in the press, but the fate of his draft Bill, as he rightly says, must remain uncertain in the overworked mill of Westminster.

Sir Henry Wheeler, after a life spent in the Indian Civil Service, retired in 1927, and has since been a member of the Council of India.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

SEPTEMBER, 1936

EUROPE WAITS ON BRITAIN

BY SIR ARTHUR WILLERT

MR. EDEN told the House of Commons before it rose last month that the British Government still regards the "collective organization of peace" as the most essential of the problems which the Powers must tackle. He said that there were certain principles in the Covenant of the League of Nations which must be maintained. The most important of those principles was "the prevention of war," a process which included a number of elements such as the "machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes, the machinery for the adjustment of grievances, the creation of a deterrent to war, and the establishment of an international agreement for the reduction and limitation of armaments." Germany and Italy by accepting the invitation to the Five-Power Conference and by participating in the preliminary negotiations have agreed to discuss the collective organization of peace in Europe, or, to put it the other way round, methods of preventing war.

That is something to the good. A few months ago it looked as if the initiative had definitely passed to the dictatorships and to the diplomacy of ruthless individualism which they had been glorifying and practising. Signor Mussolini over Abyssinia and Herr Hitler over the demilitarized zone were confronting the League of Nations as law-breakers, avowed, impenitent and unafraid. Their posture was that of pre-war power-politics at its purest. "Well, if you don't like what we are doing, come and stop us" was the challenge which it conveyed. The democratic Powers collapsed before the challenge. By calling off their sanctions against Italy they showed Signor Mussolini that he might count upon Geneva, Paris and London not to add to the difficulties of the consolidation of his conquest. Herr Hitler, after, it is said, a moment of anxiety as to whether the Locarno

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Powers would accept his occupation of the demilitarized zone as tamely as they had accepted his determination a year earlier to ignore the Treaty of Versailles and have all the Army, Navy and Air Force that he wanted, learnt with relief that he could keep his troops in the zone and even re-fortify it with nothing worse to fear than verbal indignation.

Germany, encouraged by the success of her *coup*, turned to Eastern and Central Europe. She sided overtly with the Nazi Government of Danzig in its controversy with the League of Nations. She sent her chief economic authority, Dr. Schacht, upon a tour of the Balkan and Danubian States in order to make propaganda and collect trade, a mission which Dr. Schacht's ability and the growing prestige of his country enabled him to fulfil with considerable success. She brought her quarrel with Austria to a close on terms highly satisfactory to herself. Her Press and her public men proclaimed that the Austro-German agreement concluded in July aimed at the increase of German power in the valley of the Danube, and Signor Mussolini, in spite of the fact that the main motive of his European policy had so far been to minimise German influence in Austria and the Danubian basin, blessed the agreement as a "notable step forward on the road to the reconstruction of Europe and of the Danubian countries."

There were other signs that the dictatorships were tending to come together. During the winter Germany had watched Italy's Abyssinian venture with sympathy. Her exports to Italy of such things as pig-iron, heavy manufactures and chemicals increased considerably, and the trucks that bore them were sometimes decorated by exhortations to Italy to stand fast. Italy modified her embargo upon exports, notably of hemp, in favour of Germany. In June two Italo-German conventions were signed, one for the benefit of trade between the two countries, the other for the improvement of air travel between them and for the exchange of certain privileges.

It remains to be seen whether this *rapprochement* between the Central Powers is as solid as it seems to be; but in the meantime it has obviously increased the tendency of Europe to align itself in two camps, armed to the teeth, bristling with suspicion and professing provocatively conflicting political creeds. The

Spanish tragedy and its reactions upon the international situation have shown how dangerously the issue of Fascism and Democracy is stirring under the crust of our old world civilization. But the very danger of the situation may in the end prove to have conjured up its cure. It has, as we have seen, already stimulated the democracies into an effort to recover the initiative, to make, as Mr. Eden has well said, "an era of opportunity out of an era of difficulty." And they have started in the right direction.

But to start in the right direction is not necessarily to reach the journey's end. It need not even imply adequate knowledge of the route. Many things have contributed to the failure of all the efforts there have been at and since the Peace Conference to organize the affairs of Europe. The United States hit the League of Nations hard when she deserted it and the Treaty of Versailles. France has sundry sins of commission and omission at her door. Germany and Italy must take their share of the blame. So also must Great Britain. The fact that she has always been commendably in the lead in every attempt to better the European system and to solve its recurrent crises does not absolve her from a considerable responsibility for the present crisis. Her leadership has often been marred by timidity and by an apparent inability to think things through. Though always professing her loyalty to the League of Nations and to the "collective organization of peace" she has never really lived up to her creed. "At last after ten years England has seen the light," cried M. Herriot after Sir Samuel Hoare's speech before the League of Nations at Geneva last September. M. Herriot's exclamation was elicited by Sir Samuel's much-quoted announcement that Great Britain stood for "the collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety and particularly for steady collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression." M. Herriot, like millions of others, thought that this meant that we had at last seen that the best way in which peace can be guaranteed in Europe was for us to join with those who are prepared to protect it wherever it may be unjustly or unlawfully threatened, instead of being inclined, as we had always been, to limit our full responsibilities under the Covenant to the West of Europe.

There is no need to recapitulate the manner in which those

hopes were blasted. The Hoare-Laval proposal and the failure of sanctions to do anything tangible except to provide Signor Mussolini with useful material for patriotic propaganda have hit the prestige of British diplomacy even harder than they have hit the authority of the League of Nations. The writer was in Canada and the United States soon after the episode of the Hoare-Laval proposals. It was a humiliating experience. One was made to feel that we had been guilty of treachery to the decent organization of international affairs as naïve as it was cynical—cynical because it was a betrayal of the League of Nations just after the Government had been returned to power on a League of Nations platform; naïve because of the incredible carelessness which it showed of what British public opinion would or would not accept. Nor did Sir Samuel Hoare monopolize the criticism. It was noted that his colleagues had been ready to support his proposal until they realized the devastating volume of the popular opposition which it had aroused. Also the frankness of his apologia in the House of Commons was compared favourably with the postures in which the incident left his colleagues.

Some months later I was in Europe after the Italians had entered Addis Ababa and when it was clear that sanctions were going to be called off. Again one felt that the reputation of British diplomacy for clear-thinking and dependability had been hard hit. History will undoubtedly saddle France with a large share of responsibility for the fiasco. In the preparatory stages of the Abyssinian campaign she seems almost to have encouraged Signor Mussolini to go ahead with the aggression. Great Britain sinned only by failing to warn Signor Mussolini to what lengths she was ultimately prepared to carry her obvious disapproval of his project. But her omission gravely compromised the authority of the League of Nations, for no adequate play was given to the deterrent effect of sanctions, which ought to be one of the most valuable assets of a properly organized collective security system. For the feebleness of sanctions, when they were invoked, both countries must accept responsibility. But, in this instance, as is so often the case in international relations, what is apt to matter is not so much what the facts really are as what other people think they are; and abroad the lion's share

of the responsibility for the humiliation of the democracies is laid at our door.

Our behaviour in the Abyssinian affair has moreover stirred up distrust in regard to our whole European policy. That distrust has been heightened by such things as Mr. Neville Chamberlain's speech in June before the 1900 Club, in which he stated that, in his judgment, the collective system had been tried out and had failed and that therefore it might be wise "to explore the possibilities of localising the danger-spots of the world and trying to find a more practical method of securing peace by means of regional arrangements which could be approved by the League, but which should be guaranteed only by those nations whose interests were vitally concerned with those danger-zones." Mr. Chamberlain was afterwards at pains to explain that this speech was a purely personal indiscretion. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer is regarded abroad as the dominating member of the Cabinet and as Mr. Baldwin's heir presumptive. For him to hold such language meant to the foreigner only one thing, namely, that opposition to Mr. Eden's League of Nations policy had been strengthened by the failure of sanctions and that the Cabinet was deeply divided in regard to the future of our relations with Europe.

The satisfaction and sympathy with which the frightened countries are watching his efforts to bring the Locarno Powers together as a preliminary to wider negotiations and an examination of the problem of League of Nations reform is thus diluted by anxiety as to how far Mr. Eden is master of British policy. Will he, like Lord Castlereagh, when representing England in the peace negotiations after the Napoleonic War, be able to bring a doubtful Cabinet to his own views or will the views put out by Mr. Chamberlain prevail? Mr. Chamberlain advocated virtually the same policy as that which Sir John Simon was unsuccessfully trying to conduct when he was replaced at the Foreign Office last year by Sir Samuel Hoare. The key to Sir John Simon's policy was the formation under the misleading title of collective security of a number of local regional security Pacts in which countries should group together to defend the peace in their own parts of the Continent, Great Britain limiting her responsibilities to the Rhine frontier. Regional security

Pacts have at one time or another been officially blessed by various countries, including France. But it may be doubted whether this means much more than a resigned recognition that in politics as in other things a small slice of bread is better than no loaf at all, that to have England interested in the frontiers of the Rhine is at any rate better than nothing.

The principal war-fears which prevent the Continent from settling down are French fear of Germany, German fear of Russia, Russian fear of Germany and a general fear that, by reaching out ruthlessly down the Danube, Germany might in one way or another bring on a first-class war. Behind them are the fears of the smaller fish in those troubled waters. Few of these fears would be exorcised by Regional Security Pacts. If Germany were really to plan an attack on Russia or Russia an attack on Germany, it may be taken for granted that no local Eastern security arrangement would prevent war. Moreover, the pact would in all probability have been weakened and perhaps destroyed by preliminary political preparations. And it would be the same in the South East. Under a regime of local security pacts the fate of the Danubian basin and the Balkans would be likely to depend far less upon their existence than upon the policies of, and the relations between, Germany and Italy and perhaps Russia. Regional Pacts would in truth seem calculated to increase rather than diminish that jockeying for position which is always one of the greatest dangers to peace at a period when countries are dissatisfied, restless and afraid. They would tend to become centres of intrigue rather than strong-points of peace. They might well prove to present a scarcely better defence of peace than the old system of countervailing alliances through which pre-war diplomacy unsuccessfully ensued security. Even the Pact of Locarno, the classical example of a regional pact, acceptable as was the respite which it secured, has not noticeably contributed to the peace of mind of Europe as a whole or of the countries that it concerns during the recent troublous years. It is difficult, indeed, to see how anything can secure that peace of mind short of an alliance for the protection of peace open to everybody and so strong that not even the most powerful of countries would dare to break it; and of such an alliance Great Britain is regarded by most Europeans as an essential member.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech stands by no means alone as an indication that their discomfiture over Abyssinia has made members of the Government defeatist as to genuine collective security. It is frequently intimated that the sanctions upon which any such system must be based have proved themselves to be unworkable. Mr. Eden made it clear in the House of Commons on July 27th that the Government would stand by its obligations under the Pact of Locarno. He also said that "the fact that we have certain obligations in certain parts of Europe—I say this for the Government—does not mean that we dis-interest ourselves today from what happens in the rest of Europe. Is there, indeed, a conflict in Europe that can be localised? If the flames are lit, will they not spread and is not therefore the peace of all Europe the concern of all Europe?" But, he added, the difficulty was that it was now quite clear that "every nation is not prepared to go to war for each nation."

In the present circumstances that is true.

The fate of Abyssinia has obviously and naturally increased the reluctance of Holland and the Scandinavian countries, warm supporters of the League of Nations though they be, to commit themselves unconditionally to a collective security system under which they would be pledged to automatic participation in armed sanctions against an illegal aggression. They must be numbered among the nations which, as Mr. Eden says, are *not* prepared to support peace, by force if necessary, wherever it may be threatened. It cannot, however, be taken for granted that this attitude is due to any real doubt as to how, other things being equal, peace could best be organized. It is much more likely that it is due to a desire on the part of the weaker neighbours of Germany and Russia to be quite sure that they would not find themselves deserted by the Great Powers in general and by England in particular after having done their share in putting sanctions into effect and having incurred the hostility of an overwhelmingly powerful neighbour. Nor need the fact that France talks of regional security agreements in her latest peace plan be taken to indicate that she would be unwilling, if we would pledge ourselves to do the same, to underwrite peace everywhere in Europe.

The Continent, in fact, recognizes the truth (sometimes

ignored in this country) that the League of Nations and any system of collective security that may go with it is just as strong or just as weak as its leading members like to make it. It recognizes, as I have already indicated, that Great Britain is, and must remain, the most important of those key-members. The forces on each side of the cleavage, which is so ominously appearing between two sets of States and principles, are so balanced as to put us in a particularly favourable position for the exercise of our influence. Our prestige as a nation is normally also so high, thanks to the admiration everywhere entertained for the way in which we have weathered the depression, that, if it can show that it has recovered its powers of judgment and consistent leadership, our diplomacy can be as influential in the affairs of Europe as ever. The Government, in other words, has but to demonstrate that it still proposes to implement Sir Samuel Hoare's Geneva speech by broadening the somewhat narrow interpretation which Great Britain has habitually placed upon her responsibilities under the coercive clauses of the Covenant in order to pull all the weight in European politics—that any of its predecessors have done.

Does "enlightened self-interest," upon which a healthy foreign policy must be based, demand such action on our part? Obviously it is to our interests to have as our neighbour a peaceful, safe-feeling Continent. Europe is still of the greatest importance to the prosperity of our trade, and a quietening of its nerves would immensely help our economic recovery. A restless Europe, on the other hand, menaces alike our security and our prosperity. As Mr. Baldwin and others have often said, another war on the Continent might well smash to pieces our old world civilization and its institutions, both political and economic. It would thus ruin us even if we could keep out of it. And we should be most unlikely to be able to keep out of it. We are now physically a part of Europe; and even the United States has been dragged unwillingly across all the breadth of the Atlantic into both the big Continental wars that there have been since she became a nation. For these and for other reasons self-interest appears to indicate that we should take the most constructive possible share in the peaceful organization of the Continent.

As nobody in authority suggests that we should attempt the impossible by trying completely to insulate ourselves, that brings us to a consideration of the rival merits, from the British point of view, of regional security and of collective security, as described, for instance, by Lord Allen of Hurtwood in *The Fortnightly* of June. Regional security would presumably mean for us a definite commitment to defend the integrity of the Rhine frontier coupled probably with an announcement that, while not disassociating ourselves entirely from questions of peace and war in the rest of Europe, we proposed to keep our freedom to judge each case on its merits. But, as we have seen, regional Pacts would not do much to help Europe to settle down, and notice that we could definitely undertake to protect peace only on the Rhine might well be taken as a hint to any Power which wanted to upset things further afield that it would in all probability not have to reckon with us, if it played its cards cleverly. That would hardly exorcize the menace of war or give us a tranquil Europe to trade in. Nor is it easy to see how regional security could fail to hurt our imperial interests. How, for instance, could the safety of our Mediterranean communications, the importance of which Admiral Richmond stressed in last number of *The Fortnightly*, be achieved, if we cowered behind the Rhine and left the peace of Central and South-Eastern Europe to look after itself?

How, on the other hand, does collective security emerge from the test of opportunism? Considerations of space permit only a brief and superficial answer to this question. Some of the objections put forward to British participation in a general system of collective security can be roughly summarized as follows:

(1) No country can be counted upon to fight except where its direct interests are concerned.

(2) Countries never have consented, and never will consent, to surrender their sovereignty to the extent of promising to obey the coercive clauses of the Covenant in all circumstances.

(3) Collective security would tend to crystallize the *status quo* and thus increase the risk that the Have-not countries may explode into war.

(4) Sanctions in Europe are impossible with the United States outside the League and therefore liable to object to the curtailment of her trade which their effective application would involve.

(5) And, anyhow, the League, having failed to prevent unlawful aggression in Asia and in Africa, would be equally impotent in Europe.

(6) It is against traditional British policy to pledge ourselves in advance to interfere in outer Europe.

(7) The Dominions would object to the United Kingdom's becoming so deeply committed in Europe.

The front presented by these objections is obviously formidable; but is it impregnable? The question of sovereignty raised by (2) is important and difficult. But even so, the argument upon which it, like (6) is based, namely, that what has been must always be and that what has not been can never be, is not necessarily convincing in these days of radical change. As for (7), it would be surprising if the Dominions did not welcome any European policy on our part really making for the consolidation of European peace. There are various precedents for our having a more advanced European policy than the Dominions and even a special commitment which they do not share to go to war in certain circumstances (the Pact of Locarno, which no Dominion joined). (1) as already shown, is based largely upon a misapprehension of the reason why various countries have suddenly become shy of coercive collectivism. If we accepted the responsibilities of membership in a full collective system other countries would almost certainly be glad to do the same. The answer to (5) is that, in the case of both Manchuria and Abyssinia, it is quite likely that there would have been no attack had it been clear from the outset that the Powers most concerned with keeping the peace were prepared, if necessary, to compel its observance. In the case of Abyssinia, moreover, sanctions were put into force so timidly that they had no chance of influencing the course of the war. One answer to (4) is that the objection would be equally valid as against local security arrangements and any local war that those arrangements might necessitate. In point of fact, the more comprehensive and the more impressive the organization of peace in Europe

is made, the less likely would the United States be to resent interference with her trade, if coercive measures were necessary against a country that had broken her own Kellogg Pact. (3) is surely met by the Government's statement that "machinery for the adjustment of grievances must be an essential part of any European settlement." If, as is to be hoped, this statement refers to minor territorial grievances like those presented by Danzig or Memel as well as to colonies and economic facilities, then it provides an additional answer to (1) by lessening the fear that collective action may be needed to stop some local armed aggression—in which only a few countries had a direct interest.

Participation in real collective security would, of course, have its risks. But they would surely be less than the risks of an indefinite continuance of the present situation or something like it. The weaker the defence of peace, the more difficult it will be for Europe to settle down. The progressive deterioration of the international situation since the failure of the Disarmament Conference shows that. And three things would seem to be necessary if that deterioration is to be stopped. One is that the grievances of the "Have-nots" should be fairly met; the second is that the frightened countries should feel safe enough to join with us in making the machinery for the adjustment of grievances work generously; the third is that no country should be left in the slightest doubt as to the impossibility of making lawlessness pay in Europe as the Japanese and Italians have made it pay in Asia and Africa. Recent history indicates that none of those things can be achieved, unless we are prepared to support collective security with more conviction than we have so far done.

What it seems to come to is this. Europe has failed several times in the last decade both to organize peace and to protect it from aggression; and its failure has been to a considerable extent due to British distrust of new measures to meet new conditions. We are now taking the initiative in yet another effort to put things right; but that initiative is not likely to be effective unless we realize that, as Mr. Winston Churchill said not long ago, "You cannot take a lead in great causes as a half-timer."

CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN

BY LAWRENCE A. FERNSWORTH

HERE in Spain Civil War rages. The iron hand of "Fascism" has struck, and the clenched fist of revolutionary masses has answered. The conflict is pitiless, and as this is being written the fate of Spain hangs in the balance—perhaps also the course of history in Europe.

Shall Fascism or popular government, which may well assume one of the devious forms of communism—perhaps a combination of Marxism and Bakuninism in Spain's special case—dominate Europe in years to come? Or shall the rule of the people, and long-accepted and laboriously-won norms of human rights and of the dignity of the individual man, be swept away to make room for the doctrine of the supreme and totalitarian state owning and regimenting the bodies and souls of men? Such, according to all indications, is the issue.

Viewing the internal kaleidoscope one finds that all the reactionary and privileged, and to a great extent the conservative forces of Spain, have united under a common banner. The caste of wealth and privilege defending its interests; the military caste defending its ancient prerogatives; the Church fighting for power and place and doctrine—these are the opponents of the constituted Government. And, although there be some like Gil Robles who deny "moral responsibility," and so on, for what has occurred, their denials are met with derision by Spaniards wise in the ways of such things. That he and his kind would be among the principal beneficiaries, should victory be to the rebels, no one doubts.

"The Army," playing its traditional and self-appointed rôle of "Saviour of Spain," has rebelled against the Government, against popular authority in which, by class education and instinct, it is incapable of believing, has declared war. Its present mission is to "save Spain from communism," as in the

past it has been to "save Spain" from the dangers of free and liberal education, from the pretensions of labour as expressed through its trade unions; from Republicanism; from "dis-memberment" through the triumph of the Catalan and other regional movements.

Unfortunately, a preponderant part of Spain was in no mood to be saved. It was remembered, perhaps, that these successive waves of salvation have all but destroyed a country rich in resources and people, which might have been great if its rulers had not been so lacking in foresight and wisdom. And so when the saviours marched forth they met angry resistance.

The Government, joining forces with revolutionary masses of various kinds, from the comparatively moderate and reasonable Socialists to the Communists and the Anarcho-Syndicalists, who believe in direct action as the most effective revolutionary argument, defeated the rebels in Barcelona and other strategic points, and is opposing them with some success elsewhere. Revolutionary history was made in Barcelona and some other places where citizens, mostly workmen, met the trained forces of the army with an attack so resolute and fierce that they were beaten within fourteen hours and their leader, General Manuel Goded, captured. This time the people were not to be cowed like sheep by a mere rattling of military sabres.

Churches and convents have been burned by the hundreds, priests, monks and nuns have been scattered, and in all too numerous cases assassinated. Amazing as it seems, hordes of others whose lives were in danger have managed successfully to run the gauntlet of roads, trails and frontiers bristling with armed guards, lorry patrols and barricades. The real power is in the hands of the revolutionary masses—particularly in Catalonia. The National Confederation of Labour, which affects anarchism, is digging in for an eventual struggle with its ally of the moment, the constitutional Government. Public utilities and industries have been seized and are being managed by revolutionary committees. Is the Kerensky rôle to be reserved to Azaña and his Government who sought to save democracy for Spain and so, to a certain extent, for Europe? No one can say what the morrow shall bring forth. There remains the one chance in, let us say twenty, that constitutional

and democratic Government will yet carry the day as against Fascism and proletarian revolution.

It may be interesting here to quote what was said to me by a Spanish ex-Prime Minister whose name I may not give ; not a man of the Right, but one whose moderate views had caused Left elements to view him with disfavour, and with whom I journeyed as he was escaping from Spain :

"If the rebels are successful Spain will become an appendage of Mussolini and Hitler. Fascism will have acquired three European fronts. France will be strangled. The deaths in Spain will be 300,000 at least. European history will take a new course." And he added: "A friendly gesture made by England to procure a truce before it is too late, to cause this massacre to end, might yet avert Fascism in Spain—and Communism."

But a truce was not in the cards.

Spain's civil war is merely a phase, the sanguinary one, of a revolution which has been in progress for five years and four months, or ever since the Republic was ushered in on April 14th, 1931. That event was the bloodless phase. An accumulation of succeeding events may be divided into three periods which are the direct antecedents of that which is happening. Many students of revolutionary history foresaw civil war with its consequent bloodshed as the necessary sequel of the Republic's advent. It has come, but shall one say it has necessarily come? Numerous links in the chain of circumstances which brought it about were quite accidental. Indeed, to this observer it seemed that there was always the possibility that "*el niño*"—"the child" as its enemies derisively styled the Republic—might attain its growth with scarcely more untoward incidents than the ordinary *contretemps* of childhood. That civil war has now so suddenly been precipitated is the almost accidental outcome of more recent circumstance—especially the shooting, just a week before the outbreak, of the shock police captain Castillo and the shooting in retaliation by the shock police of the Monarchist leader, Calvo Sotelo.

The first period of the revolutionary interval was the time from the declaration of the Republic in April, 1931, to the national elections of November, 1933, the period presided over by Don Manuel Azaña. One of the first acts of the Republic of this period was to clip the overgrown wings of the army by

somewhat curtailing the power of its generals and making them subordinate to the civil authority. This earned for it the ill-will of the military leaders. There were rumblings of military *coups*. One day in the summer of 1931 General Manuel Goded made a speech to his troops which everybody knew was an incitement to rebellion. Yet he was treated considerately, was merely transferred from his command, if I remember correctly. About the same time the now completely discredited Alejandro Lerroux, then leader of the Radical party (an opportunist party of the Centre), made a speech at Saragossa which was also taken as an incitement to the armed forces. A few days later there were military uprisings in Madrid and Seville, that at Madrid quickly put down, that at Seville lasting a day or two under the leadership of General Sanjurjo, who had come to "save Spain" from its Republican Masters. In France ex-King Alfonso was in agitated telephonic communication with Spain.

How Sanjurjo was beaten, captured in flight, tried and condemned to death, spared and sent to prison from which he escaped by bribery, and how finally he again became a plotter, meeting his death as he was flying from Portugal to Spain to take part in the present outbreak, is all history by now. Yet the Government, while striving to make the army amenable to the civil authority did not harass it—indeed treated it well. It took no action against well-known plotters, giving them the benefit of the doubt whenever there did not exist the most damning proof of disloyalty. And Spain is a land where it is notoriously next to impossible to prove anything, even what one has seen and heard. The facility of the Spaniard for changing the face of fact is one of the world's wonders to any other Westerner. The Republic had need of the army and sought—vainly it seems—to capture its sympathy. In the main its *fueros*, or privileges, somewhat feudal in type, were left intact. Indeed, the Azaña government set out to build up a stronger and more efficient military organization.

But it could not smother the ill-will and hatred that smouldered behind the obsequious and smiling masks of its generals. In Spain the army has traditionally been an untouchable Holy of Holies. To offend it by spoken or written word was an "insult," to show the slightest disrespect to its authority constituted

"resistance of the armed forces" or even "military rebellion," for which any civilian might be hauled before a military tribunal, be sent to a fortress while awaiting trial, and finally be sent to a military prison for a long term of years. That the criticism of the army—the "insult"—might consist in no more than a recital of certain truths did not matter. It was a crime to tell the truth about the army if the truth did it no credit, as was often the case. Indeed, the first Azaña Government changed this situation only slightly by placing "insults" emitted by the press or by mechanical means under civil jurisdiction, leaving "insults" uttered by word of mouth under military control. It did, however, abolish the military *juntas* those camarillas by which the army dictated military policy and intervened in civilian affairs. But the very reasonable and conciliatory attitude of the Republic did not avail.

The Republic, having earned the enmity of the military, also incurred the ill-will of the Church. It dissolved the Jesuit order and seized its property. It controlled, although it did not forbid, religious funerals and burials, as well as those resplendent religious processions in the public streets for which Spain is famed. It gave Spain a divorce law which the Church could never condone, considering it a mortal blow at her authority and doctrines. It passed the religious congregations law limiting the activities of religious orders and suppressing Church schools. Apparently this law more than any of the others aroused a hostile sentiment in the land, particularly on the part of parents who felt indignant that they should not have a free choice in the matter of educating their children. This law undoubtedly contributed to the Left Government's defeat in November, 1933. Finally, the Government passed a law nationalising church property, a law whose terms can hardly be called unreasonable since it left the Church in the fullest use of church property to the last vestment and cruet. Moreover, the State itself was forbidden from alienating church property. The theory of the law was that such property was a national patrimony, not the ordinary investment items of earned capital but the contribution of the people, of the wealthy classes and even of the State, and that as such it must be preserved to the nation. The law's object was to prevent the property's dispersion by private sale. The

Republic also renounced the monarchy's prerogative of nominating candidates for the bishoprics; took the hierarchy and the clergy off the public pay roll; forbade priests to earn a livelihood by acting as teachers. It maintained diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and the papal nuncio was the dean of the Madrid diplomatic corps, received with all honours. That is a summing-up of what the Republic did to the Church, the good and the bad; and in this sum total lie the motives for the Church's hostility.

When in 1933 Gil Robles began to build up his Catholic party, known as *Acción Popular*, the Church formed a strong alliance with it through an organization of Catholics known as *Acción Católica*. Gil Robles himself has repeatedly given testimony that the chief reason for the existence of *Acción Popular* was to defend the Church's interests. In the campaign preceding the most recent elections Catholics were urged by their bishops and pastors to vote against the Popular Front. Let one instance be cited: The Archdiocesan Junta of *Acción Popular* for the Diocese of Tarragona, seat of the Catalan primate and cardinal, in a widely-published manifesto (see *La Vanguardia*, Barcelona, February 11 and 12, 1936, among other newspapers), warned Catholics of "the dangers of the triumph of the revolution in the forthcoming elections," and notified them that it was their "duty" to vote "the announced candidacy of order" (in Catalonia the Order Front was the coalition of Right parties), and that in so doing they would be faithful to "the desire of the Pontiff recently set forth by His Eminence Cardinal Goma." It continued:

"Abstention in these circumstances would be a desertion and a betrayal of the fatherland and a manifest disobedience to the norms which, in the present circumstances, have been outlined by the Holy See and the Spanish Episcopacy. Let all then vote as a single man, with a single ticket, for religion and the fatherland."

It is not the purpose here to pass judgment on the action of the Church in entering the political arena in what it undoubtedly considered the defence of its interests. The intention is merely to signal a fact. And, considering the purely tactical aspect of the case, it was surely the most ill-advised course the Church could have taken, since the masses, who after the first short-

lived outbreak of violence in May, 1931, had shown every disposition to be tolerant with the Church, were aroused to fury by what they considered its alliance, with the enemies of the Republic. Hence recent acts of vengeance wherever the Church had "played politics."

The Constitution established during this first period was on its face value Liberal, if Socialistic in tendency. In the meantime the Anarcho-Syndicalists wore down the Government by repeated revolutionary movements, e.g., September, 1931 in Barcelona, and the following January, still another in January, 1933, and the widespread movement of December, 1933. On the part of the Anarcho-Syndicalists who engineered them all, they were but a "tactic" intended to harry the Government, to accustom the masses to the idea of revolution, to experiment, and by a process of trial and error hit upon a course giving promise of success. There is an ironic note in the fact that, the great revolutionary moment having finally come, it has not been through a repetition of mass war against the Government but by collaboration with the Government against a common foe. Here also enters the element of accident, for there could have been no "red" collaboration with the Government if the rebellious army had not provided the "Reds" with their opportunity.

In the latter part of the Azaña biennium there was a split between the left Republicans and the Socialists, who withdrew from the coalition to remain on the sidelines in "friendly opposition." In the meantime Catalonia had been granted its autonomy and the cry went up, even on the part of sincere Republicans, that the Republic was ruining Spain by dismembering it. There ensued an abatement of Republican fervour, a time of *desanimo*. It was being said that the Government and the Cortes were divorced from public opinion and could no longer carry on.

President Alcala Zamora, making use of Presidential prerogatives, dissolved the Cortes. This action earned for him the eternal hatred of his former Republican colleagues. They said that there was still important work for Cortes Constituyentes to do; that the dissolution was not only unnecessary but indeed a betrayal of the Republic into the hands of its enemies who, surely enough, proved to be the victors in the ensuing elections.

If it was true that there existed a divorce between the Government and public opinion, it was also true that there existed a divorce between the Republic and the President. Alcala Zamora, as an ardent Catholic, had found the religious laws repugnant and had even tried finding a way to avoid attaching his signature to them. Nor was he in sympathy with other Republican legislation or even the constitution, all of which he considered far too liberal. He has since paid the penalty by being ejected summarily from office by the Cortes which took power last February following the elections last February that once more returned Azaña to power.

By huge expenditures of money the Rights in conjunction with Don Alejandro Lerroux's Radical party won the 1933 national elections and took power in December, the governmental combination being Gil Robles' Ceda (*Confederación Española de Derechistas Autonomos*), which was a grouping of several smaller Right parties around *Acción Popular*, and the Radical party. The Ceda was supporting Lerroux on the sidelines for the moment. Of the Radical party it may be said that it was a somewhat opportunist middle contingent having little radical about it but its name. Although even in the days before the Republic it purported to be a Republican party, the Republicans soon refused to have dealings with it, and particularly with its leader, Lerroux, for reasons which are known to every student of Spanish affairs.

In the new Cortes neither the Ceda nor the Radicals had a majority but they formed the two largest *blocs*. Lerroux for the time became the Prime Minister, but he could do nothing without Gil Robles, who openly boasted of being the power behind the throne. Gil Robles announced that the trajectory of his party consisted in "supporting Lerroux [from the sidelines], collaborating with Lerroux, succeeding Lerroux." He did not find this trajectory so easy, for Lerroux was a wily politician who frequently outwitted Gil Robles. The collaboration of these two political groups was a period of time-marking, of waste and corruption, as has since been revealed by the Straperlo and the Mombela scandals. Of the Radical party it was said that its object was to protract its stay in power as long as possible, on the theory that the longer in power the more

copious the spoils. Gil Robles and other Rights and monarchists, for their part, had only one object, to keep the Cortes marking time until after December 10th, 1935, when they hoped to propose a constitutional reform by a majority vote, a thing which would have been impossible before that date by the terms of the constitution itself. The first part of the Gil Robles' "trajectory", support of Lerroux from the sidelines, was a reality until October, 1934. The second part, collaboration in the Government, precipitated the 1934 rebellion in Asturias, Catalonia and other parts of Spain. In Asturias, the Workers' Alliance and the Anarcho-Syndicalists joined forces. The real object of the armed workers, of course, equally in Catalonia and in Asturias, was first to aid the Government and then to seize it for themselves. They did not succeed, but the manoeuvre proved a valuable lesson which is now being applied in Catalonia, Madrid, and in other parts of Spain where the rebels have been beaten or held in check.

The final part of Gil Robles' "trajectory," the taking of power in succession to Lerroux, was frustrated by President Alcalá Zamora, perpetually torn between his Catholicism and his Republicanism. His anxiety to save his Republican hall-mark would not permit him to place in power as Prime Minister a man like Gil Robles who, as everyone knew, was bent upon wrecking the Republic. He therefore, last January, again dissolved the Cortes and named as Prime Minister to preside over the elections an able and intelligent man of the centre, Don Manuel Portela Valladares, who had accepted the Republic, notwithstanding distinctly conservative views. Gil Robles was furious and went about the country making violent speeches in which he threatened to "blow the President sky high . . . when we take power." The elections came, but Gil Robles did not take power and, as has been seen, the blowing of the President "sky high" was reserved to Gil Robles' opponents.

Thus ended the second period of which the chief characteristics were waste, corruption, time-marking, illegalities, the undermining of Republican institutions, the official wreaking of vengeance upon Republican personalities such as Señor Azaña who, without a shred of proof against him, but with overabundant proof in his favour, was kept long a prisoner, the

attempted annihilation of opponents, and, finally, terrible and bloody repressions. In Spain this period is now widely called the period of "the black biennium."

The elections of last February saw an overwhelming triumph of the Lefts; with the occupation of power by Azaña there was ushered in the brief third and final period of Spain's five-year revolutionary interval. Azaña's first act was to rehabilitate the much-mutilated constitution, restore the suspended or superseded Republican laws, return to Catalonia its autonomy. Hordes of political and social offenders were released from their prisons. Peasants by the thousands were placed on the land or confirmed in their taking of it. In the meantime there began a campaign of violence on the part of the Rights. There were provocative acts in the streets, shootings and murders and, as is natural, retaliations. The army was known to be engaged in a widespread revolutionary plot. Some scattered mutinous movements were suppressed. There were in particular two generals whose names were frequently mentioned as leaders of any revolt, Manuel Godea and Francisco Franco. The Government felt it had impeded their plotting when it "exiled" them from the mainland, sending Godea to Majorca as military commander, and Franco to the Canary Islands. But Godea used his place of exile as a base for organizing the rebellion in Barcelona, while the Canaries were Franco's base for organizing the rebellion in Morocco. Although the Government was aware of the plotting, it found itself powerless for want of documentary proof and, as has been said, Spain is a land where the proving of anything is a most difficult matter. Moreover, the Government could not always be sure, for there were generals upon whom it had bestowed high honours and who up to the last moment had protested their loyalty with smiles and oaths, but whom the outbreak of hostilities found in the camps of the rebels. Yet one marvels at the lack of foresight which permitted the Government to maintain a concentration of troops, of arms and munitions in such a strategic place as Saragossa where the rebels commanded twelve regiments at the outbreak of hostilities.

July 17th saw the military uprisings in Spanish Morocco and a few scattered points in Spain. The following day there were more. On Sunday, July 19th, the uprising became general

throughout Spain, in Barcelona, in Madrid and in other places. That which has ensued is still the theme of the daily press.

In Madrid, in Barcelona and elsewhere the various proletarian organizations and parties, the Anarcho-Syndicalists more commonly called the F.A.I. (*Federación Anarquística Iberica*); the Socialists, the Communists consisting of the official or Moscow and the unofficial or Trotsky contingents; the peasants and others have formed a united front with the Government against the common enemy, the Fascists. That front will undoubtedly be maintained until the rebels are beaten or the Government falls before their onslaughts. Should the Government win, it will then have to reckon with the proletariat, who consider this their revolution, and are demanding the substance of power. Should the rebels win, the proletarian revolution may nevertheless be expected to continue, for the masses are in no mood to allow themselves to be placed once more under a military dictatorship. A most sanguinary guerilla warfare and slaughter may be looked for. And then, of course, there is the international factor, to which allusion was made in the early part of this article.

In Barcelona the Catalan government has taken upon itself the powers of a sovereign state, but it moves within the shadow of the proletarian Anti-Fascist committee that constitutes the real power, which considers the Government as but a straw dummy to approve what it has done, and which is making all its plans to impose a workers' government at the opportune moment. There are almost parallel situations in Madrid and in other parts of Spain. Should the proletariat finally prevail, the question arises which of the various kinds of proletarian rule, Socialism, Anarcho-Syndicalism, or Communism is to be imposed? The indications are that a common understanding may be reached by a process of fusion of these various social doctrines, and that what is finally evolved will not be the pure essence of any one of them. That, it is explained, is the way such things work out under revolutionary stress.

THE INDUSTRIAL RESERVE

BY JAMES MAXTON, M.P.

WHEN the Unemployment Assistance Board was brought into existence by the Unemployment Act of 1934 it was hoped and believed in many quarters that the problem of relieving the needs of the men and women who had suffered long terms of unemployment were being met in an adequate and efficient way, and that this part of the unemployment problem was being removed from the central position in party strife and controversy that it had occupied for the last fifteen years at least.

The Board was charged with the duty of laying down regulations to govern the assistance of able-bodied unemployed persons, not only for the relief of their material needs, but also for the promotion of their welfare, and of creating the necessary administrative machine to carry out this work throughout the country. It was expected that the Board would do its work well. It has as Chairman, Lord Rushcliffe, who, as Sir Henry Betterton, had had a longer experience of dealing with the unemployed at the Ministry of Labour than any other political figure in this country. He had served both as Minister and Under-Secretary, and had taken the trouble to inform himself fully on his work. He was also not devoid of human sympathies. With him were appointed four others, three men and one woman, all of whom had large experience of public work of one kind or another. One of them, Mr. Reynard, had had first-class administrative experience in Poor Law work in the Central and Western districts of Scotland, and at the time of his appointment was responsible for Poor Law administration in Glasgow, and for directing the relief of the able-bodied unemployed by the transitional payments which were the forerunner of unemployment assistance. The Board took some months in the preparation of their regulations, which, after consideration by the Cabinet, were presented to

Parliament in December, 1934, by Major Oliver Stanley who was then Minister of Labour. After discussion in Parliament they were approved and January 7th, 1935, was fixed as the date for their coming into operation.

The Parliamentary discussion was not of a prolonged or acrimonious nature. The Labour and Liberal Parties put up a critical opposition, but only Mr. George Buchanan made a hot attack on them in the House and prophesied their failure. Nor was there any strong expression of antagonism at this stage by the unemployed themselves. Those who had been in the habit of agitating among the unemployed and endeavouring to organize them in unemployed organizations had been disappointed at the somewhat philosophic way in which they appeared to take the new proposals.

There was, however, a complete change when the unemployed had had one week's experience of the operation of the Unemployment Assistance Board's scales of relief in actual practice. On paper they had looked reasonable as compared with previous provisions. In some directions they appeared to afford improvement. For instance, an allowance of three shillings a week for a young child looked like an improvement over the former child allowance of two shillings. It proved far different in practice. And when the unemployed realized how their lives and livelihood were going to be affected, and how their employed relatives in their households were to suffer along with them, there was the most spontaneous outburst of discontent that had shown itself in the last fifteen years. It surprised even those who had kept in the closest and most intimate contact with large numbers of unemployed. It startled local authorities who had been dealing with the problem for several years. A majority of Members of Parliament felt its impact, and the National Government which had sat since 1931 without having to confront any serious difficulty, felt itself severely shaken. The regulations were not withdrawn, but the Unemployment Assistance (Temporary Provisions) Act was hurriedly passed, which meant that they became to all intents inoperative in many parts of the country, and particularly in those parts of the country where the incidence of unemployment was heaviest. Shortly afterwards Major Oliver Stanley was transferred from the

Ministry of Labour to the Board of Education, and Mr. Ernest Brown became Minister of Labour.

Since that date a period of nearly eighteen months has elapsed, during which the Unemployment Assistance Board have been preparing new regulations which it was hoped would prove more acceptable to the people, and be less likely to cause a repetition of the furore that arose from the operation of the earlier ones.

If Parliament is any gauge for the measurement of public opinion in the country one would expect a far stronger outcry in late November or early December, when the new regulations become effective, than was raised eighteen months ago when the first ones were produced. The debate in the Commons lasted three days and all through one night, so that there was no break between one day's sitting and the next. There was no period when there was any lag in the proceedings. Tempers were hot and interruptions frequent. Three Members were suspended, and at the conclusion of the debate when the Divisions were taking place there was general turmoil.

Most of the Members taking part came from constituencies where there were considerable numbers of unemployed. Many of them had unemployed men and women among their immediate friends. Some had unemployed among their relations and even in their own family circles. They felt and gave expression to the feeling that there was something radically wrong with the whole service that based itself on these regulations and that it could only work social evil, while having for its avowed objective social well-being. The feelings they expressed were undoubtedly milder than the feelings of the men and women who will themselves be affected.

Few people really take the trouble to try to put themselves into the minds and souls of unemployed men and women. They are regarded as a rather irritating social and economic problem, causing the nation a considerable amount of expenditure, which is usually called "unproductive" expenditure. Their essential humanity is lost sight of. They become statistics. They are "cases." They are an awkward item on the national balance-sheet. They are subject for discussion among social reformers. The fact that they are men and women tends to fall into the

background and they are thought of in block, not individually. There are still to be found those who regard them as bottom dogs—the weakest who have gone to the wall, and who think that, while there may be an exception here and there, in the main they are the unfit, and that there is a certain rough social justice in their being in the miserable and humiliating situation in which they find themselves.

When industry functioned in a more normal way than it has done in the post-war period there may have been some truth in this conception. There is little or none now. Certain industries have been hit severely by new economic circumstances. In certain districts these industries have come to a complete standstill, or are mere shadows of their former selves. The men and women who have been accustomed to earn their livelihoods in these industries have been laid idle, and remain idle, although they are no different in respect either of character or skill to men and women who have remained in employment.

In South Wales we have perhaps the best example. The men engaged in the ordinary export coal trade have been largely laid idle: the men in the anthracite mines have had reasonably regular employment. Character, habits and skill are much the same in both cases.

The shipbuilding industry provides other examples. Shipbuilding has never come to a complete standstill, but for most of the last fifteen years the total orders coming forward even in the best of these years could only fill a fraction of the berths that were available. Sometimes what orders were forthcoming went to the Clyde rather than to the Tyne. Some Clyde shipyard workers found employment while their fellow-craftsmen on the Tyne remained idle. There may have been geographical differences, differences in financial opportunities, differences in business acumen between the two places that decided where the work was to be done, but the question of the skill and character of the workmen was not a determining factor. All the more intelligent workers realize that they are not the victims of their own moral or other defects, but are the victims of economic causes over which others may have control, but they have none. The unemployed man, when considering the steps taken socially to relieve his necessities, has this broad fact in his mind, and has

all the time a strong feeling that he is suffering in his own person for sins that are not of his committing.

Many people who have never been up against the problem themselves, and who usually belong to other sections of the community than the working class, say impatiently, "Why do they not move into some other district and go into some other industry?" The employed and comfortably-placed people have no right to expect in the unemployed greater powers of initiative and adaptability than they have themselves. They must permit the unemployed man to have hopes that things will get better, so that he may be saved the pain, trouble and risk of pulling up his stakes, breaking his social and family ties, leaving the familiar places and trying to adapt himself to new work when he may be a person well over middle age and settled in his habits and way of life. He is generally aware also that, while his district is practically derelict and his industry at a standstill, other districts have also their difficulties, though perhaps not so heavy as his own, and other industries have their quota of unemployed persons, so that many already skilled in the industry are unable to obtain work, and he asks himself what chance has he, a complete novice, of getting in when many who are experts are left out.

It is frequently forgotten that labour exchanges were established, not primarily as places from which unemployment benefit would be distributed, but as an effective medium through which men desiring work would be put in touch with vacant jobs. The system of exchanges is now nation-wide from Lands End to John o' Groats, and although the work of paying out benefits has heavily exceeded the function of finding jobs the latter function still continues. The Ministry of Labour speedily reports a scarcity of labour in any area to all the exchanges, and unemployed men are bound to go to suitable vacancies when they are offered. Many have travelled hundreds of miles from their homes to take these jobs, but while some have established themselves in the new areas, others have found that the job was only of a very temporary nature, or that they did not suit the kind of work, and have had bitter experiences as a consequence. When the criticism is made that many show lack of initiative, these facts should always be borne in mind, and the further fact

that the Labour Exchange provides, in the queue and the groups that gather outside, a very useful meeting place for the exchanging of experiences between unemployed men and women, and that the majority of them are very well informed as to the general possibilities for them. If, as is confidently expected by many, the rearmament activities of the Government call for the services of many more workers, no serious difficulty will be found in getting men to leave their district or change their industry, provided there is some guarantee of decent wage conditions and some assurance of fairly prolonged employment.

The mention of rearmament provides the opportunity to draw an analogy between the unemployed and the army reservist. This may enable those people who seem to resent the unemployed man as a social nuisance to see him rather as a reservist in the industrial army holding himself in readiness to be called on when required. In the fighting services there are roughly as many men again in reserve as there are serving men. They receive their allowances, they report periodically, occasionally they do some training for short periods. No public objection is ever raised to their receiving their reserve pay. There is no means test, no family inquisition, no inquiry into what they are doing with themselves. They have undertaken to be ready when called on. The unemployed worker has given a similar undertaking with reference to industry. It becomes the nation's duty to see that he has the wherewithal to keep himself fit against the day when his services will be called for. A large number of them see themselves in this light, and have strong feelings of resentment when the nation apparently tries to fulfil its part of the bargain in a mean and ungenerous way—mean in the actual material provision, but even more ungenerous in spirit.

The Poor Law tradition dies hard, although it took its origins in much more primitive times. Bumble is still flabbergasted when *Oliver Twist* asks for more. He is entitled to live, but only just; he must expect no more than to have destitution relieved.

It is not widely realized that the unemployed man with his seventeen shillings, or, if married, with the wife and family allowances in addition, keeps himself and his family more cheaply than the inmates of the workhouses, convict prisons, asylums or hospitals are maintained. He is usually a good citizen and

a good family man. The bad character is as exceptional among the unemployed as he is in the general community. Out of a total of something in the neighbourhood of a million persons who came under the purview of the Board during its eighteen months operation, proceedings for fraud in connection with their benefits were taken against only 308 persons, and in only 82 cases did the magistrates regard the case as sufficiently serious to warrant imprisonment. It shows a very high standard of honesty that only about three persons in 1,000, living on a low level of existence, have succumbed to the temptation to add a few shillings to their miserable pittance by dishonest statements as to their circumstances. This fact should be borne strongly in mind when epithets about good-for-nothing wastrels are thoughtlessly thrown about. The other hundreds of thousands who live respectably, keep up a decent outward appearance, go about the community in which they live, maintain a family life, social contacts, very often connections with religious bodies and political organizations, meeting the obligations of the relationships, are performing miracles of self-restraint and frugality which could not be equalled, let alone excelled, by the more fortunately placed sections of the community. When in addition they do it with a brave front and frequently a smiling face to the world they can command admiration from all those who can appreciate good qualities of character wherever and by whomever they are displayed. The nation, through its statesmen, its press and its pulpits should be more vocal in recognition of these facts, and more generous in its general attitude. It could well afford to be more generous both in spirit and in actual cash.

When in 1931 the attempt was made to blame the economic crisis of that period on the lavish expenditure on the unemployed it was patently a dishonest piece of political propaganda. The nation which could carry a war debt of eight thousand millions, about which there was no serious outcry, was not likely to sink into bankruptcy over a debt of a hundred millions for unemployment, accumulated over a number of years. Unemployed men knew this and resented the attack bitterly. They resent it more now after five years, when subsidies have been granted to a variety of industrial and agricultural interests, and when the

Government has found it possible to find large sums, to which no limiting figure has yet been put, for rearmament.

They feel, in the presence of these vast expenditures, that a few shillings extra a head could have been found for them, meaning so little to the nation, but so much to them in their family lives. They feel this all the more because they realize that one of the prime factors in causing their unemployment is the obvious one that the productive power of the community has run ahead of its consuming power. It is very irksome to a cotton worker to know that he has to go without clothes because he and his fellows have produced too much cloth, and to a miner that he should shiver before an empty grate because he has produced too much coal. He knows that he could help to solve the problem of consumption with some money, just as he helped to solve the problem of production with his loom or his pickaxe.

His greatest resentment of all is not, however, over the miserable amounts that he is paid, but over the conditions under which they are paid, and the condition that rouses him most is the means test.

It is frequently repeated, particularly in Parliament, that you cannot pay out public money without a means test. The first answer to that is that you have done so, and are doing it now. Even unemployed men know that the subsidies to industries have been paid out of the public funds without any inquiry into the personal resources of the members of the firms receiving them. When this fact is mentioned it is met with hot protest as ungenerous, or pushed aside as irrelevant. It is neither ungenerous nor irrelevant, except on the assumption that in these matters there is one standard for the rich and another for the poor.

Unemployment benefit is paid without a means test for a period of 26 weeks. On the twenty-seventh week, if the man still remains unemployed the means test comes into operation. He is presumed to have exhausted all he has paid for by his contributions. In strict fact he has done nothing of the kind, since the Insurance Fund is in these days showing a very substantial balance each year. Before the economy cuts the unemployed person drew benefit for sixteen months for the same number of contributions. If a man is fortunate enough to secure thirty

weeks employment in a period of two years he can draw his benefit without any means test. If he has only 29 weeks employment he has to be means-tested.

When the means test is applied it plays havoc in a working-class home. Take a common example: the father of a family is unemployed, and there are one or two sons or daughters over fourteen years of age in employment. In the beginning the father may be drawing full benefit rates. As the young folk grow older they get increases in wages. As their wages go up their father's allowance goes down proportionally, so that the family see every advance in their position producing a deterioration in their father's. The father feels that he is a drag on his children. The children feel that he is humiliated. It is not surprising if paternal authority is diminished and the family splits up.

Another common example is where the eldest son, a young man, has a good job at, say, £3 10s. a week. In the family is the father, unemployed, mother and three younger children. Without the eldest son in the home the father would draw about 35s. a week in Unemployment Assistance. With the son in the home he draws nothing, or only a shilling or two. The material interests of the family are best served if the son leaves home, although all the non-material interests would be best served if he remained.

A very expensive State machine has to be maintained to investigate the means of the persons affected. Apart from earnings of members of the family, old age pensions, soldiers' pensions, sick insurance, and workmen's compensation, it has been found that when tabulated the resources of the unemployed total only £75,000 among 600,000 people, an average of 5s. a head, in the form of savings, investments and property.

Is it worth while having this expensive machinery and arousing the widespread sense of injustice and irritation, splitting up family groups with social consequences that cannot be measured, in order to catch what is demonstrated to be a very small minority of wasters, shirkers and frauds, who can easily be dealt with by the ordinary law of the land, or controlled by other social agencies than the one set up to relieve the needs of the unemployed and to promote their welfare?

WAGNER IN LONDON

BY ETHEL SMYTH

IF anything can bring home to English people how fast the wheel of time revolves—though many who are past their first youth will perhaps not thank me for underlining the fact—it will be a request to step backwards into the year 1876—when for the first and only time in his life Wagner set foot on our shores—and note how much was visible at that time, anyhow in England, of a luminary whose light now shines with a brilliance that shows no sign of diminution.

There have been times, even in Germany, when ageing music-lovers have maintained that his hold was relaxing; and, of course, there are tides in human affairs. In fact, I seem to remember that before the war Wagner was having a tidal slump.

But no one who has created with enough violence and capacity, with furious enough desire and limitless powers of self-expression, ever disappears finally from the scene; and it can only induce a smile when we are told that the day of George Eliot, of Thackeray, of Mendelssohn and many others is over. Thirty years ago this used to be said of Dickens; but today even the youngest and most cocksure of the many young people who declare they can't stand him must be aware that, incomprehensible as it seems to them, Dickens is as alive today as he was fifty years ago.

Or, again (since these reflections are in part addressed to musicians), look at Bach—towards the end of his life laughed at, nicknamed "old pigtail" by the public which was declaring that his now forgotten grandchildren were the really talented ones of the Bach dynasty! For in those days music ran in certain German families on what you may call dynastic lines; even in my day there was in Leipzig a group of aunts, uncles, and their children—Röntgen and Klengel by name—who could make up a small

orchestra in the family. And as Bach had eighteen children there were plenty of grandchildren about.

Meanwhile, at seventy years of age, hale, hearty, and as productive as ever, working all day long in the musty room in the *Thomas Schule* at the top of three pairs of stairs (up which in 1877 I clambered—as it were to worship at some shrine on the summit of a mountain) there sat the greatest musician the world has ever known. Still *Kantor*, still rating the choir boys for scamping their dotted quavers, still playing the organ in the *Thomas Kirche* over the way, he had to face as best he could the fact that he had outlived his day, while money and honours were being showered on pigmies.

Various circumstances had combined to turn the thoughts of the musical world in other directions; for one thing the uprising and insurging of the Italian school. Anyhow, a few decades after his death he was forgotten, or at most drifted hither and thither in a few musical memories as ghosts are wont to drift. Then, in the early nineteenth century, the obscuring cloud lifted. A rising young genius in Leipzig, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, had always cherished a passion for the little of Bach's work that was on the market, and one day it occurred to him to overhaul the piles of dusty old scores stacked away in various cupboards in the *Thomas Schule*. And there he came across a fat manuscript roughly twirled up in ragged paper. On it was written: "Passion according to St. Matthew, by Johann Sebastian Bach!"

Since that day the pedestal on which Bach stands would seem to have thrown out roots; new blossoms are constantly springing forth on a miraculous growth that will never cease to flower. And so will it be with that immortal stirrer-up of human passions, Richard Wagner.

It is not surprising that in the 'seventies we in England neither knew nor cared anything about Wagner, who in his own country, in spite of early successes, was still fighting for recognition. Our musical culture was then at a low ebb. There was, of course, the Royal Academy of Music at Marylebone, and recently the Royal College of Music had come into existence. Yet many budding English musicians—for instance, Stanford, Sullivan, and Percy Pitt—were convinced that only on German soil could

a musical education be acquired, more particularly at Leipzig, still haunted (so we believed) by the shades of Schumann and Mendelssohn.

Meanwhile, we were not wholly bereft of good music in London. Frau Schumann, still in vigorous middle life, still playing gloriously, was a cherished visitor, and, together with Joachim, whom she looked on as a son, was introducing us to the latest among the classical geniuses, Brahms. And even I, a country bumpkin, knew that the name of Wagner—that bold innovator who upset everyone's notions of law and order and had the effrontery to declare himself worshipper and lineal descendant of Beethoven—was anathema to the classical school.

At that time my life was that of any other country girl—made up of dances, games, picnics, and riding, varied by occasional expeditions to London to attend an afternoon "Pop" at St. James's Hall. But one day I made the acquaintance of a delightful old Jewess, Madame Schwabe, who turned out to be one of Frau Schumann's oldest friends, and I saw she was interested to hear I was one of those who would stand for hours and hours in the queue at St. James's Hall, ready, once the doors were opened, to dash in and secure a platform seat in closest possible proximity to Frau Schumann's piano. Then . . . lo! . . . soon after came a note from Madame Schwabe bidding me meet her next Saturday in the artists' room after the concert and be presented to the great artist.

I am certain that Frau Schumann, whom in after years I came to know well and love dearly, meant to be most gracious. But she was the shyest of women, and, given my own trepidation and the delirium of that afternoon, I only remember two incidents. One was learning from Madame Schwabe that before every concert the same scene was enacted in the artists' room: Madame Schumann in floods of tears, declaring she was too nervous to play at all, and the attendant daughter patting her mother's fine, muscular shoulders, and murmuring: "But dear, good, little Mama, thou knowest full well that once thy foot is on the platform all these feelings will vanish!" (which they did).

The other recollection is Frau Schumann saying: "I hope this child has not yet been inoculated with the Wagner poison!" And Frau Schwabe, who knew nothing whatsoever about my

musical tastes, but who, in spite of founding a society for providing the Neapolitan copper-diving boys with swimming drawers, was a woman of the world, hastened to assure her friend that I was "a thoro' paced little classicist."

Truth to tell I had already advanced one hesitating foot into the forbidden territory, urged on by the only musical authority with whom I was in touch, who himself passionately admired Wagner and implored me to pay no attention to the diatribes of pedants. This wise and go-ahead man was only an amateur, but, if ever cradle had been rocked by the muse of music it was that of Alexander Ewing, whom Fate had driven as a penniless youth into the Army Service Corps—a branch of our forces in which prestige was nil but pay excellent. He is known to some as composer of "Jerusalem the Golden"—a hymn-tune in which there is a quality of ecstasy, Anglican ecclesiastical bonds notwithstanding, of which I am even more conscious now than when I was a girl. His wife was one of the gifted Gatty family, in fact no less a person than the beloved "Aunt Judy" of her mother's famous magazine, and herself authoress of *Jackanapes* and other entrancing books. My home was five miles from Aldershot Camp, and when in 1875 or thereabouts the Ewings were sent to Aldershot, Mr. Ewing and I, birds of a feather, at once flew into each other's arms. He insisted on teaching me harmony, and between whiles would bang through the vocal scores of *Fidelio*, *Lohengrin* and *The Flying Dutchman*, these being the first operas I had ever come across.

One day the papers announced that Wagner was coming to London in order to conduct a series of concerts of his own music at the Albert Hall, and the Ewings obtained my parents' permission to take me to one of them.

Now the only really permanent orchestra in or near London at that time was Auguste Mann's Crystal Palace band; and, given the deplorably low level of orchestral playing that must have obtained elsewhere, I can imagine with what sort of crowd the unfortunate Wagner found himself called on to work. For instance, in 1876 the iniquitous deputy system was so firmly rooted that thirty years later more than one orchestra split on that wretched old rock, people like Henry Wood and Thomas

Beecham declining to countenance such a practice. And the conductor who insisted on all four horns performing in a score written for four horns was considered a pedant, and, what is far worse, "no sportsman!"

How often in past years have I revisualized that Albert Hall drama . . . thought of the bewildered composer suddenly called on to cope with conditions in which music such as his could not have had, so to speak, a dog's chance . . . gradually realizing that his agent had lured him into a god-forsaken country, where *at the performance* a trombone might be found deputising for a low horn, where only two of the prescribed three flutes would put in an appearance, and where at the concert, half the strings were players he had never set eyes on at rehearsal! And when I further remember that the wretched man could not speak one word of English; when I picture to myself that series dragging on day after day—one damp squib exploding after another in that vast hall—then, more vividly than all the rest, flashes into my vision the first and only sight ever vouchsafed me of the master. And, accompanying that vision, I hear an inner voice, strangled by shame, awe, and pity for all composers who have had to go down to the sea of music in unseaworthy ships—a voice that puts, as well it may, the question: "How could Wagner have borne it?" . . .

What that vision shows me is a stumpy, short-legged, absolutely furious man with a huge head, evidently controlling with difficulty an impulse to leap from his little platform, and instead of beating the blameless air with his baton, break it into a thousand pieces over the heads of the players.

And if the conductor was obviously furious, the demeanour of the band was equally far from anything dimly suggestive of harmony. "Just look at those fellers," said a man who was sitting next us to his wife, "did you ever see a lot of men in such a temper?" "I don't blame 'em," said she. "You'd be in a temper if you had to sit there hour after hour making that 'orrible noise." "But, Mary," objected the husband, "they're paid to do it!"

Mr. Ewing overheard this conversation as distinctly as I did, but though richly endowed with the sense of humour he was far too angry to smile, and kept on telling us that such an infamous

performance could give no faint idea of the music—and indeed I remember that Siegfried's Funeral March, partly no doubt because it is not built on classical lines, made little or no effect.

Financially the undertaking was a failure, nor can it have done much good to Wagner's cause. Anyhow, one would-be youthful worshipper went home, carefully hiding in her heart a distinct feeling of disappointment.

The moral of these fugitive glances into our musical past and it is perhaps well to recall these things before the last survivors of that epoch have quitted the scene—is this.

Various of our conductors who have starred on the Continent and elsewhere tell us, and I am certain it is true, that nowhere is more good music played than in London; also that though (owing, of course, to £ s. d.) individual orchestras here and there are on a level we cannot attain, the *general* level of orchestral playing is higher in England than anywhere else.

If then, as many believe, the wireless is decimating our never very reliable concert audiences, at all events we are making a good struggle for survival. And perhaps it is given to England, a late starter in the music-race round Parnassus, to keep going so valiantly, that those who, disheartened by the vogue of mechanical music, have fallen out, may again take up the running, and in the end help to kill that parrot-cry: "I can hear it just as well in my armchair at home." We know, of course, that this is an illusion. And speaking for myself I am old enough to affirm—caring not who denies the adage—that in the end truth *does* prevail.

HOMER FILMED

BY STANLEY CASSON

THE pre-requisites of a really successful film, to judge from what I have seen, are simple and axiomatic. There is Stage I, in which the excitement and curiosity of the audience is whetted and they are invited to take part in the diagnosis, as in any well-organized thriller. Then comes Stage II when the author begins, but ever so gently, to take control, to drop hints, to give clues and to lead you gently towards the realization of what is afoot.

To the author's preliminary presentation of Stage I the immediate presence of the Star is almost fatal. Once the Star has appeared there can no longer be any mystification, the audience merely sits back and waits for the automatic machinery of the story to proceed. And that is why one-star films never have any true dramatic quality as contrasted with pluristellar films, where each and any of the constellation may be the character to spot. Better still, where the Stars are restrained from following too sparkling and too meteoric courses; the "39 Steps" was a masterpiece, in that the gifted stars who played in it, left you in doubt as to who was going to be the main character, and who was to be merely a superb foil.

In Stage III most of the cards are on the table, or at least the scheme of things is beginning to take shape. But there is always in reserve a certain possibility of doubt and error in which the audience can be deeply involved. "Can the thing *really* work out right?" they ask. "Is it possible that the hero can conceivably get out of his appalling difficulties? Will the villain unexpectedly 'come clean' and spoil the hoped-for *dénouement* where Virtue is to be triumphant? or will he go on on his horrible path of wickedness until he is defeated and we all go home feeling that our ticket-money was not wasted on a sad ending?"

For, let us be quite frank, we do all love a happy ending.

shall never forget the grief and distress which accompanied my appreciation of "Queen Christina" when, at the last, the Garbo stood at the prow of her ship, with the tears welling to her lovely eyes, and the corpse of her lover on the quarter-deck. I scrabbled for my handkerchief and resolved never to spend half-a-crown again on such anguish. (But, of course, I went again the next night.)

In the triumphant progress of a fine story, in which the right people get what they deserve in the end, there is some kind of escape from the realities of life, where such triumphs are rare; and in the cinema the population of the world looks for that private heaven which is usually denied to them individually. I have sat in cinemas in Greek villages, in Turkish cities and in remote Balkan towns, in provincial American cities and in the usual European capitals. Always it is the same thing. An audience composed of Greeks, Armenians and Italians in a port-town in Cyprus were rapturously appreciative of the triumph of Virtue as a community of Communists, Oxford Undergraduates or Oxford Undergraduates considers. We need not delude ourselves into thinking that there is anything specifically Anglo-Saxon about Virtue. Oddly enough it appeals to Kalmucks, Tartars, Circassians and Bessarabians with equal force. So, too, does the preliminary mystification, the unexpected access of intolerable heat, the sudden flash of brave violence and all the other sporadic elements that go to make a great and exciting drama. Not least is the irony which a fine artist inevitably introduces from time to time, the swift confidential aside to the audience that says: "You know well enough what is going to happen to that poor devil, don't you? but *he* doesn't: now watch." Then we all feel slightly superior to the actors in the drama and, as Aristotle once told us, begin to feel sorry for the man or woman who is going to "catch it in the neck." Our pity and our terror are neatly blended.

So much for the pre-requisites and for the interplay of author and audience. Yet scores of films a year, seeking to be great films, neglect all these elementary devices which have been hallowed by the dramatists of two and a half thousand years. Here and there the searchers have plunged into a remoter past and produced some titillating story from the Renaissance. I

once saw an Italian film all about the Borgias. But it was difficult to see any hope of Virtue Triumphant here. The audience got restive after the fifth poisoning and the tenth assassination, and finally revolted at the sight of half-clad heroines being dragged round the stone floors of Florentine Palaces by their hair. That was a poor film, and all too true to history. Life, we all felt, is like that, and we had not paid to see a glorified and concentrated version of daily happenings. We had hoped for a rest in some more imaginative world.

Research further back to Rome brought no relief. "Ben Hur" gave us a crashing, clashing world of ridiculous chariot-races and ramping legionaries that failed to make any contact with normal life.

In despair the strong silent men in offices rushed into the future. And now we have had "Things to Come." As Mr. Wells's recreated civilization advanced we all felt chillier and chillier. We saw little advantage in living in a world in which the only difference seemed to be that you could travel endlessly up and down in large glass-tube lifts or sit in glass armchairs feeling, as the actors ^{can} feel, that the day after you would get a touch of lumbago. And the most unhuman film I have ever seen. No, the Future is an investment for film-creators, has small hope. All it ^{is} amounts to in the end is fine photography, immense cog-work, any revolving and hideous palaces of glass and concrete that ^{are} still, ^{try} no conviction and are largely devoid of beauty.

And so to the Past once more. I am amazed that no single one of those strong silent men has even considered the one story that would make the greatest of all modern films—the Odyssey. Why the producers will persist in giving us Martin Chuzzlewit and David Copperfield and all those other dusty dramas of the infant industrial age I simply cannot tell. Beyond their familiarity they have nothing to commend them, least of all as grand drama. But Homer—why, there is the material ready to hand with the minimum need of alteration! The Iliad, I grant, would be uphill work. There the passions of brutal men are too violent, the rewards of virtue rarely evident, the adventures of great men often not such as to move us to pity, though they may well move us to terror. The tale of Dolon may resemble

an episode from "G Men," but it is not nice. Nor are the doings of Helen and Alexander exactly such as to point a moral—not at least in the Iliad, unless that moral is that you should not be a boring husband, or that if you are a handsome lover you should not go out of your way to get shot. Nor is Achilles the sort of actor to rouse cheers. He was the sort of big, strong bully who waited behind trees in ambush to shoot at poor strip-lings, or who crashed through the enemy front line on his brain-spattering way in a manner that ill-suits the screen.

But the Odyssey—there is a chance in a million! It falls like a ripe fruit into the lap of the producer, the script and scenario already clearly defined. All that is needed to make it ready is cutting and selection and emphasis on the structure of the story and the working out of the plot. For the Odyssey is no haphazard accumulation of stories, as are so many epics, but a single great tale with an almost aggressive moral and a happy ending where Virtue is more than triumphant—it is annihilating in its success. For the preface to the story (which, incidentally, would be omitted from any film version) shows the Gods in Council. They discuss the greatest crime of all Greece—the murder of Agamemnon, home from the wars, by his wife and her lover, the crime that was held up in all generations as the great offence against heaven, humanity and all moral codes. It served Greeks at all times as the great warning against wrongdoing, for the crime itself was the result of previous crimes and it led in turn to others, whose expiation was the subject of some of the finest drama of Greece. Rightly was Homer held up as the great moral teacher, for here at the very outset of the Odyssey are two stories contrasted, the hideous murder of Agamemnon who returned home to find a wife who destroyed him, and the tale of Odysseus, also homecoming from the wars, who found in the end a wife whose fidelity was so unassailable, whose patience was so stable and whose joy in the end at seeing him so genuine, that not even the dullest yokel could not learn the lesson suggested to him. But the Odyssey tells its tale, not with the trumpet-blasts of direct command that make virtue, as ordained by the Hebrew prophets and law-givers, a thing to shudder at and accept; but it tells it with such cunning that the hearer is barely aware that he is being told the advantages of virtue over vice,

and so enthralled by the story itself that, when the *dénouement* comes at the end, he is still oblivious of the fact that he has, incidentally, been given a stern lesson in behaviour. He cheers for the hero, returns home and falls asleep with that comfortable feeling we all have after a good film, where the morals are impeccable.

The story on the film would open most propitiously with the preliminary scenes of mystification. The House of Penelope, the first interview of Telemachus and Athene (disguised); the crowd of hearty young men waiting for the chance to inherit the property of the missing man—and incidentally marry the widow. The observer's first thought, presuming that he knows nothing at all about the plot, would be "What exactly is going on? Something or someone rather important is missing." Soon enough we find the absence of the hero dominating the whole early phase of the story. Where is that ingenious man and mighty warrior, Odysseus? Here is his home, his wife, and son, his household, and no one knows where the master is, whose arrival would put everything right again. "Among the crowd Telemachus sat despondently," says Homer, "imagining that at any moment his father might come somehow from somewhere." Here is the right mood of expectancy for the audience.

But we must consider the setting, the costume, the background of it all. One thing is perfectly clear. The film must be made in Greece, in so far as scenes on sea and in the countryside occur. The House of Odysseus and the Palace of Alcinoos can be provided in the usual way. But for the main setting of land and sea and mountain we have Ithaka itself, the scenery of which alone would make the film unique; for Scheria we have Corfu, perhaps the loveliest island in all Greece. The Voyage of Telemachus to Sparta gives the producer the unrivalled opportunity of taking shots of the snow-mountain scenery of Taygetus and its vast and superb valley beneath, where the river Eurotas glistens among its reeds. The film is made at the very start by its early shots of Greek scenery. In this setting the authentic tale begins. And the excitement rises after the first scene of mystification. Telemachus goes to get word of his father. His ship returns to Ithaka and there his enemies lay a trap, and wait behind a rock in a ship ready to sink him. But they are baffled.

And now we turn to Odysseus and the scene changes. The man whose name has so long intrigued us is seen asleep on the shore of Corfu, wrecked, exhausted and alone. And here comes one of the many great chances of the film—the Nausicaa scene. It must be handled with the greatest skill and delicacy, for it is one of the subtlest and finest scenes in all literature. Here is the need of a supreme actress.

Then comes the arrival of Odysseus at the Palace of Alcinoos, guided by Nausicaa, and the next part of the film would be taken up with the adventures up to that time of Odysseus, as related by him to his host. And what an opportunity for good photography is here. Calypso's isle can be done at Madeira, of which it was almost certainly an echo. Scylla and Charybdis are there waiting at Messina Straits. The long series of tales can be made as an interlude to the main story.

Then comes the first onward move of the plot. Odysseus comes at last to Ithaka. By this time we, the audience, are in the know. We are aware that the grim beggar, whom no one recognizes, is the man himself, and we watch, as the dramatic irony works out, how slowly he wins recognition. The old nurse, recognizing the wound as she bathes Odysseus, gives our producer ready made, a supreme dramatic moment. Another is the recognition by his dog, as heart-wringing a tale as any producer could wish for; for no producer can leave his audience tearless and succeed. And then the great final scene when the father throws off his beggar's rags, while his father as well, and his son, stand side by side to defend their home against the intruders and despoilers of domesticity and virtue. The grim Homeric end of the killing of the disloyal servants can be omitted. It would hardly be tolerated.

I am the more surprised that no producer has yet attempted the Odyssey when I remember how successful it was, produced as a play by Beerbohm Tree a few years before the war. And everything about that production militated against success. The text was by Stephen Phillips, pompous, un-Homeric and thoroughly Edwardian. Beerbohm Tree himself, despite all his fine acting, failed to give even the least indication of the hard bitter strength of character of Odysseus. He was just a plump, amiable, ill-treated, and unfortunate wayfarer, who unexpectedly

proved to be the hero. Perhaps Nancy Price as Calypso was the best character and the best actress of all. On the whole, the main current of the story was well brought out and the scenes moved with vigour, humour, and grandeur. The greatest success of all was that dark visit to Hades by Odysseus and his men, and their interview with the mighty dead. I remember vividly the murky scene, with souls of the dead passing and re-passing in the air, small wraiths like bats, who twittered and wailed with all the authenticity of the Homeric description. Below were reeds and muddy swamps and a dim green light, against which the armour of Odysseus shone and glinted. What a chance here for the films, with all their technical capacities! Think of that great moment when Achilles comes—"Will you find yet some madder adventure to cap this coming down alive to Hades among the silly dead, these worn-out mockeries of men?" he asks. And Odysseus says: "Down here, Achilles, I find you Prince among the dead. Death to you can be no grief at all!" But Achilles checks him: "Make not light of death before me, O shining Odysseus," he replies curtly. "Would that I were a menial on earth, tied to some poor man who has to pinch and scrape to keep alive!" And he asks news of his son. Odysseus tells him, and Achilles strides away into the gloom, exultant. Imagine how this great moment can be rendered by brilliant photography and brief words! The dim figure of Achilles standing, with the more substantial figure of Odysseus seated before him, with the reeds and pale waters of the Styx between them, and a green light on the armour of Odysseus, a paler light on that of Achilles and on the tip of his spearhead! If you want pathos, grandeur, sorrow, and tragedy, here in the scene in Hades you will get it. Then can come the contrast of the ship of Odysseus forging through the blue waves, dashing the foam from its bows and sighting the peaks and cliffs of a dozen islands in the upper air.

In Beerbohm Tree's production there was another fatal element. No one had decided what was the period of the events. The architecture was partly Greek partly Minoan. The costumes were pure pastiche. Athena was helmeted with a vaguely Roman helmet, Calypso dressed like some lady from an Arthurian romance; the suitors were garbed in varieties of

fifth-century military uniform of the Periclean age. On this matter, which is vital, the producer of our hypothetical film must be quite definite. His ships, chariots, houses, and city scenes can come from our stock of knowledge of the eighth, seventh, and sixth-century B.C. We need not be pedantic purists in the matter, and can advance a little beyond the lifetime of Homer himself for our material. But we must stop well short at about 500 B.C., and no element of Periclean Athens must come in to mar our archaic harmony. We can mix our armaments to some extent, just as Homer does. Hector can be armed with ancient Minoan shield and spear, if you like, while Achilles can be given the pure Greek armour and panoply. It is so in Homer, and the anachronisms afford relief from monotony.

We shall be asked for the humorous element. Every film must have it. It is there waiting for us. One of the oddest characters in the *Odyssey* is poor Elpenor, of whom Homer says: "There was Elpenor, the youngest, no great fighter and scatter-brained." Elpenor got drunk, fell off the roof when the crew were on Circe's Island, and passed quietly out of the story. But he was the odd man out, the fool of the company, the man who involved them all in considerable difficulties. Recently the French novelist, Jean Giraudoux, has written a diverting version of the *Odyssey*, in which the whole story of adventure hinges on the character (or lack of character) of this pathetic man. And there are many other minor characters where wit and humour can have full play, though there is no scope for burlesque or knock-about. Our story is as tense and continuous as that of "Queen Christina," or "Things to Come," where farce is distinctly out of place. If "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "Bleak House," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" can lead people to the box office with the lure of familiarity, what then will be the queue waiting to see an *Odyssey*!

THE CRISIS IN AMERICAN LABOUR

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

THE schism between the American Federation of Labour and the new industrial unionism, which was made complete and irrevocable last month, is the most significant occurrence in the history of the Labour movement in North America since the genesis of trade-unionism sixty years ago. The catastrophe must be looked upon as inevitable. Root principles and vital interests are involved, and no compromise was possible. Throughout the past twelve months, while the crisis was developing in full public view, the most various and determined efforts were made, particularly by church and social leaders, to avert the declaration of war. All such efforts were futile: from the beginning there was no hope of conciliation. The fight is over fundamentals.

The American Federation of Labour, controlling the main body of trade-unionism, has been maintained by its close oligarchy upon a basis of sectional craft organization. During a period of more than half a century it has been directed by only two boss presidents, the late Samuel Gompers and his surviving successor, William Green. It is a powerful association which has from time to time rendered important service to the cause of organized Labour. But, demonstrably, it belongs to an age of industrial America that has gone, and we have to recognize that the events of 1936 mark the opening of a new and momentous chapter. There are probably not less than 40,000,000 workers in the United States capable of being organized. The total membership of the A.F. of L. is little more than 4,000,000.

Twelve years have elapsed since the death of Samuel Gompers, the first autocrat of the Federation. Since the 'eighties he had been immovable (America is a land of presidents, and in national politics alone are they automatically retired). Gompers could not be made to see that the world was changing. He was con-

vinced that the only possible form of labour organization was craft unionism, which meant in America unions of the skilled occupations, mainly Anglo-Saxon in racial character, to the exclusion of the vast horde of polyglot immigrant workers. The upholding of the American artisan's standard of living was the chief concern of the A.F. of L., and this, for Gompers and his associates, involved the maintenance of the barrier, alike in wages and in privilege, against the multitude of new Americans, still in large part illiterate. This policy and the feeling behind it were understandable enough: fear of the European masses was entirely natural. But conditions, after all, were being swiftly transformed, and the continuance of the Gompers attitude by William Green was calamitous for Labour in general. The leaders of the A.F. of L. had missed the great chance provided by the expansion of industry in wartime, when they worked in co-operation with the Federal Government, and it is not inaccurate to say that the twelve years between Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt were strewn with lost opportunities.

The American Federation of Labour was, by reason of its constitution and philosophy, unable to cope with the greater realities of the time. The first of these, obviously, was mass production, which creates a new order of affairs—a form of labour different from the old crafts, a fresh technique of management, and conditions throughout an industrial continent which, in any modern view, cry aloud for workers' organization upon an inclusive plan. The principal employers of the United States were long ago nationally organized, and the fact that the wage-earners as a class have been so slow to understand the logic of the employers' action and of their own need is one of the outstanding features of North American life. But there is no mystery about this. The great Republic has always been a bourgeois democracy. Not until the closing years of the nineteenth century, by which time the immigrant communities had grown large enough for a proletarian consciousness to emerge, did the necessary basis for industrial unionism come into existence, and then the early organizers of immigrant labour found themselves up against the unbreakable front of the A.F. of L., whose leaders could offer no concessions to a nascent power of which they stood in deadly fear. The new leaders were

Socialists, and many were immigrants; the A.F. of L. was under conservative direction. Mass production, however, became the dominant reality. The workers in steel and automobiles, in rubber and textiles, as later in electricity, and radio fixtures, were drawn overwhelmingly (except in the Southern mills) from immigrant stocks, while every mining area was a melting-pot. Even if they had wished to attempt the task the A.F. of L. could not have made even a beginning of unionism in the mass-production centres, and in the eyes of the great employing corporations labour-unionism has been and is now the Red Peril, the first and last enemy of industry and business.

Such was, very briefly, the condition of affairs when, in 1933, President Roosevelt and the Houses of Congress presented the American Federation of Labour with its most definite, and as we can now see its ultimate, opportunity for expansion. The original, and quickly defunct, National Industrial Recovery Act contained in its Section 7A a provision which the unions received and acclaimed as a definitive charter for organized Labour. This celebrated clause gave legal force to the right of all employees to be represented in negotiation with the employers by persons of their own choosing, and—far too simply and trustingly—the advocates of the New Deal strove to make the public believe that the long struggle of the unions for recognition and an acknowledged status had been brought to a favourable conclusion. But that was a complete illusion. The N.I.R.A. and its brief existence, together with the rapid moves of the industrialists for the evasion and defeat of the Act, were incidents of a transition from a stage of widely distributed conflict to a stage of positive and deliberate warfare. And that, we cannot doubt, is now being thoroughly prepared for.

Within the past twelve months events have moved with decisive rapidity and force. At the annual convention of the A.F. of L. in 1934 a move was made towards a change of policy with respect to industrial unionism—that is, of course, unions embracing all the workers in a given industry, without regard to craft or section. At the next Convention, held in Atlantic City a year ago, the fight was brought into the open, and the strength of the insurgent minority was more than sufficient to frighten the official Old Guard. In November, 1935, John L. Lewis

formed the Committee for Industrial Organization, which was designed as a compact fighting force. As Leader of the United Mine-Workers Mr. Lewis could point to a strong example of industrial unionism, with a large membership (in a difficult and anarchic field), a record of action, and a convincing reserve fund. His contention is that the time for large-scale organization in mass-production industries is overdue, that the old restricted leadership has broken down, and that the urgent task of building new unions successively in one defined province after another can and should be undertaken by his Committee. Soon after its creation the C.I.O. intervened with success in a rubber strike at Akron, Ohio. Next came an uprising on the part of the radio workers. The Executive Council of the A.F. of L. made an attempt to stifle it. The employees took their own line and formed an independent union, the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America, in an industry that is plainly destined to a future of immense importance. Meanwhile the United Automobile Workers' Union was beginning to act as though it were already independent of the A.F. of L. Council, while Mr. Lewis and the C.I.O. were surveying the ground preparatory to what must be their first major and very difficult enterprise, an assault upon the embattled powers of the Iron and Steel Institute. American leaders and tacticians never work through a single organization, even when the business in hand has all the appearance of a unified purpose. Hence we need not be surprised that as soon as the C.I.O. was found to be in working order a new and wider association, the Labour Non-Partisan League, was brought into being. Forecasts of possible developments are heard on all sides, and today one of the most frequent is the prediction that before the end of the next presidential term the Non-Partisan League may have expanded into a national Labour Party. That, however, is for the future to decide.

The most remarkable fact in this first stage of the new unionism is that the C.I.O. was able at once to gather in a dozen unions affiliated to the A.F. of L. They comprise about 40 per cent. of the total membership of the Federation. The Executive Council was, of course, alarmed, and it treated the insurgents with all the stiffness and unintelligence of the general-staff mind. An order was issued from the Washington headquarters

to the C.I.O. to disband. Needless to say, this was ignored, and the Executive Council then entered upon a course of action which afforded a contrast to English method and an interesting example of American procedure. The officials of the so-called rebel unions were summoned to a hearing before the Executive Council, and the big guns of the A.F. of L. treated the business as a formal trial, making elaborate speeches in the tradition of political impeachment. Mr. Lewis and his lieutenants refused to recognize the Council as a court, and did not appear.

The unions indicted for "open, defiant and flagrant insurrection" were twelve in number, with a total membership of nearly 1,250,000. A verdict of guilty was announced, and ten of the unions were served with formal notice that at the end of August their expulsion from the American Federation of Labour would take effect. Being excluded in advance of the annual delegates' convention, the lost unions will not be represented when the expulsion is confirmed by vote. The schism therefore is an accomplished fact; the Labour movement is irrevocably broken; and the old A.F. of L., with its tenacious organization (spreading into Canada and Mexico as well as over the United States), has received a mortal blow. The inference from the happenings of the past two years and from the difficulties of the A.F. of L. Executive is clear: the split was as nearly unavoidable as anything in human affairs can be. Mr. Green is understood to agree with the C.I.O. that the day of craft unionism is over; but he is in deadly personal rivalry with Mr. Lewis, and in any case would be unable to influence the policy and tactics of his colleagues in the Federation. They are a close bureaucratic body driven by a motive of self-interest as obvious as it is human. They stand by a structure of privileged unionism into which has been built the effort and class-interest of two generations; they are at the head of a continental organization with strong local interests, wide powers and large patronage. And their adherence to the scheme of the old Federation is strengthened by a deep-rooted fear of the later immigrants and the disruptive European ideas which they are assumed to have brought with them. Or, to put this aspect of the matter into a sentence: there is no organization in the world more interpenetrated than the Federation with hatred and fear of

Marxism, and of even the milder forms of Social Democracy. The A.F. of L. was an outgrowth of the abounding and individualist America in which the great industries were created before 1900.

The central figure of this momentous struggle is and must be John L. Lewis, the miners' leader. He is the son of a Welsh miner in Iowa, and was born in that State 56 years ago. The elder Lewis was a foundation member of the United Mine-Workers and suffered for his activity in the union. His sons, brought up in the house of a blacklisted miner, went into the pit to support the family, and John worked in many American fields, east and west. His training was of the toughest; he was known from the beginning as a hard unionist, always in the battle and always building and tightening the machine. One sympathetic observer says: "He never hesitated to win first and be fair afterwards; or rather, in a fight he is fair to what he wants to achieve rather than to the person of his opponent." His career as a union organizer has coincided with the advance of the United Mine-Workers, over which he has presided since 1919. The use he made of this position gave him a prominence in the world of American Labour which, during the past fifteen years, he has shared with only one other organizer and leader, Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Garment Workers, who is today his strongest ally in the drive towards industrial unionism.

John L. Lewis is a recent convert to this policy. Until the beginning of the Roosevelt period he held the orthodox tenets of the A.F. of L., although it was recognized that from the date of an important mine-wages agreement (Jacksonville, 1927) he was gradually breaking away from his old bearings. It was a combination of the Roosevelt policy, the regulating Codes, and Section 7A which brought about his complete acceptance of industrial unionism, and in the A.F. of L. convention of 1934 he announced his conversion. At that meeting his influence secured the passage of a resolution authorizing the Executive Council to organize inclusive unions in three industries—automobiles, cement and aluminium—and to encourage the industrial unions already existing in certain individual plants. But the A.F. of L. oligarchy had no intention of acting upon these instructions, and at the annual convention of 1935 Lewis was

the leader of open insurgency with at least one-third of the affiliated unions at his back. This advance of the miners' leader since the Jacksonville compromise is significant mainly for two reasons. It has carried him into close association with the progressives and radicals of the Labour movement, who were opposed to him for many years, and it has revealed him as the most resourceful and dynamic Labour leader of his generation. Since the beginning of the great depression seven years ago the world of American Labour has been deplorably confused and lacking in national leadership. The rapid emergence of John L. Lewis in his new character and the firmly directed energy of the C.I.O. have made a decisive difference in the atmosphere and the outlook.

There can be no doubt as to the region in which the first great trial of strength will come. All America is watching Pittsburgh and the other steel centres of Pennsylvania, for it is perfectly well understood that Lewis and the C.I.O. must take up the challenge of the great steel corporations, representing an industry estimated to stand for £1,000 millions, the most concentrated system of industrial feudalism in the modern world. The steel industry has been implacably opposed to trade unionism. The employers have been victors in every strike. In the annals of American Labour there is no more bitter memory than that of Homestead, 1892, when after a fatal shooting affair a strike organized by a powerful craft union was hopelessly beaten and the Carnegie Steel Company announced that never again would a union worker be employed in its mills. The forty-fourth anniversary of this disaster was celebrated last July, when a meeting at Homestead carried a new declaration of independence, affirming a resolve of exercising the "inalienable rights to organize into a great industrial union, banded together with all one's fellow steel-workers." An oath to this effect was taken in the cemetery where the victims of 1892 were buried, this being the first Labour rally in the town since the tragedy which put Homestead on the map. The answer of the steel corporations to the new menace could have been predicted. On the eve of the Homestead demonstration the Iron and Steel Institute circulated a defensive statement in the form of a full-page advertisement printed in 375 newspapers throughout the

United States, costing, it is said, \$500,000. It contained several important statements, and two in particular: (a) That "no employee in the steel industry has to join any organization to get or hold a job," and (b) that the overwhelming majority of the employees "recently participated in annual elections under their own representation plan, and elected their own representatives for collective bargaining." (This second point refers to the regular procedure of the company unions which, in steel and automobiles as in most other leading industries, came into existence under the shadow of the N.R.A., were blessed by President Roosevelt and accepted, or at least tolerated, by the A.F. of L.) The manifesto continues: "The steel industry will oppose any attempt to compel its employees to join a union or pay tribute for the right to work"; it will use all its resources "to protect its employees and their families from intimidation, coercion and violence, and to aid them in maintaining collective bargaining free from interference from any source."

Labour takes this as a virtual declaration of war, the declaration that must always be expected in reply to any move of militant Labour. Mr. Lewis's reply was delivered over the air, at the invitation, it is interesting to note, of Mr. David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, a large body of whose workers had been on strike under Lewis's own leadership. The Labour leader's language in this speech had the full note of passion that belongs to him in the present campaign. He asserted that the record of the steel corporations during the past thirty-five years showed failure to pay even a bare subsistence wage. He argued that when the leaders of the industry speak of protecting labour, they mean that union meetings will be broken up by hired hoodlums and that the industry intends to continue "the unlawful ruthless tactics of former years." There is, it may be noted, evidence enough to support the view of Lewis and his associates as to the completeness of the preparation for civil war in the steel cities. They allege an increased force of recognized gunmen and of spies in the plants, with additional supplies of ammunition and tear-gas, and a tightening of the control by the steel corporations over the municipalities, the law officers, the landlord interests and the stores throughout

the region. This is all in the tradition of Pennsylvania and Ohio; the facts are common property and are everywhere accepted. Lewis and the C.I.O. are resolved upon a planned crusade of industrial unionism, first in the steel cities and then in the motor-car and rubber centres and the industrial chiefs, with their stupendous resources, are committed to a policy of unlimited resistance. The prospect is extraordinarily grim.

There are two matters of importance, in particular, to be considered with respect to the disturbing forces that have taken shape during the past year. The first is the political aspect: what effect is the disruption of Labour likely to have upon the presidential election, and in particular upon the President's chances of re-election in November? The Roosevelt industrial policies have contained little save disappointment for the multitude of American wage-earners. The N.R.A. was unworkable and unconstitutional. Its Labour clause proved to be of no avail. The employer class as a whole was enabled to maintain its hostility to trade unionism. The Open Shop is, as much as ever, hailed as an immutable principle; the struggle for the right of collective bargaining must begin again. Moreover, since the collapse of the N.R.A., 1934-5, there has been a widespread and distressing decline in wages and labour conditions generally. Will not these things, coupled with the Labour schism, tell heavily against the President and the Democratic Party? They may, but hitherto the forecasts have on the whole been the other way. From the beginning of the election campaign organized Labour has been overwhelmingly for Mr. Roosevelt, with the A.F. of L. taking a much more positive party stand than it is accustomed to take. Mr. Lewis and the Labour Non-Partisan League are unequivocally Rooseveltian, and it is reasonable to calculate that the full weight of organized Labour, both conservative and radical, will be thrown into the scale against the combination of irresponsibles making up Mr. Lemke's ramshackle third party. The doubt, however, lies here: Mr. Green and the A.F. of L. officials are animated by a ferocious animosity towards Lewis and the C.I.O., and it is by no means impossible that large numbers of their followers, reversing their earlier attitude, may turn with impassioned resentment to Governor Landon and the Republicans.

And the second question provoked by the unprecedented situation of this year is concerned with the certainty of an embittered general war between Capital and Labour, a prospect made all the more terrifying by the split in the Labour forces. American employers as a class are immovable in their resistance to unionism, notwithstanding the high repute of the four great Railroad Brotherhoods and the admirable record of pacific negotiation in the garment trades. It is upon the Open Shop that the employers stand, as a principle of Americanism; and in their view the Open Shop means, wherever possible, the factory closed to all holders of a union membership card. In the great mass-production industries—headed by steel, automobiles, rubber, radio—this basic hostility has hardened into a deep fanaticism, which is resentful of all argument or inquiry and, within the bounds of industrial feudalism, is taken as justifying every measure of defence and every device, however raw, for beating off the union organizer and destroying the agencies through which he works. Thus it is, after the abortive N.R.A. as through the anarchic post-war years, that the industrial regions have presented a continuous spectacle of civil war, whether latent or patent. Pennsylvania and West Virginia, Ohio and New Jersey, Illinois, Michigan and a dozen other States have by turns broken into the news with fresh disclosures of the irrepressible conflict. The outlook is ominous, especially because of the gathering evidence that the great corporations are preparing for a fight to a finish, and of the note of new and stern militancy that has been sounded by John L. Lewis; while we may count it especially regrettable that the United States should be moving towards industrial warfare just as it becomes possible to believe that the American business revival is a genuine and powerful tide. Recovery ought at the least to mean internal peace.

THE ISOLATION OF THE INTELLECTUALS

BY LORD ELTON

THE Jubilee was the end of an epoch, the end of "post-war." Or rather, it was a lightning flash, suddenly and pitilessly revealing the tremendous but unacknowledged gulf which had long divided the mass of the nation from a few thousand "intellectuals," that small and spiritually alien community which had succeeded in stamping the post-war epoch with its own shabby, depressing and—as was now plain for all to see—altogether untypical characteristics. (Clearly only a minority of intellectual persons are "intellectuals." We do not think of the great doctor, the great teacher, even the great artist as "intellectuals"; presumably because first-rate creative work needs emotion, intuition, will-power even more than intellect. "An intellectual" is a man who has too much intellect in proportion to these other qualities; too much intelligence and too little character. He is a man who *thinks* of himself as an intellectual.) For the intellectual of your true post-war vintage, cynical, defeatist, rational, complex, and amoral, the natural reaction to last year's celebrations, founded as they were upon the simple emotions and the simple virtues—which even included patriotism—was that cultivated and supercilious titter which, ever since Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*, had been the dominant post-war note. The volume and quality of popular emotion, together with the sudden sense of their own spiritual isolation, astonished and silenced the intellectuals for the moment. Only here and there a revealing comment betrayed the lonely Martian visitor among human beings. The men and women who have been stamping that dreary decade and a half with its character have been in truth as isolated, as untypical, as spiritually alien to the masses as that pundit of the *New Statesman* who, finding himself among the cheering crowds, selected as the sight that impressed him most

with such symbolic fitness, "a road-cleaner who was kept busy raking the dung left by the horses!"

We still think of the Restoration as an age of dissolute cynicism; but who gave it that character? A small court clique in London at a time when the tastes and morals of nine Englishmen out of ten were neither worse nor better than those of their fathers or their children. The squire, the burgess and the labourer were no more rakes under Charles the Second than their counterparts in the nineteen twenties were cynical and pessimistic amoralists. It may be that enough "post-war" literature will survive to brand us as Rochester and his friends have branded the sixteen sixties. But at least let us recognize that our post-war spokesmen have been speaking scarcely even for a hundredth part of us; that they have been the men, so to speak, who had eyes only for the muck-raker, while the rest of the nation were busy applauding the procession.

In a sense there must always be a gulf between a nation and its men of intellect. But in normal times and when the nation is healthy, among men of intellect there are not many intellectuals, and it is a gulf only of degree, not of kind. Shakespeare feels more deeply and understands more profoundly than his less gifted contemporaries, but he is essentially—that indeed is the core of his greatness—a man of like passions with themselves. But ours have not been normal times. Even before 1914 it was an age of intellectuals. The war and its gloomy aftermath set up unique moral and emotional stresses, and to these the intellectual, being more sensitive, was more apt to succumb. The tiny but vocal community of the highbrows has been haggard by neuroses from which the bulk of the community has fortunately been free. The gulf has been one of kind as well as of degree.

And there have been special circumstances. The war, after all, saw the exaltation of the intellectual's antithesis, the man of action and, be it added, of discipline. In normal times it is not difficult for the intellectual to ignore or despise the unreflecting citizen who does the everyday work of the world. Travelling on the 9.40, or administering the Punjab, he is seldom conspicuous in the headlines, and his solid but unexciting virtues neither intrude nor irritate. But in war-time all is

changed. The man of action rules the world. He is saviour and hero at once. The man of theories is nowhere. And soon he envies—and despises—an unhealthy frame of mind. Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* was the supreme manifesto of your disgruntled intellectual in war-time. Published in the last year of the war it instantly achieved success. For the eminent persons whom it set itself to "debunk"—Arnold, Gordon, Florence Nightingale—represented precisely the type under whose temporary dominance the intellectual had been fretting. They were men and women who believed in something; and who had achieved something. Their lives had been lives of courage, discipline, and action. Let them be debunked! And so *Eminent Victorians* is one prolonged, discreet, sophisticated and, it must be confessed, often somewhat tedious, titter. It set the fashion for its epoch. For nearly two decades the literature of the titter reigned supreme. In *Queen Victoria* and *Elizabeth and Essex* Strachey repeated the same recipe and achieved, in varying degrees, the same success. For these works are not in essence a study of the full-blooded and active lives of those whose names appear on their title-pages. In the last analysis they are admiring self-portraits of the artist by himself: the central theme being always, "How amusing that Victoria, that Elizabeth, should not have possessed the same tastes in art or morals as a Cambridge intellectual of the nineteen twenties." So positive were the nineteen twenties that they had achieved the ultimate wisdom. As was perhaps natural, since they were so ready to make fun—was it not their *leitmotif*?—of all who had acted, dared, or believed; which is to say of almost all great figures and of almost every age. Outside the narrow confines of the intelligentsia, however, the general public was far from entertaining the same views. It read Strachey and his countless imitators for their entertainment value, where they possessed any, but usually without accepting their singularly unimaginative historical and ethical standards.

The same gulf between intellectual and public may be detected perhaps in the curious divergence of their attitudes to the public schools. A student of intelligent British fiction a hundred years hence, if he had no other evidence, might well conclude that the public schools were objects of almost universal

derision and dislike among their own clientele. For the public schools traditionally emphasize character, discipline, leadership, and co-operation, precisely those war-time virtues against which the intellectuals were in revolt; and it was only natural that among them "the old school tie" should have become the equivalent of the music-hall comedian's mother-in-law as a gag, certain to provoke its mechanical response. Yet while fiction was presenting the public schools as almost invariably odious or ridiculous to their own pupils, they were in fact full to overflowing, and one of the most remarkable social phenomena of the time was the readiness of former members to make huge economic sacrifices to send their sons to the same schools as themselves. For the general public is far from sharing the dislike of the intellectual for the emphasis placed by the public schools upon what may be called the war-time, though they are certainly also the peace-time, virtues of discipline, leadership, and co-operation.

In other ways, too, the gulf between the intellectuals and the nation has primarily been due to the war. For the war not only left the intellectuals in a specially neurotic condition; it left both them and the nation faced with appalling problems of reconstruction. The intellectual too often found an all-embracing defeatism the line of least resistance. While ordinary men and women were getting on with their own immediate tasks—rebuilding a business, organizing a Women's Institute or a branch of the League of Nations Union—the intellectuals were mostly prophesying disaster, either in the comprehensive form of what is usually described as "the end of European civilization" or in the analogous variant of some political Utopia which could only be reached by way of a catastrophic revolution. For the intellectual mere reconstruction was at once too arduous and too dull. And it was natural that, when the National Government was formed with overwhelming, and indeed unparalleled, public support, in 1931, the intellectuals should have been found, almost to a man, in the anti-national camp. For the avowed object of that Government was the painful process of reconstruction; moreover, it had expressly rejected any and all comprehensive theories, so dear to the heart of the highly rational intelligentsia, for the basis of its work, and had appealed

to the country for a doctor's mandate, in other words, for blind trust in empirical and largely intuitive leadership.

Defeatism was but one aspect of the general assumption of British intellectuals that British society was in a state of decadence. And here the innate defeatist instinct was powerfully reinforced by foreign influences. In a recent work, *The Destructive Element*, Mr. Stephen Spender attributes the discovery of this collapse (as it appears to him) to the American, Henry James, and singles out among James' principal disciples Eliot and Joyce, an American and an Irishman. Inspired by these alien prophets the intellectuals readily confused Continental with British conditions, and attributed to the British people symptoms of moral decay which existed perhaps amongst the British intelligentsia but certainly did not exist in the British nation as a whole. What reader of the highbrow fiction of the post-war epoch has not found himself having fumblingly to acquire the conventions of an unknown country, a world on whose threshold all the customs of the world he lives in must be deliberately forgotten? As Tolstoy said of philosophy, once you accept its assumptions and acquire its jargon it makes sense—until you try to fit the picture to the world as you know it. The real world, of course, contains the pervert, the promiscuous and the pessimist. Only it does not contain anything like so many. Compare the population of Mr. Aldous Huxley's fascinating works with your own neighbours and relations, and the contrast between reality and fiction becomes almost uncanny. Mr. Huxley explains, it is true, that the novel of ideas has necessarily to deal with characters who are interested in ideas, and that these are not more than about 0.5 per cent. of the population. His novels in fact may well be a faithful picture of the post-war intelligentsia. Let anyone who is acquainted with a good many different spheres of British life reflect for a moment how grotesquely dissimilar is the picture to anything he has encountered elsewhere. Mr. Huxley's novels, and those of his numerous imitators, are one more illustration, and an admirable one at that, of the isolation of the intellectual. But nine-tenths of post-war art is redolent of that isolation. At what other period have the works of almost all the artists most admired by the intelligentsia been meaningless, as during this period, not merely to the man in the street (who

applauded Shakespeare and read Dickens, Scott, and even Hardy) but even to highly-educated, but uninitiated, persons making deliberate and repeated efforts to comprehend?

In a highly characteristic post-war work Mr. Leonard Woolf has recently attributed all our troubles to a departure from rationalism. And it was perhaps the irrational in the Jubilee manifestations which above all else affronted the intellectual. But, the truth is, we English have never been rational, and all our greatest achievements, from poetry to politics, have been securely founded in the irrational and intuitive. It was intuition, the habit of dealing with facts when they arise (instead of preparing a rigid theoretical framework in advance, into which the facts must fit) which built a political history that has made the man in the street more comfortable in England today than in any other country in the world. We have felt our way by the instinctive common sense of the normal man, when we might have followed the rigid theories of some intellectual down the primrose path to bloodshed, arson, and the tightened belt with half the Continent of Europe. Five-Year Plans and New Deals seem to succeed only in so far as they diverge into "deviations" (to use a Russian euphemism) from their pre-conceived rigidities. Some "planning" there must be, but "planning," long-distance all-embracing "planning," has been the pastime of the intellectual rather than the motive power of British politics. Far more characteristic of the British method has been the successful appeal, in 1931, and, in effect, in 1935, for a doctor's mandate—a vote of confidence not in an elaborate programme (such as *Labour and the Nation*, written by Mr. R. H. Tawney for Labour politicians like Lord Snowden, who subsequently confessed that they had never read it), but in a number of leaders and the general direction in which they declared that they intend to advance. Unlike the intellectuals, the general public neither distrusts leadership nor cares much for elaborate plans. It knows that in a rapidly changing world whatever rulers it selects will have to move by sight and instinct as much as by any map. Napoleon used to say that, when asked what goal he was aiming at, "I always answered that I simply did not know." And great artists have mostly confessed the same; "that pre-existent vision does not pre-exist at all," wrote C. E. Montague: "It

only comes into existence while the technical and physical work of painting or writing goes on." Artist and statesman alike feel their way. And the British public has been content to have it so; this indeed has been the essence of the British genius for politics.

Since then there have been signs in increasing number that we are indeed moving in a new era. The doctrine of class war is dead. There was even a moment at the end of last summer when it looked as though Mr. Baldwin, had he chosen to make the venture, might have reconstituted a National Government on a far wider basis of unity. In face of the Italian escapade the foreign policy of Government and Opposition was identical. At the Trades Union Congress (where there are no intellectuals) Mr. Bevin had offered to co-operate with the Government in drastic action in the distressed areas. On the chief domestic and foreign issues Government and Opposition, it seemed, could have united. The opportunity, if it was an opportunity, was not taken; but that posture of affairs was significant. It was closely followed by a General Election at which the National Government won a second victory, in its way as striking and unprecedented as that of 1931. And, if it be asked why this should be evidence of the release of the nation from "post-war" shackles, the answer must be: "Read the highbrow weeklies"—not the Sunday weeklies, for these are national papers in the sense that they reflect some facet or other of the mind of the nation as a whole, but those Friday or Saturday journals, aptly described as the critical weeklies, on which has been laid the skeleton hand of the esoteric public of the fifty thousand or so of intellectuals for whom they cater—read these, and reflect how alien to all they stand for has been the political conception twice overwhelmingly endorsed by the nation. Already their pages "date" as unmistakably as an antimacassar. I hazard the prophecy that during the next decade we are likely to find in them a gradual reorientation, a gradual acclimatisation to the larger air which the nation is already breathing. During the next few years they will gradually, and for the most part unconsciously, learn that doctrinaire Socialism is as dead as Victorian individualism, and that, under their very noses, the nation, ignoring the text-books and groping its way intuitively

through one problem after another, is evolving an economic structure which is neither Russian Marxism nor American Individualism, but an insular hybrid of its own, destined, it may be, to be as widely imitated as was our Parliamentary constitution in the nineteenth century.

Even in fiction there is evidence that the intellectuals are tentatively following, in the wake of the nation, into the new era. In Mr. Huxley's latest novel, *Eyeless in Gaza*, it is fascinating to watch the author rediscovering one after another by his own elaborately rational processes the simple truths which plain men have accepted instinctively for generations. Re-stated in Mr. Huxley's highly personal idiom and with many characteristically diverting trimmings, the essential theme of the book is that of a child's Bible reader—be good and you will be happy. . . . It is indeed a far cry from *Antic Hay*. And where Mr. Huxley leads there seems little doubt that the intellectuals, who have followed before, will follow him again.

LORD PONSONBY, AND SOME MEMORIES

BY ARTHUR MOORE

LORD PONSONBY is the cause of this article, but he and his pacifism stir memories which, if not on the point, are, I trust, closely beside it. I hate to confute him out of his own mouth, but I must do it. For sleeping lately in a sweet field of memory something came to me out of a far past. Can it be that I am an old man and about to join the veteran regiment of the reminiscence vendors? No, not that—not yet. Just for this once.

Long ago—let me be brave and say thirty-two years ago—I started life, fresh from the home of lost causes, as the Secretary of the Balkan Committee. I was fired into the job by two Canons, very dissimilar but both marvellous, one of St. Paul's, and one of Westminster, Scott Holland and Barnett. They were enthusiasts and mistook me for something I was not, for I was really pretty worthless, and any merit I have has been painfully acquired through the years. Noel Buxton, now Lord Noel-Buxton, was the Chairman, and, I think, for all his sweetness of disposition he sized me up pretty well. But he thought a lot of the two Canons and he took me on. They gave me four pounds a week, and to keep in touch with Canon Barnett I lived at Toynbee Hall in Whitechapel. Not that there was anything clerical about me, unless it be the fact that I was a parson's son; a year later in the Balkans I came across a proverb that "the parson's son is the devil's grandson!" It was, so to speak, an accident that my two backers were parsons, and for that matter there was very little of the cleric about Samuel Barnett.

In Toynbee Hall—where letters from America used to arrive addressed to T. Hall, Esq.—I slept, and for two years spent about half my evenings in the East End. At Toynbee we residents were municipally-minded but otherwise gay. The late Henry Ward of the L.C.C. was the life and soul of the party.

W. H. Beveridge (now Sir William) and R. H. Tawney were a pair of inseparables. Beveridge had just created Labour Exchanges, and catching the infection we all talked about seasonal unemployment and studied graphs and things. Henry Lewis was a great favourite, whom we all, I think, regarded as a purely lay Jew; to our astonishment he later became a Grand Rabbi. George Lansbury used to blow in for debates about Poor Law Guardians, and Henry Nevinnson, Cyril Jackson, and Edward Garnett were fairly frequent visitors.

To get to the Balkan Committee—it seems time to get back to it—I became "a twopenny-bus young man," and for that sum every morning travelled, if possible in the front seat above the driver's hat, in a two-horse bus from Aldgate Pump past the Bank and St. Paul's down Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street to Adam Street, Strand. There descending I marched to the house of Mr. Bernard Shaw, No. 10 Adelphi Terrace. The executive of the Balkan Committee consisted of a clerk who had a beautiful Adam room all to himself on the left as you go in. On the first floor I had the corresponding room complete with fireplace, as the brothers Adam had left it. On the other side of the staircase landing the New Reform Club had the dining-room on the ground floor and drawing-room above, the latter with the Angelica Kauffmann ceiling. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw—our landlords—occupied the other floor. During my four and a half years in Adelphi Terrace G.B.S. passed the time of day to me regularly when we met on the stairs, but only once or twice did he take part in our Balkan discussions. He was not a member, but was willing to drop into an invitation meeting in the drawing-room to tell us we were wasting our time. In 1907 his Balkan play, *Arms and the Man*, was produced at the Savoy, by Granville Barker with Lillah McCarthy, Auriol Lee, and James Hearn as stars, and on the strength of having lent James Hearn a pair of slippers and a peasant's homespun costume which I had brought back from Bulgaria, Hearn called me in to the rehearsals as a (very pseudo) expert. I was much impressed by the way G.B.S. had got the sense of the Balkans.

Our President, till he became a Cabinet Minister, was James (afterwards Lord) Bryce, after which Professor Westlake succeeded him. But the President was not a regular attendant,

and the driving force as well as the principal financial supporter was Noel Buxton. Round him he had collected a varied assortment of people on a fairly small committee. They attended regularly and were very keen, but it was chiefly Noel Buxton that drew them there—Roden Buxton, Arthur Ponsonby, Henry Nevinston, G. P. Gooch, Bertram Christian, H. J. Torr, Sir Edward Boyle—and H. N. Brailsford, fresh from the Balkans and still a Liberal, are names of some regular attendants that come back to me. Sometimes Charles Masterman would breeze in, and in the early days Gilbert Chesterton would shake a meeting with a mixture of pleasurable excitement and alarm when his step was heard on the stair, preluding an eruption of paradox and laughter that disconcerted earnest workers like Aneurin Williams.

What, you may well ask, were we trying to do? The more I think of it, the more I see how like the present League of Nations Union was our self-imposed task. They now talk of Article XIX of the Covenant, and so on. Our business was to try to get the Powers to take some notice of Article XXIII of the Treaty of Berlin. That was our stand-by. Their League of Nations was our Concert of Europe, in practice an idealistic failure, just like the League. Turkey was in several ways the prototype of Abyssinia today. By the Treaty of Paris in 1856, after the Crimean War, Turkey had been admitted to the League—I mean the Concert. In Article V the Powers declared “the Sublime Porte admitted to participate in the advantages of European Public Law and the European Concert.” By Article XXIII of the Treaty of Berlin the Sublime Porte undertook to introduce into Turkey in Europe (i.e., Macedonia, Albania, and Thrace) laws similar to the Cretan organic law of 1868, with adaptation to local conditions. Local Commissions were actually appointed to frame statutes and regulations for the government of the vilayets, but no laws were ever promulgated. After the Macedonian insurrection of 1903 and the massacres which accompanied its suppression the Balkan Committee was created to bring pressure on the British Government to lead the Concert of Europe to press the Porte for the fulfilment of Article XXIII.

Most of the active members of the Committee had first-hand knowledge of the Balkans. My own ignorance I set out to

mitigate, and for four years in succession I succeeded in appointing myself as a Correspondent for English papers during my summer holidays. In the last of these years, 1908, I had by chance a virtual monopoly for the London press of the Young Turk Revolution in Macedonia, and this proved a turning-point in my life.

Incidentally, Enver Bey (later he was a Pasha) became my friend, and, thanks to his introductions to Albanian tribal chiefs who had relations with the Young Turk Committee, I succeeded that summer in passing through Central Albania on a basis of blood brotherhood. That part of the country had been absolutely closed to Europeans. Turkey-in-Europe in those days was not considered by its own inhabitants as part of Europe, and to them we were Franks (Feringhi), quite distinct both from Mussulmans and from the *rayot giaours*, the Christian subjects of the Sultan, i.e., Serbs, Greeks, Bulgars and Kutso-Vlachs. Dibra had had at least one traveller, Mr. Sackville-West, of the Ottoman Debt, but beyond that no one had penetrated Westward to Mat. Thanks to my Young Turk friends I rode by Katchanik to Bourgayet, the centre of the Mat country, where the feudal Bey, Jelal, entertained me with Homeric hospitality in a Homeric castle. A sheep was roasted in my honour, and the small son of the house carried round a great dish and knelt before me at intervals to tempt me to fresh efforts. This small boy was called Zog, and he is now the King of Albania. I believe that I was the first *pukka* European His Majesty ever set eyes upon. From Mat I was passed on to equally unknown Kthela, and from Kthela to Orosh, the centre of Mirdita, thence to Ksanjeti, and so to Scutari. From there I travelled inland again through better known country, Jakova, Ipek, Mitrovitsa.

We were by way of being quite impartial about the Christian races of Macedonia, but the Greeks called us the Bulgar Committee, and the Serbs were very doubtful. Actually we were pro-Bulgar and were not as frank as we might have been about it. Admirable Miss Durham was the first of our group to discover the Serbs and the Albanians. Most of the rest of us were so impressed by Bulgarian stolidity that we were unduly suspicious of the Serb's flamboyant dash. The good quality of the Turks I began to appreciate in 1908.

Trying to get the Concert of Europe to take its stand on Article XXIII of the Treaty of Berlin was hard work. There was much the same unilateral disregard of Treaties in those days as there is now, and the language used was also much the same, though some fondly believe that something new is happening now in the way of cynicism. In 1871 the Prussian Government suddenly denounced the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris. Bismarck told Odo Russell, later Lord Ampthill, our Ambassador in Berlin, that the Russian circular had taken him completely by surprise, and he "entirely disapproved the manner and the time selected by the Russian Government to force a revision of the treaty. At the same time he regretted that he could neither interfere nor even answer the circular officially in consequence of the [Franco-Prussian] War." In his Reminiscences, incidentally, he proved himself false by claiming credit for suggesting the *coup* to Russia and supporting her: "Prince Gortschakoff entered reluctantly upon the initiative with which I sounded him in this direction." Then as now the *fait accompli* remained, but the Concert at a conference in London (did anyone say Stresa?) sought to save its face by a Protocol which reaffirmed that it was an essential principle of the law of nations that no Power can repudiate treaty obligations or modify treaty provisions except with the consent of the contracting parties by friendly agreement. The Treaty of Berlin was later continuously ignored by Turkey, aided and abetted by Germany. That was one of the weaknesses of the Balkan Committee. Always it was against Germany that we bumped up, but our Left element would not recognize the significance of this. At a time when the world was ringing with indignation against Abdul Hamid for the events in Macedonia in 1903 the Kaiser, completely indifferent both to Germany's treaty obligations and to public opinion, stood ostentatiously aloof from the Concert's efforts, and, intent on his Baghdad Railway scheme and elated by valuable mining concessions in Thasos, declared himself the Sultan's friend.

Finally it was Austria that tore the Treaty of Berlin to shreds by unilateral action in October, 1908, and induced Bulgaria to act with her. Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Bulgaria declared itself an independent kingdom. The aged

Emperor Francis Joseph, who in his prime had always shown himself a man of honour, was thus led by Aehrenthal to perjure his country; but again, of course, the *fait accompli* endured, and again there was the customary talk about the wickedness of jumping treaties without leave. On the day the annexation was announced Sir Edward Grey declared in a speech that "we cannot recognise the right of any Power or State to alter an international treaty without the consent of the other parties to it." Britain, France, Russia, and Italy made formal announcements in this sense. The Kaiser had lost ground at Constantinople by the revolution, but was already making love to the Young Turks. Nevertheless, he was also in with Austria and Bulgaria, and not at all interested in affirming the wickedness of violating treaties; consequently Germany abstained. Yet nobody could persuade the British Liberals in those days that Germany was a danger to the peace of Europe. According to them, it was always, first, Lord Lansdowne, and later Sir Edward Grey, who had not done the right thing. War came for lack of plain speaking to Germany, and no one urged the Government to be blunt. If Cabinet Ministers had spent last summer telling Mussolini what the British people thought of his proposal to attack Abyssinia, instead of protesting in every speech their admiration for Italy and their respect for him, would we be where we are today?

Under a definitely cold, not to say icy, exterior Lord Lansdowne concealed a warm heart, and he convinced us all that he really did feel both the point of honour and also the human tragedy of misgovernment in Macedonia. He had for his Under-Secretary, however, the late Earl Percy, son of the Seventh Duke of Northumberland, who was an ardent admirer of the Turks, and was responsible for introducing a dual strain into Foreign Office policy. When Sir Edward Grey succeeded Lord Lansdowne we had to deal with a younger and more accessible man, but rather to our surprise we found him at first much more cautious and reserved on the subject of the Balkans than Lord Lansdowne. But he warmed to his work, and, with the Committee egging him on, he faced the Concert in 1908 with proposals for an independent Governor-General of Macedonia (to be appointed for ten years), increased powers for an international gendarmerie, and a reduc-

tion of the Turkish garrison. These proposals, which virtually meant the end of Turkish rule, undoubtedly precipitated the Young Turk revolution. The Committee also, in so far as foreigners can play a part in such movements, had a share in the foundation of the Balkan League which dismembered Turkey-in-Europe in 1913. J. D. Bouchier, of *The Times*, was one of our keen sympathisers, and whenever he was in England he came to address us. He was regarded in Bulgaria as a kind of patron saint, and consequently in Greece as the devil. Pember Reeves, formerly High Commissioner for New Zealand, told me that when travelling in Greece he was nearly starved in a hotel at Corinth for some days, till he discovered that the waiters had mistaken him for Bouchier! But Bouchier had in Venizelos one staunch friend in Greece, and through Venizelos he played a great part in the making of the Balkan League.

Arthur Ponsonby was a keen member of the Balkan Committee. I can see him now sitting at the table in 10 Adelphi Terrace, with a smooth smiling face, fair hair and a light golden moustache. I was told he had been one of Queen Victoria's pages, and as that Sovereign had only recently died—much to my surprise, for I had grown up regarding her as eternal—I was the more impressed. Later I remember there was a row because King Edward, regarding him not unnaturally as part of his household, was annoyed by one of his speeches and crossed his name off the list for a garden-party at Buckingham Palace, to which the rest of the House of Commons was invited. Ponsonby retorted by vacating his royal lodgings, and I remember a luncheon when the problem of finding rooms for him near the House was set for discussion.

And now to the point of my story, after all this digression. Lord Ponsonby started life in the diplomatic service, and during the Armenian massacres in 1897 he was in the Embassy at Constantinople. Now, under another Article of the Treaty of Berlin, Number 61, the Concert of Europe was responsible for the Sublime Porte's undertaking to introduce "immediate" reforms into the provinces inhabited by Armenians and "to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds." The young diplomat, as he subsequently told the Committee, was disgusted at the failure of the Concert of Europe to bring

the Sultan to book, the career lost its charm, and a few years later he resigned the Service. Each of the Embassies of the great Powers kept in those days a small gunboat, known as a *stationnaire*, in the Bosphorus. I remember that the British *stationnaire* was called the *Imogen*, and the German the *Lorelei*. And I well remember Lord Ponsonby telling us that all that was required, even if the other Powers had been unwilling actively to participate, was for the British *stationnaire* to train its guns on the Sultan's place, Yildiz Kiosk, and force him to accept a programme for the protection of the Armenians. Indeed, during practically the whole time that Lord Ponsonby was a member of the Committee, the efforts of the Committee were directed to a similar end. Our object was to get the Concert of Europe to force reforms in Macedonia upon the Sultan by means of a combined naval demonstration in other words, enforcement of the Treaty of Berlin by means of military coercion.

Thus, then, we have the fact that Lord Ponsonby resigned the diplomatic service largely because his country would not enforce military action. Now at a later stage he has resigned the leadership of his party in the House of Lords because it was not willing to oppose sanctions.

Perhaps Lord Ponsonby will admit the inconsistency, and will say that he has learnt a lot since those days which I recall, and that the War opened his eyes. It is a good answer, and leaves me with no further reply, except to say that I do not agree with him. The Christian precept of loving your enemy, if you can, and not resisting his violence seems to me a rule for the individual. The command to love your enemies—if you can—remains sound advice for a nation also, even in war-time. But to say that one is not to resist on behalf of the lives and property of others a collective violence applied in defiance of law is to me the same thing as saying that the police should be abolished. I once asked Mrs. Besant if she believed in Gandhi's teaching. "Of course not," she replied instantly, "it means chaos. He is a philosophical anarchist, and applies to a nation a morality meant for the individual." That was also the essential flaw in Tolstoy's teaching. Canon Sheppard, Mr. Lansbury, Lord Ponsonby and all of their way of thinking are, I submit, philosophical anarchists.

A BRITISH POPULAR FRONT ?

BY A. L. ROWSE

TWO years ago, when the Liberal Summer School was last in Oxford, I put forward a plea for a Liberal-Labour understanding, the essential condition, in present circumstances, of a Progressive majority and a Progressive government in this country. Miss Megan Lloyd George, who took the chair, reinforced my plea with one of her own. We were not listened to: the attitude of the Liberal Summer School in 1934 was distinctly unfavourable, not to say hostile. I came away with the idea that the old gang who ruled what remains of the Liberal Party were by nature non-co-operators; that they would not co-operate with anybody even to attain what they said they wanted; that they were so hidebound in their own stale self-sufficiency with their talk, at that time of day, of a Liberal majority sweeping the country—that, in fact, the non-co-operators in my own party were quite right, there was no dealing with them.

In the circumstances of the election of last year, a progressive alliance between Liberals and Labour might not have won a majority at the polls; but at least the Conservatives would not have won the large majority they did, which enables them to conduct the affairs of the country with such irresponsibility. However, the blame lies equally upon the Liberal and Labour parties for not arriving at an understanding in time. There are non-co-operators and fossils on both sides.

Now that it is too late, there is a great deal more sympathy with the idea of some such understanding. There is an almost embarrassing amount of discussion about a Popular Front. It certainly embarrasses both the Liberal and Labour leadership. The lumbering official machine of the Labour Party discourages any dangerously vitalising influence such as that of Mr. Lloyd George. Really, when one observes these feeble maunderings, one wonders whether the Labour Party wants power.

But the Liberal leadership is no less embarrassed. Look at the speeches of Sir Archibald Sinclair, talking about an inde-

pendent Liberal majority at this time of day—a party which has seventeen seats in this House of Commons, and whose vote is declining, not increasing! Or look at the correspondence in the *Manchester Guardian*, by Liberals who do not seem to realize that in the twentieth century—and we are now almost half way on in it—common sense demands that they should keep quiet.

It is quite clear that if any understanding comes about between Liberals and Labour, it will be as the result of the younger and more flexibly-minded elements taking the official leadership of their respective parties in the flank—or in the rear. After all, they have no mind to spend the rest of their lives in the wilderness, while Fascism wins victory after victory abroad and the whole position of the western democracies goes by default—just because their elders are an unconscionable time a-dying!

I gather that this year the whole balance of opinion at the Liberal Summer School was in favour of a Popular Front. How like politics that is: a year after the horse has bolted, to think of shutting the stable door. However, one must remember that in politics one is dealing very largely with the stupid. Which leads me to the very serious reflection that *if some form of effective democracy is to survive even, in present conditions, it needs to be a great deal more authoritative than most people in English politics realize.*

But—to the Popular Front! Sir Walter Layton has given a magnificent lead, and the *News Chronicle* very generous expression, to this upsurge of opinion among the younger Liberals and Labour people in favour of an understanding. Sir Walter Layton said that he was in favour of a Popular Front, because the very forces of civilization are at stake. It is no more than the truth. The whole future of political and social progress hangs upon this issue between Fascism and the forces of the Left.

All hope of peace and social progress is bound up with the forces of the Left. Of peace, because only the parties of the Left believe fundamentally in “the possibility or desirability of universal peace”—to quote Mussolini’s phrase; he has assured us that he does not, and has proved his assurance not merely with words, but with deeds. There is a more fundamental reason. There is no secure economic foundation, in the nature of the capitalist system, upon which international peace can be

built. Capitalism demands expansion, conflict, rivalry for profit, imperialist exploitation : all the seeds of modern war. Trying to build an international system without founding it upon the economic controls of a socialist order is like building a house upon the sands. Hence the collapse of the post-war edifice,—and all the illusory hopes—of Wilsonian Liberalism. Other causes, too, are essentially bound up with the Left : the liberation of the human mind from the nightmares and bogies of the superstitions of centuries ; the achievement of rational control ; the working out of economic justice and a functioning social equality.

Such are the causes that are dependent upon the issues of these conflicts in contemporary Europe. With all these great causes at stake, how can people be so small-minded, so obtuse, so parochial, as to refuse to collaborate for the achievement of these great ends, or even for their defence—at a time of such danger, when these causes, as after the long agony of the revolutionary struggles in the last century, are driven back to the Atlantic sea-board of Europe ?

What then, are the lines along which the forces of the Left may draw together in this country, attain greater cohesion and effectiveness in the struggle that impends ?

The demand for a Popular Front here, as abroad, has been most vociferous on the extreme Left, from the Communists. Indeed, in France they form a very important part of it, and with their eighty seats in the new Chamber, have made very great gains by it. It may be worth noting what a complete reversal of Communist policy this participation in a common front with Socialists and even Liberals amounts to. After years of making it their first aim and end to destroy social-democracy, and having succeeded in bringing about its complete destruction in Germany and Italy, these fanatics are now prepared to collaborate with anybody, not only the Labour Party but even with Liberals and progressives of the centre, in order to exorcise the spectre of Fascism which they more than anybody have raised up. Fortunately the question is not a serious one in this country ; for providentially, or perhaps owing to the sound common-sense of most of the British working-class, the Communists are no more than a handful of the electorate. Their total vote in the last Election was some 27,117 : that is, 13,655 votes in the

Rhondda Valley, where their candidate, the Communist leader, Mr. Pollitt, was beaten by the official Labour candidate ; and 13,962 votes in West Fife, where the Communist candidate, Mr. Gallacher, got in on a minority vote.

It is obvious that their electoral support is negligible. Indeed, the official Labour view is probably quite right in regarding Communist support, in our circumstances, as more embarrassing than useful. Any alliance that was made between the Labour Party and the Communists would be used on every Conservative platform to make the flesh of a susceptible electorate creep ; to the usual fraudulence of an electoral appeal to the British people there would be added a campaign of horrors that would sweep the Labour Party from the polls. I regard this as an altogether more cogent reason for rejecting the monthly, almost weekly, proposals of the Communist Party for affiliation to the Labour Party, than the differences of outlook and programme, dictatorship versus democracy, etc., etc., which the official leaders of the *Daily Herald* discern as reasons for rejection. For what do these things matter ? In politics, the essential consideration is power, and how to attain it.

Though these objections to any alliance of the Labour Party with the Communists hold good, there is no reason why, in the one or two areas where there is any Communist vote to speak of, there should not be local understandings regarding candidates. It would be generous on the part of the Labour Party not to oppose Mr. Gallacher in West Fife, in return for the Communists not putting up wrecking candidatures in other constituencies ; a similar arrangement might be made with regard to one seat in South Wales. One seat, or at most two, in the House of Commons would hardly do any harm, and would allow just the right representation to Communism in relation to its importance in this country.

The position with regard to the I.L.P. is similar, though it affects a few more seats. Nothing could exceed the stupidity of the line taken up by the I.L.P. since 1931. There is much to be said for the view that the I.L.P. mentality, with its unpleasant mixture of a sentimental unrealism, an unparalleled self-righteousness, a futile idealism and an absolute refusal to face the facts of politics, is fundamentally perverted. At least the Com-

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munists think so— and who am I to intervene in these mutual endearments ?

It could have been foretold what would have been the consequence of the disaffiliation of the I.L.P. from the main body of the Labour Party—I myself foretold it. The I.L.P. itself split into two ; and the more useful and intelligent half of it, the co-operators as opposed to the non-co-operators, found their way back into the Labour Party. Mr. Maxton continues to lead the rump of his Party—or rather follows it—until, in fact, there is hardly any party left to lead. Four seats they won at the last election, all in the Glasgow area—of which one was subsequently lost to them. They therefore now amount to three members in the House of Commons, where their behaviour has been so motivated by pique and resentment against the Labour Movement that any and every occasion has been seized by them to hamper the work of the Labour Party in the House. The general principle for the Labour Movement to adhere to, in relation to both the I.L.P. and to the Communists, is that the Labour Party is the main mass-movement of the working-class, and that if they wish to work effectively for the working-class, their place is within that Movement and not outside it. The Labour Party is itself a United Front ; there is plenty of room within it for divergencies of outlook, for all sorts of differing contributions to the common cause, without allowing each handful of people afflicted with minority-mindedness, or political sectarianism, to form their own particular little group or party as an expression of their own unpleasant little egoism. The place of the whole working-class is within the Labour Movement ; those people who are engaged in holding them outside in group-formations of their own, or confusing their minds by a divided appeal to their loyalty, are guilty of a crime against the working-class.

It will readily be seen that the question of a Popular Front does not necessarily mean an understanding between the Labour Party and these groups on the Left. To Labour, they are but groups and not Parties. There is no question of three equal parties entering into an agreement. What is appropriate to the case of the I.L.P. as to that of the Communists, is not so much an agreement as to policy between equals, as local understandings in regard to Parliamentary seats. The Labour Party could here

also afford to be generous and agree not to put up candidates against those three Glasgow members who still remain with the I.L.P.

But the really essential part of a Popular Front in this country has nothing to do with this. It is concerned rather with the Liberal Party and whether a Liberal-Labour understanding can be reached. That would be worth having : it would be not merely a superfluous bargain with a few recalcitrant and fissiparous groups on the Left ; it would be an understanding between two parties, independent of each other and separate from each other. That would be a Popular Front, an understanding between the progressive parties. It would be a matter of outstanding political importance if achieved ; it would remake the political map of this country.

For, it must be remembered, there has hardly at any time since 1918 been a purely Conservative majority in Great Britain. The long years of Conservative ascendancy have been due to the progressive forces being split in two, and worn down in a process of attrition one upon the other. In spite of the absolute Conservative majorities obtained in the conditions of the fraudulent elections of 1931 and 1935, it is doubtful whether there is still a Conservative majority in the country. The balance has been held by a large fluctuating mass of votes in the centre, which the Conservative Party managed to panic in 1931, and to shepherd the right way in 1935. The responsibility for this state of affairs is very largely that of the Liberals. But the Liberal Party has itself been divided from top to bottom between Right and Left, between Asquith and Lloyd George, and then between the Simonites and the Samuelites. The virtual incorporation of the supporters of Sir John Simon, the National Government Liberals, into the body of Conservatism, has at any rate cleared the air. So long as the official Liberals looked to the re-union of the Simonites with the main body of the Party, there was no hope of an understanding with Labour. That was the position under the leadership of Sir Herbert Samuel in the last Parliament ; but with the new Parliament, the obvious futility of any hope of the return of the Simonites to the fold, and under the leadership of Sir Archibald Sinclair, the way is clear for collaboration with the Labour Party. Actually in

this present Parliament, the collaboration between Liberals and Labour has been pretty consistent and successful : a contrast with the Parliament of 1931.

This augurs well for a future electoral understanding between the two parties. For it is that which is the essential condition of a Progressive Front in this country. No doubt it would need to be preceded by an understanding as regards policy—at any rate, as regards the objectives of the next five years. It is here that the Next Five Years Group of Sir Arthur Salter, Sir Walter Layton and others, may come to play a role of great importance. For it occupies a strategic position at the junction of the main bodies of Left opinion. The policy which is laid down in the book *The Next Five Years**, both as regards foreign policy and the extension of social progress at home, is one which could be subscribed to by most Liberals and Labour people. It may be that something like the policy of this group will come to be the platform upon which Liberal-Labour understanding can be built.

Of greater practical importance is the question of an electoral understanding. It is true that the support for Liberalism in the country at large has dwindled enormously from the five million votes recorded in 1929 ; since then it has split in two, and anyhow Liberalism is a declining force. But it happens that in certain backward areas, where the Labour Party has not yet effectively penetrated, there still remains a considerable Liberal vote. These areas are : (1), the South-Western Counties, (2) the Scottish Counties, (3) the Welsh Counties, with a certain number of county seats scattered here and there. Of course, it is unreasonable that these areas should continue even in part to be Liberal : the days of Liberalism are, in any effective sense, over and done with. They only continue to vote Liberal, because in fact they are so obstinately conservative ; the political influence of Nonconformity has also something to do with it. Nevertheless, concessions should be made to human unreason. Time presses ; and though no doubt, Liberalism will vanish from the political map in time—we are not far off it even now—the question is whether the end of defeating the present Government is not an overriding necessity.

* Macmillan.

One should not estimate the consequences of such a Liberal-Labour understanding merely in terms of the minority seats at present occupied by Conservatives, owing to three-cornered contests in which Liberal and Labour candidates by cancelling each other out, let in the Tory—though the unrepresentativeness of the electoral system in these conditions is altogether greater than people are aware of. Take the five South-Western Counties—Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Dorset and Wilts. Here the votes cast in 1935 were roughly in the proportion of 5 Government to 4 Opposition votes : the totals were, for the Government, 459,958 ; against the Government, 379,227. Yet the result, in members returned to the House of Commons, was the scandalously unrepresentative one of 25 Government supporters, two Liberals, and not a single Labour member. The remedy for this state of affairs is not Proportional Representation—which would mean the end of parliamentary democracy in this country ; but a Liberal-Labour understanding. What is true of the South-Western area is true to a lesser extent of various other parts of the country.

But, as I have said, the full advantages of such an electoral alliance between the two progressive parties, would not be confined to merely a matter of a few seats gained here or there—though the figures of the last election show that a turn-over of only 5,000 votes, *in the circumstances of a Liberal-Labour understanding*, would give them a majority in Parliament. Its true importance would be psychological rather, political in the dynamic sense. It would shake both parties out of the stalemate they have got into ; it would re-make political contours : it would bring new forces, and new men, to the top in their respective parties—the co-operators, instead of the non-co-operators who have ruled in each so long, to the mutual sterilizing of both. Perhaps that is the reason why any effective move in this direction may be expected to come from the younger generation of Liberals and Labour people, rather than from the too-static leadership of both at the top.

WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT

BY RAY STRACHEY

HAVE women Members of Parliament been a success? In the rather pronounced reaction against "feminism" now current, many men and women give "No" as the answer to this question, and do so with a certain degree of satisfaction. Women members have made no difference, they say: they have produced no great statesmen, no leaders, no orators. They have initiated no great measures, carried no sweeping amendments, made no personal mark. They have not affected the issues of peace and war, nor remedied unemployment, nor even got into Parliament at all in any important numbers. They are no use and no good. There was nothing in the feminist case except a theory, now proved empty. It was all a great fuss about nothing.

The facts of the case cannot, of course, be in dispute. In the eighteen years since the passing of the Act which enabled women to be elected to the House of Commons thirty-four have been elected, one of whom (Lady Astor) has been a Member continuously all through, several have served in two or three Parliaments and the others only for one term. Of the thirty-four, fourteen have been elected as Conservatives, fourteen as Labour Members, four as Liberals, one as Independent and one (who did not take her seat) as an Irish Nationalist. One (Miss Bondfield, Labour) has held office as Minister of Labour with a seat in the Cabinet, and two (Miss Susan Lawrence, Labour, and the Duchess of Atholl, Conservative) have been junior Ministers, five have represented Great Britain as substitute delegates at the meetings of the Assembly of the League of Nations.

Numerically this is not an imposing record, nor is it possible to say that any of the individual women concerned have ranked either as outstandingly great statesmen or orators. In so far as

these facts go, those who say that the advent of women has not made a tremendous difference, and that women M.P.s have not been an overwhelming success in Parliament are unquestionably right.

But what are they looking for? The record of the thirty-four women is well above the average of any other random selection of thirty-four M.P.s elected for the first time since 1918, and what more or what different was to be expected? The notion that women would revolutionize the place, that they would be elected in great numbers, and would all instantly rise to the highest position was never a part of the feminist creed. Those who say that because women M.P.s have not as yet altered the traditions of the House of Commons, or established peace on earth, or produced any political giants, therefore they have failed are really assuming—no doubt unconsciously—an attitude about women far more feminist than the real thing. They are pitching expectation as high as if women were still on the old (imaginary) pedestals of Victorian thought. They are expecting from women some spectacular "special" contribution to public life. They are, in short, still taking the old "anti" position that women are not quite as human as men, and assuming, not that they are inferior, but that they are very noticeably more efficient, more intelligent and more powerful than the other sex. This assumption, moreover, carries a hint of the theory that women have a different approach from men's approach to all human and political problems. It implies that once they have a small chink of opportunity in the political world they can be expected to clarify and reform the whole thing from end to end; and, when they delay to do this, it deduces failure.

This is to apply a very exacting standard to women, to be *plus royaliste que le roi*, and no genuine feminist has ever had such abnormally high expectations.

If these exaggerated ideas are set aside, and the doings of the thirty-four women who have in fact been elected to Parliament are considered, the record is interesting. Every one of the thirty-four has been genuinely interested in politics, trying to do her duty to her constituents and her country, and not going into Parliament to make money or a name for herself, or to push any private or business interest. Every one has worked hard,

doing her full share of the tedious work which is not in the limelight, and devoting her main energies to her public work. So much could not be said of every other collection of thirty-four honourable members, for, as everyone knows, each House has a sprinkling of "tied" members, of self-interested members, of lazy members, and of absentees who—though of very small public utility—are sometimes returned to Westminster again and again.

The women members have not only shown themselves to have the solid virtues, but they have also contributed to the specialized knowledge which is such a remarkable feature of the House of Commons. No matter what subject comes up in debate there are always, among the 615 representatives of the people, some who know it at first hand; and to this service the women members have made their fair contribution. Many of them (as is natural) have spoken as experts on matters affecting children, and Lady Astor in particular can and does move, as well as entertain, the House when she speaks on these problems. Miss Lawrence was an acknowledged expert on local government—and how should she not have been, since she went to prison herself with the Poplar Guardians as part of their famous stand? Dr. Ethel Bentham had been a practising physician, Miss Pickford a factory inspector, Miss Wilkinson and Miss Bondfield trade union organizers, and Mrs. Wintringham and Mrs. Manning had been school teachers. Each knew her own line of country at first hand—as did Mrs. Ward, a practical farmer's wife, and Mrs. Hilton Phillipson (Mabel Russell the actress). Some of the *expertise* of the women M.P.'s has been rather unexpected, as when Miss Irene Ward revealed an inside knowledge of mining, and Mrs. Runge proved to be an owner of racing greyhounds: but all expert knowledge is in place in the House, since its law-making function reaches out to cover every aspect of daily life; and it might well be attributed as a failure to women if those who had been elected to go there turned out to have had no varied practical experience at all.

Those who look for a very noticeable change from the appearance of women in Parliament are not only making the psychological mistake of considering women as different in nature from men, but they are also making the political mistake of supposing

that all women think alike on public questions.

In the first years after the granting of woman suffrage politicians of all parties were exceedingly afraid of the appearance of a "woman party." They used anxiously to question the women's organizations about this possibility, and it was hard to persuade them that there was no such danger at all.

The very normal political behaviour of women voters has banished that bogey completely, and no one now thinks such a thing either practical or possible; but its ghost seems to haunt the minds of those who complain of a lack of cohesion among the women in Parliament.

In actual fact, of course, the women M.P.s are quite as widely separated from each other by difference of party and of political principles as any other section of the House. When the Labour Government was in office in 1929 Lady Astor made many biting attacks upon the Labour women members (and she knows that art very well), and was by them roundly trounced in return. The division of principle between the Duchess of Atholl and Miss Jenny Lee, for example, is as wide as between Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Maxton, and not in the least different in kind, and there is no reason to expect the first couple to pull together any more than the second. At the general election of 1931 women candidates opposed each other in a number of constituencies, and two sitting Labour M.P.s, Mrs. Manning (Islington E.) and Miss Bondfield (Wallsend) were defeated in straight fights by two Conservative women (Miss Cazalet and Miss Irene Ward), and in 1935 Miss Ward again defeated Miss Bondfield for the same seat.

All this—from the really feminist point of view—is perfectly healthy. It is the taking of a normal position on lines of principle and not of sex.

In spite of the party colours of the women M.P.s, however, they have at times combined to act together, and the cases when they have done so are significant. In the first ten years after 1919—when there were but a very small number of women in the House altogether—a large number of Acts directly affecting the civil rights and the legal position of women were passed. On each of these occasions the women M.P.s were generally in fundamental agreement. When there were only two in the

House, Mrs. Wintringham and Lady Astor (Liberal and Conservative though they were) stood firmly together on all these questions, and had the tide with them besides. Everyone was anxious in those years to put right the position of women; and an amazing volume of change went through. From guardianship to inheritance the laws were equalized, and in the same spirit the Criminal Law Amendment Act, the separation and maintenance orders and a score of other matters touching the lives of women as women were put through. During that spate of "woman's interests" legislation, such women M.P.s as there were acted closely together, only flying apart—as in duty bound—on true party divisions.

Since 1924, by which time most of the legislation of this sort was completed, there have been two outstanding occasions on which the women M.P.s have acted together almost as a solid body, throwing their party allegiances aside; and these occasions are interesting.

The first was in 1931, when Miss Bondfield, the Minister of Labour, introduced an Anomalies Bill which, among other things, imposed on married women who were insured a number of extra conditions before they could qualify for their unemployment benefit. On this occasion the majority of the other women in the House banded together to oppose these clauses, and they cared so much that they forced an all-night sitting. It was an unusual business for the small hours of a Parliamentary morning. One after another, and again and again, women M.P.s rose up to battle for the rights of insured married women. They battled against a woman Minister—and lost.

The second occasion was in 1932, when the National Government introduced a Bill on National Health Insurance, which again proposed special disabilities for married women workers. Once more almost all the women M.P.s banded together, irrespective of party. Once more they stuck hard to their point, and went in full deputation to the Minister of Health. Although on the reduction of benefit they were unsuccessful, they did get some important concessions on other points which went a long way to protect the threatened married women.

There is nothing surprising in any of this. In so far as women have been unfairly or exceptionally treated, women members

are bound to have a common interest in the improvement of the position. There—but only there—they have a natural and almost necessary bond of union. Everywhere else they must divide, just as men do, according to their political theory and faith.

While it is true that the fundamental similarity of men and women as citizens is the basis from which the performance of women M.P.s must be judged, it is also true that there is at present, and will be for one or two generations to come, some genuine justification for expecting special results from the election of women.

In the eighteen years which have passed since the Representation of the People Act a change which almost amounts to a revolution has taken place, not only in the legal status and formal rights of women, but in the general social attitude of men towards them and of women towards themselves. In the early months of the war the newspapers used sometimes to say that "the nation" was grateful to "the women"; today such a sentiment would be differently phrased, for no one is likely to forget that women are themselves a full half of "the nation." The change which a realization of this fact implies reaches into every corner and cranny of life; into sport as into employment; into literature as into social conventions; and with this change there can be expected some readjustment in politics, local government and administration.

Speaking broadly, what it is legitimate to expect women to contribute to public life is a shifting of emphasis from an exclusive concentration upon the things of primary interest to men, so as to admit of the inclusion also of the things of primary interest to women. In broad and general terms, men's concerns may be taken to be *things*—property, money, the development of trade and the exploitation of the resources of science and nature; and the women's concerns *people*—and the human personal adjustments which condition family and social life: and the needs of the young, the old, the sick and the sorry. The generalization which divides men's and women's special concerns in this way is a very rough one, but it is pretty generally accepted as being psychologically true, and—quite clearly—the course of the history of mankind during the centuries when

women had no authentic responsibility for the policy of the State bears it out.

If a shifting of emphasis of this sort is really a difference which the entry of women into Parliament may be expected to make, it is fair to ask whether the thirty-four M.P.s have in fact contributed to it: and the answer is obvious. However the individual performances of the thirty-four who are in the limelight may be assessed, however much or little they may have to their credit as politicians, the fact that they are there, and that behind them there are women voters, women members of party committees, women delegates to conferences, women County and Borough Councillors, women on Royal Commissions and among the delegates to Geneva, has transformed the stuff of politics. The programmes of all parties, the content of every Speech from the Throne, the purpose and the nature of legislation are all profoundly different in balance and emphasis from those of pre-War years. Health, housing, pensions, education, maternal mortality and workers' conditions have leapt into the forefront of national affairs, and the handling which they receive in the House of Commons is now that of major and not of trivial issues.

In the year 1890, before women were eligible to sit on local government bodies, there was a discussion on the borough council of one of the northern towns upon scholarships to technical schools. One of the Councillors happened, the next day, to tell Mrs. Henry Fawcett what had been under discussion, "And" said she, after hearing his good and progressive plans, "what are you doing for your girls?" The Councillor clapped his hand to his head—"Good heavens, Madam," he cried, "we forgot all about them." "Next time you go to a meeting," Mrs. Fawcett replied, "I advise you to take one of your wife's bonnets with you and hang it on the peg beside your own hat. Your Council may then find it easier to remember that there are women in the country." If the thirty-four women M.P.s had had no more brains than an empty bonnet, and had spoken no single word, but merely sat in their places and walked about the corridors of the Palace of Westminster, they would still have had that definite important use.

It is, no doubt, an invidious thing to attempt to weigh up

the value and the personal worth of contemporary figures. Lady Astor, with her talent for the vivid phrase and a flash of the insight which visits her with—at times—such startling effect, expressed the whole thing on the very first day she set foot in the place. With the two statesmen who were to introduce her (Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George) she was going up the stairs from the Terrace, and as they went up they passed one of the women cleaners on the House of Commons staff, who was at that moment mending a hole in the carpet, Lady Astor put her hand upon her shoulder as she passed—"They can't do without us," she said. And they can't.

DOCKLAND TAVERNS

BY THOMAS BURKE

THE closing of the *Turk's Head*, Wapping, a month or two ago has removed yet another of the few remaining characteristic taverns of the dock district. It seems always the characteristic that are picked upon for extinction, while the insipid gin-palaces of the middle nineteenth century are suffered to continue their irritation of eyes and mind. These places, however long they stand, never mature. They cannot, as eighteenth-century houses do, grow graciously into years and wear the patina of experience with the dignity and charm of old lace. Built by people careless of amenities, like the branches of multiple stores which offend the streets of our old towns, they can do nothing but get elderly and decrepit. And it seems that in a few years the London waterside will have nothing to show in the tavern way save these gimcrack, utilitarian structures.

Closing of the older places began long before our time. The charge against them was usually "redundancy," which surely could have been prevented by banning the intrusion of the ugly newcomers. Every now and then the charge has been repeated, and closing has gone on slowly but constantly, until the river and dock district, once so thick with picturesque and flavoured places, is beginning to look like Brixton or Camden Town: in Wapping High Street and Wapping Wall alone there were at one time thirty-six old taverns, most of them with signs of sea and river interest—the *Ship and Pilot*, the *Golden Anchor*, the *Queen's Landing*, the *Ship and Whale*, etc. Today it has but four or five. Thirty-six, of course, was far too many, and something had to be done, but it was not always done with nice discrimination. Other streets in the district had many a place of character (bad, perhaps, but richly bad), and one by one they have been obliterated or closed. One of the first to be closed was *Paddy's Goose*, in St. George Street (the old Ratcliff Highway);

it is now a Young People's Club. The *Prussian Flag*, in Ship Alley, was another Hogarthian house that earned, or received, condemnation. The famous, or notorious, *Old Mahogany Bar*, in Grace's Alley, Wellclose Square, still stands, but it stands on the stool of repentance as a mission hall and coffee palace.

Not all, however, are gone. Here and there the authorities grant us an old place or two where we may catch and make part of the long line of the gossip and geniality of the London waterman and seaman in his tavern hours. In these places time and history are ideas only; your evening is just a part of the long evening which began when watermen were rowing parties to Vauxhall or Cherry Gardens from Wapping Old Stairs or King Henry's Stairs; and captains from the Indies were sitting with their merchant-owners. One of the most pleasant waterside houses is not on the dock side of London Bridge; it is a little way up-stream, on Bankside. There you will find the *Anchor*, a neat, bright little house, looking much as it did at the end of the seventeenth century. It stands on the site of an even earlier house, which doubtless was there in the days of the Rose, the Swan, and the Globe Theatres. It was there when Queen-hythe was still a little port, and when Bridewell and its female prisoners was one of the "sights" for the aimless well-to-do. It is there now, ten paces from the water, and you may sit and look through its windows upon tugs and lighters, as earlier customers looked upon royal and mayoral barges and the constant procession of citizens going upon their affairs by what was then the cheapest transport. Its opposite number, the *Old Swan*, of Lower Thames Street, which had as many centuries of life, is no more.

The *Tiger*, on Tower Hill, though not actually on the river, has had long associations with it and with the stained life of the Tower. It was rebuilt, many years ago, in ancient style, but its foundations date from the Tudors, and at one time its cellars communicated with the Tower by a private passage. The famous *Town of Ramsgate*, adjoining Wapping Old Stairs in the High Street (by going down the present stairs and twisting your neck to the right you may see the remains of the real Old Stairs), has also been rebuilt. The old place was a little dark and poky, but I liked it. It seemed right that it should be dark and

poky. The present place is much lighter and brighter, and no doubt when it has had long communion with men's hands and voices and doings and records, it will assume as rich a character as its parent. The rest of the High Street, on the river side, is mainly warehouses broken by stairs and piers, but if you continue to its end, and turn inward, and go along Wapping Wall, you come upon the *Prospect of Whitby*.

The origin of these signs is untraceable. Some say they are the names of ships which moored at the steps of these houses—*Prospect* (of *Whitby*), *Town* (of *Ramsgate*). Others, that they were named by landlords who were natives of these towns. Nobody really knows, nor does anybody really know much of the story of any of these river houses. Legends can be found of course; such as the legend that Judge Jeffreys was caught by the mob at the *Town of Ramsgate*, when it was the *Red Cow*, where he was waiting for a boat to take him out of England; and the many legends of the hocussing of poor seamen in the bad old days at all taverns along this reach. But authentic records are wanting, as they are with most old inns and taverns. Here and there those ubiquitous figure-heads of the English inn, Queen Elizabeth and Charles Dickens, turn up; but landlords generally, past and present, have been too much in the stir of life to note and pass to their successors the significant event among a stream of events. Histories of our castles and mansions may be written, but nobody has yet been able to write the year-to-year history of any of our old town or country inns. Accounts and Visitors' Books are either destroyed as superfluous rubbish, or taken away by the retiring landlord, leaving the new landlord to begin on a virgin surface.

The *Prospect of Whitby* is agreeably old, with the attractive feature of a long verandah at the back, where you may sit and let your mind go with the ebb-tide out to sea and to the Indies or Bermudas of your dreams. This verandah is well known, not only locally, but in other districts, and in summer it is well filled. From it you can just see, diagonally opposite, the bay windows of another eighteenth-century house—the *Angel*, at Rotherhithe, which breaks over the water's edge. Both these houses suggest that they have stories, and in default of documented stories, you may sit in their windows, and from the inspiration of

their atmosphere and the moving waters, clothe them with your own. All inn legends have a beginning somewhere, and that somewhere is almost always the minds of the imaginative. Fixing the right story to the right inn or tavern is an exercise that goes amiably with a ruminative tankard. I have once or twice done it myself, and, having aired my creations, had the guilty gratification of hearing one of them repeated as history.

Within sight of the *Prospect of Whitby* is the *Mariner's Arms*. This is not notably old, but it has a fine situation. It stands in Shadwell High Street, and its windows look down to the public gardens (which were laid out on the site of the old Fish Market) and to Shadwell Basin and the river itself. The next ancient house actually on the water is the *Grapes*, at Limehouse; and here Dickens does legitimately turn up. This is the house which figures in the down-river scenes of *Our Mutual Friend*. That association brings to it every summer groups of American Dickensians, and from time to time some of the many writers on Dickensian topography, which gives the regular wharfmen and watermen customers something to look at besides the river. As with the other houses, the back windows are just above the water, with an up and down view; and when you have had enough of the water you may turn inward and watch a keen game of darts, and perhaps, if by a mis-spent youth you flick a pretty one, you may join in. At a spot quite near the *Grapes*, Ernest Dowson worked in the office of his father's dock, and it is rather more than likely that the bar of the *Grapes* knew him well.

The Isle of Dogs has no houses of marked character or structure, but you will find there—believe me or not—you will find there a house with the recondite sign of—the *Magnet & Dewdrop*. When I first saw it, years ago, I had to look three times; and next day, doubting my memory, I had to go back and convince myself that it was surely there. The *Ship*, at Greenwich, is still the old *Ship* that our grandfathers knew. It is much as it was when the Cabinets of Victorian days went down by boat to eat in its dining-room, or in that of the near-by *Trafalgar*, the widely-celebrated whitebait dinners. It has still its large and lofty dining-room looking across the river to Cubitt Town, its wide staircases, and its large and bright bars, also facing the river. The regular whitebait-dinner, according to Thackeray,

was a fish dinner of many courses to which whitebait was the peak. It began with flounder-soup, and went through salmon, sole, turtle, eels, and much else, each with its complementary wine. And you went hazily home in the moonlight by river or by road. The *Ship* and whitebait were as closely linked as Barclay and Perkins, or Spenlow and Jorkins, and a dinner at the *Ship* was one of the things to do. How many thousands of whitebait dinners it served in the nineteenth century, and how many notables of that age sat at its tables, are matters beyond conjecture. Of all river houses, it needs most urgently a historian, though the only valuable historian would be its walls. If they could do a little dictating, we should no doubt get piquant illumination on many a Question of the 'fifties and 'sixties. A Cabinet at the dinner-table, under the influence of the season's first whitebait and its accompanying champagne, would scarcely maintain Parliamentary reserve.

Near the Royal Albert Dock is a house of no great age or special note. Its chief interest is in its company, which is mainly men from the dock, and in the name of the district in which it stands. The district is really an assembly of a few short streets of houses, and it is named, for some undiscoverable reason, Cyprus. The house sticks in my own memory by another association. Within its bar I once overheard a remark which to this day I ponder and still cannot resolve. It returns to me in all the dim moments of life: when waiting on small railway stations—when listening to a Mahler symphony—when thinking about the career of Mr. X. It has all the glaring subtlety of a Buddhist *koan*, and all its simple sophistry. It was spoken by one lady to another: "Mind you, ducky, I'm not saying that I'm always right. But I'm never wrong."

At North Woolwich is a large nineteenth-century house, which is interesting by its garden alongside the river. And the river just here is made more interesting by the Woolwich Free Ferry boats—broad, squat steamers which cross every few minutes throughout the day and provide the children on both sides with a delightful Saturday pastime. They are named after prominent Londoners—Brunel, Will Crooks, etc. From North Woolwich they deliver you on the waterside of Woolwich proper, and in the street by the landing-stage you will find two or three char-

acteristic places. A notable and long-established tavern is *Plaisted's Wine House*, with wines from the wood; and a little way along the road to Greenwich you will see the memorable sign of the *Old Sheer Hulk*. *Plaisted's* is still as I remember it in the far past, but the *Old Sheer Hulk* has been rebuilt in the ancient style. Its sign, however, helps to preserve its ancient flavour and to give a Tom Bowling zest to whatever one takes within its walls. Both places have that quality, indefinable and found only in waterside taverns; something as open and easy and slow as the river itself, and expressed in the air and manners of the customers. And both have that aroma of continuous life and that hint of accumulated but unrecorded story.

To sit for an hour in any of the places I have named is to take a pleasant change from the smart lounges of central London, which have little power of retaining impressions, and seem always to have begun their career ten minutes before you arrived. Most of these river places are old, or old-established, and all of them have atmosphere, to say nothing of darts, dominoes, and the eternal pin-table. How long they will preserve that atmosphere I cannot guess. Already there are signs of its evaporation; signs that they will soon become just anybody's places. Of late years they have been invaded by outsiders. On two or three occasions I have found their strong and quiet waterside atmosphere diluted by parties of young men with Montparnasse beards talking Chelsea and turning the bars into annexes of the *Fitzroy*, the *Plough*, or the *Cadogan*. So if you are of the right sort, take your enjoyment of them while they are still themselves.

A FLUKE

BY MICHAEL VORONETZ

TODAY, looking through the contents of an old chest, I found the revolver which Uncle George gave me almost exactly thirty-four years ago. It is the smallest revolver I have ever seen, and it is made of gold and ivory.

A marvellous fellow was Uncle George. He had travelled, explored, shot, fought, gambled, and loved in every known and unknown part of the globe. Unfortunately, his day was over when I appeared on the scene, and I remember him only as quite an old man. He had a scarlet face with a white imperial, a bluish nose, piercing eyes under bushy eyebrows and a lot of rebellious grey hair. He never spoke—he jeered, rasped and shouted. His conversation was mostly unprintable and his manners aggressive. People thought him an old brute and a bore, but I adored him and he was very fond of me.

He sent for me on the eve of my departure for Manchuria early in May, 1902. In those days I was deeply in love with ethnology, and was making such progress in my Chinese and Manchurian studies that my college sent me to Tsitsihar to try and disentangle the racial distinctions of the Manchu, Dawuhr, and Solon tribes that live pell-mell on the banks of the river Nonni. The funny part of it is that, youngster though I was, I did disentangle them to a certain extent. I even wrote a voluminous essay which my college printed in its monthly journal in a somewhat abridged form.

I came with alacrity. Uncle George sat in his favourite arm-chair, legs wide apart, displaying acres of bulging white piqué waistcoat. There was the usual proud tilt of his head, his piercing stare. He waved me on to a chair by his side.

"Ha!" he shouted. "Here we are, the hoary man of science. Going to Manchuria, eh? You lucky dog! That's where all the men of sixteen should be."

"I'm eighteen," I corrected.

He made a fearsome grimace, as if chewing a lemon, and yelled:

"You, eighteen! Why, you're so timid, so careful, you might be eighty. You're late, as usual. The Boxer movement is done for; fighting's over. But if, in spite of your white liver, you chance somehow upon a lively spot, here's something to defend yourself with."

And he tossed this revolver to me. I caught it and thanked him.

Still chewing, he continued: "Listen to me. This little thing will defend you, but only on certain conditions. One, always keep it handy in your pocket. Two, never pull it out unless you really mean to shoot, or you'll get it taken away from you. And three, if you shoot, shoot to kill. Got it?"

"I've got it, uncle," I said, examining the revolver. Of its five chambers only two were loaded. "I say, d'you happen to have some more of this ammunition?" I ventured brightly.

"Ammunition!" His face expressed boundless contempt. I held on to my chair, expecting a violent squall, but his eyes twinkled humorously, and his breath became short and quick, an unfailing symptom of a coming burst of laughter. And he did laugh, but before he exploded, he managed to stammer:

"More ammunition! What for? Two rounds is more than enough for a young man of your age."

From Uncle George's study to Tsitsihar station it now seems but a flash. An eastbound train dumped me at four o'clock in the morning on a long gravelly platform. It was still dark, though day was about to break. The sleepy man in shirt and trousers, who had despatched the train, had put out all the lamps before turning in again. A red light in the east and a green one in the west shone with a limpid, fascinating brightness. I saw some low buildings, some gleaming sidings, and beyond them a void of luminous darkness where brilliant stars were slowly setting. For some minutes I stood there taking in the beauty, and breathing the glorious air of the dawn. I was bound for the walled city of Tsitsihar hidden somewhere on the prairie fifteen miles to the north from the station, and was thinking of means to traverse that distance.

I heard the Chinaman's yawning before I saw him. He came on the platform, rubbing his eyes and stretching himself. In the growing light I saw that he was tall and gaunt and shabby. His clothes consisted of a short coat and trousers; a length of twisted cloth served him as a belt in which were stuck a knife, a long pipe, and a pair of chopsticks. His chin and forehead were badly in need of a shave. He carried a long whip, a hint that a cart which might be the solution of my problem, was waiting in the yard of the station.

We eyed each other interestedly.

"Choh?" I inquired, which signifies cart.

He opened his mouth as wide as he could and shouted, "Tsitsihar?"

"Tsitsihar," I confirmed.

He raised three gnarled fingers to the level of my nose and said very distinctly, "Three dollars."

But I was forewarned. A Russian on the train had told me that the correct fare from the station to the city was one dollar. Raising one finger, I replied in my best Chinese, "One dollar."

He made a longish speech which, to my consternation, I failed to understand. To my ears, after two years of diligent study, it was but a flow of meaningless sounds, all except the last two words which were, "Three dollars."

"One dollar."

Seemingly in boredom, he looked at the fading stars, scratched his neck and yawned. "Two dollars."

I shrugged my shoulders and sat down on a suitcase. Again he made a speech, this time an emphatic one, with much waving of arms in a northerly direction. But I remained unmoved. He eyed me sideways for some moments, as if nonplussed, then grunted and picked up my other suitcase.

"One dollar?" I asked, meaningly.

Without another word he led the way to the yard behind the buildings.

Riding in a Chinese cart is never a pleasure, and if the road is bumpy it can be a torture. But the trail we took was perfectly level, and the contraption—a wooden platform with two shafts and two massive wheels of prehistoric design—rolled along without the slightest vibration. There was a sturdy Mongol

pony in the shafts and, fanwise in front, two mules and a donkey. I sat cross-legged on some battered straw, breathing that glorious air and shivering with the wonderful feeling of being alone beneath the paling sky in the perfumed wilderness of the prairie. As far as eye could see it was all dewy grass and flowers. Here and there the flowers grew in large patches, but it was the single ones, vivid dots of red, yellow, mauve, and blue on fresh green, that I thought the more effective. In the first hour of the journey I counted four lakes flecked with gold by the rising sun and set in winding borders of dark-green rushes. They harboured large flocks of ducks and geese, some of which took off at our approach, churning the blue water into foam. The smaller denizens of the grass—larks, mice, and grasshoppers—were waking up with chirping, whistling, and twittering. In the north some dark shadows were gradually taking the form of trees and houses. It was a small village, perhaps an outpost of my Manchu, Dawuhr, and Solon tribes, but at the time I felt no urgent desire to come to grips with their distinctions.

I wanted my breakfast, and my legs had gone to sleep, which made me realize that our pace was that of a snail. My driver sat huddled up in the front of the cart, embracing his whip, his head swaying from side to side.

"Hey!" I called as gruffly as I could.

He did not seem to hear.

I touched him on the shoulder. "Hey there, kuai!"

Kuai is the Chinese for quick, but he paid no attention.

"Kuai-kuai-de," I insisted in commanding tones.

He turned, slowly, and gave me a long look which compared, as I have learned since, with that of a disgusted camel. A sinister face with sullen, ominous eyes.

"One dollar, eh?" he muttered through his teeth, and spat far out on the grass. Apparently he thought that arguing with me was sheer waste of time, for he deliberately curled up on the straw and closed his eyes.

So that was it! He was trying to bully me into raising his fare. My first impulse was to throw him off the cart and beat him into submission, as Uncle George would have done. But I thought better of it. With that village only a few hundred yards away, it seemed safer to defer reprisals till after my arrival

in the city. But I would certainly not increase his fare, nor would he cart me along like a sack of potatoes.

"Kuai-kuai-de!" I roared at the top of my voice.

And that did it. He uncoiled like a spring; his whip cracked; his startled beasts changed abruptly from sleepy walk to frenzied gallop. We bounded forward in a cloud of dust through which I could just see him squatting in the cart and whirling his whip. It was exciting, and rather disturbing, as that spurt of speed could not be due to any desire of his to please me.

After some minutes of wild galloping, we came to a sudden stop in the middle of the village, a hamlet of a dozen houses facing each other across the road. On the right, standing in the shade of some fine old trees, were two cattle-sheds and a larger building comprising an eating-place and a smithy. In the frontless depths of the one I saw a few rough tables and benches; from the other came sounds of heavy hammering. On a patch of cultivated land to the left of the village, two blue figures were bending over their work. Several hens, surrounded with half-grown chickens, were scratching busily in the middle of the road.

Our arrival attracted the attention of some lazy dogs and a stout middle-aged woman with bound feet, who appeared in a doorway, wiping a rice-bowl with a piece of blue cotton. The driver, having slipped off the cart, began to unhitch his team. Thinking that fresh animals would be put in their place, I jumped out to stretch my legs.

The stout woman flung a sharp question at the driver who was working silently at a multitude of intricate knots. He answered readily, and went on talking and talking. Again I failed to grasp the exact meaning of his words, but there was no mistaking his intonations, a quick succession of whining and yelping, shades of disgust, annoyance, resentment, and disappointment. When he stopped, the woman took up the talking in a high, metallic voice and in a tone of angry scolding. I wondered at her staying power and the harshness of her voice, which penetrated every nook and cranny in the village. Already windows were sliding open; women were peeping out; a pack of nut-brown, almost naked urchins had galloped up to gape at me. Half-clad, muscular men began to appear in doorways. One by

one they came over and stood there, silent, gazing at me with unfocussed eyes. Soon the blue figures from the fields were there, leaning on their tools, thick sticks shod with iron; and the blacksmith, a heavy man with a flat, pockmarked face, strolled over with his hammer. And still the driver worked at his knots, the woman talking. I felt instinctively that when she stopped something untoward would happen.

She stopped when the last knot was undone. With vicious kicks the driver sent his team trotting into a shed, then gave a sudden, truly bestial squeal which sent cold shivers down my back. He had been working himself up, building up his anger. Never had I seen such fury. His lips had vanished completely, exposing two rows of yellow fangs dripping with foam. Choking and spluttering, he poured on me a torrent of what I guessed was horrible abuse. He raged alternately at both sides of the human ring by which I was now surrounded. His horny finger stabbing at me, he kept shrieking, "He pays one dollar, one dollar!"

At last I knew the cause of the trouble. As it was obviously not the time to haggle over fares, I decided to meet him half-way and even to pay him in advance. "Two dollars," I said, offering him two silver coins on an open palm.

But he was past financial adjustments. He sprang at me like a tiger; he struck my hand and spilt the coins in the dust. He kicked them, trampled them; he leapt back and spat on them. Pushing his way to the cart, he threw my bags on the road. The squeal he then emitted was utterly inhuman and was addressed to the blacksmith who replied with a piercing yell. His placid face had suddenly become a mask of hatred. I saw them moving uneasily on all sides with breathless yelps ringing like Kick him! Hit him! Kill him! A stalwart labourer shortened his hold on his stick . . .

But here came unexpected intervention. The stout woman gave an unearthly shriek through which I heard the frantic cackling of the hens. Startled, we all looked in that direction and saw a bird of prey swoop down on the road and rise again with a chicken in its talons.

What I did then was not the product of thought, for there had been no time for thinking. I simply jerked Uncle George's revolver from my pocket and fired at the bird as it flew by,

heading for the open. There was a dry report and some blue smoke. The bird dropped the chicken, shot straight up, and fell like a stone.

I have never ceased marvelling at the audacity of my subsequent behaviour. The Chinese, of course, were petrified with surprise. Ignoring them completely, I calmly pocketed my revolver. Languidly I got my cigarette-case, chose a cigarette and lit it. The ring of my aggressors being close, I tapped the nearest man on the shoulder. He shrank away and I walked out in the open. Slowly, one by one, I put my bags back into the cart; and then I turned and faced them, hands in pockets, legs somewhat apart, the cigarette dangling in my lips.

The paralysing panic I had experienced was gone. Something within me—perhaps my soul—was singing, dancing, rejoicing. But I did all I could to put on my face an expression of mingled cruelty and boredom. I even remember thinking of myself in the terms of the heroic literature which I had just outgrown: "He was alone and unarmed, but the steely pin-points of his eyes held them in subjection." Steely pin-points! I was a youngster of eighteen; my face was pink and unlined. That pose must have been supremely ridiculous, but it worked. They had no reason, or right, to suspect a fluke, and crack revolver shooting is crack revolver shooting.

It broke their spirit. They stood there, not knowing what to do and gazing at me with respect akin to fear. My driver was the first to break down. He suddenly trotted off and returned dragging his animals. Willing hands came forward to help him tie them to the cart. Meanwhile, the urchins had retrieved the bird, a biggish hawk; and one of them, a pleasant boy of some twelve summers, brought it for my inspection. He spoke in awed tones as he ruffled the crimsoned feathers under its right wing. His eyes were full of abject submission; I was his master and he would love to serve me if he could.

But I barely glanced at the hawk. My *attelage* was ready, my driver waiting, and there remained only the matter of the dollars they had knocked out of my hand.

"Hey, two dollars," I said crisply to the blacksmith who was coming over to examine the bird.

He stopped short. "Two dollars?"

"Yes, two dollars." I pointed at the dusty road.

"O, o, o!" he stuttered, and laughed. "Two dollars!" Why, of course! Now he knew what I meant. He turned to the others and said quite comprehensibly:

"He wants his two dollars."

And that finally put an end to tension. They all laughed, shyly at first, then uproariously. Fancy forgetting all about that money! How stupid of them! But they would soon get it for me. And they tried, some of them combing the dust with their fingers, but search as they might, they could not find the coins.

After a breezy argument with them, the blacksmith came to me with a distressed look on his face; and here the stout woman broke in again with a broadside of stinging admonitions. It sounded as though she were saying, "What, can't find the money? Somebody's pinched it, of course. You thieves! Well, you'd better give it back to him, or he'll shoot you up on the spot."

Apparently the idea that the missing money should be made good by them was not to their liking, for they instantly dispersed. They simply faded out of the picture, and even my driver trotted away, ostensibly to get some fresh straw for the cart. There remained only the blacksmith, perhaps the richest man in the village; and he tried to tell the stout woman that he had done nothing wrong, but was completely outshouted. With a protesting grumble, he produced a leather pouch and explained slowly and distinctly that he had no dollars. All he had was small coin of inferior silver, but he would pay me at yesterday's rate of exchange, and it would come to the same. He counted into my hand ten twenty-cent pieces, two of ten cents each six copper cents and a number of perforated cash. And then we rolled out of the village at a brisk trot, escorted by cheering boys and barking dogs. But the last I heard of it was the loud, metallic laughter of the stout woman.

During the rest of the journey my driver sat in the front of the cart, embracing his knees and whip, and spoke vehemently, as if considering an obtuse problem. I was no longer interested in the prairie. All sorts of engrossing hints were crowding into my head, but his talking made orderly thinking impossible.

Safely delivered at my destination, I gave him one dollar, which he accepted with thanks and again started talking. I would have paid no heed to him, but the houseboy who had come out to fetch my bags was listening with round-eyed attention.

"What does he say?" I asked.

He heard the driver out to the end, then turned to me. "He says master very clever, very strong. He says suppose somebody must die, better somebody else die, much better. Who die?"

My engrossing hints, he had them in a nutshell! Of course that bird had died that I might live! And that reminded me of Uncle George's jeering: "Two rounds is more than enough for a young man of your age."

If it were not for one little bullet and a preposterous fluke—

I felt rising in me a warm, joyous feeling; I felt an urge to do something large and selfless, and, on the impulse of the moment, I gave the driver two more dollars.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

DURING all these complicated years that have seen so many strange developments in Europe, Spain seemed to lie outside of the main whirlpool. It had its own violent upheavals, its clash of currents; but no drag from them was felt beyond the Pyrenees. Then, on a sudden, a death-grapple begins, and within a week throughout all Europe each contending party has sympathisers who might easily become backers. What set a match to the tinder was the assassination by shock police (i.e., members of a Government force) of the leader of one of the opposition groups. Such things have happened in Japan, and are not there regarded, it would seem, as they must be in any European community: but for Europeans and above all for Spaniards, it was natural enough to think that recourse to arms offered the only chance of safety. The army leaders headed rebellion, wherever they had the power; and in Morocco they controlled the situation. Naturally they declared that the Government was not really a Spanish Government, but the tool of Moscow.

No doubt this was only true to a very limited extent: many of us can remember when the Tory Party was urging the British army to regard the Liberal Government as tools of the disloyal Irish; but, in fact, the Liberal Government's action in 1911-14 represented a strong current of British opinion, and so, I have no doubt, did that of the Spanish in 1935-6. It is not denied that Moscow, through one of its agencies, interferes constantly in the politics of other States, and even backs its interference

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Strife**

with gold. But the essence of the fact is that Moscow has become the centre of a faith which makes votaries all over Europe, and far beyond Europe. It is a political religion, but none the less a religion because it is political: like every religion it takes on the imprint of national character. Spanish Bolshevism is ardent and austere to the point of ferocity just as is Spanish Catholicism; and men throughout Europe draw conclusions from what is happening in Spain according to their individual predilections. Many Englishmen, many Frenchmen hold that the general cause of liberty is at stake, and that the "loyalists" represent the hopes of democratic government. At least as many more in both countries see no chance for individual freedom unless the "rebels" win.

The two Great Powers, where opinion has licence to be divided, desire to maintain strict neutrality between the parties in this civil war. Any other course would create grave internal difficulties for them—more especially for the French, where a Socialist Government is in power. The same is probably true of Belgium, and in general the smaller countries are disposed to fall in with the policy of England and France. But there remains the question of the three Powers which by the very nature of their institutions are committed to partisanship. In reply to the proposal initiated by France and supported by England, all three profess a desire to stand aloof, but all three stipulate that everyone else does the same. Now it is not easy to see how either Russia, Italy or Germany could in reality be neutral even if Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler all desired it. The issue at stake comes home to these nations far more closely than did the cause of Abyssinia to the English people: and yet at one grim moment public opinion in England would have justified the risk of war for the sake of the Covenant. Ambitious rulers, even when they possessed despotic power, will not take a grave risk without assurance of public enthusiasm behind them, but when that enthusiasm exists, and prompts to action, there is real ground to fear lest the risk be taken.

Undoubtedly, if these potentates were good Europeans, their first thought would be for the peace of Europe. But it requires

some stretch of fancy to attribute that virtue to the *Führer*. About the *Duce*, one is less sure; the French at least feel some European solidarity with him as a Latin; and already it is said in France that, though England is a sure ally, England has no army and is slow to move; therefore, to revive cordial relations with Italy should be the chief object of French policy. This, however, is not likely to please the supporters of M. Blum, who are already somewhat out of hand. Any marked advance towards Italy would be taken as a compromise with Fascism and as taking sides against the legitimate Government of Spain.

In short, all the cards are in the hands of the Fascist powers, since Russia is out of reach. To take a single instance: Hitler can without difficulty give free passage for all General Franco's troops across the Strait under the escort of German ships. The Spanish Government obliged him with a pretext, because one of its gunboats shelled a German merchantman at Laraiche and because four Germans were shot in cold blood by the revolutionary party in Barcelona. If Germany took this step, would the British fleet or the French fleet have any ground to intervene? And if this intervention were undertaken, would it be supported by united public opinion in either country. A general move to stamp out Bolshevism in that part of Western Europe where it has taken strongest hold would have possibly more support—even in England—than action against a Fascist power which almost certainly would mean European war.

There is perhaps no need to conjure up these formidable possibilities; and one reassuring circumstance is that Herr Hitler evidently desires to make the most of the goodwill acquired by Berlin's welcome to athletes of all nations at the Olympic games. That manifestation of the German genius for organization has filled foreign observers with admiration. Yet it is only another expression of what was shown in the swift move into the Rhineland. It is true, however, that the very exclusiveness of German ideals has something reassuring for Europe. "National Socialism," Hitler is reported to have told a French interviewer, "is not an article of export." This has to be understood, of course, as meaning that it is designed for the culture of all such territory as Germany may decide to be racially or spiritually German: but at least there are limitations, and probably nothing

could be less in accord with the *Führer's* wishes than to see France or England or both go Fascist. Bolshevism, on the other hand, being avowedly international, is avowedly designed to spread, and the methods for spreading it have been worked out in consultation with headquarters at Moscow.

One reaction to the Spanish incident has been notable in Greece. A general strike threatened, and the new King, who has to all appearance done his utmost to establish constitutional government, felt obliged to place dictatorial powers in the hands of General Metaxas. Liberals in Greece (the largest single party) and Liberals outside Greece think this measure mistaken and sinister. But the general strike, even if it is only partially accomplished, brings about a state of things far nearer to anarchy than can be faced in a country where order is not perfectly established.

In more settled lands, the danger is less. Here in France, where I write, the advent of a Socialist Government was accompanied, not by the general strike, but by an epidemic of local ones. It is curious to learn how many of the well-to-do in Paris thought it desirable to leave the country; and how many garrisoned their houses and laid in provision of cartridges for revolvers and shot-guns. That phase passed: the whole period went by without a single act of bloodshed, and it left some very odd impressions. One of them was the perfect discipline, good humour and gaiety of the employees who took possession of huge establishments, for instance the great shops in Paris. Everything was kept in such a state that the doors could be opened to the public as usual at any moment and that all would go forward without the least difference. One director of such a place came daily to his office, went without let or hindrance to his accustomed table, and found the correspondence on it in perfect order—incoming mails opened and laid out. But nobody spoke to him or recognized his presence. His reaction was a feeling that some day he would arrive there and be told, "You may go home, sir, and need not return: we have no further occasion for you;" and that, in fact, there would be no occasion for him.

On the whole, the Government can make a good case for its

refusal to take drastic action against manifestations which were admittedly illegal, but which have been peaceably brought to an end. Legislation, hurriedly carried, to bring about general social improvement is accepted with more or less good grace by M. Blum's opponents. Everyone knew that wages in France were too low, and working hours too long, and that trade unions should have recognition. The question now is whether these changes can operate without raising the cost of living to a disastrous degree; and the answer is not yet in sight. But one thing is clear. France is never again going to be a country which will attract foreigners by its cheapness: though they will continue to get surprising value for their money owing to the concentration of French intelligence on the provision of amenities. I wish I knew an hotel anywhere in England, Scotland or Ireland where one could be fed and lodged at any time for eight shillings a day as I am at the most crowded moment of the season, at a rather expensive health resort in Auvergne. And, to judge by the number of motor-cars, the *crise* must be considerably abating, for those whom I see about me are not rich people—most of them *petite bourgeoisie*. Whoever they are, the men dress as only the richest Frenchmen used to dress before the war, in a fashion not distinguishable from the English. All the stiffness of clothes, which was the stiffer, according as one dropped in the social scale, has gone; one would look far to find a black coat or a starched collar. And for the most part, all that one sees are hardy well-nourished people. Military service is certainly no bad thing for the health of a race.

Still, nothing will ever make the French soldierly-looking, in the German or the English sense. It is hard to believe that every man one sees over three and twenty has learnt to use a rifle and to march with a heavy pack. I suppose no people in the world were ever less militarist by disposition; and one remarkable episode of this month has let us all know how little of the martial spirit goes into their public education. The national union of school-teachers held a conference at Lille and gave itself over to a series of discussions on war when many speakers were applauded for

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discourses that went far beyond the not yet forgotten resolution of the Oxford Union Society. One gentleman demanded that if war were declared, the action of France should at once be paralysed by a general strike of workmen. Another explained that even if conquest by another power meant servitude, that was better than death, because you might escape from servitude but death was definitive. These sentiments were indeed not embodied in resolutions; the meeting declared its confidence in the Socialist Government; but they were applauded, and no such applause was given to the speakers from Alsace Lorraine who said that they would much sooner die than be put back to the goose-step, and that they did not expect France to desert them.

These manifestations were, of course, discussed both in the Upper and Lower House, and deputies asked whether it was reasonable to permit public servants to preach these doctrines. The Minister for Education, having expressed his disapproval of such views, argued that these servants of the State loyally carried out their duty in the teaching rooms, but that outside the class, teachers should have freedom to speak the thing they would! He added, which was nearer to the purpose, that in 1913 very similar discourses had been addressed to the same body, but that when war came, some two thousand school teachers had fallen on the field of honour and nearly eight thousand had earned mention in despatches. In point of fact, anyone who knows even a little of France will be certain that conscientious objectors would get even shorter shift than in 1914, if the territory of France were in peril; but it is true that such freedom of speech as is now permitted and used hampers preparations which unhappily cannot be regarded as unnecessary. French logic also is not slow to point ironically at the zeal with which French pacifists urge the Government to furnish arms to Spaniards to use against what they call a Fascist enemy.

As to the Government itself, one cannot but think that M. Blum would welcome a decisive event in Spain—even if it decided the issue against his personal preference. Any kind of a house next door is better than a house on fire. But, owing to the geography of Spain and to its deep-seated provincialism, it is beyond reasonable hope to expect any swift settlement.

Some French commentators hold that Hitler has decided to limit his intervention to such supply of munitions as has been already accomplished, because he is confident that the side which he favours needs no more help. And indeed it is remarkable that a rebellion which met severe checks at its outset should have persisted till after three weeks it holds twenty-seven provinces out of forty-nine. There is no want of determination in the Government levies—many of whom had some training in “para-military formations,” but disciplined troops have an advantage which always tends to increase. It is odd to think how many of these disciplined soldiers are Moors, led back by Spaniards to the conquest of Spain: odd also that the final conquest of this long-disputed Riff territory should furnish the means for attack on the Spanish Government. If the “whites” win, the Riff will be guarded as a precious possession; if the “reds,” there may be a disposition among them to wash their hands of Africa. And if Spain were disposed to get rid of its African possessions, then indeed there would be perturbation in the Chancellories: Germany and Italy would both have a word to say.

It is worth noting that the one place in French territory where strikes have led to bloodshed was Mostaganem in Algeria: and there is certainly unrest in North Africa. At the school teachers' congress, Moorish teachers came forward to complain fiercely that they had not equality of privilege with the Europeans. This is only one part of a widespread discontent; and, since the last independent African kingdom has now ceased to be under African rule, and Germany raises a claim to her part in the spreading of European culture over Africa, we may be thankful to two able women for books which give some insight into the general situation. Miss L. P. Mair, lecturer in Colonial Administration at the London School of Economics, reviews with copious detail *Native Policies in Africa*; Miss Marjory Perham, bringing together in *Ten Africans* a group of typical life stories, each related by its subject, illustrates by individual instances a great deal that Miss Mair discusses in the abstract. The result, unhappily, is not comfortable reading, whether it concerns those regions where the white man has taken the black man's country to live and work in, or those where Europe has come in reality for

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purposes of trade. Mary Kingsley—whose approach to African problems was more intimate than that of these later students—never tackled the former group of problems; but she justified, for Africa as for America, occupation of land by the stronger race, knowing well that throughout Africa more energetic peoples in successive waves have dispossessed the weaker breeds, and shown no mercy. It does not seem that any of Miss Perham's ten Africans disputes the right of conquest. The resentment expressed is that in those parts of Africa where the white can live Africans should be barred from competing in all but the lowest paid employments. This offends against that primitive and universal sense of justice which Mary Kingsley held ought to be sacred; and a society which maintains the colour bar in this fashion must always be sitting on the safety-valve. Under French rule, at least a safety-valve can work: the African who attains to European education is not limited by arbitrary restrictions. It is true that, although the educated native of Algeria is received as an equal in France, he is regarded with suspicion and dislike by French Algerians; but this is less a question of colour than of ascendancy: the native is presumed to have disloyal feelings and designs on the colonists' land—just as in Ulster. Presumably the Italian attitude to Abyssinians will be the same as that of the French to Arabs or Moors. Yet one of Miss Perham's ten, a missionary-taught teacher from Kenya, says that journeying from Mombasa (as part of a delegation) on an Italian ship he found that the barber would not cut his hair, because European customers would boycott his shop. Possibly, however, these were not Italian customers.

There is, of course, no real parallel between the conquest of South Africa and that of Abyssinia. Morocco is an analogy: and every Moor is taught that he may become a French citizen. Italy may make Abyssinians into Roman citizens in the old sense. But neither in West, East or South Africa can Africans under British rule possibly feel that they are fully privileged British subjects. Under German government they would be even less likely to attain equality with the white. As things are now, the African who has been educated on European lines everywhere desires to

attain that equality. Those who think with Miss Mair hold that even selected individuals can only attain a semblance of satisfaction for this desire, while for the mass of the people development on European lines destroys what is best in traditional negro culture. She is for "indirect rule," though she makes us realize how difficult the experiment is and how uncertain its goal. Miss Perham's witnesses illustrate the problem. The simplest among them sums up: "The young people of today have no respect. They don't listen to the words of their chiefs. I tell you it was better before the white man came. But then sometimes I think in my heart, 'But where could we find the clothes and the salt and the matches that we buy at the stores?'" Another says that taxation which the chiefs have to carry out breeds thieves. Another, who knew the old order, says, "You may be inconvenienced by your tax every year, but it is better than finding yourself on the end of a spear or sold as a slave"—still, that man had been a policeman and had acquired a feeling for law and order. Another, born and bred a workman for Europeans, has contempt for the old people who had neither learned nor worked. But then his experience of work was in East Africa, where a black workman may hold any job he can get. This is not so in South Africa, and from South Africa the angriest voices come. And what can the Imperial Government do about that?

It is a grave problem. In those parts of Asia which the English-speaking people rule, the English-speaking stock dies out; there is no competition of survival. But in North America a high type of primitive hunters has virtually been killed by the white man's guns and his whiskey. In Australia, even when the European Governments tried to preserve the most primitive human type existing, contact with civilization was fatal to the stone-age men. But in Africa the negro multiplies faster than ever beside white men, because there are fewer big killings; and the more powerful culture exercises an irresistible fascination for him. It drew the Australian native as moths are drawn to a lamp, and that was the end of them. When the African approaches it, something is singed and some fineness is lost; but the springs of his life are not destroyed. The French method which aims at turning a select few Africans into fully quali-

fied Europeans certainly makes a more powerful appeal to Africans than the English, which tells the race to develop gradually on purely African lines. But then the French advocates of their policy are not hampered by a feeling that the fully educated African will find himself confronted by the colour bar when he seeks for a career.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

INQUEST ON A SAD DEATH

By ROBERT BERNAYS, M.P.

THE STRANGE DEATH OF THE LIBERAL PARTY, by George Dangerfield. Constable. 12s. 6d.

A MOST interesting book is waiting to be written on the decline and fall of the Liberal Party in England. It should begin with the Home Rule split of the 'eighties when the Liberal Party lost the support for ever of the Great Whig landowners who had given it the essential characteristic for a Left political party of respectability. It would deal with the causes of the tidal wave of the Liberal triumph of 1906 and would analyse the reasons why it so soon spent itself. The sudden bid of the Trades Unions for political power would, of course, come under review; and also the crushing effect of the War on Liberal fortunes; and the influence of the khaki election; and the coalition with the Conservatives that followed. Fascinating chapters could be written on the inner history of the gallant and self-sacrificing efforts of a group of men with Asquith at their head to revive the Liberal Party in the post-War years and how at one time they appeared likely to be successful, only to be thwarted by the intransigence of Labour and the obstinate determination of a powerful section of Liberalism never to trust Mr. Lloyd George again.

I had hoped that something of the sort would be attempted in a book that had the attractive title of *The Strange Death of Liberal England*, but I was dis-

appointed. The author confines himself to the four stormy years between 1910-1914 and seeks to prove that it was in that period that the Liberal leaders signed the death-warrant of their party.

Admittedly, that administration was faced with domestic problems of a gravity that make our own domestic issues today, which are largely confined to a battle over the Means Test, appear very trivial in comparison. Mr. Dangerfield divides them under four headings: The Tory rebellion over, first the Parliament Act and then the exclusion of Ulster from the Home Rule Bill; the Women's rebellion against the exclusive political domination of men; and finally the Workers' rebellion against low wages and the reactionary attitude of their employers. But there is really no basis for Mr. Dangerfield's contention that Liberal England perished in its attempt to deal with them, even judged by the rather unreal test of the position of the Liberal Party in 1914.

In actual fact that Liberal Government survived in a remarkable manner these recurrent crises which would have shattered weaker administrations. In the last few months of the long peace the Liberal Party was passing through rough by-election water, but it was no worse than that encountered by other governments who have enjoyed a long lease of power. The Labour Party that he appears to think had already superseded

Liberalism as the embodiment of working class aspirations was, in spite of the long series of strikes and lock-outs, making astonishingly little progress. Its poll at by-elections was frequently derisive. The Liberals might have been defeated in the General Election that would have come in 1915, but there is no reason to suppose that they would not have been able to present themselves as the Radical alternative in 1920.

Liberal thought was not by any means exhausted in 1914. Mr. Dangerfield ignores altogether that extraordinary output of social legislation from 1906 to 1914, which laid the foundations of the modern structure of social legislation and induced as keen a Labour Party man as Mr. Arthur Henderson, to observe that "no party had done more for the workers in that period than the Liberals."

Mr. Dangerfield's main contention appears to be that Liberalism in those years surrendered to force what it denied to reason. If that was true, it would be the most damaging criticism that he could make. For undoubtedly in Europe, the collapse of Liberalism in the post-War years has been due to its inherent weakness in dealing with the forces opposed to democracy. It still continued to play the rules of the game, when it was clear that a powerful section of the crowd were determined that no game should be played, and that they would not shrink from force in its most ruthless and savage form to prevent it being played.

But can that charge be sustained against the English Liberals? It may be that in Ireland they delayed too long in striking at the Ulster gun-runners, and that a prosecution of Sir Edward Carson and "Galloper" Smith was long overdue. But, had the civil war come, there is no reason to suppose that they would have hesitated to employ every weapon at their disposal in order to crush it. In other directions they dealt

with disorder promptly and even harshly. Mr. Dangerfield gives a description, which makes most unpleasant reading, of the methods of forcible feeding against the hunger-striking suffragettes. Mr. Churchill, who was Home Secretary during the greater part of the grave industrial strife, was certainly not a man who would tamely submit to civil disorder. He struck at it and struck hard. At the time of the Railway Strike of 1911, "Mr. Churchill," writes Mr. Dangerfield, "casting aside administrative forbearance began to send soldiers hither and yon, with a scarcely concealed alacrity. At twenty-seven different centres the troops appeared, sometimes because there was serious rioting, sometimes because there might be serious rioting." Whatever else may be said on that course of action it is hardly evidence of administrative weakness.

It was not domestic difficulties, but the War that shattered the Liberal Party. From the split of December, 1916, it never recovered. The Labour Party was given its chance in the election of 1918 to capture the Radical vote, and once the working men had acquired the habit of voting Labour they could not be weaned back from it.

But, though the Liberal Party of the pre-War brand may be dead, Liberal England is very much alive. Indeed, not the least important reasons for the progressive decline of the Liberal Party fortunes in the last few years is that all parties are now preaching Liberalism. The Conservative Party can govern the country only because it has shed its Conservatism, and the Labour Party would not enjoy even its measure of strength today if it, too, did not strive to pose as the residuary legatee of the old Liberal Party. No man ought to set out to write a book on English politics without being aware of these elementary facts.

UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY

BY H. E. BATES

POT LUCK IN ENGLAND, by Douglas Goldring. *Chapman & Hall.* 7s. 6d.

ENGLISH DOWNLAND, by H. J. Massingham. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.

TANKARD TRAVELS, by Gordon Beccles. *Chapman & Hall.* 7s. 6d.

HISTORY IN THE OPEN AIR, by Henry John Randall. *Allen & Unwin.* 4s. 6d.

Just over a year ago, in these pages, I made a plea for a book dealing not with the beauty of England, since such books were even then two for three ha'pence, but with its ugliness. Mr. Goldring's *Pot Luck in England* is as near being such a book as anything I have met since. In 1935, after some years in Sweden "and a too prolonged sojourn in the South of France," Mr. Goldring returned to England with a determination to settle down. Instead, he got bored—not with London, or his work, or his home, but with his suburb, with the Fulham Road. The result was that one day he jumped on a bus. It took him to Chelmsford. There he jumped on another. After that he jumped on another. Subsequently, without any pre-arrangement, he jumped on and off buses for several weeks, until finally he had covered a wide circle of Midland and Southern England, from London to East Anglia and the Derbyshire peaks down to Shrewsbury and Bath and the Quantocks and back to London. The result of it all is this book, a sort of contemporary *Rural Rides*, the record of a series of bus rides in modern England.

Like Cobbett, Mr. Goldring is a writer of candour and fearlessness. He is a

very hard hitter. He holds a theory, as I do, that love of one's country ought to be perfectly compatible with criticism of it. Thus, though he loves England—even *because* he loves England—he sees much in it to detest. As a traveller he is naturally much concerned with food and accommodation. When he began the journeys described in this book he had just returned from countries where such things were of paramount and vital importance. His disgust at finding an England full of ill-kept, unimaginative hotels, puritanically restricted public houses and the "alleged refreshment rooms of our railway companies" is therefore enormous. A country that can tolerate these things deserves, as he points out, to lose the bulk of its sensible travelling public to other and more sensible countries. In the course of his tour he stayed in over twenty inns and hotels, in various counties. All but one were bad. All were more or less expensive. He never overcame a feeling of trepidation when entering them, a "feeling that I had to explain myself and humbly by that he vouchsafed." Not once does he enthuse over an excellent meal or a regional dish or an inspired bottle. He records, as illustrating the cheerless and puritanical bondage under which the English traveller still exists, a story which deserves to be immortal: "I was in a pub the other day which displayed a notice: 'No music. No singing. No Loud Laughing.' Can you beat that?" He couldn't. He could confirm, in fact, the substance of its truth for himself.

So with towns. If a town is ugly he records it; he castigates it. He is no worshipper of accepted beauty spots. Nor, between praising and damning one thing and another, does he lose any opportunities for a little deviation into propaganda: war, peace, sanctions, the League of Nations, arms and the manufacturers of them, the craziness of mankind in general. He has some comments, not very illuminating and incidentally wrong in fact, on contemporary literature, and he introduces, now and then, a page or two of potted history. The book would, to my mind, have been better without all of these things. It is, even so, a highly entertaining and salutary chronicle.

Mr. Massingham belongs neither to that category nor to Mr. Goldring's. He is too constantly concerned with hard fact to be gushing; he is too tolerant and too Catholic to be whipped into anger. Also, in *English Downland*, in which he covers the whole of the English chalk from Dunstable to Dorchester and from Salisbury to Dover, he clearly has every inch of his work cut out, without deviations either into treacle-dipping or propaganda. His book is only 30,000 words in length, a fact of which he complains sadly, though to my mind this brevity makes the book doubly admirable. I am all for many photographs and much compactness. *English Downland* fulfils both conditions perfectly.

Such books as this are not meant to be exhaustive; they should be stimulants, verbal aphrodisiacs, kindling a warmer and fuller desire for scenes and places. Mr. Massingham is exactly at ease here. Never a lyrical writer, he hovers between fact and enthusiasm in such a way as to create at once an effect of solidity and allurements. He satisfies and stimulates. One longs to go in actuality almost everywhere he takes one in print; all up and down the Chilterns and over the Berkshire Downs and into Wiltshire and Dorset and back through Sussex and Kent; which is the only true test of any book of travelling whatsoever.

In contrast, I have no desire to accompany Mr. Gordon Beccles. His book purports to be a collection of short stories—which it is not—inspired by a journey up and down England and "a chance meeting with an elderly English gentleman in a Devonshire inn." Actually it is nothing more than a series of newspaper articles sewn together to make a book. In Fleet Street Mr. Beccles has the reputation of being brilliant. This book makes him appear tenth-rate. It is all very slick, dishonest and even sloppy. These stories, the records of eavesdroppings in odd places in Yorkshire, Cardiff, Cumberland, in pubs, harbours, railway stations and so on, are not stories at all. They are not even anecdotes. They are simply samples of Daily Expressionism.

If Mr. Beccles, or indeed anyone else, should doubt that *Tankard Travels* is imitation stuff, let him get *History in the Open Air*. This is a genuine, concise, first-rate reconstruction of that history of England which is written on the map of England "in letters of earth and stone, of bank and ditch, of foliage and crop." There is no slickness here. Everyone of these 150 odd pages is at once authoritative, brief and fascinating. Let Mr. Beccles read it and, like me, take off his hat.

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY

By G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

CASTLEREAGH, by Sir J. A. R. Marriott. Methuen. 15s.

THE smaller sort of historians concern themselves with the collecting of facts; and, if they be lucky, they add a few more to the collection. It is a most essential service in building the foundations of the science and art of history. But, after all, foundations are chiefly a work for strong navvies. The collecting of facts is the business of careful clerks, who have enough skill to transcribe documents and arrange lists of dates. That does not need genius, but merely conscientious attention. It is a suitable occupation for those who sit in university chairs, with a comfortable salary and a well-stocked library.

Sir John Marriott, by a long list of volumes, has proved that he is very careful about these foundations of his work; but his main object is much more creative than the humdrum job of putting in concrete on which to build. His business is to explain the design of the building which is being erected out of the facts which the studious clerks have brought together. The books which have come from the pen of this author, during the last few years especially, make it very clear that he (and not too many others, alas!) has grasped the very vital fact that the history of the past is most closely linked with the events of today. If we would know what is likely to happen tomorrow, then the surest way of getting the right answer is to find out what happened

a hundred years ago. The latest news is not always discovered in the stop press telegrams.

This present volume on Castlereagh is one more example of the fine historical buildings which Sir John Marriott is erecting as guides to public opinion. His story of how Lord Castlereagh conducted the Foreign Office in the two first decades of the nineteenth century, before and after the battle of Waterloo, is the most instructive way of getting to know how the affairs of Europe should have been handled after the battles of the Somme and the other tragedies of military art. The Treaty of Vienna, in 1815, if our diplomats and political amateurs had known a little history, would have been a guide and a warning to the men who went to France to sign the Treaty of Versailles in 1919. If the despatches and speeches of Castlereagh were published and repeated at Geneva today, they would cover most of the facts and vastly improve most of the decisions. It would be necessary to make a few trivial revisions, such as writing Germany as the name of the dangerous enemy, instead of the France which had been brought to its knees when Napoleon at last could find no more Frenchmen ready to die in order that an Italian adventurer should remain Emperor of the French.

It is positively astounding to realize that history repeats itself so closely. There are, of course, prim professors who tell us that this never happens.

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Minds that can only grasp details naturally fail to see how little the essentials of history change. The substitution of the Emperor William of Germany for the Emperor Napoleon of France is necessarily a great convulsion for a timid thinker. Sir John Marriott has a bigger historical view; he thinks on a larger scale.

Castlereagh is still the key to a sane international policy for Great Britain. Of course there are many necessary changes of detail which will need infinite care on the part of our diplomats. But it must be with real and well-deserved patriotic pride that his fellow-countrymen can read today how rigidly Castlereagh (and Wellington, also) insisted that the main object of European statesmen should be to make and keep peace; while conquest, the enlargement of territory, was a small thing which must not stand in the way of the greater end. Castlereagh was the first to offer that Great Britain would restore almost all the French colonies; and he and Wellington were anxious to evacuate the conquered France at the earliest possible moment. They were there, they said, to give peace to unhappy Europe—not to retain conquests or exact punishments.

Perhaps that is Sir John Marriott's greatest gift; this very fine sense of social morality can rise above the smaller national and party squabbles. It is this wide conception of the historical scene which enables him to get the whole into such admirably true proportions.

One would like to have room to point to the many valuable details discussed in this book. For example, Castlereagh's position in the matter of a paper currency is very remarkable. If the British Treasury showed as much sign of wisdom today, thoughtful citizens would feel more content than they do. Castlereagh said then what the most advanced economists are saying in 1936.

NEWS FROM TARTARY, by Peter Fleming. *Jonathan Cape*. 12s. 6d.

ONE is used to understatement from Mr. Fleming. Never does the old school tie wave more casually, with such a well-affected negligence. If he swam the Pacific and was swallowed by a whale he would assure us that the size of the Pacific had been exaggerated by romantic writers and that as for the whale's inside, it was merely a question of ignoring official information, etc., and of finding the obvious route no one else had thought of—just this and a little ordinary luck. The creature would probably respond to the Eton boating song. All this might be too irritating if Mr. Fleming were not an excellent writer and a very expert rough traveller. His latest journey from Peking to India, over the old Silk road, through the closed province of Sinkiang, with a plucky woman companion, was a remarkable one. It proved his theories about travelling light and living on the country; it confirmed his opinion that one can travel through country in a state of upheaval, with bandits and warring armies somewhere in it, without mishap; and that even a closed province like Sinkiang where the Russians are quietly penetrating and where strangers are roughly arrested and turned back, can be entered and crossed if you go quietly in over the mountains on a little used road and show a worthless passport to some official who dare not confess he cannot read. But two of his original companions—the party was four when it left Peking—were in fact turned back because they were white Russians.

One might expect a journey like this to provide a few exciting adventures, a hairbreadth escape or two, shooting in the passes, life and death struggles against storm and cold. Nothing of the kind happened. The worst mishap both travellers suffered was being thrown off their horses; and having their equip-

ment soaked in a river. They went hungry—but never seriously. The worst they had to put up with was long and arduous marches in grilling heat or withering wind; and, particularly in the early part of the journey, interminable and alarming delays while the puzzled authorities wondered whether to permit them to go on or not and finally let responsibility slide on to the shoulders of the next town on the route. And a seven months' journey over 3,500 miles, with a rook rifle, a tent, a frying-pan, and Macaulay's *History of England*, cost no more than £150.

It was eight years since a traveller had succeeded in passing through Chinese Turkistan. Mr. Fleming's route lay through gorges of the Boron Kol to which he was guided by a white Russian who dared not, however, enter the province. This was the most arduous part of the journey, for it lay across barren tableland and desert, 14,000 feet above sea level, very often without fuel for fires and with no pasturage for the animals who had to be dragged tottering up the passes. This was also the time when the travellers' lives were most "conjectural." Here some of their animals gave out and had to be given up. But at last they saw the first green trees for weeks and entered the oasis of Cherchen, where at once arrested by soldiers, asked for their papers and almost at once, quite, inexplicably, released.

The political chapters of the book disclose the fact that with Nanking too worried by its own affairs and too far away, Sinkiang has become in the delightful phrase, a Russian "sphere of influence." But the Russians are going slowly. They do not wish to upset the Japanese by annexation and there are few, if any, signs of "Sovietization." The important factor is the Tungan army—the Tungans are Moslems—who are still smarting under defeat by the Russians, and whose young and gifted

leader is at present an exceedingly well-treated hostage in Moscow. If Russia wants for any reason to raise a Moslem revolt in N.W. China, she has, Mr. Fleming points out, the best possible leader for it.

The people of the road are well observed. They had their little ways, and the important art of preventing a guide, or an official from losing face added to the charms of dealing with them. They appear to have been a kindly lot of people and in outlandish huts greeted the travellers with hospitality. But Mr. Fleming, while he can hit off a stray Mongol or Tungan or Turki in a fitting phrase, seems to have been more attached to his animals than to the human beings. He wept when one of the former gave out on the edge of Sinkiang. It is natural. Without his camels or his horses, he would have been done for; at one point, where an agricultural life had apparently destroyed the habitual courtesy and friendliness of the nomads, there was some doubt about being able to get camels at all and he might have been "condemned indefinitely to the tamarisk until a caravan should pick us up in the summer." But he got them, and one can read between the lines of this modest, brilliant and amusingly disparaging narrative, that Mr. Fleming is accomplished in the arts of dealing with refractory people and of throwing dust in the eyes of those whom a little authority makes dangerous. He seems to know when to be firm and when to give in. He also seems to drive his expedition at the Dickens of a pace. Kini, his companion, inevitably silent in these pages—though one gathers she is to write her own book—was a woman of extraordinary abilities, strength and courage. It will be amusing to read her version of the journey Mr. Fleming has "debunked."

V. S. PRITCHETT.

TSUSHIMA, by A. Novikoff-Priboy.
Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul.
Allen & Unwin. 16s.

On the 14th of May, 1905, the rays of the rising sun struggled to penetrate a billowy mist which drifted across a confused and cheerless sea in the Straits of Tsushima. This gut of water separates the peninsula now known as Chosen, but spoken of as Korea in 1905, from the Japanese archipelago. Shipping making its way from the South into the Sea of Japan, in which is situated the Russian base of Vladivostock, must pass the Straits, and it was in these waters that on that mournful morning thirty years ago a Russian fleet under the command of Admiral Rozhdestvensky was annihilated by the Japanese battle-fleet led by Admiral Togo. The Russians had laboriously made their way from the Baltic round the Cape of Good Hope on a 15,000 mile voyage from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock. It had been an astounding cruise and it ended in complete disaster a few hundred miles from the longed-for destination.

The story of this historic event has been told by many writers and from many aspects—there is, for example, that notable book *Rasplata*—and another book on the subject can only be justified and recommended if it is of outstanding merit. Such a book is the one under review. The Russian author was a paymaster's steward on board the battleship *Oryol*, and in 1905 he was working for

the Russian revolution. Not the least interesting parts of a fascinating book are those sections in which his revolutionary aims are at odds with his nationalistic ardour. The book is remarkable for two things. First, its account of the incredible brutality which marked the relations between officers and men, and its revelation of the hopeless technical inefficiency of the Russian squadron, show up as under a searchlight the rottenness of the Tsarist regime. Such conditions are the breeding-ground of certain revolution. Secondly, in the latter part of the book, where the author has collected with the utmost care a comprehensive series of impressions and accounts from survivors of the battle, there may be read a story of an action at sea, as seen and endured by the individual, which for brilliance of writing will rank high in sea literature. I was myself a participant in the battle of Jutland and in a light cruiser which was heavily engaged. Reading these accounts of the horrors endured in turrets and conning-towers, in engine rooms and stokeholds, of the hell in sick bays where surgeons had to operate in a ship on the point of capsizing, was for me a flash back to the night of May 31st, 1916, of almost unbearable reality. If you want to know what a naval action is like, read this book; it has passages of terrible realism. Only the restraint with which Novikoff tells his story prevents the readers mind from being bludgeoned into insensibility.

Tsushima is packed with swiftly sketched impressions of Novikoff's shipmates, both officers and men, and from it one can learn a good deal of the Russian character. There is a moving account of the surrender of the remnants of the Russian fleet as the battered vessels lay helplessly ringed by the almost undamaged enemy. The surrender is described in the form of a carefully constructed reproduction of the discussions which took place between the

officers concerned. There is the story of Captain Yung, dying as a prisoner in his own ship, and of the Japanese assisting the efforts made to conceal from him the fact that his vessel had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Underlying the muddle, the inefficiency, the corruption, one of the consequences of which was the amazing Dogger Bank incident when this Russian squadron opened fire on the Hull fishing fleet and nearly caused a war with Great Britain, is ample evidence that given leadership the Russian sailors were endowed with a heroism second to none. Novikoff does not show in his book an adequate appreciation of the extraordinary nature of the fact which brought this heterogeneous collection of war-vessels from the Baltic to their doom in the Straits of Tsushima. The Russians had no bases; Great Britain was hostile; half the ships were always breaking down; they were loaded to the scuppers with deck cargoes of coal. Yet this squadron struggled 15,000 miles to go up and battle with a superior force operating within twenty-four hours of its home ports. How the devil they did it I have never been able to imagine, but it was done, and since I have read this book I am left with a profound conviction that the corrupt super-structure of Russia having been swept away, the next Russian fleet sailing under the Red flag will be a very different proposition from that which sank with 12,000 officers and men beneath the cross of St. Andrew. Up to the present the Soviet Government has concentrated on its army and air force. It is about to build a new Navy. Vladivostock is still Russian. The socialised bear has firmly established himself in the Far East and is gazing steadily into the Rising Sun, now nearer its zenith than it was in 1905. *Tsushima* may yet be re-fought, and, like Adowa, be avenged.

STEPHEN KING-HALL.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Austin Clarke. With an Introduction by Padraic Colum. *Allen & Unwin*. 7s. 6d.

MR. AUSTIN CLARKE, one of the few poets in the middle generation of Irish writers, has been quietly accumulating his reputation during the last twenty years. His work is not fashionable, because he has followed the highest ambition of the poet, which is to develop into an epic writer, with a mature objectiveness. Most poets today divert that ambition into novel writing, believing that is the only way to find a substantial audience. Mr. Clarke has written one or two strange novels, but they have been only an extension of his epic vein, with similar themes and similar treatment. He remains essentially a writer of verse, all his vitality given to the intricacies of his craft.

As a craftsman he is unique. I know of no other poet, not even an Irish poet, who is so un-English in his technique, and who has imported into English verse such successful adaptations of the poetry of another race and language. For here is a Gaelic genius, expressing itself with that almost chess-playing ingenuity of the old Irish tradition in verse-making, the work of a man who might have been to school with the bards, who spent twelve years in pupillage with their masters in prosody, the art offering a tradition and an orthodoxy as exacting as the disciplines and rituals of the Jesuit teaching. It is significant that Mr. Clarke was trained also by the Jesuits, his education beginning in the college where that of James Joyce began.

His poetry is therefore worth studying in detail. His rhythms are new, and his methods of accentuating them are new. At first, to the English ear especially, his verse reads rather flatly, just as the intricate oriental music written on a twenty-two note scale is elusive and almost dull to an ear trained on the rougher eight-note scale of European music. But accommodating one's

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temper to his music brings surprising delights. Take his verse slowly, so that none of his accentual devices are missed, and then the odd fall of stress, the queer truncations and sudden closings of cadence, begin to assume a pattern and an emotional congruity with the meaning of the verse and the personality of the man. His elusiveness, disguised by a simplicity that one at first thinks is peasant-like but which later proves to be scholastic, develops in one's ear, discovering to the reader a subtle mind, desperately trained to the recording of agonies of spirit felt only by a man rebelling against an extreme sophistication and a cruel discipline. So delicately does he tread upon the fields of verbal sounds that we begin to understand the scale of his music, and can enjoy its tiny transitions, its half and quarter notes, its subtle playings with assonance. In this last he is an absolute master. In fact, he does with it almost more than English verse will stand, refining upon the device until his rhythm stresses by this means become little more than hints which are lost in the rigid measures of the English verse-line.

Searching deeper for the causes of this almost monastic technique, we see how this poet, perhaps by reason of his early training with the Jesuits, cannot wholly escape their influence and share the life-rhythms of the modern world and its materialistic society. He is still with the schoolmen, as Joyce is, and offers the amazing spectacle of a grammarian in a non-grammatical age, concerning himself with the problems of the Schoolmen of the Aristotelean Middle-ages. Naturally problems of sex, which to us moderns are no longer problems, loom large in his conflict, so large indeed that they become monstrous and terrifying, colouring his work with sombre distortions and despairs, as though he were an El Greco in verse, and emphasising his segregation from all his contemporaries.

RICHARD CHURCH.

EUTHANASIA, and Other Aspects of Life and Death, by Dr. Harry Roberts. Constable. 7s. 6d.

THE question of Euthanasia is one that does not admit of a ready answer because it obviously involves the greater question of the value of life. Conceptions of life itself are so varied that when people discuss its value they hardly ever begin, and seldom conclude, by talking about the same thing. To one person it means biological existence, to another the condition of happiness, to a third the persistence of human consciousness, to a fourth the co-ordination of human faculty; and when four such people try to agree about the desirability of liberty to put an end to human life at will—if they come to agreement, they will not agree about the same thing. Life has a utility value: it also has an intrinsic value and (as Professor MacMurray has pointed out) these two values, which correspond to those of science and art, can only be synthesised in a religious view. In a religious view the intrinsic is dedicated to utility for a purpose beyond itself; and it is thus that we come to the ordinary religious idea of human life as a gift held in trust which cannot morally be disposed of by him to whom it is entrusted.

That seems admirable enough until we have watched a friend in mortal and incurable sickness praying for death's deliverance from continuous pain. Then we may well begin to wonder whether the actual fact that man has power over existence has use and meaning, and whether, together with the power, he never has a moral, humane and even religious right to exercise it. To liberal minds it is indeed a terribly vexed question, and in the first three essays of a liberal-minded book, Dr. Harry Roberts states the case simply and clearly from the standpoint of a medical man to whom it is an eminently practical question. His own view

appears to be that although modification of the existing law is desirable, the actual matter is so intimately bound up with personal relationship and personal responsibility that legal recognition of Euthanasia would not mean very much in practice. "The protection of the law" has a very doubtful meaning to a really conscientious doctor, and, being a true humanist, Dr. Roberts well understands the implications of personal responsibility.

The subject occupies only a small part of a book of brief but pregnant essays on such subjects as Love and Sex, Crime and Punishment, Mind and Reason, Sociology and Education. Dr. Roberts has the kind of mind associated—so often, alas, in dreams!—with one's best idea of the general practitioner: the informed, humane, experienced mind, practical in outlook, personal in reference and perceptive of much beside the symptoms of disease. Each one of these essays is highly readable because we are conscious of being in touch with a man who knows his highly-skilled job, and yet retains that avidity for life which prevents the channelling influence of a profession from narrowing his outlook.

Perhaps the best chapters in the book are those on Love and Sex. They show a continual awareness of the permanent values of human relationship side by side with a wide and generous tolerance for the vagaries of the modern newly-enfranchised young. It is those chapters which one instinctively hopes will come to the notice of the many to whom they would be of practical use; for criticism based on knowledge, experience and understanding is always kindly, and in the most kindly vein, Dr. Roberts has some trenchant things to say about fashionable views of love.

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FILMS AND THEATRE. By Allardyce Nicoll. *Harrop*. 7s. 6d.

PROFESSOR NICOLL'S book is not easy to read. His English is inclined to be inexact and his intentions sometimes cannot be disentangled from a curious jargon, in which technical terms are not always used correctly (the meaning of "montage" has escaped Professor Nicoll) and nouns as often as not are employed as adjectives. "Illusionistic," "linkage," "resultant audience reactions," such words and phrases do not suggest clear thought. But it would be a pity if readers were repelled by the style or by the rather elementary nature of Professor Nicoll's technical analysis, for he makes some valuable points.

Not the least valuable is his general attitude. "If you wish to be a dramatist you must be prepared to write for the established theatres of your day; and if you esteem the cinema and believe it to be an art you must be prepared to discover that art among the commercial films of Elstree and of Hollywood, calculated to appeal to the public at large." And again, speaking of the usual criticism that most films are "trivial in theme and often vulgar in expression," he writes: "Exactly in this way did Sidney speak a few years before Shakespeare entered the service of the Lord Chamberlain's players." That is well put. That the cinema is popular entertainment *ought* to encourage any artist who rejects the ivory tower, who wants his art to be part of the vulgar natural life—if only the parallel with the Elizabethan stage were more complete. But the audience has lost its vulgarity; it is refined and partly educated, and the artist will no longer be heartened by the direct applause, or criticised by the direct disapproval, of the common people. He will hear only the crackle of chocolate paper, the whispers of women with shopping baskets, the secret movements of courting couples.

Nevertheless Professor Nicoll's attitude remains essentially right. If there is to be an art of the cinema, it must be one which shakes the common people out of their indifference. Unfortunately Professor Nicoll's idea of good commercial films is: *The Private Life of Henry the Eighth*, *The House of Rothschild*, *David Copperfield*, *Man of Aran*, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. D. W. Griffith's work, even now, would be more to the point: these films show the "literary," the refined professorial bent, the "artistic" compromise. Indeed his examination of cinema method is rather as if Henry James had illustrated the craft of the novelist with quotations from Ouida: the tricks are good tricks, but in such contexts valueless. Nor does the examination go very deep. His first object is to defend the popular nature of the film, his second to describe its essential technique, but most of his analysis is so elementary that it would have been safe to assume that amount of knowledge among his readers before he began to write. He notes for example the dissolve, the cut, the fade-in and out, the wipe, but he makes no attempt to discuss their use, to show why the wipe is—almost invariably—a mistake, how the functions of the cut, the dissolve, the fade should be, but seldom are, distinguished.

Nevertheless he leads, by unsatisfactory stages, to a valuable conclusion, that, while the stage, with its living actors, should deal only with types, the film, by its very two-dimensional form, can deal far more adequately with characters.

When living person is set before living person—actor before spectator—a certain deliberate conventionalizing is demanded of the former if the aesthetic impression is not to be lost, whereas in the film, in which immediately a measure of distance is imposed between image and spectator, greater approximations to real forms may be permitted.

GRAHAM GREENE.

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE, by G. H. Bushnell. *Harrop*. 10s. 6d.

THIS book has been long overdue. The absence of a life of Grenville was a most curious hiatus in Elizabethan biography. Partly, no doubt, it was due to the disinclination of most historical biographers to do any original work. In Grenville's case there was nothing to crib from; it involved the wearisome and lengthy task of wading through contemporary documents; of weighing contradictory evidence; of following up clues which, as often as not, turn out to lead nowhere. The average historical biographer, intent on "re-interpretations" and "psychology," dislikes this sort of thing, even when he is competent to do it. The genuine historian, on the other hand, becoming more and more ascetically scientific, is apt to despise so small a thing as one man's life. He is more interested in the economic causes of the sixteenth-century trade war with Spain than with the epic last fight of the *Revenge*. So, between the two, Grenville has been left alone.

There is, of course, Tennyson's poem, which has the value of being based, historically, on Raleigh's contemporary pamphlet and which has kept alive the truth of that last fight. It is not the least of the merits of Mr. Bushnell's study that, in his careful analysis of the end, he has endorsed the spirit of the ballad and contradicted the academic denigration which sees in Grenville only an insubordinate fanatic.

Grenville's career, however, is sufficiently varied. His services in Ireland, his work as High Sheriff of Cornwall, where he arrested the Jesuit proto-martyr, Cuthbert Mayne, his founding of the colony of Virginia (in which matter Mr. Bushnell has restored the correct proportions of his and Raleigh's responsibility), his part in the Armada fight, in which his name hardly figures since

his work was the less spectacular one of guarding the West, his life as a grand seigneur—these are the steps leading to the final climax. And each one is carefully, if sometimes too picturesquely, treated. Most of them, no less than the last, bristle with controversy. How far was Grenville's knighthood due to his capture of Mayne? What happened to the first American colonists? What was the relationship of Grenville to Drake, and was it true that he "would not serve under him" as it was reported?

There is still much work to be done before the whole story of Grenville can be written, for all the archives of the sixteenth and seventeenth century are by no means yet available. But at least a start has been made.

HUGH ROSE WILLIAMSON.

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DAYS OF CONTEMPT, by André Malraux. Trans. by H. M. Chevalier. Gollancz. 6s.

OLD JAN, by Stijn Streuvels. Trans. by Edward Crankshaw. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

THEIR WAYS DIVIDE, by Dennis Kincaid. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER, by Gerald Bullett. Dent. 7s. 6d.

NOVELS, like oysters and Stilton, are out of season in August. The publishers wait for a month with an R in it. A good thing, too, or you and I—the whole world of novel writers, readers and reviewers—would be a good deal crazier than we are.

One even feels a mild gratitude towards the few books that struggle into print. They need not so emphatically be read, but there they are, like the evening paper on a Bank Holiday. I enjoyed each of the four novels listed above slightly more than I should have done say, in June.

M. Malraux's is much the shortest and much the best. It describes briefly and vividly the arrest of a Communist leader, Kassner, by the Nazis, his nine days' imprisonment, his release through mistaken identification, and return home. The style is swift, phantasmagoric, and conveys the sense of the horrifying unreality which in such an experience outweighs other emotions. Kassner expects to be tortured (will he give himself and his comrades away?), and as he waits in the darkness, listening to screams from another cell, or to the tap-tap of a prisoner the other side of the wall, the possibility of madness threatens him. A few bars whistled by the sentry produce an extraordinary explosion of music in his brain: he catches on to

that. Music—all the music he has ever known—is followed by a succession of sounds and images:

"Snow in Velsenkirchen, with a dog barking at a flock of wild ducks, whose cries were almost inaudible in the muffling whiteness; strike calls shouted through megaphones at the siren-blasts from the mines; sunflowers mowed down in the guerilla fighting, their yellow petals spattered with blood..."

We see a number of incidents from his life in cinematograph. When he gets his unexpected release, he must still escape from Germany into Czechoslovakia. Something of the same excitement and delirium overhangs the rest of the story: the aeroplane flight in darkness, the lights of Prague, a political meeting, the return to his wife and child. *Days of Contempt* should be read by everyone who likes excitement and dislikes Nazis, who is sensitive to current political dangers and suffering. It is not so good a novel as *La Condition Humaine*, although the author's personal feeling is more sharply directed. The effect of the book is slightly confused, and this confusion I feel—here as elsewhere in M. Malraux's work—is due not only to the subject but to the writing. Kassner is not quite an individual: true, his experience impersonalises him. Everything is just out of focus—as it is meant to be, M. Malraux might reply. The fact remains that only Communists will completely enjoy *Days of Contempt*, and to that extent it fails as a work of art.

Old Jan is the study of a Flemish peasant. Its virtues are mainly negative; it does not exaggerate, it does not brutalise or sentimentalise. Jan works

for a farmer and sleeps in the stable with the horses, to whom he talks more than to anyone else; in the daytime he plods behind them up and down a field; most of the day he thinks of nothing at all; when anything happens to disturb him he goes off to the village to get drunk. This child-like figure is touchingly described; though for the reader who wants to see this sort of thing done with masterly finality I recommend the later novels of Jules Renard. Old Jan (he is only 37 when the story starts) migrates a day's walk northward, manages to get married, fails to support a family of half-a-dozen children, and finally returns to work on the farm which he should never have left. Overlong, rather "novelised" towards the end, but with a genuine feeling for character and landscape. The translation of this book, by the way, as of *Days of Contempt*, has been admirably done.

Mr. Dennis Kincaid's *Their Ways Divide*, and Mr. Gerald Bullett's *The Snare of the Fowler* are both good fiction which—for me at any rate—never emerge from that category. They have not, that is to say, any compelling quality outside the story, the characters and the need for manoeuvring them into one situation after another. Mr. Kincaid tells the story of an Indian and an Englishman, who meet for a moment as children in the nursery, whose lives run parallel in India and England and then join, until by an accident on the last page they become killer and victim in a local assassination. The characters, both Indian and Anglo-Indian, have been well observed in the tradition of *Passage to India*.

Mr. Bullett's novel is even more dramatic. By a series of coincidences a son unwittingly marries his mother, and this revelation is led up to by cunning hints and discoveries as in a detective story. The climax, however,

is neither tremendous nor horrible, but weakly blank, and when the son goes to the railway station and asks for a ticket "to Colonus" the effect is rather jaunty than impressive. Nevertheless, the book is well written, the people are sympathetic and individual, and almost any chapter of it is a pleasure to read. Its fault is not so much that it employs coincidence to produce a situation of extraordinary tension, but that it avoids the responsibilities of that tension. It ends at the point where it should seriously begin.

G. W. STONIER.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Sir Arthur Willert has seen British foreign policy at close quarters for some twenty-five years. After being correspondent of *The Times* in Washington before and during the war, he was appointed in 1919 to take charge of the newly created Press Department at the Foreign Office. Last year he resigned, feeling he could do more useful work outside the official sphere. His book, *The Frontiers of England*, published last winter, was a well-balanced sketch of Europe in 1935—and incidentally the best statement to date of the case for collective security.

Lawrence A. Fernsworth is an experienced journalist who was formerly on the staff of the *New York Times* and other leading American newspapers. His wanderings took him to Spain six years ago, not long before the advent of the Republic, and he has watched successive waves of Spanish turbulence from the vantage-point of Barcelona. The vivid descriptions of the abortive revolt in Barcelona in October, 1934 appearing in *The Times* were from his pen, and he has been doing fine work in the past few weeks.

James Maxton is frequently described as the most popular figure in the House of Commons. All members pay tribute to his qualities of humanity and sincerity, which have earned him a permanent seat, so to speak, for the Bridgeton Division of Glasgow. That he is capable of cogent Socialist argument to support his sentiment is shown by his book on *Lenin*, published in 1932, and the article he contributes this month on the human and psychological aspects of the new Unemployment Assistance regulations. As leader of the minute I.L.P. fraction, he has figured prominently in the last two parliaments.

Arthur Moore is the well-known editor of *The Statesman* of Calcutta. Formerly on the staff of *The Times*, he established his reputation before the war by articles on Mesopotamia, and has since specialized in the politics of the Middle East and India. The contribution we publish this month takes us back to the days of his admirable book on the Balkans' *Orient Express*.

Lord Elton, editor of the *News Letter*, the organ of the National Labour Party, has recently given a series of radio talks on "Public Opinion and Politics," and his observation of recent trends has only deepened the conviction that the English intellectuals of the Lib.-Lab. complexion have travelled miles away from the main body.

A. L. Rowse, a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, has been regarded for some years as one of the most promising recruits to the Labour Party. His book on "Politics and the Younger Generation," which appeared in 1931, expressed very well the standpoint of the younger men who in other times would have been Liberals.

Ray Strachey has been foremost in the crusade for the emancipation of women, first as a suffragette, and later as chairman of the Women's Service Bureau. She contributes a sober study of the role played by women in Parliament, having herself been a parliamentary candidate—standing as an Independent—on three occasions.

Thomas Burke is well known for his intimate knowledge of London, particularly the East End. But he has written charmingly on other subjects, and is now engaged on a book, *The Irish Vaubond Minstrel*, concerning Thomas Dermody.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

OCTOBER, 1936

THE FUTURE OF THE LEAGUE

I.—Idealism or Reality?

BY E. H. CARR

BY the time this article appears in print, the Seventeenth Assembly of the League of Nations will be in full swing, and the makers of *clichés* will have done their worst. We shall have talked of our "common interest in the organization of peace." We shall have re-affirmed our "scrupulous respect for treaty obligations" and our "unwavering fidelity to the ideals enshrined in the Covenant." These sentiments apart, there will have been a certain lack of precision. We shall have been rather more cautious than usual in our pronouncements; for last year some of us inadvertently said more than we meant, and our bluff was called. That—everyone will have agreed—must not happen again.

In the July resolution of the Assembly, which so neatly wiped Abyssinia off the map without mentioning her name, members of the League were invited to submit, before the September session, their views on the question how the League might be "improved." The last word conceals a stubborn controversy. One party had wanted to ask for views on the question how to "strengthen" the League, another on how to "reform" it. The reformers objected to a phrase which might have implied that sanctions ought to be strengthened. The strengtheners objected to a phrase which might have implied that sanctions ought to be reformed out of existence. In the end, everyone agreed neither to "strengthen" nor to "reform," but to "improve."

The invitation to submit suggestions for the improvement of the League has not, it would seem, evoked a very enthusiastic response. For the "strengtheners," France and the Soviet Union have sent in some meagre and rather tentative observa-

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tions. For the "reformers," Switzerland has come out flat for the abolition of sanctions. She was acutely embarrassed by the decision of last autumn to apply economic sanctions to her southern neighbour, and would be still more acutely embarrassed by any future proposal to apply sanctions to her northern neighbour. Holland and Scandinavia have been rather more guarded in the same sense. There have been replies from the Baltic states, who want no change, and from a handful of South Americans, full of paper ingenuities; and that, up to the time of writing, is about all. Great Britain has sent an intimation that she will state her opinions verbally through her chief delegate at the Assembly. Of the Dominions, only New Zealand, fresh with the enthusiasm of a newly-installed Labour Government, has broken silence.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who, in one of those once-famous "Breakfast Table" books, remarked that every conversation with John is complicated by the fact that three different Johns take part in it—John as he is, John as he appears to himself, and John as he appears to his interlocutor. Every discussion about the League is complicated by the fact that there are at least three Leagues, and that few orators, at Geneva or elsewhere, take the trouble to differentiate between them. There is the League as it appears to the Idealists; there is the League as it appears to the French; and there is the League as it will appear to the historian. In order to understand what lies beneath the conventional phrases and stereotyped formulæ which are, even now, being bandied about at Geneva, let us try to analyze these three Leagues and discover what they represent.

I will begin with the League of the Idealists, which I might almost have called "the League as it appears to the British," since it is this League which is by far the most familiar to the majority of people in this country.

The League of the Idealists is an organization which hopes to prevent war by turning sovereign states into good law-abiding members of the international community, who will respect their treaty obligations and settle their grievances and their disputes (as good private citizens do) by arbitration or by submission to the findings of a court. This is the League for which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the leaders of other religious

denominations offer public prayer, and for which the League of Nations Union conducts such devoted and effective propaganda throughout the country. This is the League envisaged by the "Next Five Years Group" who, under the leadership (in virtue of alphabetical precedence) of Lord Allen of Hurtwood and Sir Norman Angell, recently published a "Peace Plan" in *The Times*. It is not—the point is worth noticing—the League of the Covenant. The Covenant, a cautious and comparatively "realistic" document, takes no cognizance of the violation of treaties unless accompanied by a threat of war. It permits members of the League, in certain conditions which might quite easily arise, to wage war, and even aggressive war, against other members without incurring any penalty. It does not impose on members of the League any obligation in any event to apply military sanctions to evil-doers.

In short, while the Covenant is, in the ultimate analysis, a political treaty governed by considerations of expediency, the League of the Idealists is something more. It is a moral conception—a sort of international Magna Charta or Declaration of Rights. Its thesis is that the sovereign states of the world form a community recognizing certain moral obligations binding on all members of the community. The most important of these obligations are respect for treaties and the maintenance of peace. It is understood that, if any member of the community breaks the peace, the other members shall sit in judgment on him and secure the execution of their verdict by the use of force. The obligation to apply financial and economic measures of restraint will, in such cases, be universal. As a slight compromise with realism, it is generally conceded that states shall not be required to apply military sanctions outside their own continent (though one result of this concession is to leave the Chinese lamb unprotected against the Japanese wolf).

There is also another side to the picture. Most Idealists are agreed that a system which merely guaranteed the preservation of the *status quo* for all time would be both unworkable and unjust. Just as law would have no sanctity unless there were machinery at work for the unmaking and remaking of law, so there can be no sanctity of treaties without some effective and binding procedure for revising treaties. States with grievances

against existing treaties or existing territorial arrangements must therefore be entitled to bring their grievances before an international tribunal (either the Council of the League or some new Arbitral Board) for judgment; and the other states must agree to see that the verdicts of this tribunal are enforced. Thus the rights of sovereign states would be in future decided by what is called "third-party judgment." Nobody would need to go to war to maintain or to secure his rights (as determined by the verdict of his peers); and anyone resorting to war would find the rest of the world ready to fight against him.

I am far from suggesting that these implications are accepted by the vast majority of supporters of the League of Nations in Great Britain. Clear thinking is not on the whole a strong point of the Idealists. The list of intellectuals who subscribe to some such conception of the League as I have just tried to sketch is a formidable and impressive one. But recent experience suggests that they are rather in the position of generals without an army, or with an army which refuses to follow when they try to lead it into the logical consequences of its ideals. The League of the Idealists colours the whole of our thinking about international affairs in this country; and many speeches made in support of the League both here and at Geneva relate to this League and no other. Yet if ever such a League ceased to be a moral conception and became a living issue of practical politics, I wonder whether it would find more than a tiny handful of supporters.

Except for this uncertainty, I have only one criticism to make of the League of the Idealists. If we wish to construct, for purposes of moral edification, a League which never was on land or sea, a League which presupposes a radical transformation in the habits of man as a political animal, then why should we construct it on the basis of state sovereignty at all? If states will go so far as to accept the judgment of third parties on matters of vital national interest, is it not likely that they will go a little further and accept the enforcement of peace and justice, not by a combination of national forces, but by a supernational force? Such a plan has been advocated for some years past by the New Commonwealth Society, and is adopted by the New Zealand Government in its recent reply on the best means of improving

the League. It is discussed in detail in another article which follows, and I need say no more about it here. But I have always felt that if we wish to imagine a world order based on pure Idealism, we should seek it on these lines rather than on those of a League of Sovereign States.

Intertwined with the League as it appears to the Idealists is the League as it appears to the French; and this conception will be equally potent, or perhaps still more potent, in its influence on speech and action at Geneva.

The League as it appears to the French is not a moral conception, but a political instrument. It is not the embodiment of a new world order in which the ideals of peace and peaceful change will both find their place. It is a defensive alliance against Germany designed to perpetuate the territorial settlement of 1919. In French minds the League originally took shape as an alliance by the victorious Great Powers. "It is essential," said the French Delegate in the Commission of the Peace Conference which was charged with the drafting of the Covenant, "that the League be formed around these effective Powers, so that at its birth it shall carry with it the influence and prestige of the nations that conquered Germany." From that date to this, whenever the word "aggressor" has been pronounced at Geneva, the French Delegate has consciously or subconsciously translated "aggressor" into "Germany." It is almost impossible for the average Frenchman to imagine that an act of aggression committed by anyone but Germany or a friend of Germany can be of sufficient moment to call for League action. The League as it appears to the French is designed for collective defence against Germany and for nothing else.

The French were, however, intelligent enough from the outset to see that the League as it appeared to them had very little in common with the League as it appeared to the British, and that, if it were to become a serviceable instrument against Germany, it must somehow be adapted to British opinion. The most successful solution of this problem hitherto discovered must be put down to the credit of an officer of the French General Staff, Colonel Réquin, who invented the system of "regional pacts within the framework of the League." The system was first embodied in the so-called "Draft Treaty of Mutual Assist-

ance" of 1923, and had little immediate success. The treaty was badly received by everyone except by France and her allies. The Soviet Union, then a friend of Germany, was particularly scathing in its comments. "The Soviet Government fully realizes," wrote M. Chicherin, "that the conclusion of local agreements between certain States is inevitable in the present state of international relationships. It considers, however, that it is quite inadmissible that they should receive recognition from an international organization, or that they should be regarded as beneficial for the prevention of wars."

In Great Britain, the prejudice against regionalism was equally strong. Even Locarno was suspect in some quarters as a regional pact. "Nations A, B and C met apart," exclaimed Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the House of Commons, "under no League supervision, and came to an agreement. Then, in order to prove that they were loyal members of the League of Nations, and wished to show homage to it, they handed over the agreement to them and asked them to be custodians of it. If that were pursued to any great extent, that would be the end of the League of Nations, because it was turning the League into a sort of foundling hospital."

It was ten years before Germany's gross blunder in leaving the League gave France the opportunity of securing widespread acceptance of her ideas. The events of 1933 caused both the Soviet Government and Mr. MacDonald to execute a right-about-turn. The Soviet Government entered with France into one of those local agreements whose title to be regarded as *pacific* it had so hotly contested; and the British Government of which Mr. MacDonald was the head went out of its way to welcome the foundling. So true is it that, in international affairs, high-sounding principles are often no more than the expression of a fleeting, and perhaps imaginary, national interest.

Other events lent a specious attraction to regionalism within the League. The impotence of the League in the Far East, and then in Africa, showed that the Great European Powers were unwilling to take effective action outside Europe. The waning optimism of supporters of the League buoyed itself up with the hope that the sanctions obligation, if it were made more precise and limited to Europe, might next time be honoured. Every-

thing else had gone wrong. In Europe, at any rate, the League had not failed (if one forgot the early and dubious Corfu episode); for it has never been seriously tested.

This turn of events suited France down to the ground. The French ideal of the League might at last be realized, with British approval, by the simple device of calling the defensive alliance of the victorious Powers a "regional pact for Europe." Yet it is to be observed that the French Government, when advocating the regional system in its recent reply to the League, adds that "by 'region' is meant 'any group of Powers whose union is based upon geographical situation *or upon a community of interests*'." Everything is thus provided for. If a non-European Power should be ready to come into the anti-German *bloc*, there is to be no nonsense about "geographical situation." "Community of interests" will do as well. There is something admirable about the tenacity and foresight with which the French have pursued, for seventeen years, their own conception of the League as a bulwark against Germany.

The League as it appears to the Idealists and the League as it appears to the French are the two Leagues which will perhaps be uppermost in the minds of delegates and orators at Geneva. But it will not be possible altogether to ignore the third League—the League of history, the League as it has actually functioned since 1920. Here, however, the difficulties of the analyst really begin. It is easy enough to say with reasonable accuracy what the League means to the Idealists and what it means to the French. But what the League has in fact been can be almost endlessly debated.

It is fair to take the League as it was in its best days—the days which ended in 1931. From that time, its growing impotence became clearly visible; and since the end of 1933, when Germany left and the Disarmament Conference collapsed, it has ceased to be a factor of primary importance in world affairs. It is important, in these hard times, to remember that Geneva ten years ago was not merely a rallying-point of prophets and Idealists, but the busy and effective centre of European political life. Reparations and the other disagreeable *débris* of Versailles, as well as war debts, were being cleared up elsewhere. But everything else that mattered in Europe revolved round the

League, and was debated before its Councils and its Assemblies. There are a few people, even outside Geneva, who still remember the great days ; and when such people are asked how to improve the League, they instinctively think of a return to this golden age of its history.

What then did the League mean at this period ? It meant, as somebody has neatly put it, " the maximum of international co-operation available at any given moment." The element of compulsion was absent. Article XVI of the Covenant with its sanctions provisions was a skeleton in the cupboard which was never mentioned in polite society. The effective instrument of co-operation was Article XI, which merely says that in case of war or threat of war the League shall " take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations " ; and since the unanimity rule applies to Article XI, this meant that nothing could be done except by persuading the peace-breaker or potential peace-breaker that it ought to be done. Moral suasion was the only way of settling anything.

Above and beyond this, the League of the 'twenties meant virtual universality. Germany joined as soon as she was strong enough to resume an active role on the European stage. Soviet Russia, which remained outside, had still no more than a nuisance value in international affairs. The United States was far less aloof in practice than in theory. All would have been fair in the garden but for the muffled recriminations of Disarmament and its unheavenly twin Security, which gave an ugly reminder of troubles ahead.

For those, therefore, whose League is neither the League of the Idealists nor the League of the French, but the League as it was in its own best days, the prescription for improving the League will read as follows. Put Article XVI back into the cupboard from which it should never have been allowed to escape. Eschew regional pacts, and work for universality. Bring Germany, and eventually Japan, and some day perhaps the United States, into a consultative League which will once more depend not on force, but on moral suasion—the only instrument by which the League has in fact achieved success in the past. Something like that seems to be in the minds of Holland and the Scandinavian countries, who plead for more co-operation with

non-Member States and " are opposed to the idea of regional agreements relating to military sanctions." That is the third League which will play its part in the deliberations of the Seventeenth Assembly.

What then—to pass from analysis to speculation—will the Assembly make of these conflicting currents, and what sort of League is likely to emerge from it ? It would be a mistake to expect any very dramatic developments. For it will be difficult to mingle these currents in a single stream ; and with Germany still absent, and a conference of the " Locarno Powers " contemplated for October or November, there will be little chance this year of restoring the Assembly to its rightful place as the clearing-house of European politics. But at the risk of proving a false prophet, I will try to plot out some of the main lines of discussion.

In the first place, there is little likelihood of any formal amendment of the Covenant. To amend the Covenant is a complicated and laborious process ; and experience has shown that all sorts of vested interests combine with mere dilatoriness and inertia to block the path. The Seventeenth Assembly is more likely to pass resolutions proclaiming how certain Articles of the Covenant should be interpreted or applied than to touch the sacred text itself. But one amendment there may conceivably be. The French Delegation are credited with the intention of proposing to exempt Article XI from the operation of the unanimity rule, so that decisions under that Article can be taken against the vote of the parties to a dispute. Such an amendment would certainly receive much support, and might even be carried without opposition.

On this point, I confess myself a heretic. It has always seemed to me the strength, not the weakness, of Article XI that the disputants know from the first that no measure of coercion is in question, and that they must be parties to any verdict which may be pronounced. I have serious doubts whether the Greek invaders could have been got out of Bulgaria with an apology and an indemnity in 1925, if the Council had not been under the necessity of bringing the Greek Delegate into line at every step of the way. I do not believe that the " state of war " between Lithuania and Poland could have been got rid of in 1927, if

Marshal Pilsudski and Professor Woldemaras had not come to the table of the Council with the knowledge that no decision could be taken to which they did not assent. I will not venture to assert that a solution of the Manchurian imbroglio could have been found if Article XI had been the only article of the Covenant governing disputes. But it cannot be denied that when the dispute was transferred to the ground of Article XV, under which the votes of the parties are not counted, matters went from bad to worse. I cannot believe that it is anything but a blunder to turn Article XI, which has sometimes succeeded, into a miniature replica of Articles XV and XVI, which have hitherto always led the League straight to disaster. I hope therefore that I am wrong in thinking that a change in Article XI, whether by formal amendment or by interpretative resolution, is a possibility of the present Assembly.

The next heading of discussion will be regional pacts; and here perhaps a distinction requires to be drawn. Regional pacts of the type of Locarno, to which all the potential disputants are parties, may be open to criticism from League purists; but these criticisms will be sustained by few practical statesmen. What the French and Soviet Governments now mean by regional pacts is, however, something quite different. The pacts based on "geographical situation" or "community of interest" are nothing but defensive alliances against Germany; and the pretence that Germany herself is welcome *ex post facto* to adhere to such pacts is a piece of camouflage which should deceive nobody. The British Government has not in the past always been quite honest in facing this fact.

But there is more dangerous camouflage than this in the scheme of regional pacts. The advocates of regionalism talk airily of a system of pacts covering the world at large. A glance will show that this supposition is arrant nonsense. An American Pact under League auspices, which neither the United States nor Canada will join, would be a piece of empty window-dressing. And what American State will guarantee the integrity of Nicaragua or Panama? An Asiatic Pact is an impossibility; for no Asiatic State will guarantee China. An African or an Australasian Pact has only to be mentioned to be dismissed. A League based on the regional principle is a League in which the non-European

members pay their subscriptions for the privilege of watching the Europeans disport themselves. A universal, not a regional, League is the only one in which the British Commonwealth of Nations can find accommodation to suit its peculiar needs.

But there is yet another layer of camouflage to be stripped from the dry bones of regionalism. Even if we confine ourselves to Europe, it is still misleading to speak of regional pacts in the plural. In reality, there is but one such pact—between Soviet Russia and France—carrying a baby pact, between Russia and Czechoslovakia, under its arm. If we leave out of account the chances of resuscitating Locarno, no other regional pacts exist or, on present prospects, seem likely to exist. A year ago there were possibilities of Franco-Italian and Central European Pacts: these have vanished today. There can be no Little Entente pact; for the Little Entente is divided against itself. There can be no Mediterranean Pact; for the cleft between Italy and Yugoslavia is wider than ever, and neither can secure sufficient allies to make a regional pact against the other. The seed of regionalism has fallen on stony ground.

What then is left? All these brave words about regionalism boil down to one hard solid fact. The British Government is being begged to give its blessing, or better still to adhere, to the Franco-Soviet Pact; and the promoters hope that, by dressing it up in the trappings of a fictitious world-wide regionalism, they may make this scheme look sufficiently like the League of the Idealists to win British support. I will not venture to predict what measure of success will attend this ingenious enterprise.

Lastly, I do not think that we can get away from a discussion about the improvement of the League without some mention of Article XIX of the Covenant, which allows the Assembly to "advise the reconsideration" of treaties and other conditions which are inimical to peace. The League of the Idealists would provide a regular tribunal for the judging of grievances, and pre-supposes a measure of compulsion to enforce the verdict. The more cautious Covenant provides, for the application of Article XIX as of Article XI, no method save that of moral suasion. But that is not the trouble. The trouble is that Article XIX, unlike Article XI, has never been tried at all. No country, except Bolivia, Peru and China—all in the comparatively early

days of the League - has ever dared to invoke Article XIX in the Assembly; and all of them were so snubbed for their pains that their fellow-members were effectively dissuaded from any repetition of the experiment.

This has, I think, been one of the great calamities of the League. It is tragic, for anyone who believes in a League of Nations, to reflect how many grievances which should have been brought to the Assembly for discussion and settlement have been removed by unilateral action in defiance of treaties: Germany's re-armament, Poland's repudiation of the minorities treaty, Japan's case against China. Few people will feel that, in each and all of these cases, the complainants were entirely to blame for taking the law into their own hands; for influential delegations at successive Assemblies had made it only too plain that they would put up a stubborn resistance to any attempt to make Article XIX work. There was every reason to suppose that an appeal to Article XIX would stand no chance of being considered on its merits.

It is time that this impression was removed. The British Delegation last year made a timid approach to a tiny fringe of the question when it proposed an enquiry into the distribution of raw materials. Such an enquiry, if it is pursued, may prove useful, but will not carry us far. This year, I hope that Mr. Eden will take courage and proclaim from the tribune of the Assembly that one essential way to improve the League is to make Article XIX a live option. It may be wise at the present juncture not to bring specific issues before the Assembly, though it would be easy enough to suggest them: this can on the whole best be left to the aggrieved Powers themselves. But it is, I think, important that one of the Great Powers who have hitherto played the biggest role at Geneva should make it clear that the League is designed neither to protect vested interests in the *status quo* nor to encourage captious complaints, but to provide a forum for the ventilation of those substantial grievances which, in the words of Article XIX, "might endanger the peace of the world." Such a pronouncement would in itself make the Seventeenth Assembly a landmark in the history of the League.

THE FUTURE OF THE LEAGUE

II.—*An International Force*

BY DR. L. P. JACKS

IN an important but bewildering volume which issues from Chatham House,* the League of Nations is regarded by most of the contributors, with a weighty minority against them, as primarily an institution for the prevention of war. Of all the noun-substantives employed in the course of these discussions "war" is the most frequently in use, though "the aggressor" runs it rather close. War, personified in the aggressor is obviously the villain, or devil, of the piece; all other objects aimed at being subordinate to the supreme necessity of putting him in chains, with a view to his ultimate annihilation. This, according to the majority, is the first business of the League and, until it is accomplished, all other business, such as Mr. H. G. Wells and the Rev. Henry Carter would set on foot, though conceivably more important in itself, must be held in abeyance.

But since the custodians of the peace (that is, the League) no less than the breaker of the peace, need to be checked in their backslidings and kept firm to their pledges in the matter of chaining the devil, the problem discussed inevitably tends to the form of devising means to protect the League from the delinquency of its own members—which delinquency may consist either (1) in breaking the pledge to abstain from aggression or (2) in breaking the pledge to oppose it. It is the latter form of delinquency which Sir Arthur Salter seems to have in mind when he insists that coercion of the aggressor must be certain and automatic, as it clearly would not be if the custodians of the peace were unfaithful to their pledges or lax in the interpretation of them. To some of the contributors, whom we shall presently name, the problem of protecting the League from the treachery of its own members appears quite insoluble, and they strongly

* THE FUTURE OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: The Record of a Series of Discussions held at Chatham House. *Royal Institute of International Affairs*, 3s. 6d.

advise against making the attempt, using arguments which vividly recall those of Alexander Hamilton when, in 1787, he prevented the introduction into the American Constitution of a coercive clause identical in principle with Article XVI.*

The means proposed by the advocates of coercion for keeping everybody up to his pledges, the custodians of the peace as well as the breakers of it, consist in what Sir Norman Angell calls "pooling your powers." On the method of pooling your powers and the control of them when pooled, there is considerable difference of opinion, but on the general proposition that power must somehow be pooled, if collective security is to come into being, the majority seem agreed. Out of this there emerges the fluctuating image of a "collective preponderance of strength" which gradually becomes more articulate as an international force, or army, of such overwhelming magnitude and certainty in action that aggression and treachery would never dare to raise their heads. By means of this pooled power (always defined as *armed* power on the question being asked) the whole weight of the League would be ready to throw itself against the delinquent, the mere threat of it being probably enough to deter him. This would give us collective defence as desired by Sir Norman Angell. An attack upon one would be an attack upon all, and would be automatically checkmated in advance.

The conception is simple and attractive but, we venture to think, deceptively so. One naturally asks how a group of nations can collectively secure itself against the treachery of the individual nations composing it, in view of the fact that the group has no powers to draw upon for the purpose save those which the individual nations might be willing to furnish. The arrangement would only be workable, as Sir Arthur Salter evidently

* The full list of the contributors to the discussion is: —Sir Norman Angell, Lord Arnold, Lt.-Col. Sir James Barrett, Rear-Admiral Roger Bellairs, Robert Bernays, M.P., the Hon. R. H. Brand, the Rev. Henry Carter, W. Horsfall Carter, Air-Commodore J. A. Chamier, Professor H. Noel Fieldhouse, G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, Lord Howard of Penrith, D. Graham Hutton, George C. de Janesz, Lord Lothian, R. W. S. Mackay, Professor David Mitrany, Harold Nicolson, M.P., Gerald Palmer, M.P., Lord Ponsonby, Sir Arthur Salter, Professor George Smith, Professor Arnold Toynbee, Professor C. K. Webster, H. G. Wells, Sir John Fischer Williams, Leonard S. Woolf, and R. C. M. Arnold (Secretary).

sees, if a clear distinction were drawn from the outset between members known to be loyal and those suspected of disloyalty, and assurance obtained that the former were collectively powerful enough to restrain the latter and inflexibly determined to do so—a distinction which would obviously disrupt the League in the bare act of making it. Otherwise the devil would not be chained but merely furnished with means for chaining himself, which he certainly shows no signs of being willing to do at the moment.

The conception of an international army, force, or pool of power is also very difficult to bring to a focus. Here again one cannot help asking whether an international army so powerful that other armies would never dare to challenge it, with its fighting activities permanently arrested at the stage of a threat, would be an army at all. It would furnish a queer occupation for warriors. Perhaps the difficulty is merely academic, but it would be wise to get the opinion of military experts before dismissing it as such. So far, the conception of a collective preponderance of strength, which plays such a prominent part in these discussions, has been handled chiefly by politicians, international lawyers and professors of political science. It stands in need of military criticism.

Taken one by one, the contributions to the volume lead to tolerably clear conclusions, but taken together they present a chaos of conflicting opinion, each going somewhere, the totality going nowhere—or rather everywhere, like the motor cars at Piccadilly Circus. However, by dint of steadily contemplating the turmoil, keeping attention fixed on the focus of the storm, and neglecting the many excursions into interesting side issues, one begins to discern a definite conflict between two currents, or between two groups. By the one group, in which Sir Norman Angell and Sir Arthur Salter are the chief exponents, collective security is regarded as impossible without a collective preponderance of armed strength at the disposal of international authority and charged with the duty of enforcing the peace. To the other group, in which Lord Lothian, Lord Ponsonby, Lord Arnold, and the Hon. R. H. Brand (no member spoke more directly to the point than he) take the lead, it seems equally self-evident that the attempt to coerce aggressors by throwing against them the armed strength of the League will not only

cause of peace be notably advanced if Great Britain, along with other nations similarly affected, would promptly abandon her airs of superiority, and join with the rest in a General Confession that in the matter of keeping their treaty obligations all are miserable sinners together in the sight of God? In what way could the Assembly of the League, with a betrayed Abyssinia and a broken Covenant on its conscience, be more fittingly opened? But that, no doubt, is too much to expect.

The coercionist argument, so prominent in these discussions, that international agreements are insecure without force in the background to ensure their fulfilment, has at first sight the air of being incontrovertible. In reality it is a bad example of circular reasoning. The employment of force, intended to protect agreements, *has itself to be made the subject of an agreement*, and this, of all agreements conceivable, is precisely the most precarious— as recent events have abundantly proved. An international compact is not made secure by inserting a coercive clause for enforcing its fulfilment any more than a sieve is made watertight by inserting another sieve inside it. In this case the inner sieve is more leaky than the outer. The coercive clause, far from strengthening the rest of the structure, is the weakest point of it, the point where the collapse of the whole is most likely to begin, and would be better described as a method of inviting default than as a method of preventing it. Lord Lothian, Lord Ponsonby, Lord Arnold, and Mr. R. H. Brand point this out quite clearly. It is to be hoped that their arguments made a deeper impression than the reported answers seem to indicate.

Our review of these discussions may be summed up in a remark we overheard the other day from one who has pondered these matters as deeply as most of us—"if you would stop war, stop trying to stop it." The reason is obvious. There is only one effective way of stopping war—by making war on the war-maker and beating him on the battlefield. And that clearly will not stop it. We are tempted to add a further comment. Stop *talking* about war and begin talking about something else—about those things, for example, which Mr. H. G. Wells and the Rev. Henry Carter have at heart. If we talk about war much longer we may talk it into existence.

SPAIN AND BRITISH POLICY

BY F. A. VOIGT

WHEN Spain ceased to be a great Power she became isolated, and European history, so long and so deeply affected by the religious and political aspirations of her rulers, went on without her. For years the country was torn by the bitter, bloody Carlist wars. But no one cared. The close resemblance between those wars and the civil war of today has been pointed out many times. Why does everyone care now?

For the answer to this question we must look back a little. If the Great War had not come, German Imperialism would no doubt have resumed its effort to secure a foothold on the African shores of the Western Mediterranean. Italian nationalism, having united the Italian people, would have continued to inspire an imperialism that would not have remained satisfied with the Libyan desert, but would have been infected by the example of ancient Rome—even if the "Fasces" had not been adopted as a national symbol, and the blacksmith's son and Socialist agitator Mussolini had not concentrated all power in his own hands.

There is little new in the National Socialism of the Third Realm. It would be hard to find a single generalization in Hitler's *Mein Kampf* that is not discoverable in pre-war German and Austrian writings. It is an illusion to suppose that National Socialism and the "German revival" are the "product of Versailles," that they have been exclusively, or even largely, engendered by "the sense of injustice" aroused by that treaty.

Both before the war and for fifteen years after the war German nationalism was challenged by Marxist socialism. In the end German nationalism triumphed over both schools of German Socialism, Social Democracy and Communism. But the result was not the extinction of Socialism, even if the Social Democratic and Communist organizations were destroyed. The result was

a fusion, correctly calling itself National Socialism. Without Marxism, National Socialism is inconceivable.

It is no accident that Russia, where the triumph of Marxism came first, and of nationalism by degrees later on, should resemble Germany in her political system. The systems that prevail in Germany and Russia are two divergent but fundamentally similar forms of National Socialism. The fusion of nationalism and socialism was not only preached by pre-war German writers—it was foreseen by the prophetic Nietzsche as a menace to the European unity which he as "a good European" proclaimed above everything else.

The Great War and the Treaty of Versailles interrupted the advance of German imperialism. That advance has now been resumed. The War, earth-shaking as it was, must, as it recedes into the past, be regarded less as transforming than as temporarily arresting and displacing the active and latent forces that determine European history.

Both Russia and Germany are revolutionary States. The doctrines that have made them so are older than the War. The foreign policy of Germany is that of an expanding revolutionary imperialism. Russia is not expansionist, for she already has at her disposal vast undeveloped areas within her own frontiers. That is the reason why the Soviet Union, although so closely resembling the Third Realm, is not so great a menace. Italy has a system closely resembling that of the other totalitarian States. It is in this that the disruption of European unity lies: there are two Europes—the Europe of the Soviet Union, of the Third Realm and of Fascist Italy on the one hand, and the Europe of the Western Powers on the other. This division goes deeper than anything that existed in the pre-war era, although the forces that have made it exist even then.

Modern scientific invention, having brought the nations closer together, has multiplied the points of contact and, therefore, of friction. Having lost its philosophical purpose, science has failed to counteract the mythological content that gives the systems prevailing in the "totalitarian States" the character of secular religions, endowing them with a peculiarly fervent militancy. Science has, at the same time, supplied them both with a technique that has made them efficient, and with an

"ideology" that clothes the mythical and irrational content in an almost impenetrable pseudo-nationalist armour.

The war, which is latent in Europe, has a constant tendency to become a Holy War. All Powers that have undergone the fusion of nationalism and socialism are endeavouring, whether consciously or not, to impose a Holy War upon the non-totalitarian or democratic Powers. And the greatest of these, France, the British Commonwealth, and the United States, refuse to accept the Holy War. That they are right in rejecting this conception now is hardly open to any doubt. The two Great Powers of Western Europe, France and England, are again closely joined in presence of the German danger.

Spain, apparently so remote and, until now, so isolated, has become a scene on which the forces dividing Europe are performing a kind of shadow-play. To prevent the shadows from taking concrete form is the essential purpose of the London "Committee for Non-Intervention." We shall return to this Committee later on. Before doing so, let us examine the play itself and the forces behind it a little more closely.

Why are the Spanish rebels receiving German and Italian help? Germany has, through her diplomatic and consular representatives and through the Spanish branches of the National Socialist Party, been striving to gain a commercial and political ascendancy in Spain. The propaganda and the secret activities of National Socialists abroad are closely analogous to those of the Comintern, only much more formidable because the revolutionary impetus of the Comintern is almost spent, while that of National Socialism is still in its beginnings and behind it there is incomparably greater power and wealth than Russia can dispose of. National Socialism serves an imperialistic expansionist end, while the Comintern is everywhere on the defensive. The Spanish Republic, with its French affiliations, and with the ideals it endeavoured to hold in common with Western Europe, was unfavourable ground for National Socialist propaganda, even if there was no reason why the Republic should not respond to the commercial advantages which intercourse with the Third Realm might offer. The Republic necessarily had a bias against the Third Realm, but not necessarily one which would impose a strain upon relations between Madrid and Berlin.

When the present Spanish rebellion began, a new opportunity presented itself. Here was a cause which the Third Realm would support even if no concrete advantage were to be gained—here was a remote, subsidiary, but nevertheless sympathetic action within the framework of the general Holy War. The Spanish rebels are not, strictly speaking, Fascists, but they are certainly pro-Fascist, and if they are victorious in a *political* as well as in a military sense they will tend to conform with Fascist models and will continue to regard Germany and Italy as friends and helpers.

Whether the rebels have made any definite promises to Germany in return for her help, whether they have, as alleged, offered her the lease of one of the Balearic islands or of a Balearic port, is not certain.

Help given to the rebels also means co-operation with them. It means a foothold in their midst and an ascendancy in their counsels. It may also mean concrete advantages promised by them in return for the battle-planes, arms and ammunition that push them on towards victory. It means that Germany will count in the new Spain, if the rebels win, as she did not count in the old. It may even mean that she will secure the commercial and political influence that England and France have had hitherto. It may, if the rebels win, be possible for the Third Realm to resume the German Moroccan policy that received a temporary check in the Agadir crisis.

It may or may not be true that the rebels have promised to cede Ceuta to Italy. But that Italy will have a greater influence in a Spain that has emerged victorious with her help, seems sufficiently evident.

Italy is seen, rather suddenly, to be a great naval power. The Abyssinian war was not a real test of her military strength, for it was an engineers' rather than a soldiers' war (though engineering is an important part of soldiering). Whether the Fascist dictatorship has improved the fighting quality of the Italian army is still an open question, for the question was not answered by the Abyssinian war. But that the Italian navy, although not put to any conclusive test as yet, is something to be reckoned with was demonstrated by the fact that the greatest naval power in the world abandoned an entire policy—the policy of sanctions

—through fear lest an engagement in the Mediterranean might result in heavy losses at a time when growing insecurity in the North Sea made it necessary to avoid losses of any kind. Italy has not become a greater Power by reason of her Abyssinian victory. Perhaps she is even weaker than she was before. But the speed with which she finished her campaign and her successful defiance of more than fifty Powers, including two great naval Powers, have drastically emphasized the fact that she has to be reckoned with.

It may be doubted whether Italian aspirations to the heritage of ancient Rome are very serious. It may also be doubted whether her association with Germany can have any permanence. She has every reason to fear Germany. Once Germany is in possession of Austria, German influence, already strong, will be powerfully reinforced throughout Central Europe and the Balkans. Not only will Italy be excluded from these regions, but Germany will endeavour to establish herself in Trieste. Perhaps it is not inconceivable that Italy may so overrate her own strength that she will attempt some partnership with Germany in Central Europe and the Balkans, but it does not seem likely. In any case she can hardly look upon a German ascendancy in those regions and on the Adriatic coast with any favour. On the whole it would seem that Italy's vital interest is in the maintenance of the Mediterranean *status quo*. This interest she can secure by arrangement with France and England, for it is in their interest, too: they must maintain an overwhelming naval preponderance in the North Sea and the Channel—to maintain a similar preponderance in the Mediterranean (as they would have to do if Italy remains hostile) would mean a naval rearmament far greater than they could achieve without heavy sacrifice.

For the time being Italy is going as far as she can safely go in strengthening her strategic position in the Mediterranean. Her partisanship in favour of the Spanish rebels is, therefore, understandable. And it is strengthened—as is Germany's—by the fact that she can regard their cause as a sacred cause.

It would seem that the civil war is still in its beginnings. There is no telling who will win, all the more so as the decision cannot be made in the battlefields alone. It is evident that German and Italian help has done much to promote the success

of the rebels. It is even conceivable that without this help they would have been defeated by now.

France, having Spain for a neighbour and being herself a Western Mediterranean Power, has a greater national interest in the civil war than Germany or even Italy. It is in the interest of France that Spain be either a friendly power or so weak and isolated that her enmity does not matter. The Pyrenean frontier is unfortified. France has two fortified frontiers, the German and the Italian. It would mean a serious weakening of her national defences if she had to fortify a third. She is bound to fear a hostile Spain. The rebel cause is one which cannot but be antipathetic to the French Government, seeing that the "Front Populaire," which is the main support of that Government, is on terms of friendship with the Spanish "Frente Popular."

There is, perhaps, no decisive reason why the British Government should sympathize with the ideals of either Spanish faction, but the existence of a hostile Spain is incompatible with British interests in the Western Mediterranean. It is not certain that a pro-German, pro-Italian Spain would be anti-British, but it might easily become so under Italian or German influence.

Why then did not France and England support the lawful Spanish Government when the civil war began and so ensure the victorious emergence of a pro-French and pro-British Spain? Would it not have been in the interests of both Powers to intervene instead of promoting all-round "non-intervention" that will not prevent German and Italian aid from continuing to reach the rebels (or French aid from reaching the forces that support the Government) even if aid does assume discreeter forms? Was there not the strongest possible case for Anglo-French intervention? A case for it, certainly, though not the strongest. But a case against it also.

The case for it is contained in what we have already said. The case against it has been found decisive both in London and in Paris, although in Paris ardent sympathies as well as national interests are involved. The Blum Government there had to overcome a very real temptation to give the Spanish Government such help as would make their victory certain.

The arguments for intervention are plausible enough, but

they have certain weaknesses. In the first place, no one can tell what kind of Spain is going to emerge from the war. We do not know how long the war will last—it may go on for weeks, for months or for years (the Carlist wars, which were very similar to the present conflict, went on for years). Even if we were sure that the rebels were going to win in the field, we should not in the least know whether they would be able to hold the Spain they had conquered. We do not even know whether it will be possible for either faction, even if completely victorious, to impose its will on the Spanish people and to preserve the unity of Spain. One thing is sufficiently certain—that a victory of the rebels in the field would not leave their present leaders in permanent control of Spain. The regime that would follow would no doubt be one of the Right, and clerical influence would be strong, but beyond this, it is impossible to foresee its character. It would probably have no permanence. It might be very amenable to the influence of an England that had refrained from partisanship during the war, and it might not be hostile to France (besides, do we know what kind of a France will prevail during the next few years?).

Let us suppose that help had been freely given to the Spanish Government by Great Britain as well as by France. Should we not then see German and Italian aeroplanes fighting with French and British aeroplanes over Spanish soil? Amongst the prisoners captured—and possibly executed—by either side there might be Italians, Germans, Frenchmen and even Englishmen. The European Powers would take sides with growing fervour, an intense rivalry would be engendered amongst them. The Spanish conflict might spread beyond the shores and frontiers of Spain and become a general European conflict. And in France and England, where public opinion is divided in its sympathies, there would be immediate domestic tension, as there is not in Germany and Italy, where all the open sympathies that are allowed are wholly on the side of the rebels.

Germany would have succeeded in imposing her conception of the Holy War on Europe, although this conception is neither compatible with the realities of the European situation nor with the national interests of France and England.

But can "non-intervention" be made a reality? The

answer is "Yes" and "No." "No" because (if appearances are not deceptive) the rebels will continue to receive clandestine German and Italian aid while the Spanish Government will hardly remain without French support. "Yes" because the aid given to either faction may be kept within discreet limits so that a conflict between the European Powers on Spanish soil will be averted and the European shadow-play will not become a genuine clash amongst the Powers. The London Committee is not so much concerned with securing equality of treatment as between the warring factions, or with the impossible task (impossible because several Powers on the Committee have no desire to make it possible) of stopping even smuggled supplies of arms and ammunition from reaching Spain. The essential purpose of the Committee is to avert a European crisis, and in so far as it succeeds— and it may succeed, for it has already half succeeded—it is a reality. But the problem is not disposed of even by successful "non-intervention." The mere fact that Germany has intervened is a sign that the crisis is fundamental and general and can be averted only for the time being. This cannot be said with the same certainty of Italian intervention, for there is, as we have pointed out, the possibility of a Mediterranean arrangement between Italy and the Western Powers.

Germany's intervention is not only the first attempt to gain a foothold in Spain and in Northern Africa, but the renewal of her Moroccan policy and the beginning of an attempt to gain an influence throughout the Moslem world. All the verbal attacks made on Russia at the Nuremberg Congress cannot conceal the fact that Germany regards Great Britain as her ultimate rival and opponent. The interest taken in the British Commonwealth by German students of foreign affairs is intense. Speculation about the weaknesses of the Commonwealth and the chances of its rapid decline goes on in Germany now, as before the war, and with an intensity undreamt of in England. German intervention in Spain is intervention in the Western Mediterranean and in Northern Africa—and, therefore, in a last analysis, against the British Commonwealth.

We have pointed out the uncertainty that would follow even the certain victory of the rebels. But that the victory may

fulfil German expectations is conceivable, and it may be that "non-intervention" on the part of France and Great Britain now means no more than the postponement of an intervention they may find very difficult and dangerous some day.

But the decision not to precipitate a general crisis now and not to accept the challenge of the Holy War (or any other challenge that is not a direct menace to vital interests), is in full keeping with the policy that would mediate whenever possible, that would evade every decision that is not imposed by an absolute necessity, that would avoid every conflict or entanglement while unobtrusively building up the armed strength that may not be able to preserve peace throughout the world but can at least keep war at arm's length, and ward off every direct menace to the security of the Commonwealth.

THE CIVIL WAR AND AFTER

BY WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

SPAIN lies between the devil and the deep sea, and those of her well-wishers who know her best find most difficulty in out-and-out partisanship. The unfathomable potentialities of the Frente Popular cast the Left for the deep sea. The Right, with its ecclesiastical associations, seems equally clearly cast for the devil; but one need not be the devil's advocate to point out that the "rebels" in the present issue have a case, and some appreciation of that case is an essential preliminary to any intelligent estimate of what a final victory of the Right would mean.

Of the medley composing the Popular Front at the elections in February last, Left Socialists, Communists, Syndicalists and Anarchists only co-operated with the avowed intention of destroying the social fabric from within instead of from without, and of refusing all share in government; thus the Right was more loyal to the Republic than the Left. The poll on that occasion invited analysis. Moderate centre opinion had all but vanished: it secured 4 per cent. of the votes. The Popular Front polled 47 per cent., the Right block 49 per cent. An intricate electoral system gave the Left the victory in the Cortes, but the statistical fact remains: on a counting of heads it represented minority interests, and close on half its members stood unashamedly for violence.

The fact disposes of the theory of one more military *pronunciamiento*, lacking popular support and fighting only for the privileges of a caste. It may well be right that tradition and privilege should go, but by constitutional means, if the title of democratic Republic is to remain; and law and order, even to English Liberal sentiment, still lie at the basis of social progress. The Republic has not only failed to protect law and order in Spain: it is now in the hands of elements openly

subversive of it, who identify it with social injustice. The answer to this is, of course, that the Right understands law and order as applicable to all, the Left social justice as applicable only to themselves. "Live and let live" is not yet a criminal sentiment, and the majority who still profess it in Spain are none the less Spaniards on that account. In the eyes of the Right it is not they, but the Left, who are fighting for the privileges of a class, with a strange readiness to work the ruin of their country in the process.

Even could they concede the constitutional claim of the Popular Front to dictate the future of the nation, the Right would still believe itself fortified by the consideration that politics is an art of adaptation to circumstance. The imperfect policy that works is better than the ideal one that doesn't. The Left, say their opponents, are heading deliberately for chaos, and out of chaos nothing good can come; witness the First Republic of 1873-74. The Right, retort their enemies, have no solution save arbitrary force, and that solves nothing; witness the First Dictatorship of 1923-30. Yet seven years is a long duration for Spain. The previous twenty-one years had seen thirty-three ministries.

Bitter enemies of the Dictatorship are compelled to grant it a good record in material reforms—"the economic policy of the Directorate has been its strong point," said Salvador de Madariaga in *Spain*, written in 1930—but find satisfaction in the accusation of failure in all that concerns the intellectual and spiritual life of the nation. Now the farther Left one goes in politics the more are intellectual and spiritual issues condemned as bourgeois attributes. In so far as the Left has a programme it is one of social reforms only, and social reforms if they are to prove lasting must have their bedrock on economics. The Right can therefore meet it on its own ground, and can quote solid achievement over a lengthy period which, for all its censorship of ideas, saw life and individual freedom respected as neither preceding nor succeeding regimes have seen it. The strength of the Left is that of the untried hope.

The Dictatorship fell, on grounds, said its critics, of incompatibility with Spanish national character—that rugged individualism that refuses to merge itself even in the national

good. But the instructive consideration is this, that when the mists of change had cleared away it was seen that nothing of the Dictatorship had survived into the Republic save precisely the dictatorial spirit. Press censorship, the persecution of minorities, the suppression of constitutional guarantees, the invocation of force, these now became commonplaces, while the cause of law and order steadily deteriorated. If monarchy, dictatorship, republic, are all tarred with the same brush, will Socialism or Communism be immune? "The Spaniards cry when they have their faces washed," said Charles III, one of Spain's better kings, and it would seem that still one must do good by inposition. To despair of a nation ever changing is defeatism, to assume that it has changed in the total absence of evidence, or that it can be changed by violence, is apt to be suicidal. The ostrich is no model for the political reformer.

Were constructive policies equal, therefore, certain probabilities might seem to favour the Right. The tentative programme announced so far by the insurgents is unfortunately almost wholly negative. It postulates a military dictatorship advised by a political council, and for the rest foretells the suppression of Parliament, of all Syndicalist and Communist organizations and their press and possibly of the trade unions, with the prohibition of strikes and the repeal of the agrarian reform programme, of all confiscation of property, of all such legislation as gives "unjust rights" to the masses and of certain disabilities recently enacted against the clergy. In its negations it makes dispiriting reading, it is so true to type—the Spanish, not the Fascist, type. With the appropriate changes it might equally serve as a Left manifesto. There is evidence of concern for the privileged classes; there is none of concern for the other classes and none of the possession of solutions for economic and social discontents.

On the positive side one can only advance two assumptions: one, that social order would be a first charge on the regime, and the other, that in the measure in which it pins its faith to order a regime will base its creed on technical efficiency. The lack of this has always been the standing indictment against Spain, as the lack of capacity for social co-operation has been the standing indictment against the Spaniard. The inculcation

of the latter may not come for centuries, and in its absence there is no other way for ordered progress to materialize save as an imposition from above; the invocation of technical efficiency is a matter of resolve on the part of authority, and is the more easily realized the fewer delegations that authority suffers. It is, in fact, the strong point of dictatorships, and was Primo de Rivera's epitaph. It has not been the Republic's. That at this date engineers in Madrid can drive a tunnel for an underground railway from two ends, miss in the middle by yards, and leave the project derelict, is to the Spaniard merely a mishap that wins his ready sympathy, but it is symptomatic.

Intelligent dictatorships in fact derive their chance of survival largely from the Marxian interpretation of history. It is to their own interest to order the means of production and shape economic processes in the best interests of the workers; and, unlike the workers, they command both the power and the expert knowledge to do so. Hence the seeming paradox that a Communist revolution must lead in the end to a dictatorship as absolute as any of the Right, with the handicap that it will always be a long way behind in technical competence. The Left in Spain would bring prosperity to the peasants by putting them in possession of the land and leaving them to await the millenium. Primo de Rivera realized that prosperity, though it may include possession, hinges on very different factors, on education in agricultural methods, on large-scale irrigation, on facilities for credit, on the development of communications and markets. The Right, unshackled by near-sighted dogma and the clamour of the pack for social revolution, is in the better position to see things in the round—provided always that it has the intelligence and can learn by experience. Therein lies the rub. If not, there will again be the devil to pay.

Now for the deep sea. Its case is known and commands full appreciation. The Right, as seen by the workers, has had centuries of opportunity and shown complete incapacity to learn from experience. It can proclaim nothing more constructive now, in the event of victory, than a return to the *status quo* of 1923, to a State run for Army, Church and property-owners, a feudal Spain battenning on its serfs. The standard of living of the worker is often primitive beyond description, his economic

security nil. The charity of the Church has become an insult, a distant parody of his minimum social rights. The foreigner thinks of Spain largely in terms of her cathedrals. The Spanish worker thinks of the cathedral in terms of the slums it overshadows, as a symbol of obscurantism and oppression. Parliamentary reform is ineffective. What vested interests do not block bureaucratic inefficiency dissipates.

Yet Spain in its natural resources should be a rich country. Food and the decencies, if not the amenities, ought to exist for all, and life for the humblest should have some dignity and meaning. It is impossible to deny any of this, impossible for any who know Spain, whatever their politics at home, to withhold the fullest sympathy from the Spanish working classes in their despairing struggle for social betterment. The rub here is their capacity to achieve it. What is the likelihood of a conglomerate of Republicans, Socialists, Communists, Syndicalists and Anarchists merging their creeds in a single coherent policy and maintaining in the country the social stability necessary to its achievement?

Differences are much greater than among their opponents. Dictatorship, monarchism, republicanism, represented by the three military leaders, may conceivably make their bed together and lie down in peace. In the three recent incarnations of these creeds in Spain names have changed more than fundamentals. But the Left parties have been at open war with one another for years, the Socialist U.G.T. and the Syndicalist C.N.T. in particular stopping at nothing in their efforts each to oust the other from the leadership of the masses. And the groups within groups are legion. There are Centre Republicans and Left Republicans, evolutionary Socialists and revolutionary Socialists, Left Communists and Outside Left Communists; and the uneasy alliance that brings them all, from Anarchist to Liberal, under one very blurred banner has inspired no illusions of survival if pressure from the enemy were to disappear. The Front Populaire in France is an unnecessary warning of instability in store. Barcelona, once safe from the insurgent menace, was immediately full of the bitterness of its own dissensions.

Curious consequences have arisen from the pact. Anarchists

and Syndicalists, vowed to destruction of the State, find their support become a corner-stone of the regime and themselves thus held responsible for good behaviour within it. The Stalinists in their eagerness to make headway have almost achieved respectability: a Communist has been appointed Minister of Public Instruction (and the Fine Arts). They, too, must regret the limelight. It was the earlier refusal of office that gave the Radical Left its real power with the workers, for the Republicans who assumed command in February last made the fatal mistake, that almost classes them with the Right, of believing politics to be a watertight compartment. They thus left their political allies a free hand with the *sindicatos* or labour unions, while they got on with the job, as they thought, of government. By now, it may be asserted, they have imbibed a first lesson in practical Marxism.

In the main the Popular Front has brought discredit all round. It has damned the moderate Left in the eyes of the moderate Right, and, by reducing them to impotence, in their own. The former have been driven well on the way to Fascism, and the one desideratum above all others of Spanish politics, a strong body of centre opinion, has definitely vanished. It has made the Left a considerable present of Socialist legislation for which no thanks have been returned, since it is a challenge to their belief in the futility of legislation, and has yet remained bound, in respect of the Republican element that held the reins of government, to the present structure of society. And incidentally it has destroyed the democratic Republic. It would be a most admirable whipping-boy were not everybody involved.

Ruling out Republicans and evolutionary Socialists, whose counsels no longer prevail, two main schools of thought may be discerned. The militant Socialists would overthrow the present milk-and-water Republic in favour of a centralized, socialized, all-powerful State. With them for the moment are the Communists, ready to attach themselves to the most constructive policy going. Anarchists and Syndicalists are together in rejecting Marxism and in their faith in violence as a panacea. In subsequent purpose they part company. Syndicalism aims at the control of industry by the producers through the trade syndicates, and holds that that suffices. Anarchism aims at

nothing beyond the destruction of authority ; it " kills without hatred," but it kills. These are the idealists, the Quixotes of modern Spain. Holding to individual freedom above all things, they have a touching belief in the innate goodness of man that is at bottom deeply religious, just as their professed Micawberism against the day when authority shall have been destroyed is religious. At their national congress in Saragossa in May last many Anarchists, having reaffirmed their postulate of the non-existence of God, proceeded to the Cathedral to pay reverence at the shrine of the famous Virgin of the Pillar. The Socialist, by contrast, is Sancho Panza, who used the eyes in his head and realized that " every man is as God made him, and sometimes worse."

It becomes evident, therefore, that the Left as theorists of government are split beyond hope of reconciliation on the basic principle of authority. To the one the individual is imperfect, in need of discipline, and in the last resort subservient to the State. To the other the individual is divine, and hands off. The Socialist in practice could more readily collaborate with the Fascist than with the Nihilist.

There are other corollaries of practical interest. One is the coincidence of their respective spheres of influence with regions of divergent historic temperament. Socialism has its headquarters in Madrid, its sway in the Castiles, that have always bred individualism against a background of authority on the main issues : God and king in the sixteenth century, the State in the twentieth. Anarcho-Syndicalism has its headquarters in Barcelona, its sway throughout Catalonia and Andalusia. In the former, resistance to centralising authority has its roots so far back in history that it has become woven into the popular consciousness ; in the latter centuries of Moslem sway have fostered a temperamental disinclination to civic responsibilities that under the grinding poverty of Spanish agriculture today plays straight into the hands of the apostle of violence. Akin to this is the consideration that Socialism has no place for regional aspirations, while Anarcho-Syndicalism, though restive under even local authority, has often allied itself with regionalism as a factor in disintegration.

Since both preach accession by violence, both are well armed,

and neither creed admits of compromise, the issue might well be settled by another appeal to arms. (The U.G.T. claims some 1,500,000 members, the C.N.T. some 600,000.) Survival as political systems would seem to depend on the consideration that whereas Socialism can offer a theory of the State embracing the whole community, Anarcho-Syndicalism can only deal with its class-enemies by elimination. These might well number, with the workers who preferred the U.G.T., the vast majority of the population, at least some of whom would protest against being killed, even without hatred. In a trial of strength the Socialists might therefore be counted on to win.

One contingency has to be borne in mind whatever the outcome of the present civil war : the possibility of a definite secession by force of Catalonia from the rest of Spain. To this main chance Barcelona is ever alert. The writ of Madrid has run very doubtfully in Catalonia ever since July 19th last. The Right might win the whole of Spain besides and be powerless to reconquer the north-east, where all resistance would naturally converge ; and the Left might win only to reveal the Socialists caught in the same dilemma.

Grant, however, a Left victory and " Socialism in our time " the order of the day. The magnitude of the problems that would immediately confront it is obvious. A Socialist-Communist State can no more tolerate privilege than the Right can acquiesce in its extinction. A first concern, born anew of recent experience, would therefore be to draw the fangs of the Army and to strip the Church of wealth and position. This, however, has already been tried under the Republic. The result was the discovery, first, that to persecute and impoverish the Church was but to enhance its prestige, for a Church independent of the State is far more powerful in opposition than a Church identified with it, and the dictum that Spain is no longer a Catholic country is just as true, *pace* Señor Azaña, as that of Louis XIV about the continued existence of the Pyrenees. And, second, that under no regime, not even a Republic professing peace and good will among men on the basis of a doubled police force, can Spain dispense with its Army. As a rebel the Spaniard hates it, unless he has the good fortune to have it on his side ; but once in power, having duly purged it, he sets about strengthening it

against his own hour of need. Spain, in a word, is a country whose social system cries aloud for overhaul by revolution, but in which the strength of tradition can generally be relied on to bring revolutionary tactics to nought. The resemblances with Tsarist Russia are great; so are the disparities.

A Socialist-Communist State, whatever its support from the proletariat, would thus have to fight the forces of the Centre, the Right, the extreme Left, and of separatism since 1931 one of the liveliest issues in the country while unable to rely on its own armed forces. It would further have to fight the consequences of its own propaganda and of the rash undertakings given to the workers in recent months. The capitalist has been a useful scapegoat to the Left, how useful they will only realize when they have abolished him. They have exploited and victimised him by decree until many, compelled to employ twice the number of men, at double the wage, their undertakings could carry, have thrown up the sponge and let undertaking and consequences recoil on the Government. As a means to the socialisation of industry this is a facile victory; it remains to settle accounts, on an empty exchequer, with the workers. In matters of economics the Spanish Socialist may indeed seem to the purist as a babe-in-arms. Here, if here only, he joins hands with the Anarchist.

And there still remains to assail the Socialist-Communist State that same bedrock characteristic of the Spaniard everywhere on which most projects of reform founder sooner or later. Individualism into Communism won't go. The Catalan Communist was speaking for his countrymen at large who said, "With what I get on the day all wealth is distributed equally, plus the house I have in the country, I shall be quite well off." Much of the Left support in Catalonia comes from the small peasant-farmers, but it is given against the enemy *qua* centralisation from Madrid, not *qua* capitalism. So the Basque Nationalists have been found in the Government ranks in the defence of San Sebastian; but when the extremists would burn the city they were prepared to forget the civil war and fight a civic one in the name of property.

The Spaniard lacks a number of gifts. The spirit of compromise is one, and it appears that nothing can be done about

it. The ability to merge individual in local, local in national, interests is another, and any political system that ignores this is up against a psychological brick wall. It seems that out of the civil war only a Socialist-Communist dictatorship or a military-Fascist dictatorship can result. The former, for the social good, implies the subjection of both individual and regional liberties. Translated into the language of the Right this means violence, if not chaos, plus a recrudescence of separatism. The latter will weigh equally heavily on regional aspirations but will respect individual initiative and achievement. Translated into the language of the Left this means the continued oppression of the working-classes, plus the same recrudescence of separatism. What can be forecast with certainty—and it is perhaps all—is that until a party arises that will put the conciliation of opponents on a par in its programme with the rewarding of supporters there will be no lasting social peace in Spain.

Mr. Agate rate Mr. Brown "with the giant critics of the past." These critics can be kind to one another.

But let the toast pass, and lift up the glass, and drink to this critical water and gas. This proclamation is pretty good going for a start. There ought to be no appeal from what Mr. Brown or Mr. Agate may say in relation to what happens in the theatre. This is a royal assumption greater than that made by a speaker in Hyde Park who told an audience that though he made no claim to infallibility, no statement of his had ever been challenged though he had been speaking for more than twenty-five years. And, indeed, the dramatic critics have gone on for years without being challenged, so that, because of the frozen silence around them, all they say flows free in the current of infallibility. They have devised a neat little law which says that no playwright can reply to a criticism made by a critic of the playwright's play, unless the critic "confutes himself, or, alternatively (as the lawyers say), the critic misrepresents the playwright."

Ernst Toller recently mentioned this "unwritten law" when he complained of a critic's misrepresentation of lines in his play, which was followed by several prominent persons upholding the complaint of the dramatist. The critic's pert response was simply that "he thought certain lines in the play were in bad taste, and said so." Since dramatic critics pose as possessing infallibility, I suppose it must be so. But here we have another claim, namely, that they are to be the unassailable judges of what is and what is not good taste. Not only judges, but infallible judges, for, we are told, there is an unwritten law that all they say must go, and no author has permission to contradict.

Well, let us see now : Mr. Agate, fighting some "highbrows" who laughed at *Cavalcade*, writes that "when pressed, these highbrows will maintain that cottage walls should be bare rather than hung with Friths or Landseers." It needs no pressure on any sensitive mind to declare that a bare cottage wall is more beautiful than one hung with Friths and Landseers. This is no judgment in the affairs of good taste, but simply a matter of fact which Mr. Agate, though he cover himself with infallibility as with a garment, is evidently unable to grasp. And what are we to think of G.W.B. as an authority (divesting him of his infallibility for a moment) on good taste in art? Are he and his

PONTIFFS OF THE THEATRE

BY SEAN O'CASEY

The really dangerous people are the practitioners of the amusing trades of criticism, who can somehow or other persuade themselves that they are not ordinary rule-of-thumb workmen, but priests inspired direct from the oracle's mouth.—Ernest Newman in the Fortnightly.

IT seems a rather mean thing for Mr. Ernest Newman to give the game away like this, for Mr. Newman is such a first-class critic that he can easily afford to be candid. But what on earth will his colleagues in the dramatic wing of the Critics' Circle think of this disturbing humility—these high priests of good taste who dislike drama which has the heart-beat of life in it, and treat a play which has the sound of flutes as if it were a mendicant at a street corner begging a coin from cold pockets; who are always yelling or wistfully whispering for something new in the theatre, and when they get it, fail to try to understand it and pine away for such masterpieces as *Family Affairs* or *The Old Folks at Home*. Few of them, I dare say, ever read Newman, and the few who do will hastily shut their eyes, close their ears, and seal their lips tighter than ever Stanley Baldwin could against this low treason on the part of one of themselves.

Humility is not a strong suit in the cards the dramatic critics play. Just listen a second to the words of Mr. Agate, the dean of the English critics: "For his readers' sake the dramatic critic must have the arrogance to put himself in the position of the leading authority from which there can be no appeal. Confidence in the doctor [fancy bringing the doctor into the argument] is half the cure, and the reader of dramatic criticism must feel that his mentor is in no possible doubt whatever." Poor unhappy readers of the current dramatic criticism! These remarks are addressed by Mr. Agate to Mr. Ivor Brown in the Preface of *First Nights*, Mr. Agate having first smeared Mr. Brown with the honied remark that the world

and Mr. Agate rate Mr. Brown "with the giant critics of the past." These critics can be kind to one another.

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Bruderschaft greater in these things than Ernst Toller? Neither Mr. Agate nor G.W.B. is anything of an artist or a poet; Toller is both, so we may reasonably claim that Toller as an artist (though these, unlike the critics, can often err) has a finer idea of what good taste may be than others who have little or nothing of the artist in them. Of course, Mr. Agate or G. W. B. are not to be blamed for this, nor is Toller to be praised—it is just the curious way of God with men.

Not since G. B. Shaw wrote his articles in the *Saturday Review* has anyone ventured to give a big boo to the critics, and it is time that someone stood out to tell them that they look very funny and a little ridiculous rigged up in the robe of infallibility. No bunch of human beings in the world shows the fallibility of infallibility better than do these dramatic critics. Their criticisms are a wailing wall of differing opinions.

Let us consider the qualities that, according to Mr. Agate, dramatic critics ought to have. Indeed, he implies that these qualities are possessed by the members of the Critics' Circle, and I am sure that he is correct in his surmise. All who are engaged in "the delicate profession of dramatic criticism" have, or ought to have, the qualities of "age, experience, education, culture, natural taste, or critical perception." Quite a nice little rosary of qualities hanging at the girdle of a dramatic critic, but no more than any cultured man may have, and none of them confers upon him who has them the right to make statements against which there can be no appeal.

He complains of young fellows sometimes attached to Sunday papers (though, I think, he writes for one himself) who never become members of the magic Circle, for "here today and gone tomorrow, they have never time to be." Well, if they go so quick as all that, they can do very little harm. But Mr. Agate thinks they can; for while they're here, says he, their employment is an affront to distinguished artists who must see many years' growth of talent and sometimes genius sacrificed to the ignorant caprices of these little boys. But let us ask the critic what power have little boys without experience, education, culture, or good taste, to sacrifice years of talent or genius, or to injure them in any permanent or important way? Perhaps even these little boys have been invested with the power of infallibility for a day

or two and so become dangerous. Or is this power strictly confined to the members of the Critics' Circle?

And who are the "distinguished artists"? From the way the paragraph is worded one cannot say whether the critic means an actor, a playwright, a producer, or only just a critic attached to the Critics' Circle. Where is the distinguished artist connected with the theatre of England today that one of these little boys has injured? How can they, who are here today and gone tomorrow, do harm to others armed with many years' growth of talent, or who have become impregnable in the power of genius?

Apropos of all this, Mr. Agate tells us a story: At the end of an act of a play "an unkempt child" came up to him, and asked the critic what he thought of the play. Mr. Agate patted his shoulder, congratulated him on his interest in the theatre, but added that "no member of the public should ever ask a critic for his opinion." Mr. A. fumbled for a shilling to give the lad, when another critic gave Mr. Agate a wink; and as the two moved to the bar, the other critic whispered to Mr. Agate, "You put your foot in it that time, old man. That little boy is the dramatic critic of the *Sunday So-and-So*."

Now each must begin sometime and somewhere, though a question put to Mr. Agate was, evidently, a very bad beginning. Why does Mr. Agate make such suggestive use of the word "unkempt"? Was it terrible to him that this lad was dressed in a lounge suit while he and Mr. Alan Parsons shone in evening-dress? Has immaculate evening-dress anything to do with the immediate recognition of art in production, acting, or dramatic creation? If criticism be, even indirectly, connected with clothes, may it not sometimes stray farther and, viewing the accessories of the stage, fail to see the core of art and passion that may be in a play? Listen to what Bernard Shaw says: "The distinction that some of our critics make between the amateur and the expert is really a distinction between a rich enterprise and a poor one, and has nothing in the world to do with the distinction by the trained senses of the critic who recognizes art directly through his eyes and ears, and not by its business associations." This was written forty years ago, but it is as fresh as if it had come by the first post this morning.

Mr. Agate seems to be determined to keep the infallibility of the critics untouched by innuendo or argument, for he lashes out at those who ventured to breathe a word against *Cavalcade* in an article called "Swat That Wasp" which appears in his recent volume of republished criticisms. "There is a nest of wasps," he writes, "that must be smoked out because it is doing infinite harm to the theatre. It is a coterie of highbrows who run down everything that does not happen to live at the top of their particular street. According to these highbrows Drury Lane Theatre ought to be pulled down rather than that pieces like *Cavalcade* should succeed." Mr. Agate deplores this attitude of mind on the part of the highbrows because the success of *Cavalcade* "kept the film wolf from the door of our nearest approach to a National Theatre." Imagine a critic full of education, culture, good taste, and keen with critical perception, necessary for the delicate profession of dramatic criticism, telling us that Drury Lane Theatre is our "nearest approach to a National Theatre." Does it matter a tinker's curse if the film wolf howled all the night long in Drury Lane Theatre, seeing the sort of stuff that finds fat favour there? And it would be better in the mind of those immersed in the better (much more the best) things of the drama that the theatre be pulled to pieces rather than that the theatre should go on doing things that have nothing to do with the art of the drama.

They entertain the masses, says Mr. Agate. Mighty fond of the masses, all of a sudden: masses and men and Mr. Agate. They please the masses, if you please, and, if you ask me, they please the critics too. After all, the plays given in the Old Vic please the masses, and they are a little different from the plays given in Drury Lane, our nearest approach to a National Theatre. Mr. Agate's dictum is really amazing. Let us not judge too hastily, but quietly test its infallibility. Let us look on the glory of the drama that is Drury Lane.

Here are a few of the things that have appeared in our nearest approach to a National Theatre: *Mother Goose*, *Cinderella*, *Rose Marie*, *Desert Song*, *Glamorous Night*, *Ball at the Savoy*, *Song of the Drum*, *Show Boat*, *Wild Violets*, *Razzle Dazzle*. Will any critic, or any poor plain man, with eyes to see and ears to hear, say in face of most, if not all, of these things played on

the stage of Drury Lane, that this theatre is our nearest (or farthest) approach to a National theatre? If there be such a critic or such a poor plain man, now is his time to speak. Will any critic or any poor plain man venture for a moment to say that such plays, produced by our nearest approach to a National Theatre, require for their consideration and review the delicate and great qualities of dramatic criticism, namely, education, culture, long experience, good taste, or critical perception? As a matter of fact—leaving out the Old Vic, Sadler's Wells, The Mercury Theatre, The Little, The Kingsway, Sir Barry Jackson's venture in Malvern, and Sydney Carroll's venture in Regent's Park—almost every other common commercial theatre comes nearer to the conception of what a National Theatre should be like than does the selection made so vehemently by Mr. Agate.

Here are some of the plays produced by the common commercial theatre in the years 1934 and 1935, according to Mr. Parker's *Who's Who in the Theatre*: Alhambra, *Merchant of Venice*, *Julius Caesar*, *Henry V*; Ambassadors, *The Country Wife*, *The Rivals*, *Everyman*; Cambridge, *Man and Superman*, *Hansel and Gretel*; Duke of York's, *Ghosts*; Embassy, *The Duchess of Malfi*; Grafton, *John Gabriel Borkman*; New, *Noah*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*; Piccadilly, *All God's Chillun*; Phoenix, *As You Like It*; St. Martin's, *The White Devil*.

This list shows that a good many commercial theatres in London, so far as the production of fine plays is concerned, have a higher claim to be called our nearest approach to a National Theatre than the theatre in Drury Lane selected by Mr. Agate. No other critic that I know has ever challenged the statement I have quoted, made twice by Mr. Agate. They have kept silence, and that silence gives agreement. So I suppose we must assume that the London critics accept the building in Drury Lane as "our nearest approach to a National Theatre." There their theatrical temple is, and there we will leave them, prostrate and adoring before whatever gods there be in this great English temple of dramatic art.

THE TRAIL OF DR. SCHACHT

BY GEORGE GLASGOW

WHEN Dr. Schacht, the buoyant and resourceful President of the Reichsbank, arrived in Paris on August 25th, it looked as if he was so pleased with the trail he had left in South-East Europe that he had decided to attempt a further adventure in the West. But the two adventures were hardly comparable. The three days he spent in Paris did not, could not, achieve what had been achieved in Vienna, Belgrade, Athens, Sofia and Budapest.

In form he was paying a visit of courtesy to M. Labeyrie, Governor of the Bank of France. He conversed also with M. Blum and M. Delbos. It happened that on August 24th, the very day before Dr. Schacht reached Paris, Herr Hitler had issued his decree laconically doubling "the period of active compulsory service in the three branches of the armed forces" from one to two years. It was therefore part of Dr. Schacht's purpose in Paris to explain that Germany's increase in armed strength, though provided for in the original German scheme of rearmament, had been precipitated by Stalin's edict of August 11th which lowered the age for military service in Russia from twenty-one to nineteen. He had the further diplomatic object of trying to weaken the Franco-Soviet Pact by the argument that Moscow propaganda was one of the chief stumbling blocks to a Franco-German understanding. It is even probable that in that particular case he was more concerned with diplomatic than with economic and financial politics, though the two branches are often connected, especially when the practitioner happens to be Dr. Schacht. In the case, however, of his visits to Austria, Yugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria and Hungary it is already clear that he had a pronounced economic effect which is bound to be felt by British trade, and which is also bound to have its indirect effect upon European high diplomacy. Indeed it is probably not

too much to say that the first big step in Germany's new *Drang nach Osten* has taken the form of an economic and financial penetration in the countries of South-East Europe on the skilful initiative of one of the world's most remarkable bankers.

Hjalmar Schacht is in the first instance a banker. But, whereas in the practice of, say, the big five London joint stock banks, the first duty of the banker is to be immovably old-fashioned and conservative and to run no risks with the accumulated millions of sterling he has to account for, the first duty of Dr. Schacht by contrast was not to conserve, but to create, as if by magic, the trust which it is the business of a bank to manage. An American banker once said to Dr. Schacht: "If you want to know what banking is you should come to New York, where we handle more millions than the rest of the world put together." The occasion happened to be just after the 1923 smash in Germany. Dr. Schacht answered: "Any fool could be a successful banker if he had more millions to handle than the rest of the world put together. If you want to know what banking is, come to Berlin where we have to bank on nothing."

That repartee was typical of Dr. Schacht in two senses. It typified his blunt humour. It typified his own irrepressible courage. He had no background as a banker. Yet to him fell the brunt of piloting Germany through the financial dangers that followed 1923. It was the historic German financial collapse of 1923 that first brought him into prominence. In July of that year the mark had suffered to such an extent that 1,783 printing presses were running in 133 factories, and some thirty paper mills were working day and night to keep pace with the meteoric descent of the paper value. In November, 1923, Dr. Schacht was made Imperial Currency Commissioner with the specific purpose of stemming the torrent of notes. He was not only an untried man. He had a way of saying what he thought with an almost brutal disregard of other people's feelings which galvanized the distrust and opposition of many of the regular, experienced bankers. Yet the Wilhelmstrasse and the Reichsbank together succeeded in appointing him also to the Presidency of the Bank.

It is necessary to recall these beginnings of his amazing career if one is to appreciate the continuity of what has led to his latest exploits in the Balkans. His achievement, as though it had been

planned in advance, passed through three distinct stages : first the rescue of Germany from the post-war financial collapse ; second the rescue of Germany from the impractical, absurd and crushing weight of war reparation ; and third, wherein he passed from the negative to the positive stage of his work, the recapture of Germany's financial and economic activities abroad. Throughout his exploits he has shown an apparently almost careless audacity. Courage is perhaps not the right word. Can a man who is not even conscious of danger or difficulty be called courageous ? He just laughed his way through, quite obviously not caring what anybody at home or abroad thought of him.

In 1923 the situation in Germany was so bad that he could not have begun to tackle it unless he had been given the dual authority of Currency Commissioner and President of the Reichsbank. The mark had cut itself adrift from realistic values, so that the actual exchange figures were meaningless except as an indication of the general nightmare. The par exchange with sterling being twenty to the pound, the mark did actually touch 150,000,000,000 to the pound. That figure was quoted on the exchanges. What it meant in everyday life was that tradesmen opened their shops for only one hour in the middle of the day and rushed to the bank at once to change their cash into foreign currency. They thereby gave an added twist to their own vicious circle. A paper mark could not be held for more than an hour without its losing most of its value. The street kerbs were filled with queues of people maddened by the dual object of getting into the shops during the one hour available to them and, if they got in, of buying as much stock as they had money to buy, knowing that on the following day the money left over would be so depreciated as to buy hardly anything. A pound of sugar involved the physical transfer of millions of paper marks.

Though Dr. Schacht had had no experience as a banker he had studied finance and in particular English finance. His doctorate of laws was won by a thesis on " The Theoretic Contents of English Mercantilism." The first step he took in the maelstrom in which he found himself was to appeal to Mr. Montagu Norman for the help of the Bank of England. Mr. Montagu Norman with almost equal audacity agreed to give the help that was asked,

and Dr. Schacht duly set up in Berlin the gold bank on which his plan of rescue depended for its success. He stuck to it as it were with his eyes shut and his teeth clenched. He succeeded. He held Germany on the very edge of the precipice and pulled her back. He then reformed the Reichsbank.

Thereafter there were no setbacks. He had won power and he used it without ever hesitating. One example will illustrate his method. On September 17th, 1926, there took place at Thoiry the famous meeting between the late Herr Stresemann and the late M. Briand : both charming men, both totally ignorant of finance in any practical sense. Their naïve plot was to mobilize capital for France by selling Dawes railway bonds. The only markets for the sale would be London and New York, which, in effect, would be invited blandly to sacrifice their own interests for the exclusive benefit of France. The moment Herr Stresemann returned to Berlin Herr Schacht informed him simply that the scheme must be dropped, giving no other reason than that it was impractical. Herr Stresemann refused to speak to him for several days, but the project was dead.

There is no need to recall the details of Herr Schacht's second great achievement, the rescue of Germany from the mesh of reparations. For six years he held on against the desperate odds because Germany could not yet defy Allied diplomacy. But at the second Hague Conference on the " Young " reparation plan he saw and took the opportunity of making a stand. He tells the story himself with characteristic effect in his book *The End of Reparations* (English translation, Cape, 1931). He succeeded in his object and reparations were at an end.

The two great obstacles being thereby removed from his path, the one domestic, the other external, he next turned his mind to constructive work. For five years constructive work in international finance and economics was ruled out, first by the universal financial catastrophe that had started in 1929, and second by the advent of Herr Hitler in January, 1933, to supreme power over Germany. With his grim humour Herr Schacht bided his time. Herr Hitler turned the whole world in 1933 and 1934 into enemies of Germany. So far as finance and economics were concerned, Germany had lost her biggest markets abroad and had no apparent chance of regaining them.

Then a stroke of historic pure good luck fell into the lap of Herr Schacht. In the summer of 1935 that limited, but to Germany important, section of the world which constitutes the League of Nations endeavoured to prevent a great Power from annexing a small Power in Africa. Financial and economic sanctions were formally imposed upon Italy. It is true that Austria and Hungary both refused to take their part in so forbidding an undertaking. But the general stimulus to German enterprise gathered enormous strength during that appalling winter. So far as the Italian market was concerned Germany had nothing to do but to walk right in. But that circumstance was not the most interesting or the most important.

There lay open the whole field of South-Eastern Europe, containing a network of small countries already distressed by economic and financial difficulty and now reduced to something like despair by the general dislocation of trade brought about by the attempt of certain governments to boycott Italy. Now one of the great political facts of our time has been Germany's military strength and expansionist ambition. During the period of the Great War every schoolboy was familiar with the expression *Drang nach Osten*. It was the very bedrock commonplace of diplomatic fact that Germany's ambition was to expand through Central and South-East Europe to the Near and Middle East; and for an obvious simple purpose. Not only would such expansion in itself satisfy the German appetite for imperialist adventure. It would have the effect of permanently dividing Russia from France and thus of removing the greatest standing danger known to German patriots. It is almost true in itself to say that the Great War was fought for the object of thwarting the German *Drang nach Osten*. And now, in 1935-1936, less than a generation after the Great War at appalling sacrifice had been "won" on the field of battle, at the very time when Germany was again emerging as the greatest military power in the world, the remnant of the Allies who defeated Germany not only openly presented to Germany the opportunity of achieving what she had been baulked from achieving in the period 1914-1918, but presented the opportunity in such a form that Germany was almost driven to take it with both hands.

Dr. Schacht has a dry sense of humour. One can almost see

the chuckle as he made his plans. He made them with deliberate care, and when the time came carried them out with characteristic despatch. In nine days he completed a tour of the five Balkan countries. He visited Vienna (June 10th and 11th), Belgrade (June 11th to 13th), Athens (June 13th to 15th), Sofia (June 15th to 17th) and Budapest (June 17th to 19th). In four cases (Yugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria and Hungary) he went ostensibly with the purpose of returning visits of courtesy already paid to Berlin by the Governors of the national banks. In the case of Austria he went openly and simply for the true purpose that inspired all his visits. The process of German economic expansion in those five countries had started some three years before, for the palpable reason that it is a constant care of German diplomacy to take every opportunity that presents itself in the Balkan countries. But the late spring of 1936 will no doubt be remembered in history as a landmark of considerable importance in the history of Europe. So demoralized is the contemporary quality of political thought that Dr. Schacht's adventures in South-East Europe seem not to have been appreciated by British or French public opinion. Indeed their importance seems rather to have been ignored.

What, then, was the main lever used by Dr. Schacht as a means of bending the Danubian countries to Germany's purpose? It happens that in the topsy-turvy world we live in a debtor country has much more of a pull over a creditor country than a creditor over a debtor. Of late years the Balkan countries have changed their role from debtor to creditor countries towards Germany. Except Czechoslovakia and Austria they have in the past three years sold goods to Germany on a rapidly increasing scale, but they have not been paid for them. Germany's lack of foreign exchange has resulted in the accumulation of "frozen credits" owing to the five countries, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Hungary and Greece, amounting in the aggregate to more than Rm. 100,000,000. The Reichsbank simply does not possess the foreign exchange to liquidate those debts in cash.

Dr. Schacht therefore made the simple suggestion in the several capitals that the debts be liquidated in the form of German goods. As Germany's main production at the present

time consists of armaments, the Balkan countries in effect were offered German armaments. They had no alternative but to accept the offer. Their own financial stringency conspired with the need of armaments resulting from the intensive general competition in rearmament to place them entirely at Dr. Schacht's mercy. The rumour that he used as a weapon of further intimidation the threat to devalue the Reichsmark need not be taken seriously, for he had no need of any further weapon than that already in his hand. The alarming consequence is that Germany has made the Balkan countries in a large degree dependent upon her for their armaments.

Sanctions enormously helped Germany's game. Even before Dr. Schacht's visit to Belgrade Yugoslavia found herself in the position where she was cut off from her best market. Germany jumped at the opportunity. By the simple means of undertaking to import from Yugoslavia as much as 60 per cent. of the goods formerly exported from Yugoslavia to Italy (goods which when taken by Germany would not be paid for in cash), Germany ensured last March that Krupps would receive the contract for re-equipping the Zenitza iron works. The pantomime of inviting tenders was duly performed. Germany ignored the pantomime and named her own price for the job. In fact cheaper tenders were actually received from both British and Czechoslovak firms; but the contract went to Krupps. Since March German firms have received from Yugoslavia a series of contracts for railway and bridge building amounting in the aggregate to much more than the equivalent of Yugoslavia's frozen credits in Germany. The balance on the other side will allow for the continued deflection of Yugoslav exports from Italy to Germany. On June 10th, the day before Dr. Schacht arrived in Belgrade, the Yugoslav Government placed a new order with German firms for railway material amounting to 250,000,000 dinars. On the day after he arrived M. Letitza, the Finance Minister, agreed to issue an edict, which took effect on June 25th, to restrict imports from Great Britain, the United States and other countries in order to increase the trade with Germany.

At the same time an import licensing system was established which gave to Germany, through her "clearing mark" agreement,

a virtual certainty of supplying about one-third of Yugoslavia's imports from abroad. Those imports include motor cars and textiles, goods for which British firms could otherwise have competed. On June 21st, eight days after Dr. Schacht left Belgrade, a further order for 200,000,000 dinars' worth of Yugoslav railway contracts went to Germany, bringing the total up to 600,000,000 dinars (say £2,730,000). On August 5th a collective protest by 300 British export firms led the British Government to complain to Belgrade that Article 8 of the 1927 Anglo-Yugoslav Treaty of Commerce had been violated by the new system of import control. The British Government might with as much effect have complained to the Wilhelmstrasse: for Belgrade was helpless.

Dr. Schacht went from Belgrade to Athens. Greece happened to have a greater amount of foreign credits in Germany than any other of the Balkan countries, amounting to some Rm. 30,000,000. It was not armaments that Greece wanted to buy so much as raw materials. Yet Germany, wanting to sell armaments, was able to force Greece to buy them. Only last April, when the Greek Government decided upon a rearmament programme involving an expenditure of 6,200,000,000 drachmas (say £12,000,000), it was made known from Athens that four destroyers included in the scheme would be ordered from an English yard because the German destroyers were so complicated in their technical construction that it would take two years of special training for officers and men in the navy to man them. In due course it became known that a particular English yard had in principle been given the order. After Dr. Schacht's visit to Athens the negotiations for the definitive contract broke down and new tenders were invited.

Dr. Schacht had assured the Greek Government on June 15th that the Greek frozen credits would be safeguarded against any danger of depreciation of the Reichsmark. On July 2nd a new law was promulgated in Athens whereunder some 40 categories of goods were transferred from the free list in the tariff to the list of those which could be imported only from countries where Greece had a favourable trade balance. In other words Germany was given the virtual monopoly in those goods, the chief sufferer being Great Britain, who was conspicuous for her own favourable

trade balance with Greece. Towards the end of August a critic of the Greek Government in Athens could raise the question why the orders for Greek armaments should go to Germany when they cost 50 per cent. more than they would cost elsewhere.

The cases of Austria and Hungary differed from those of Bulgaria and Yugoslavia because those two countries had refused to participate in Geneva's sanctions. Dr. Schacht was in Vienna on June 10th and 11th. Exactly one month later, on July 11th, the historic announcement was made in Berlin and in Vienna of the moral *Anschluss*. That was not a case of direct or exclusive cause and effect, but there can be no doubt that Dr. Schacht did his bit. On July 16th the Government spokesman in Vienna was asked by a journalist whether Germany would now become a signatory of the Rome Pact. He refused to answer that question, but did say that Germany would henceforth be entitled to be consulted in any economic discussions bearing upon the trade of the Danubian basin. On July 27th an Austrian delegation began negotiating in Berlin for a trade agreement.

There is no need for further elaboration of what Dr. Schacht attempted or did. He himself with his usual frank humour, gave the simplest explanation of his purpose during his tour. Speaking at a press reception in the National Bank in Budapest on June 19th he declared of course first of all that he had no "sinister political plans." What "sinister" means depends upon a point of view. He went on to explain that as the creditor countries could less and less be depended upon as markets, it was merely malicious or stupid to condemn Germany for trying to exploit the debtor countries as markets. That was an easy doctrine from his point of view. From the sketch that has been given of its consequences, it seems likely that the operations of this financial opportunist will long be rued by Germany's competitors, and in particular by the manufacturers and traders of Great Britain.

STALIN'S NEW PURGE

BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

IT has been pointed out often enough in connection with the execution of Zinoviev, Kamenev and the others that most revolutionaries have perished at the hands of the revolutionary government they helped to establish. On his way to the scaffold Danton remarked that, when they have consumed everyone else, revolutions consume themselves. The reason why this happens is obvious. Once a revolutionary government is formed, its main purpose is to continue in existence. It wants, as all governments do, to feel secure, and as long as there are practised revolutionaries in important places it cannot feel secure. Hence Stalin has executed, exiled, or broken the spirits of all who took a prominent part in bringing about the Russian Revolution. Now he alone remains, with only an embalmed Lenin to remind him of the events which led to his present occupancy of the Kremlin.

Inevitably we are asked to believe that a widespread plot was afoot, as we were after June 30, 1934, when Hitler got rid of the first batch of his sometime fellow revolutionaries. Who can tell whether these plots have any existence outside the imaginations of their preventers? Zinoviev and Kamenev had been tried again and again before this last trial, confessed to every sort of subversive activity and slobbered out their contrition. Anyone who has seen them haunting like uneasy ghosts lesser Soviet official functions will find difficulty in believing them in their last years capable of being a menace to any government. They looked beaten and uneasy; even Radek, whose astonishing capacity for kissing the rod—surely unequalled even in the Byzantine Empire—seems for the moment just to have saved his skin. I remember very well when Sokolnikov, another of the accused and now awaiting his trial, returned to Moscow from London. There were rumours that he was in trouble. Tourists who had known him in London asked questions. At last it was arranged that he should give a tea party. A repre-

sentative of the Foreign Office and an OGPU plain-clothes man were present, and Sokolnikov, sitting between them, said with a sickly smile how glad he was to be home again, and how absurd were the rumours of his being under arrest. "Why," he said, with a sicklier smile than ever, "one foreign newspaper has actually reported my death. You can see I'm not dead, can't you?" If he had any plotting left in him I should be surprised.

At the same time, there has been for some years now a lot of discontent in the Communist party with Stalin's policy, especially among Old Bolsheviks. All that they believed in and in many cases fought for has been given up, and, more serious, their power has dwindled and the power of the Political Police and the Army has increased. Though the projected new Constitution allows of the existence of only one political party, it does replace open voting by a secret ballot. Thus if it cannot conceivably provide an outlet for popular discontent, it may for discontent within the Communist party. At present, under the watchful eye of the Political Police, arms are earnestly raised in favour of official candidates; when it is a matter of marking a ballot-paper, discontented party members may be hoping to get a look in, and it is possible that the latest mass trial and executions were designed to discourage such hopes.

There is also Trotsky. Between him and Stalin a bitter antagonism has existed from the beginning. They are antipathetic types. Trotsky is brilliant and cosmopolitan, Stalin dull and parochial, but naïvely determined to be regarded as a great intellectual force. When Lenin was alive Trotsky did not hide his impatience with the slow-witted but obstinate Commissar for Minorities, but, as so often happens in life, slow-witted Stalin has been able to climb to power on the back of brilliant Trotsky. To do it he formed an anti-Trotsky alliance with (ironically enough) the two men he has just had shot, Zinoviev and Kamenev. Then, with Trotsky out of the way, he was able to get rid of them and rule alone. His spite against Trotsky knew no limits. The history of the Revolution had to be re-written leaving Trotsky out, his name was erased from all records and museums, facts were distorted in the most childish way to prove that Stalin was, with Lenin, chiefly responsible for the Red Army's final triumph in the Civil War.

Even so, Trotsky continued to annoy. He enjoyed still a considerable reputation abroad, and was free to write and agitate. His *History of the Russian Revolution*, which presented Stalin in a highly unfavourable light, was well received and translated into many languages, and surreptitious meetings were arranged between him and old associates or their representatives outside the U.S.S.R. I have often thought how Stalin must have regretted letting Trotsky out of his clutches! When he was exiled his revolutionary honours and long association with Lenin were too recent for more drastic measures to be taken. Now it would be easy if only Trotsky could be brought back from Norway. What delight for Stalin to hear him grovelling as the others did—"We ask," Kamenev and Zinoviev wrote, "for our lives, not because we are afraid . . . but to serve the great ideas of the great Stalin!" How pleased he would have been to hear Trotsky confessing to all and more than the sins he was accused of, and then pleading for mercy. Short of having Trotsky in person within his power, the best he could do was to terrorize and then execute any who had at any time accepted his leadership or avowed sympathy with his ideas.

This personal antagonism has its doctrinal basis. Stalin has come more and more to limit his horizon to the confines of his own country; Trotsky continues to believe, as Lenin did, that world revolution is at hand, and that the Soviet Government's chief concern should be to assist the precipitating of revolutionary situations elsewhere. The controversy is an unreal one, because if Trotsky were in power in Russia he would no more care to jeopardize the Soviet Government's security for the sake of the toiling masses in, say, China or Germany than Stalin; though he would, like Stalin, continue to fish in troubled international waters, subsidising insurrectionary movements, controlling newspapers in all the countries that were contemptibly bourgeois-capitalist enough to allow it. Even the poor little *Daily Worker* came out bravely with "Shoot the Reptiles!" when Stalin happened to be engaged in "liquidating" a batch of old comrades.

Trotsky belongs to the knockabout revolutionary world. He has lived in most of the capitals of Europe. He is an Intellectual in appearance and in habits of life. When he was in Moscow

he actually mixed socially with foreigners, was to be met, for instance, at Paul Scheffer's house. He provided a link between the U.S.S.R. and the rest of Europe, and did not become wholly merged in the gloom and unreality that soon came to characterize the Soviet regime.

His departure was followed by an intensification of gloom. The Terror felt more oppressive when he was gone, not because he was squeamish—it was on his orders that the Kronstadt sailors, whom he had called the “pride and the glory of the Russian Revolution,” were shot down for demanding free elections, a secret ballot, liberty of speech and of the Press, the liberation of political prisoners and the equalization of food rations—but because Terrorism was not a part of his being as of Stalin's. Unlike Stalin, he could at least conceive unterroristic government. Without him there was nothing to connect the Russian Revolution with the general trend of European history. Gloomy Georgian faces became more and more in evidence in the Kremlin. No Soviet citizen dared to speak freely to a foreigner. There was no intellectual traffic between Russia and the rest of Europe.

In this strange atmosphere Stalin felt he could at last breathe freely. He had never lived, a revolutionary rentier, by the Lake of Geneva, or drifted shabbily in and out of the British Museum Reading Room. He knew no European languages except Russian, and that he spoke with a strong provincial accent. His megalomania flourished with ceaseless adulation—ever larger portraits and busts staring at him wherever he went, ever more fulsome tributes to his eloquence, profundity, grasp, and brilliance whenever he opened a newspaper. There was no Trotsky to accentuate his limitations, and remind him of the time when he had been hopelessly outshone. His colleagues were the monumentally dull Molotov, the nonentity Kalinin, the cunning Jew Kaganovitch, who thrived by playing up to his vanity and never opened his mouth in public without paying him lavish compliments. With the painstaking, thorough malice of such men he set himself to abolish Trotsky's memory. This made it inevitable that sooner or later Kamenev, Zinoviev and the others should fall victims to the machinery of Terror of which in their day they had made such lavish use.

In a recent interview Trotsky described Stalin as “nationalist

and conservative.” There is much truth in the description. He has brushed aside all purely theoretical considerations, insisting, for instance, that competition is a necessary spur to industry; he has revived the Fatherland idea; he has even, following Mr. Knickerbocker, rediscovered his mother and occasionally spends a ceremonial day in her company. All this is blasphemy in the eyes of old-fashioned Marxists, who insist that patriotism, like religion, is a device for enslaving the workers, and that the domestic virtues are as deplorable as war savings certificates. It goes down very well, however, with the younger Russian *émigrés*, who are beginning to relent towards Stalin, still more towards Voroshilov, the War Commissar. The summary execution of a number of veteran revolutionaries, mostly Jews, and the consequent discredit which has been cast upon the international Marxism they stood for, has strengthened this good impression. The attack—more, it is true, in sorrow than in anger—comes from the *Daily Herald*; the *Morning Post* begins to wonder if it may not have misjudged Stalin. He has only now to extend the range of his purge a little, including, for instance, Litvinov in it, to confirm these golden opinions.

How far the purge was intended to chasten the Communist party's spirit in readiness for the introduction of a new Constitution, and how far just to work off old grudges; how far the ever-growing war danger from Germany on one frontier and from Japan on another made it so necessary to break potential opposition within and reassure potential allies without that the Soviet Government was no longer concerned to engineer revolutionary situations in other countries; and how far the Political Police genuinely thought they had discovered a widespread plot with ramifications abroad that had already led to the assassination of Kirov and that envisaged a whole series of similar assassinations beginning with Stalin—how far any or all of these circumstances entered into the savage trial and summary execution of Zinoviev and Kamenev it is impossible to say. They were once honoured revolutionary leaders. Now they are dead, and the hand that signed the order for their death was raised triumphantly with theirs in October, 1917, in celebration of a common victory, and the uniforms they saw behind barrels pointed at their breasts

bore each the Red Star which they had chosen to symbolize their dreams of a new social order.

No one asks why a mad bull races round a field. It is as unreasonable to ask why a Terror chooses this or that victim, why it manifests itself in this or that way. Whoever rules by fear must be afraid. That is a law of life. Whoever rules by fear knows in his heart that he is hated, however painstaking he may obliterate every trace of the hate in which he is held. Being afraid, he sees plots and stratagems and enemies everywhere. His fear accumulates, until, to ease himself, he dramatizes it. There are his enemies, and there his power to crush them. It is a Morality he stages, with Good, himself, triumphing over Evil, his enemies. These mass trials that have become an integral part of the Soviet regime, and that have occurred in Nazi Germany, are such Moralities. It does not matter much who the victims are. They may be veteran revolutionaries, or a half-witted Van der Lubbe, or foreign engineers, or an over-ambitious colleague like Röhm. The victims are not people, but symbols. They represent the fear constantly eating away at the heart of all terrorists. They are the terrorists' terror.

Once the deadly principle of government by fear is accepted, fear must become the prevailing emotion. When Kirov was murdered seven hundred persons at least in different parts of the U.S.S.R. were taken out and shot in sheer panic. It was the first impulse—just to shoot, to shoot anyone handy. Go and knock at any door in Moscow in a peremptory way late at night, and everyone inside will start and look anxious. All this fear must sometimes be objectified. There must sometimes be someone to be afraid of; and Kamenev and Zinoviev were dragged out from prison to fill that role. Broken by previous persecutions, themselves craven, one at least ill, they were presented to the Soviet population as implacable enemies of the State, and so a justification of the continued practice of terrorism.

As always happens, Terrorism has spread from the centre like ripples over the whole country. Local Kamenevs and Zinovievs have been tried and executed. In remote villages Old Bolsheviks who had been heard to murmur that piecework was the last thing they would have expected to find in a classless

socialist society, perhaps adding that Lenin and Trotsky would never have stood for it, suddenly became as authentic Class Enemies as kulaks and White Guards. I remember a little man in Rostov. He had been important, but his position was weakening, and he was solacing himself with vodka. People in uniform made him look up apprehensively. He wore a paper shirt-front and paper cuffs. "Ah," he said, as he got a little tipsy, "those were the days," and described the part he had played in the Revolution and Civil War. I have no doubt he laid it on a bit. All the same, he was probably quite effective, first burrowing underground and preparing for the collapse, then orating at street corners and inflaming the humble and meek to put down the mighty from their seats. I saw the frenzied excitement in his eye at the memory of the collapse of the great rotten structure of Tsarism. His enemies had fallen, and he had his feet on their prostrate bodies. "And now?" I asked. He winked, then shrank into himself. Was he meditating, I wondered, burrowing underground again? It is his sort, long ago deprived of all authority, lingering on in little sheltered corners with bottles of vodka to keep them happy, *invalides de révolution*, who have been the casualties in this latest offensive on the Class War Front.

The Political Police were established to defend the Revolution. There were enemies without and enemies within. Society, as they understood it, was in a constant state of internal conflict, class constantly warring against class. The only way to end this conflict was for one class, the biggest, to destroy all the others. The "liquidation of the landlord and capitalist class"—to use the Webbs' gentle phrase—took place. Many others were liquidated as well, but at last the job was done. The big class had eaten up all the little ones; the Terror might safely be disbanded, its personnel given the Order of Lenin and sent about their business. They, however, were quite certain that they had duties still to perform. Beware, they said, still. Class Enemies remain—landlords and capitalists masquerading as proletarians, rich peasants masquerading as poor peasants and White Guards as Communists. Beware, above all, of Judases, Marxist minds tainted with a landlord and capitalist outlook. The Terror got a second wind. Not even Lenin was strong

enough to curb its activities. The "Flaming Sword of the Proletariat," as Stalin has called the Political Police, has constantly extended the range of its operations until now it has reached Lenin's closest associates, his brother-in-law, grazing with terrifying closeness Stalin's very entourage. It killed riotously at Zinoviev's behest. Now it has killed him.

As long as the Flaming Sword confined itself to legitimate prey, Enlightened Opinion abroad was inclined to regard it as a righteous instrument. Abolishing capital punishment was all very well in backward capitalist countries, but would never do in a classless socialist society. Even when the Flaming Sword threatened foreigners resident in Moscow, it was still absurd to make a fuss. Now that the Flaming Sword has turned on some of those who forged it, Enlightened Opinion is alarmed. When Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., insisted that the Zinoviev-Kamenev trial was fairly conducted, that it was the prisoners' own wish not to be legally represented, implying that their subsequent execution reflected credit on the new Soviet civilization, and that in a general manner of speaking the Old Bailey was medieval compared with the sweet reasonableness of this Moscow court, his words fell for once on deaf ears. For the first time periodicals like the *New Statesman and Nation* registered disapproval of the Flaming Sword's activities, and the *Daily Herald* sadly concluded that the U.S.S.R. "is moving not from dictatorship towards Democracy, but from one kind of dictatorship to another."

How long will the Flaming Sword be able to go on waving over Russia, the whole population cowering under its shadow? It will go on, given no interference from outside, until the Terror, having nothing else to destroy, falls on its own Flaming Sword. Government by fear is, happily, impracticable except for short periods of time, just as living by fear is impracticable for an individual. There have been tyrannies before and there will be tyrannies again, but these Totalitarian Tyrannies are something quite special. They necessitate everyone being afraid all the time. I have a curious certainty that as the Soviet Totalitarian Tyranny was the first to establish itself it will be the first to go, and that when it has gone the others will soon go too. This certainty was strengthened when the Russian Revolution, as the French Revolution did, began to devour itself.

TUSCAN

BY SACHEVERELL SITWELL

It has come, it has come again,
This lost blue world
That I have not seen for seven years,
And now there is no other earth, no world beside it.
O what I have missed, these seven eyeless summers,
For this is a blue world shut unto itself,
This trellis of wistaria, this blue fire falling;
Its leaves drop flame to every quarter of the winds,
But I lived seven years away and came not to it,
And now the flowers are sevenfold, their honey tongues
Loll like a million bells that quiver and don't ring,
Though the air all trembles and vibrates with them.
Then, as now, this blueness was alive
With quick spangled comedies, quick turn-coat rain,
That fell by the trellis and was dyed in that colour;
There was never such a heaping, such a deep-piled fulness,
For the flowers lie on the pergola like snow disastered,
From some whirling cataclysm thrown and tumbled.
Let us sit in this cage of fire and think of it!
Why is no poetry so full as this,
But this is mortal with but a breath of life;
Nothing lives outside it, if you keep within,
You have seven days, and a table and a chair;
What else can you wish, you are no prisoner?
Why ever move away from here, there's nothing else;
But keep in this cage of fire and live inside it,
Be the salamander in this house of flame;
Look from its windows, see the world on fire.
But now comes the aftermath, the hollow empty bathos,
For this blue flower faded at the bat-winged dusk,
It faded and went out into a lifeless nothing;
Nor even did the scent stay in this worse-than-death.

A MOUNTAIN AND A WOOD

BY JOANNA CANNAN

CONSCIOUS that she was looking her best, yet almost for the first time in her life not wholly self-satisfied, she stood in white and pearls beside her aunt in purple and diamonds, waiting to receive him. The curve of the stairs hid the hall from her, but a sudden wedge of sound from the street—hooting of claxons, grinding of gears, slurring of wheels through the October mud—entering the decorous stillness of the house told her that the doors had opened to admit him. "Septimus!" hissed her aunt, and from the library, where he had taken a brief refuge, came her stooping erudite uncle, obedient as a dog to the whistle. There were moments in Lady Toberly's life when even she realized the limitations of her money.

George James Battersby came up the stairs behind the monumental butler. You got the impression that without the butler to keep him back he would have run up and risked the loss of dignity. When he saw the trio waiting for him, he gave a small unnecessary cough and pulled down his white waistcoat. Penelope looked down and didn't see a mouse-haired, thirtyish man of middle height coughing nervously and twitching at the cheapest white waistcoat obtainable in Beachcombe Regis; she saw the hero of the Chowolungmo expedition, the superman, who twice in one day had made the ascent of the terrific ice wall and brought his comrades down through the blizzard to safety.

Her uncle said, "Ah, Battersby, that's right. My wife, my niece," and Penelope shook the hand to which three men owed their lives. There was a finger missing from the hand, and it felt odd in hers. In his lecture he had not mentioned losing a finger, but she had read in the newspaper how it had been amputated by lantern light down at the Base Camp, and the

odd feeling thrilled her. Finding her voice she said, "I can't tell you how I enjoyed the lecture."

He gave an embarrassed laugh. "I'm a very poor lecturer, but Morton's lantern slides are a great help. They're good, aren't they?"

"They're marvellous. That one of the ice wall . . . it looks absolutely perpendicular."

He suggested, "Perhaps Morton tipped the camera," and went on, "I wish he could have been here to-night. Extraordinary the way he dragged that thing about. But he stayed behind to make an interest film of India."

"Lord and Lady Carfax," said the butler. "Sir William and Lady Cobminster. Professor and Mrs. Hazlitt. Mr. Charles Crabbe. . . ."

The tide of society came surging to their feet. "I'm sure you're dying to meet Mr. Battersby," said Lady Toberly. "Let me introduce Mr. Battersby. Mr. Battersby . . . Mr. Battersby . . . Mr. Battersby. . . ."

Soon he was looking hot. A mouse-coloured lock hung on his forehead. He could no longer make his modest phrases but said brusquely, "I'm glad you enjoyed it," and, "I'm afraid there's no more to tell." Penelope gazed at him tenderly. She knew dozens of men who could have kept tidy hair and their charm of manner through such an evening, but they weren't the men to go once in fine weather, much less twice in a blizzard, up the awful precipice of Chowolungmo's white ice wall. Here was a man of deeds, of the stuff that Lancelot was made of and Roland and Grenfell. . . . "I'll see you presently, Michael. . . ." "All in good time, my Tony," and the poor little men-about-town went crestfallen away.

Presently the tide ceased to flow. "We'll make a move," said Lady Toberly. "There's music in the drawing-room and dancing for the young ones in the ballroom, you know."

Penelope asked, "Are you going to be a young one, Mr. Battersby?"

"Well," he said, keeping an anxious eye on the purple train, "I don't dance very well. Are you?"

"Let's go and look at it anyway," said Penelope, and he followed her into the ballroom.

The ballroom was decorated in cream and gold. Blue hydrangeas were massed in the corners and beside the band. Round a shining expanse of dancing floor, supper tables were laid for two. Overhead chandeliers sparkled, romantic and unashamed. The band was playing "The Blue Danube," one of the few tunes that Battersby could recognize.

Well, hang it all, he was only two-and-thirty! Why shouldn't he be "one of the young ones"? Why shouldn't he, just for to-night, forget his poor job and his measly income and that his Iliad was over and that he had nothing—absolutely nothing—to look forward to until the Alps next year? After all, this party had been given in his honour; why shouldn't he enjoy himself, dance, laugh and be gay with this marvellous-looking Miss What's-her-name, who, astoundingly, had singled him out of a host of supercilious young men? The music soared. Well, perhaps after all it wasn't so astounding. Perhaps his waistcoat looked worse to himself than to other people. Perhaps it was true that he had a nice speaking voice—as far as he remembered the only compliment that had ever been paid him. He said, "Shall we try?" and placed his hand on her back, moved it down to find some frock but there wasn't any. Unnerved, he trod on her foot. "Sorry," he said and stammered, "I always wonder if it feels awful—my not having the right number of fingers."

"Not at all," replied Penelope. "You see, women are funny. One gets a little tired of men whose motto is 'Safety First'."

"Oh, well, you mustn't think . . . I mean, I expect when it comes to the point that's mine, too."

"It wasn't—on the ice wall."

"Oh, that was nothing. You mustn't think anything of that. I was in excellent training."

She laughed. "You *would* say that. I can see you're a hopelessly modest person. But it's no good. I think it was wonderful."

He opened his mouth meaning to say that it wasn't, that, like changing a wheel in a thunderstorm or getting out of bed on cold mornings, it was just a thing that had to be done. But then he thought, why live so severely, why not take the jam when it's passed to me—other men do; and he merely changed the

subject. "You know, it was stupid of me, but I didn't quite catch your name when Lady Toberly introduced me."

"Penelope Raynor."

"Oh," Penelope Raynor. . . . He knew it, as one knows so many things, from advertisements. *Earl's Daughter Reveals Beauty Secret*. "*Riding to hounds and dancing till the small hours is hard on the complexion*," says lovely Lady Penelope Raynor, "*but I keep my skin smooth and velvety by the regular use of So-and-So's Vanishing Cream*." He looked down at the crisp waves of the golden head, the pencilled eyebrows, the incredibly long black lashes, and the mouth like Cupid's bow. Girls like this hadn't come into his life, and no wonder. What he earned in a month wouldn't have paid for the dress she was wearing. It would be better now to dance with someone else or to go into the drawing-room and listen to classical music. He knew—who better?—what it was to stand staring at some far, inaccessible mountain until the peculiar lift of those white snow-fields dragged your heart out of you and there was no other mountain in the world for you to climb. Only, sometimes, the impossible did happen. When something *had* to be done, you started off without palaver and put your feet down one before the other and didn't bother about what might happen to you, and so you went up and down the ice wall and up and down again, and the impossible thing was accomplished. No, it wasn't his way to draw back because of the hurts he might get. . . . "Will you give me the next dance?" he asked, and she answered, "I'd love to."

They remained together for supper and for most of the evening. At intervals Lady Toberly appeared and said "Pen, you're monopolizing Mr. Battersby." Then he had to go and talk to someone else, but he was soon back, standing in the doorway, watching her, waiting for her. "Night of stars and night of dreams," sang the violins and his forgetful heart sang with them, while she, in the phraseology of her generation, told herself that no man in the scores she had met had knocked so loudly on her box before. They talked of most things, but only when it was all over and he lingered, trying to say, when can we meet again? she asked him, "By the way, what do you do when you're not climbing?"

"I'm a master at a prep. school near Beachcombe Regis."

Gosh! she thought, and then, well, it's a better job than Tony's or Michael's . . . training the youth of England, making men of them, is a nobler work than selling motor cars or carrying a Cabinet Minister's foot-rest after him. Her mind's eye gave her the school—small flannelled figures on green lawns, small, yes, but destined to govern half the world. . . . *Across the world you keep the pride, across the world we mark the score.* . . . "That's a marvellous job," she said. "It means more than just making money for yourself . . . more than most jobs do."

He looked relieved, almost as though he had expected the "Gosh!" that had come to her lips. Then he looked glad and said, "Do you ever come that way? I mean, perhaps you'd like to see the school. I'd like to show you round," he ended lamely.

She said, smiling, "My father's got a place in Sussex—Crabbitt's Court. I don't suppose it's more than an hour's drive from Beachcombe Regis. It's a funny old place—Tudor. Priests' holes and what-not. We're usually there round Christmas time."

"That's splendid," he said. "Perhaps you'll come over." The prize-giving would make an excuse, he thought, or the Old Boys' Dance—that was always a cheery little function. And he would dance with her again and make sure that the band played the "Barcarolle" and the "Blue Danube." "Now, Mr. Battersby," said Lady Toberly, biting back a yawn. "You really mustn't go without a whisky-and-soda. . . ."

II

Six weeks later on a dark morning early in December she woke up feeling petulant. On a table beside her bed was the same old breakfast and a pile of the same old letters. *Lady Carfax at Home . . . Dancing. Mrs. Schubert-Sykes at Home . . . Music.* Tony would be there, of course, and Michael . . . the same old people and the same old talk. . . . Oh, why didn't one ever meet anyone different? Well, she had once; once she had met a man worth calling one, and what had come of it? He had been a little dazzled as long as the music lasted, but, in the cold grey dawn of the morning after, he had realized

that she was just a society boob and had forgotten her. She flipped over her letters. Here was a nice firm handwriting: "Dear Lady Penelope, If you do happen to be in the neighbourhood, I should be so glad if you would drive over to our dance on the sixteenth of December. Yours sincerely, G. J. Battersby." Enclosed was a card for the annual dance of the Loftus House Old Boys' Association.

She rang for her maid, who went for pen and notepaper, and, sitting up in her black and green pyjamas between her green sheets, she answered his letter. When the day drew nearer and her mother said, "I suppose on Saturday you're going to the Carfaxes?" she replied, "No. I've got another engagement."

"Really?" said Lady Rotherfield. "Of course I don't want to be inquisitive, darling. . . ."

"A dance," said Penelope, "at a place called Loftus House. A man called Battersby."

"Who are his people?" asked Lady Rotherfield. It was a question that she never failed to ask, and quite suddenly it exasperated Penelope. Battersby, if his people were dustmen, was a better man than Tony and Michael . . . this last generation of women, how they lived on the surface, choosing a man not for his virtue or valour but for his social qualifications, obstinately ignoring that they were choosing the father of their children and the companion of all their days. "I don't know who his people are, and I don't care a hang," said the Lady Penelope Raynor.

It was a wet night when she drove in her long low red-and-white coupé into the environs of Beachcombe Regis. She turned into a drive which, winding industriously, lengthened a distance of two hundred yards into six hundred. Her headlights showed her that it was bordered by laurels, not the long glossy leaves that make wreaths for the heads of heroes, but the hideous, variegated kind. She drew up at a large stone porch from the depths of which a voice bellowed to her to park her car in the yard. She drove on under a stone arch and drew into a space between a dilapidated Baby Austin and a Morris with a tattered hood and a flat tyre.

It was very cold, she found, when she stepped out of her car. The yard was muddy and, going towards the house, she

stepped into a puddle and could feel the water squelch in her gold kid shoes. Probably when people came to a show like this they brought goloshes . . . yes, there were two women in the porch now; they wore musquash coats, goloshes and scarves round their hair. She followed them into a square tiled hall.

There was a room on the left impartially labelled *W.B. and Ladies' Cloakroom*. It was furnished with desks and windsor chairs and a picture of the Princes in the Tower. On an ink-stained table stood a mirror, tilted at the wrong angle, and a packet of pins. Penelope slipped off her ermine coat and laid it down among the coats of tweed, musquash and sealskin. She felt gooseflesh rise on her arms. The room was abominably cold.

She quickly left the ladies' cloakroom; the reception rooms would, of course, be warmer. In the hall an immense stove, banked up with anthracite, gave little heat. George James Battersby stood beside it. He saw her and came forward.

"Marvellous of you to come so far."

"I was thrilled to come," said Penelope.

He shepherded her into a large room more or less cleared for dancing. Red and green paper streamers were stretched across the ceiling. Purple and yellow paper bells hung from the pendant light in the centre. Sprigs of holly were stuck behind the football groups on the walls. At the end of the room forms were piled on tables. For the first time in her life the dreary thought came to her that a dance, which meant fun for you, meant work for other people.

She looked about her and saw at once that she was much too smart even in her "little" backless frock of gold *lamé*.

And George James Battersby saw at once that the Old Boys' Dance was a rotten show, to which no man in his senses would have invited anyone. Before she had come he had looked into the dining-hall and thought it gay and Christmassy: now he saw that Roberts, the art master, had been right and that the decorations were both cheap and ugly. He saw too that, though the Old Boys were such good fellows, their partners looked, if not badly dressed, then unsophisticated: one or two who, before Penelope came, had looked quite dashing, now, in their blue and pink taffetas, looked positively common. Miserably he said, "Shall we dance?" "Well," she said frankly, "it would be warmer."

The floor had been polished by ardent volunteers, who had put more polish on than they had had time to remove and it was sticky besides being full of knots. The tinkly school pianoforte was accompanied by two diligent but uninspired violins. The "Blue Danube" soared perseveringly, but the difference between what it was and what it should have been was the difference between Beachcombe Regis and Vienna. He knew it. "I must introduce you to Mrs. Hughes—the Head Master's wife," he said, "and then you must have something to eat."

Mrs. Hughes was stout and grey. She wore a girlish dress of flowered ninon, a useful type of dress, which had already done duty at the school garden party and bore grass stains, which she had thought unnoticeable, round the hem. She looked anxiously and disapprovingly at Penelope. One way and another it would add to Edward's difficulties if Battersby, who had seemed moony lately, took it into his head to marry a girl like this. On the other hand he might not be thinking of marriage—he ought not to be, considering his salary. The girl might be a relative with young brothers getting on for prep. school age—you never knew. "Cast your bread upon the waters. . . ." She gave a quick mechanical smile and said, "I hope Mr. Battersby's taking good care of you."

"Excellent, so far," said Penelope.

"That's right. So jolly, isn't it, to see so many of our Old Boys here tonight. Mr. Battersby's splendid. He keeps in touch with them all. Such a cheery little function, and we're so fortunate in having such a nice big room. This was Lord Sopwith's house, you know. So nice for the boys. Oh, you'll forgive me, won't you, I must just speak to dear old Worthington-Jones. Was captain of our cricket team, you know, and went on to Merchester—such a fine school. Now a chartered accountant doing ever so well. Oh—Worthington-Jones. . . ."

"Come and be refreshed—after all that," said Battersby.

"She seems—well-meaning," said Penelope.

"She's been playing us up rather, lately. Cold breakfasts and cheese in silver paper at supper—one piece each so that you can't take more. But she's a good sort and works harder than anyone. She ought to be in bed now—varicose veins."

"Ugh," said Penelope and wondered how it looked, that

noble job of bringing up the youth of England, when you were stout and grey and stood there grinning, with a fifty-nine-and-sixpenny frock that you had worn all summer over your legs and their aching grapes of veins. Perhaps you wished then that you hadn't bothered about what was noble but had married a man who sold motor cars or played tame cat to a Cabinet Minister, and kept your legs smooth and slim and your smile spontaneous. "Now what will you have?" said George James Battersby.

Penelope looked at the table. There were sandwiches labelled "Potted Meat" and sandwiches labelled "Ham." There were lemon and orange jellies and pink and white and chocolate blancmanges. There were no sandwiches labelled "Caviar" or asparagus heads rolled in dainty slices of brown bread and butter. There were no cheese straws. In fact, there was nothing really eatable, but she said with a good grace, "I'd like a potted meat sandwich, please."

"And something to drink," said Battersby and poured out two glasses of claret cup. "I'm afraid this isn't much of a show."

Penelope said that it was a lovely show, but her tone must have been unconvincing for he replied in a disheartened voice that he was afraid that she was being kind. He didn't feel that he could take her back to dance in that gaunt room on that unspeakable floor and a better idea occurred to him. "Get your coat," he said, "and let's go down to the lodge. I live there, and I'd like to show you my books and things." While she was fetching her coat he began to feel more cheerful. He had left a bright fire in his rooms, and it always looked nice with his dear books and his photographs of mountains and his Van Gogh reproductions.

They walked down the wet drive to the mossy-roofed lodge that lurked among the laurels at the gate. He took out his latchkey, pushed the door open and led the way into the lobby that smelled of mackintoshes. He opened a door on his left, switched on the light, and there, above the mantelpiece, soared the fluted ice peak of Chowolungmo . . . in a moment she'd be forgetting the rotten show he'd asked her to, as she watched his finger trace his route up the ice wall.

"That's my mountain," he said, and noticed that the fire was out.

"Bother," he said, "the fire's out," and he realized then that in the sort of house to which she was accustomed fires never died on you; from time to time noiseless footmen entered and piled logs on. Probably she had never had even to make up a fire.

He seized the morning's newspaper, thrust it into the grate, ran out for a faggot and had soon kindled a crackling blaze. He didn't know that he had also blacked his face and disarranged his lock of mouse-coloured hair. "Those are my books," he said, indicating the shelves built in on either side of the fireplace. "I've got a first edition of the *Shropshire Lad* and most of the cheap books from the Poetry Book Shop." He pulled the little books out and laid them on the sofa beside her.

It was pathetic, she thought . . . "my books . . . my books" . . . and then this tiny penurious collection—you'd have a job to notice the addition, she thought, were it transferred to her father's vast and valuable library. And the way he had laid them beside her as though they were heaven's embroidered cloths . . . ! And only two months or so ago she had refused Lord Stepchurch and his fifty thousand a year and his six great houses. . . .

She had to do something about the little books so she opened one of them and read a poem about a bull. Battersby said, "One day those books will be jolly valuable."

"I expect they will," she said gently.

"And how do you like my Van Goghs?"

"Oh, I've always liked that one," she said. "It's my favourite. Father's got the original."

Silence fell like a stone between them.

That's torn it, she thought, but it must have come sooner or later . . . no use going on and bumping our heads against the stone wall that's waiting for us. Life's gone wrong, somewhere, she thought, and the silly things are the things that matter. The hero's as out of date and useless as the horse in this fine modern world of ours. What could she say? She was glad that he spoke first.

"You know Landor's line: 'There is a mountain and a wood between us.' There is, isn't there?"

"Yes."

He turned and faced her. "I've climbed a lot of mountains. . . ."

"Yes, but different mountains. Solid under your feet. Not treacherous mountains that shouldn't exist . . . that don't really exist, but are there. . . ."

With a difficult smile he said, "I've always hated turning back. Can't we try?"

She shook her head. "What is it climbers say: *Es geht nicht*."

"I was a fool," he said, "not to realise it. Of course you want the nice path through the crocus meadows—the pretty little walk. Well, you can have it." He looked round his poor beloved room and remembered, "All beauty in a narrow room may be." But that wasn't the kind of beauty people wanted, and you couldn't blame them. We're not spirits yet, but must see and feel.

"We'll go back then."

When they reached the house the band—if you could call it one—was playing the "Barcarolle" he'd asked for, churning it out like a head-mistress obliged to read Swinburne aloud. George James Battersby felt suddenly that he had made a fool of himself and was glad when Penelope said that she had a long drive before her and must go.

He saw her to her car, said good-bye and let her say thank you, and watched the rear light of her car slide away between the laurels. Why worry? he thought; she was just one of those who hadn't a heart for anything beyond the meadow paths, and with a dull ache inside him he went indoors and thrust his way heartily into the circle that was singing *Auld Lang Syne*.

Penelope drove swiftly and surely through the environs of Beachcombe Regis. Why worry? she thought. He was just one of the splendid impossible things. I've seen the Matterhorn . . . I've met George Battersby . . . but leave it there; keep the hero in the history book, let's stay at the bottom of the mountain, for your withered laurels, my hero, won't fetch you three ha'pence and it's cold where you're walking, up there among the stars.

JAPAN AND THE PHILIPPINES

BY WILLARD PRICE

BRITISH sentiment is inclined to the opinion that if America wishes to quit the Philippines it is her own affair. True. But if Japan occupies the Philippines it is Great Britain's affair too.

The future status of the islands is of little concern to America, once she is out. But it is of profound significance to Great Britain.

America shows a strong inclination to withdraw from the western Pacific, falling back upon her defences at Hawaii. She leans toward a devil-take-the-hindmost policy so far as the Orient is concerned. Her interests in China, only one-sixth of those of Great Britain, are not considered worth going to war about. Rid of the Philippines, she will have no Achilles' heel left in the Far East. She is not so vitally dependent upon foreign trade as is Great Britain. If she prefers to withdraw into her own shell, she has a large enough shell to accommodate her for a century to come. Moreover, America may not greatly suffer by the advance of Japan, already one of America's best customers, and becoming a better one with every forward step she takes in Asia.

The position of Great Britain is entirely different. Great Britain cannot withdraw from the western Pacific. To do so would jeopardize the safety of Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea, Borneo, the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States, Hongkong, British interests in China, and the far-flung mandates and possessions of Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand in the South Seas. Such a retreat would also endanger India.

Singapore is Britain's promise that she will hold her ground. It seemed, when projected, a sufficient answer to any overweening ambitions east of Suez. But there have been many changes

during the thirteen years since it was begun. Japan, grown strong, has pressed westward and southward. And now America has stepped out of her way.

On the map the Philippine archipelago looks somewhat like a large key fitted into a lock composed of Australia, the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, French Indo-China and China. Who holds this key may unlock the treasures of southern Asia. The archipelago is placed like a reviewing stand before which all ships bound north to China must pass. Whoever controls the Philippines may dictate Chinese trade, and Chinese destiny. The northern end faces Hongkong, the southern end Singapore. For the Philippine labyrinth concatenates over a length equal to the distance from London to Algiers, and its total coastline is greater than that of continental United States.

The Philippine group is, economically, one of the most valuable pieces of territory in the world. Americans have not undertaken its development, because of uncertainty whether America would remain in the islands. The Japanese are not moving uncertainly. As soon as America made clear her intention to leave, the American Institute of Mining received word that Japanese interests were endeavouring to sign contracts for the entire gold output of the islands. Since that time trial shipments have been made to Japan. There has been lively interest in Japan over the recent discovery of chromite in such large deposits that the Philippines promise to be the world's chief source of chromium, invaluable to the armament makers. An Osaka concern in February of this year started off with an order worth £100,000. The iron ore is the best in the Far East and is desperately needed by Japan, especially in the contingency of war.

There is economic affinity between Japan and the Philippines. Japan, an industrial nation, needs raw materials. The Philippines can supply them. The two fit as hand and glove. The Japanese hand which will slip into and actuate the Philippine glove promises to bring a certain warming life as well as stern control. Thousands of manufactured articles, necessities, comforts, luxuries, will flow in at prices that the Filipinos can afford to pay—prices one half or one quarter those of similar articles from America. And the stuff of which these articles are made

will flow from the Philippines to Japan. The industrial age of the Philippines is still perhaps a century off. During that time the Filipinos will farm and mine while the Japanese will fabricate: a rather ideal comity with a minimum of competition. Being near neighbours helps, of course. Steamers from San Francisco to the Philippines take about three weeks. From the nearest Japanese territories (Palau on the east, Formosa on the north), one day. From Japan proper, less than a week. Air travel will make the time factor negligible. A plane hopped from Japan to Manila to be present as a sort of genial ghost of the future at the inauguration ceremonies. The trip was by way of Formosa and took two days; it could have been made non-stop in nine hours.

No statecraft can nullify geography. No revival of America's go-getter methods in foreign trade, when such revival comes, as it will, of course, can alter the fact that the Philippines are more than eight thousand miles from San Francisco, five thousand even from Hawaii, but only eighty from the nearest important Japanese territory. The Philippine Batan Islands are but eighty miles from Formosa. Because of proximity, because of interlocking needs, Japan-Philippines trade is a "natural."

Even before "independence," Japan had outdistanced all other countries, except the United States, in supplying the Philippine market. And she will now very soon show her heels to the American exporter. American restrictions on imports will, of course, stop exports—for trade is a two-way tide. There cannot be give without take. If big brother will no longer accept little brown brother's sugar, there is no reason left for the latter to pay big brother \$50 for a bicycle when he can get one from his new guardian for \$3. Japanese piece goods have already so far outstripped American that a fifty-fifty quota agreement has been necessary. Japan subscribed to it and American piece goods men celebrated their victory. But man-made agreements will not dam a natural tide. And in January of this year the United States Department of Commerce expressed alarm over the fact that, although Japan has kept her promise regarding cotton, she is slashing prices of non-cotton goods. The result is that while American cotton manufacturers are unable to move vast surpluses, the Filipino is dressing in rayon.

What the Filipino shall wear, eat, read, put in his home, is increasingly dictated by the Japanese. Ironically, the Chinese helped to bring this about. They were formerly the shopkeepers of the Philippines. They patriotically but short-sightedly boycotted Japanese goods. Japan's reply was decisive. Japanese bazaars blossomed out almost overnight in cities and towns from Manila to Zamboanga. The display, the goods, the prices, were commanding. An official report to Washington this year estimates that 35 per cent. of the retail trade of the Philippines is now in Japanese hands. Since there is absolutely no effective competition, there is nothing to prevent the prophecy of a leading Japanese exporter from coming true; he forecasts that 1940 will see 80 per cent. of Philippine retail business operated by Japanese.

American capital and all other foreign capital is flowing out, except Japanese, which is flowing in. Hemp holdings are being increased, lumbering and mining concessions purchased. Some American interests are desperately hanging on, hoping against hope that both America and the Philippines will do a little rethinking before it is too late. Judge John W. Hausserman, called "the gold king of the Philippines," president of the Benguet Consolidated Mining Company, clutches at straws: "We will not," he says, "permit ourselves to harbour the thought that all that has been brought to the islands in the way of American civilization is to go for naught."

But while the gold king refuses to "harbour the thought," Japanese civilization has already actually taken the place of American civilization in Mindanao, richest and second largest of all the islands. The chief industry, hemp, and the second industry, lumber, are almost entirely in Japanese hands. The city of Davao is an equatorial Yokohama. Americans are as rare and as much an object of curiosity as in a city of Japan. There are 15,000 Japanese in Davao Province. Eighty per cent. of the imports of the province are from Japan. The Japanese industries built seventy per cent. of the roads of the province. Although it is legally impossible for aliens to hold land in the Philippines, clever Philippine lawyers in return for good fees have found ways to place half of the 164,000 acres of cultivable land in Davao Province under Japanese control. The Japanese

are conducting their enterprises with great energy and efficiency. To them, not to Americans, belongs the credit for the amazing development of Mindanao.

"But we have only begun," the Japanese manager of a great hemp concern told me. "We are trying through the Japanese Government to persuade more immigrants to come. Five Japanese steamship lines call at this island and fares have been cut below cost—the government makes up the difference. The climate here is well suited to Japanese. The heat is rarely as great as during the summer in Japan. Rain is plentiful and anything will grow. There is plenty of room—while there are 404 people to the square mile in Japan there are only 14 to the square mile here. Less than ten per cent. of the land has been cultivated. There are two million square miles of Mindanao still marked on the map 'Unexplored'!"

Not only economically do the Philippines seem to be made-to-measure for Japan—but strategically as well. Congress, unable to ignore this fact, went through the motion of meeting it by stipulating in Section 11 of the Tydings-McDuffie Independence Law: "The President is requested, at the earliest practicable date, to enter into negotiations with foreign Powers with a view to the conclusion of a treaty for the perpetual neutralization of the Philippine Islands, if and when Philippine independence shall have been achieved."

Neutralization. How neat! Japan smiles and says, through her spokesman, that while she is not necessarily opposed to the idea, perhaps the Filipinos themselves would not like it. For neutralization means humiliation.

There is not a little truth in this suggestion, and the proud Filipino cannot fail to be stung by it. It is only the weak sister whose safety is guaranteed—a Belgium, a China. Are the Philippines to be placed in this category? And, pride aside, what price would have to be paid for such neutralization? "A treaty of neutralization would undoubtedly lead to a demand from the guaranteeing Powers for equal opportunities of trade in the Philippine Islands," objects Pio Duran, Professor of Law in the University of the Philippines. "The example of China furnishes an excellent index to the consequences of guaranteed equal treatment of all nations. . . . By virtue of the operation

of the Open Door Policy, China could no longer exercise her sovereign right to enter into such treaties and agreements respecting her commercial intercourse as she might deem wise to conclude. Her international policies were subjected to the combined veto power of the very nations that pretended to save her from being partitioned." The Nine-Power Treaty was the Open Door Policy made formal and binding. The Powers were bound not to invade China and China was bound not to enter into commercial treaties with any one nation or group of nations—a hand-cuffing to which no free nation would submit. "The Filipinos should reject such a treaty," says Professor Duran, "because it would reduce the Philippines to a state of virtual economic bondage identical with that in which China finds herself today. From the status of an American Colony, the Philippines should not plunge herself into a state of international servility."

Another Filipino leader remarks that a neutralization treaty would only mean three masters for the Philippines, the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. Others become still more realistic and eliminate the first two names from the list. A neutralization treaty, they say, would deliver the Philippines to Japan; just as the Nine-Power Treaty kept the other Powers out of China and cleared the road for Japan to go in. A "Keep-off-the-grass" sign is convenient for the person who ignores it. While the timid public is held at bay, he may have the grass to himself.

Whether this view is correct, certain it is that treaties, in these latter days, are being regularly subordinated to "national necessity." Needs, not treaties, will dictate the future of the Philippines. America's needs are evidently slight, since she is willing to abandon them. Great Britain does not seek more colonies. Nor does France or Holland, whose outposts neighbour the Philippines. Australia has not solved the problem of its own great open spaces. But Japan has definite needs, and when occasion offers to fill her needs she is not accustomed to stand upon ceremony.

I found Filipinos of all classes spinning in a whirlpool of uncertainty as to what they should do next. The whirlpool throws off four tangential currents. One is toward the per-

fection of "independence," but this is dropping enthusiasts. It remains, of course, the only one of the four that is publicly espoused. Anything else were treason.

The second trend, toward Japan, is quietly gaining. There are converts to the doctrine of "Asia for the Asiatics" with its corollary of Japanese leadership.

Cultures are also related, and are to become more so through the work of such organizations as the recently-formed Philippine Society of Japan, headed by Marquis Tokugawa of the House of Peers. Plans include the exchange of professors and students, exchange of radio programmes and motion picture films, and all other means by which Japanese and Filipinos may grow to have more in common. There is an ably financed Japanophile movement in the Philippines. Of old, the Filipinos studied Spanish; then English, during the American regime. Now the trend is slightly but increasingly away from both languages toward Japanese.

Free trade with Japan to make good the loss of free trade with America has been suggested by the Japanese Consul-General to the Philippines. The suggestion received the hoots of politicians and the sober consideration of business men. There would be advantages in a preferential arrangement with Japan—more reason for avoiding neutralization which would make such favouritism impossible.

But in addition to this strong current there is another current. It is heading back toward America. It is a bitter river of after-thoughts. The truth is that the Philippine question is far from settled. In fact, it is now for the first time unsettled. It has been settled for thirty-eight years that the Filipinos wanted independence above everything else on earth. Orators have shouted that they would rather be governed like hell by themselves than like heaven by Americans. Now, glimpsing hell, they are not so sure. They see economic trouble ahead, strife among factions, the shadow of Japan.

Under the light American hand the Filipinos had in many ways more freedom than the citizens of the United States. Today that freedom is being taken in, little by little. American bosses are going home, jobs are lost, young men are being drafted into an army that everybody admits is useless against

the only nation whose existence gives any reason for it. Can it be that freedom and independence may be contradictory terms? Is it possible that the Philippines must choose between being free under the United States but not independent, or independent like Manchukuo but not free? In that case, back to America!

This wistful looking back also has a temperamental basis. The Filipino enjoyed his distress as a captive; but there is no zest in being an outcast. The willingness, not to say the glee, of America in cutting him adrift has shocked him into sensibility. In the cold dawn of independence he cannot escape the fact that he and his sugar and his vegetable oil have been classed by America as undesirables. Evidently America considers that she gains more than she loses by Philippine independence. That must mean that the Philippines lose more than they gain. This sickening realization has much to do with the powerful back-eddy now setting in toward America.

But there are others who look to Great Britain. This is the fourth current, welling up from hope only, not from any assurances on the part of Great Britain. But it is believed that Great Britain must be alive to the challenge of the new situation to her interests. While the Philippine watch-tower of the western Pacific was American, Britain was sure of access to China. Also, her land bridge from Singapore to Australia was safe. Might not Britain even be persuaded, these Filipinos ask, to accept the guardianship of this rich land?

Australian papers remark with concern the steady increase of Japanese population and influence in Australia despite exclusion. Nature abhors a vacuum, and there is considerable outside pressure upon vacant Australia. The great empty north must be utilized, and that soon, or a teeming Asia will become querulous. The Prime Minister recently mentioned the possibility of re-admitting British immigrants on the ground that the present population is inadequate to hold the continent. There are these signs of uneasiness, but there is not yet full realization of the fact that the destiny of the Philippines may determine the destiny of Australia—that a Japanese thrust southward from a Philippine base, coincident with a European crisis occupying the attention of the British Navy, would end the anomaly of a white continent in the Pacific.

All these facts will gain sharper focus during the ten-year transition period* leading to the completion of independence for the Philippines. It is more than possible that America will become eager to re-admit the Philippines. But here is the irony of it. It will be too late. Conditions will have changed. For every day Japan will be enlarging her interest in the islands, filling in the place temporarily abandoned by America—but not temporarily filling it in. So when the time comes that the disgruntled partners are ready to make up, or a new partnership is clearly desired, it will be impossible. Except through war with Japan. Japan is the only beneficiary of Philippine independence.

The Japanese conquest of the Philippines, unlike the American, will probably not be sudden or sensational. It will be a conquest by miners and merchants. As Japanese interests grow larger, the protection of them will become more important. That a score of races scattered over 7,083 islands and speaking ninety different languages and dialects should all work together in peace and harmony is hardly to be expected. There will be disturbances. But the Japanese heartily dislike disorder. They may feel impelled to restore peace—and to maintain it thenceforth. Such are the simple annals of empire.

THIRTY THOUSAND WHALES

BY D. DILWYN JOHN

THERE has been a dispute between the British and Norwegian companies who share between them almost the whole of the modern whaling industry in the Antarctic. They fish in those farthest and most inhospitable seas because in no others are there left whale populations big enough to make fishing pay: whalers did not go to the Antarctic until they were bound to.

The Blue and Fin whales of Antarctic seas are chased by fast steam "catchers," vessels beautiful for their purpose, quick-turning, about 120 ft. in length; they are killed and caught by harpoons weighing one hundredweight fired from a gun in the bows. The hunting unit comprises five to seven catchers feeding a large parent ship, a floating factory up to 20,000 tons or more, which takes the entire carcasses on deck and boils them down on board. There were twenty-three such units in the season 1934-5. If there were no restrictions to this industry, no one, knowing the history of older whale fisheries, could doubt that the last great population of whales left in the world would be in danger, not indeed of extinction but of something approaching it.

The dispute has concerned the method of restriction and how the catch should be shared by the British and Norwegians, but it is implied that both agree to the taking of something over 2,200,000 barrels. Let us see how many whales are needed to fill this enormous number of barrels. The Antarctic yield in the season 1934-5 was 2,340,723 barrels, a figure lying between those the Norwegians and British suggest for the coming season. To obtain it 30,183 whales were killed. So there is implied this much agreement between the British and Norwegian interests: that something approaching 30,000 whales should be taken from Antarctic waters during the coming season. It is satisfactory that there should be an agreement to limit the catch,

but far from satisfactory that the limit should be so high. Some figures are available of the numbers of Greenland Right whales taken in the good years of fishing in the Atlantic sector of the Arctic. The Dutch fleet is recorded as having taken an average of 116 whales a year in Davis Strait in the middle period of the eighteenth century. British ships made bigger catches farther north in the early years of the next century. In the four years 1827-30 they took an average of 848 whales a year. These numbers taken during the good years, so small compared with the 30,000 whales a year from Antarctic seas, were yet too much. The industry declined; it dragged on, getting smaller and smaller, until the early years of this century, when it died, leaving in the Arctic only an insignificant fraction of the great numbers of Right whales which once lived there.

The Antarctic is a far vaster sea than the Arctic, and there can be no doubt that its original whale population was very much bigger. But can 30,000 whales be taken from there in one year without permanent damage to the stock? Before answering that question we must see what the history of modern Antarctic whaling has been. It started only thirty-two years ago. There were then no self-contained floating factories with their attendant catchers, the whole capable of remaining at sea for the period of the whaling season. The industry was tied to the land because shore bases were necessary. They were either factories built on land, or large ships anchored in sheltered bays—floating factories, but floating factories that remained stationary for the season. Each kind of base had its complement of four or five whale catchers which hunted in the seas nearby. The personnel was almost entirely Norwegian. The only land in the Antarctic with suitable harbours are the islands to the south-west of the Atlantic which are dependencies of the Falkland Islands, and therefore British land. The most northerly of these is South Georgia, a rugged mountainous island rising to 8,000 feet and about 100 miles long. Its coasts are free of pack-ice the whole year round, and on one side afford some fine natural harbours. It was at the head of these that five land factories were built. The floating factories went yearly to anchor in the harbours of islands farther south—the South Orkneys and South Shetland Islands. They are completely snow- and ice-clad and surrounded

by pack-ice in most winters. This industry, based on the use of land or of harbours in British territory, was amenable to control and was controlled from the beginning, for the Colonial Government kept always in mind the danger that overfishing might take place. The numbers of companies and catchers were limited, the whalers were forbidden to take whale calves or mothers accompanied by calves, and they were required to avoid waste in the use of the carcasses. Each company was required to send to the British Museum (Natural History) the date of capture, the species, the sex, the length and other details of each whale killed so that the Museum authorities might know what was being taken from the stock. After the war it was decided that nothing but long-continued researches on the whaling grounds, comparable with our permanent fishery researches in the North Sea, would supply the biological facts needed for controlling the industry in such a way that killing was limited to what the stock could stand. A fund was built up from the industry by means of leases, licences and the taxation of whale oil, and the "Discovery" investigations came about. Their researches have been continuous since 1925.

Whaling went on in this way, in a restricted region of the Antarctic, until less than ten years ago. In the season 1926-7 one knew what to expect at a whaling station in South Georgia: matters would be ordered as in previous years. The transport ship from Norway would arrive at the beginning of the season with men and stores; the catchers would be manned and whaling would begin. Half-way through the season the transport would sail for Europe with the products up to that date, to return again near the end of the season to take men and final products home. If other ships came with additional stores the whole island would know of them beforehand. Two years later it was very different.

It had been found that it was possible for floating factories, such as those that previously lay at anchor all the season, to go forth with their catchers and deal with the whales they brought them in the sheltered water along the broken edge, or in the ever-shifting bays, of the pack-ice which fringes the Antarctic continent. In this way the whole mobile unit could go where whales were abundant and could shift at will to better grounds.

It was in the season 1928-29 that this method was first fully exploited. One in South Georgia then, who had known it before, was the witness of what resembled a gold rush. The floating factories that had previously gone to anchor in the islands farther south made S. Georgia their last call before going to the new whaling ground—the ice-edge. There were new factory ships, and old cargo vessels hastily converted into factories. With each came its complement of four or five whale catchers. Transport-ships, with rendezvous at the ice-edge with the factories they served, came and went. Whaling had again become a high-sea industry. So rapid was its growth that within a few years it spread around three-quarters of the circumference of the Antarctic continent. In 1930-31 whales were hunted all along the ice-edge, from south of America east-about (below Africa and Australia) to the Ross Sea, south of New Zealand. Only the Pacific sector of the Antarctic was not touched.

The older smaller industry using territorial bases in the Falkland Dependencies had been amenable to restriction by one authority. This new and larger high sea industry under various flags, though mostly British and Norwegian, was at first free of restriction. So great was the production in 1930-31—3,420,410 barrels from 37,465 whales—and so great the drop in the price of oil that the Norwegian fleet abstained from fishing the following season. In September, 1931, an International Convention for the Regulation of Whaling was made at Geneva. Only those of its provisions which have an application to Blue and Fin whales will be noticed here. It prohibited the killing of calves, immature whales or mothers accompanied by calves; it required the fullest possible use to be made of the carcasses taken; it laid down that whaling employees, in so far as they were paid by results, should be so paid that the taking of the largest whales and the making of the fullest use of them should be encouraged; it required that each factory should record certain observations (such as the species, length and sex) on every whale taken, and provided that these should be sent to an International Bureau for Whaling Statistics at Oslo. These are most valuable measures, but they do not constitute a far-reaching control of the industry.

It has in some measure controlled itself. The Norwegian

fleet agreed to abstain from whaling in the season 1931-32. In the following two seasons the Norwegian and some British and other companies agreed to restrict the catch by quota. Nevertheless the number of whales taken from the Antarctic in each of these years exceeded 23,000. In the last two seasons restriction has been by means of a shortened fishing season, observed by all the Norwegian and some of the British companies in the first season, by all of both in the second; in the second season there was at the same time a quota agreement between most of the companies. The ends do not make it appropriate to speak of the means as "restriction," for in the first of these two seasons more than 30,000 whales were taken, and the yield of the second was slightly greater than that of the first.

We may now return to the question: Can 30,000 whales be taken from the Antarctic without danger of permanent damage to the stock? The industry is thirty years old. An enormous number of data concerning it are available. There are the returns the industry itself has been required to make, giving details of the individual whales in its catches. There are the numerous data collected by the "Discovery" investigations. Do they show that overfishing is taking place? Unfortunately, they do.

The first sign of overfishing is a progressive decrease in the size of the animals caught, as the older larger individuals, which are exposed to danger for the longer time, get killed off. In the Ross Sea, where whaling started only in 1923, there was in the three seasons 1926-29 a continuous fall in the average length of the Blue whales taken there: in 1926 it was more than 85, in 1929 less than 81, feet. Four months ago, a letter from a member of the "Discovery" staff appeared in *Nature* dealing with the same question for the whole of the Antarctic in the years 1930-35, the years of pelagic whaling along the ice-edge from the longitude of South America east-about to that of Western Australia. In that short period the average length of female Blue whales killed (based on totals varying from 4,500 to 7,250 a year) has fallen from 82.36 to 79.88 feet, and the fall was much more rapid in the last year than in the others. The "Discovery" researches show that the latter length is near that at which female Blue whales, at the age of two years, begin to reproduce themselves. Surely this is warning enough. If intensive fishing

goes on, larger and larger numbers of Blue whales must be killed before they have an opportunity to make the contribution of but one calf to the whale stock, and the deterioration must rapidly become worse and worse.

The industry itself has seen and admitted the danger, and representatives of the British and Norwegian Governments and whaling companies met in 1935 to discuss methods of restriction and control. Yet they appear to be agreed to take during the coming season at least as many whales as they have in all but one exceptional season in the past. Blue whales arrive on the fishing grounds before Fin whales and have in previous years formed by far the greater part of the early season catch. One of the purposes of the shortened fishing period agreed to for the last two seasons was to protect the stock of Blue whales by postponing the beginning of the operations from October to December. But the number of Blue whales taken in each of these seasons was not less, but greater than in all previous seasons but one. At the same time the number of Fin whales (over 11,600 in each season) was considerably more than twice as much as in any previous year. There were more factories and catchers in these seasons than in any since 1930-31; both are constantly being made more efficient.

The present control of the industry does not begin to preserve the stock: it does not even prevent expansion; the most that can be said for it is that it probably curbs it. Nothing can save the whales and, in the long run the industry, but far more severe restriction. No more of each species should be killed in a year than that species can replace in the same time.

It was well that the chief partners, England and Norway, should confer. Other nations are beginning to whale: a Japanese factory ship appeared in the Antarctic last year, and the Germans are building another. In peace time the principal use of whale oil is for soap-making, with glycerine as a by-product. During the war glycerine for explosives was the primary product.

MEDICAL ETHICS

BY DR. HARRY ROBERTS

MEDICAL orthodoxy and medical conservatism today, thanks largely to Mr. Bernard Shaw, have small honour in many cultivated and influential circles. But lay criticism is apt to be somewhat belated. It is a habit of the heterodox to stick up as a target for their shots a whole lot of doctrines and dying dogmas that the intelligent orthodox have long since scrapped or reconditioned. In the year 1936 it is extremely easy to make fun of the common beliefs of 1900. Medical orthodoxy today, as expressed in presumptions, is very unlike the medical orthodoxy, similarly expressed, of even twenty years ago; for it, like everything else, changes with the times, and with the growth of established knowledge. The worst that can be charged against it is that it tends to cling on a little too long to the spar that has kept it afloat so far, unduly mistrusting the seaworthiness of the boat that has come to its rescue.

In the centuries behind us, doctors were not peculiar in their scepticism as to the advantages of suggested innovations. Few of these—even of those whose utility time has confirmed—could claim a basis in what we now understand as science; but the medical profession is very open-eared today. No novelty is so heretical that, if it produces even plausible credentials, it cannot be sure of a fair, judicial hearing. Never before, in the whole history of medicine, have doctors been so well equipped with real knowledge, combined with critical receptivity, as they are at this present time. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, incredulity and cynicism have, among our intelligentsia, developed even more rapidly than have knowledge and skill among the doctors. The ancient bluff of the practitioners of medicine is being recognised and being called, just when increasingly that bluff is being voluntarily surrendered. More than a hundred years ago, Charles Colton

observed that “no men despise physic so much as physicians, because no men so thoroughly understand how little it can perform.” Hitherto, doctors have, for the most part, made their ironic pronouncements only within esoteric professional circles. Lately, some of the bolder and more “exhibitionist” physicians have come out into the journalistic market-place and honestly and stridently proclaimed to the public their repudiation of the semi-divine status assigned to them by disappearing convention. This candour has not yet proved so helpful in raising the status of the profession as might have been hoped. No matter how unsound its basis, it is dogmatism that secures the confidence of nine patients out of ten—even among those we call the cultivated. It is to the slightly diminished self-assurance, the slightly increased intellectual modesty of the better sort of twentieth century doctor, that much of the present-day success of the swell “irregulars” is due.

As Dr. Gregory, nearly two hundred years ago, felt compelled to acknowledge, “Some impelled by necessity, some stimulated by vanity, and others anxious to conceal conscious ignorance, have had recourse to various means and unworthy arts to raise their importance among the ignorant, who are always the most numerous part of mankind. Some of these arts have been an affectation of mystery in all their writings and conversations relating to their profession; an affectation of profound knowledge, inscrutable to all, except the adepts in the science; an air of perfect confidence in their own skill and abilities; and a demeanour solemn, stately, and highly expressive of self-importance.” Nevertheless, the layman may reasonably be asked to halt before concluding that every time the physician in act or word bends truth to meet the curves and zig-zags of expediency, he is impelled by motives purely self-regarding. Medicine has been defined as an art of dilemmas, and its practitioners are constantly being called upon for prompt action. A choice must be made and a decision taken long before the contemplative faculty can be furnished with all the possibly relevant facts. Every medical rule, therefore, has continually to be broken—a compromise to circumstance. “When in obscure and dangerous places, we must not contemplate, we must act, it may be on the instant.” In these circumstances words tend to

be used much as drugs and surgical instruments are used, that is, to produce desired results, rather than as means of conveying truth.

Unfortunately this is not the whole truth.

It is often said that the standard of medical conduct, both inter-professional and as between doctor and patient, has become more sordid, more commercialised, in the last quarter of a century—that is, since the starting of the Health Insurance system—than it was before. My own experience leads me to the opposite conclusion. I was in active medical practice for about seventeen years before the Health Insurance Act was introduced, and I have been in busy practice ever since. To the competent and conscientious doctor, so far as professional conduct goes, times and systems make little difference. According to his lights, he does his best for his patient, and plays the game by his medical colleagues as well as he can, whether the conditions of his work are easy or hard. But such men do not constitute the majority in any trade, profession, or occupation in the world. In the conduct of most, circumstances and self-preservative expediences play a determining part.

One of the earliest inter-professional incidents with which I was brought into personal contact was when, at about the age of 23, I bought a small practice in West Cornwall. I had swallowed, perhaps not quite holus-bolus, the exhortations of my medical seniors to observe the code the words of which have been so carefully reiterated for generations, and their assurance that I might expect the same observance from my professional neighbours. I had been called in to see a sick person who, so far as I knew, “belonged” to no other doctor. Actually, I was being made a convenience of, owing to my “fellow-practitioner” being absent at a picnic. Next day, he called on the patient and, seeing on the chest of drawers a bottle of medicine obviously not of his prescribing, made enquiries, and ascertained its sinister source. “Thank God you’ve only taken one dose of this stuff!” he shouted to the patient, as he hurled the bottle through the bedroom window. “Another dose, and neither I nor any other doctor would have been much good to you.” Needless to say, on my “colleague’s” instructions, a note was sent to me telling me that I need not call again.

But it was not only as between doctor and doctor that the Hippocratic ethic was often strained. My own predecessor in that Cornish practice was a very fat man, who used to do his round on horseback. It was not easy for him to get on and off his horse; and it was still more difficult for him to squeeze his way up some of the narrow staircases of the old-fashioned cottages. Often his diagnosis and therapy would take some such rough and ready form as this: Riding his horse up to the entrance door, on which the foot of the staircase almost abutted, he would push the door open, shout up the short stairway, “How do you feel today, John? Put out your hand and let me feel your pulse;” when he would stretch his arm and, resting the end of his riding whip on the old man’s wrist, pronounce the situation good or bad.

Relatively harmless humbug of this kind—though usually a little less dramatic—is of course almost a daily incident in the practice of three doctors out of four. “Would you mind listening to my chest?” I one day heard a hale and hearty stevedore say to a doctor of my acquaintance. There being no stethoscope handy, the doctor picked up a rubber catheter, attached an aural speculum to one end of it, and applied the other end to his ear. “Don’t you want me to take my coat and shirt off?” asked the patient. “No,” answered the doctor, “I can hear through a brick wall with this thing.” I once had an assistant who acquired a terrific reputation for “giving you a thorough examination.” When he was not too pressed for time, this genial humbug would make every patient strip and lie full length on the couch whilst he investigated every crack and cranny of the body with the fictitious aid of all the non-cutting instruments in the cupboard. “I’ve never been properly examined before,” many an old chronic would say.

Financially tempting though so many doctors are, the profession has a good reputation for generosity. Here is a story not so untypical of medical practice as some of the criticisms levelled at doctors by champions of vicarious chivalry would lead us to suppose. It is from a contribution to *The Times* concerning the late Sir Douglas Powell:

“I recall his devoted attendance on a hopeless case many years ago, when he was at the height of his popularity and much overworked. Nevertheless he visited this case every week for many months knowing that he could

do nothing but ease pain and give comfort to the dying invalid and the lonely surviving relative. I cherish a memory of that worn ascetic figure rushing up a long flight of stairs, standing calm and serene with his rare smile by the sick bed as if he had not another patient in the world, and then as soon as the door was closed, hurrying off to another case. It was a custom of this patient, who was by no means wealthy, to have a cheque ready which was handed to him as he left the house. After many weeks he stopped one day on the doorstep and said to the relative, "Don't give me any more cheques, I only burn them."

Much of the present-day war against medical orthodoxy and medical narrow-mindedness takes the form of attacks on the General Medical Council. The constitution and the methods of the Council are certainly open to criticism, and the G.M.C. itself needs radical reconstruction; but most of the criticism actually levelled at it in the press and elsewhere is based on a misconception of its nature, its purpose, and the problems with which it has to deal. So uninformed are many of its critics, that the General Medical Council, which is a statutory body, as often as not is confused with the British Medical Association, a sort of scientific guild organisation, membership of which is entirely voluntary.

The Council was set up under the Medical Act of 1858 in order to secure the maintenance of an adequate standard of technical training in the medical schools, the effect of such training to be tested by approved examinations; and to organize the compilation of a Medical Register embodying the names of those who have undergone such a course of training and satisfactorily passed such qualifying examinations. The trained surgeons and physicians may well have favoured the formation of the Council for self-preservative rather than for social reasons; yet it is obvious that it is in the public interest that the unsophisticated shall have means of knowing whether or not a doctor has undergone an approved course of training and had a certain minimum of experience and passed certain tests of competence considered adequate by recognised leaders of the profession.

Section 29 of the Medical Act, however, provided that: "If any registered medical practitioner shall be convicted in England or Ireland of any felony or misdemeanor, or in Scotland of any crime or offence, or shall after due enquiry be judged by the General Medical Council to have been guilty of infamous conduct

in a professional respect, the General Medical Council may, if they think fit, direct the registrar to erase the name of such medical practitioner from the register." It is over the interpretation of this phrase "infamous conduct in a professional respect" that most of the disputation about, and denunciation of, the G.M.C. have revolved. The vagueness of the terminology is obvious. Many things which the Council today regards as "infamous in a professional respect" were certainly not so regarded in 1858. Personal advertising of the kind that led to the removal of Colonel Kynaston's name from the register, for instance, was almost universal amongst practitioners in the middle of the last century. So with the offence known as "covering." Long after 1858, unqualified persons were commonly employed by reputable and respected practitioners as assistants; indeed, in many large practices, the unqualified assistant did nearly all the midwifery and attended most of the Poor Law and "club" patients. Sometimes the position was reversed, the unqualified practitioner being the employer, and the registered doctor his assistant.

It was only at the very end of the last decade of the last century that the G.M.C. adopted a resolution treating as "infamous conduct in a professional respect" the action of any registered practitioner who employed an unqualified assistant as a substitute for himself in the treatment of patients. At the same time, a warning notice was sent to all registered practitioners stating that thenceforth "any registered practitioner, who by his presence, countenance, advice, assistance, or co-operation, knowingly enabled an unqualified or unregistered person (whether described as an assistant or otherwise) to attend or treat any patient, to procure or issue any certificate, notification, report, overture, document of a kindred character, or otherwise engage in medical practice as if the said person were duly qualified and registered, would be liable to be judged as guilty of 'infamous conduct in a professional respect' and to have his name erased from the Medical Register under the said enactment."

On the other hand, towards the end of the last century a Dr. Allbutt had his name removed from the register for writing a small handbook on contraception. That, of course, is no longer regarded as "infamous conduct" calling for penal

treatment. Almost automatically the Council removes from the register the name of any practitioner found guilty in an ordinary court of felony, or of adultery with a married woman who is his patient.

There is one matter about which there is a good deal of popular misconception, encouraged by men whose names have been removed from the register for advertising. The Council is debarred by its constitution from penalising the holding of any heterodox theory of medicine, or the adoption of any heterodox form of treatment. Moreover, in this country there is nothing to prevent any person, registered or unregistered, from practising medicine or surgery (with the exception of dentistry and the treatment of venereal disease) whether he is registered or unregistered; though he is, of course, liable to legal penalties if untoward results are proved to be consequent on his lack of care or competence. Towards the practitioner repeatedly found guilty of drunkenness, however, a strange tolerance is shown.

It will be seen that though, on the whole, the judicial and penal functions of the G.M.C. operate in the interests both of the medical profession and of the public, there is an unfortunate indefiniteness as to the nature of what, at any given time, will be held, by a small group of respectable Elders, to constitute infamous professional conduct. There are, also, plenty of technical criticisms to which the actual "trials" are open. Evidence is not taken on oath and, consequently, lies and libels can be uttered without fear of subsequent proceedings for perjury. A practitioner charged with an offence has no power before the trial to compel the divulgence of evidence that will be brought against him, nor has he any power to subpoena witnesses on his behalf. Opportunities for blackmailing and for vindictive charges are obviously many. It is, however, over certain decisions relating to charges of "covering" that the public indignation has raged most fiercely—the case of Dr. Axham being perhaps the outstanding example. Most of us disagree with the Council's action in that case, but the problem raised was not, and is not, so simple as Mr. Bernard Shaw would have us believe. If doctors are not to be allowed directly to advertise themselves—and it certainly is in the public interest that such advertising shall not be allowed—there is good reason

for prohibiting such indirect methods as professional co-operation with an unregistered practitioner who is free to advertise the joint venture to his heart's content. The fact that some of these unregistered practitioners, such as Sir Herbert Barker, are peculiarly expert in some special technique does not simplify, but rather confuses and complicates, the problem. The line separating the ignorant and fraudulent charlatan from more competent and more honest irregular bone-setters, or psychotherapists, or other "specialists," is not easily to be drawn.

Admitting, however, that occasionally professional prejudice and an antiquated and unimaginative point of view lead to the penalising of enterprise and originality, the fact remains that, with very rare exceptions, the decisions of the General Medical Council are such as most unbiased persons, if familiar with the facts, would agree to be both just and expedient, whether regarded from the point of view of the profession or from that of society.

A CLERICAL PARADE

BY HORACE THOROGOOD

IT is difficult to realize, as one goes about rural England today, with its carefully-tended churches and the evidences everywhere of cordial relations between clergy and people, what different conditions prevailed a few centuries ago. The cold historical references fail to give us any vivid sense of them. It is only when one happens upon contemporary records that the distance of time is pierced, letting through glimpses of the reality.

The churches themselves, though so many that still stand have existed through centuries of good and evil times, show little evidence of their humiliations, as if the vagaries of men, though they might be noticed, were not worth remembering. Here and there, where, through special circumstances, neglect has continued down to modern times, one may come across a rural church which looks as if the pride had been beaten out of it by adversity. There is one of these ancients at Faxon, in Northamptonshire, a derelict village in the fields with no road to it, where a few years ago the cows used to keep the bell ringing in a tortured fashion all day by nibbling at the hay that bound the outside bell-rope. A service is held once a month to a congregation of four or five, but there is a dying air about the dilapidated structure: the past is dragging it under.

Generally, however, these venerable survivals face the future with undefeated serenity.

It is a heartening thing to see, for instance, a church like that at Chickney, in Essex, fully a thousand years old, and only occasionally used (the population having slowly ebbed away), but architecturally sound, content to be at hand for the time when human life shall steal back to the deserted countryside and need its ministrations once again. The troubles of ten

centuries have passed over it without weakening its faith or purpose.

Chickney stands in the midst of a county that suffered badly from a degenerate clergy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Searching through some old documents recently, I came across a copy of a complaint drawn up for presentation to Parliament, the date being, from internal evidence, about 1604. It was called "A Viewe of the State of the Clargie within the Countie of Essex," and was divided into two parts, the first giving the names of "the diligente and sufficiente preachers together with their severall livings and values," and the second the names of "the ministers wch be either non-Residents, Double beneficed, or noe preachers." The second list was by far the longer, and in addition to the interesting light it threw on a system which gave livings to clergymen who, in some cases, did not go near their parishes for years at a stretch, it described as remarkable a collection of reprobates and eccentrics as one could wish to find in a single gallery. The language in which their characters are set down, and their treatment of their sacred office is illustrated, has a pithy vigour that brings them vividly before the mind's eye.

How, for instance, could a livelier pen portrait than this be put into as few words?—

" . . . a comon horsleech and cowleech, and thereby offensive, and notwithstanding that complainte hathe beene made thereof in the specall Courts, yet he contynueth still practisinge the same, a verye ympfecte reader, and omytteth the hard names in readinge or ells readeth them soe absurdlie that he movethe thereby muche laughter, he is beside a notorious swerer."

One can see the uncouth fellow in his pulpit struggling with the long words, while the congregation grinned at one another and the clerk sniffed distastefully the air that the horseleech defiled. And here is a passage that causes a different, gruesome picture to leap out of the past from the yellowed pages:

"He beats his wief an anciente woman oute of doares in shamfull and cruell sorte her haire aboute her eares beinge all in goare bludd."

Several of the clergy are named as being "scarce able to read." Drunkenness, swearing and immorality are frequent accusations. "He is a drunckard, a common swerer a curser a

railer upon pticular psons even in the pulpet . . . a favorer of adoulterie . . . a verie prophane and rediculous preacher," runs one indictment. "A comon stealer of deer with grayhounds, often convented to the assises and sessions for the same" is mentioned. One is "a notorious userer and otherwise infamous."

Gambling seems to have been a favourite diversion. But the vicar who was so fond of the cards that "for wante of companie he plaieth often tymes both games himselfe and chafe if either game goe not to his mynde, as if he were plaiinge with another and had lost his monney," must have been a rare enthusiast.

For the duty of preaching there was evidently widespread distaste. A parson who had not preached for forty years is cited. One of these "dumbe preachers," as the "Viewe" terms them, is complained of for denying others to preach in his church and forbidding his people to hear sermons elsewhere. The parson at Packelsham was "alsoe scholmaster of Eaton Schole and is there residente and cometh but 2 or 3 sundaies in the yere to this benefice." As for Mr. Greenwood, vicar of Sampford and Hempsted parishes, he, poor fellow, "hathe beene lunatike manie yeares and not able to preach."

When the vicar did preach, the sermon was often calculated to shock rather than edify, as in the case of that one who is accused of "callinge honest woemen in the pulpet whoores and drabbes and tellinge fond tales there of the devill in a red cappe etc." He, it is added, was "openly infamous for havinge together more wives than one, for comon whordome with a pedlar's daughter and a tinker's wief and others of like sorte."

The humour of many of the incidents appeals to us today more than the impropriety that shocked the reporters of them. There is the case of the vicar who had not preached in his church for 30 years, yet "he hathe and still dothe much trouble a godlie preacher hired there at the chardge of the pishnrs his manner is moste comonlie to sleepe in the sermon tyme there beinge in the viewe of the people to the evill example of others." Parson Addam, vicar of Erlscolne and Whitcolne, who "seldome preacheth" and "then unpffitable, for the most parte the labours of other men,"

"begineth ofte tymes to saye service as he is goinge to his seate, he readeth the psalmes and chapters unrevendlie with his hat on his head, gapinge and yaneinge as if he were half a sleepe."

Here is a scene one would like to have witnessed. The parson concerned is "a preacher of falce Doctryne, a comon and grevous swerer, a comon gamster and a contentious person"—a difficult customer altogether, although one can catch hints, in these censorious judgments, of that absence of charity towards the failings of other people which characterized the rustic laity of those days. Of this man, it is written :

"He givinge notice to his pishnrs that he would preache there the nexte sobothe the people thereuppon beinge assembled he came rydinge unto them to the Church, the people askinge him if he would not staye to preache there he swore soe God should Judge his soule he muste and would goe seeke his dogge wch he said was stolne wch he would not loose as he said for a sermon."

There are other incidents which pull our sympathies rather to the side of the parsons, who obviously found the puritanical reproaches of their flocks hard to endure patiently. One such, "being moved by one of his pishners that praiers and fastinge mighte be used there as in other pishes," answered.

"Wherefore should we praye and faste soe muche, to muche prayer and fastinge for one thinge is not good. To another whoe asked him whie he had not prayers and fastinge in that pishe he answered saieinge careleslye tushe let us studie to gette a good market for our hoppes nowe we have lost Sturbridge fayre."

Much of this card-playing, drunkenness and other misconduct of the resident clergy of those times can be attributed to the boredom of rural life in that chill and marshy corner of the land. They were, for the most part, educated men, who could have found very little in common with their bucolic congregations. They must have been dreadfully lonely. It was no doubt more the lack of the decent society they would have preferred which drove them to the alehouse and the gaming-table. Happily, peace and goodwill reign today in the pleasant Essex villages where once parson and people lived in enmity.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

A Monthly Commentary

COMplete disappearance of all reference to the League of Nations has been a lamentable mark of these last weeks all over the Continent, at least until the present Assembly met. Only two notable voices had reminded us that such an institution existed: M. Benes, for Czechoslovakia, reaffirmed his allegiance; General Smuts in South Africa attributed the dangers which we all see rampant in armed Spain to Europe's falling away from the League's principles. Since these two men have perhaps more personal authority among those who desire a civilized order than any other statesmen now in power, at least a rallying point is maintained. For unless we can get back to the League, we are on the rapid downward way to civil war of European civilization. Fortunately, one can add the qualifying adjective "European"; for America is disposed to take warning by Europe's plight, and under the auspices of President Roosevelt is projecting what looks like a League to keep America, North and South, out of this modern barbarism.

Meanwhile, no State in Europe even pretends to look to the League for protection of its rights; perhaps not even for a judicial assertion of them. The reason is that no State in Europe can count on either England or France to incur grave risks even when the League's most vital principles are at stake. They all know that England and France will move where either feels its own existence threatened; but unless the threat is felt equally by both, there is no assurance that they will move together—if "moving" means more than making a protest. On the other hand, all States believe both Germany and Italy capable of most enterprising action, but certainly not for the League's sake.

Nobody has even thought of proposing that the League should call on its members to refrain from supplying munitions or money to either party in Spain's civil war. Probably it was felt that if this step were taken, it would be almost an incitement to those Powers which have left the League or have had dissensions with it. Diplomacy of the old school has had to take command. The French Government with excellent promptitude invited the European Powers to pledge themselves. M. Blum gave proof not only that he is a good European but that he is a capable statesman; for his public action barred the way against a torrent of pressure from his left wing supporters, urging him to take sides with the Socialist Government. His action had unexpected success; Italy acceded, probably to show good will towards France; Germany acceded, probably to conciliate favour in England. But it is also probable that Italy was influenced by a fear lest Germany might seize an occasion to acquire concessions either in the Mediterranean or on the Moorish coast; and Mussolini must have seen that by giving his assent at once he placed Hitler in the position of having to follow his lead, or alienate all European opinion.

In short, peace has been safeguarded, but not by any respect for international law or an international tribunal; and at the same moment Europe is confronted with Hitler's decision to double the military strength of Germany. This has produced swift reactions; General Gamelin's visit to Warsaw, where the Poles received him with enthusiasm, was immediately followed by the visit to France of the Polish Commander-in-Chief. Czechoslovakia intensified its preparations for defence. But in these countries, and in the others to the East and South-East of Germany, men are asking each other what prospect there is that France would act to repel German aggression in these regions, despite her treaty obligations; while it must unfortunately be taken as certain that England will not go beyond a refusal to supply an aggressor in this quarter with means to succeed. That being so, it seems clear that every Englishman who is a good European should desire to see a close understanding between France and Italy; for the prospect of united action by these two Powers, one of

The Balkan Cockpit

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The Balkan Cockpit

which at least has the disposition to initiative, will produce a less enterprising temper in Germany. On the basis of that agreement it might be possible to build up again some confidence in the League of Nations, as an institution which can guarantee to the nations composing it security against invasion of their territory.

A difficulty is created by Russia's persistent practice of "moral and intellectual" invasion, through subsidized propaganda.

**Russian
Justice**

This, however, stands on a different plane. Nations can prohibit and punish such propaganda, exactly as the Russian State would do if the like were attempted in Russia. Great Britain does not feel the need to adopt such measures. Both Germany and Italy do, and probably in both there is a secret propaganda which at a chance might have violently explosive results. Spain is cited as an awful example of what can be done through Russian influence; and we have the notable fact that conspicuous Liberals, such as Profesor Unamuno, who has suffered for his Liberalism, and Señor Madariaga, one of Spain's ablest spokesmen, have declared against the Government and for the insurrection. But it does not seem that they have declared against it because it was inspired by Russian ideas; rather because it did not give ordinary protection to the ordinary citizen; in a word, because it denied justice. Perhaps one should say that it dispensed justice according to Russian ideas; but these cannot easily be reconciled with the notions of justice that prevail generally throughout Europe—though indeed they bear a close resemblance at times to the practice of Nazi Germany. Stalin's drastic purge of his party was carried out with a parade of legal forms that Hitler in June, 1934, thought unnecessary, or perhaps dangerously slow; but whether it was much less arbitrary may be doubted. Still, by whatever means, all the accused were induced to admit their guilt with a truly Russian exuberance of detail; and as most, if not all, of them were leading actors in the Russian Terror, the world at large will not be much concerned for their fate; especially as Trotsky, who ought to know, assures us that all the true Bolsheviks are being exterminated, and that Russia is on the way to become governed less by purely Bolshevik ideals.

However, it will be a long time before the name Bolshevik ceases to be a serviceable term of abuse, levelled against anything suspect of radicalism in other European lands. It was a long time after the French Revolution before any respectable person could call himself a democrat without some risk. Nowadays, in England, who so respectably conservative as your champions of democracy? In France the conversion, or inversion, has been less complete. Under the Republic a section of society remained passionately monarchist because it was denied a monarch. Only the English genius contrived to have it both ways, democracy and monarchy together; whereas the presence in France of this standing challenge to the very name of democracy produced an obsession. Since there was, and is, throughout the country a genuine attachment to democratic principles, no government could lean towards the Right, without becoming suspect of infidelity. It has been always thought necessary for those in power to parade a suspicion of those whom the country either suspected or was believed to suspect.

At present, however, party feeling has not this quality of parade. By general consent it was never so bitter. When an unexpected triumph put the Socialists in a position to take office, physical resistance appears to have been expected. Yet M. Blum's order for disbandment of the Croix de Feu was obeyed. Unhappily this submission only bred arrogance among the victors, and arrogance provoked resentment, which increased when Colonel de la Rocque saw that workmen and employees, on strike, were allowed to take possession of the workshops in which they had served, and hold them illegally in pawn. Law which was enforced against an organization, at most suspect of illegal intentions, was not enforced against actions, admittedly illegal. This partiality was resented even more than the threat to the whole institution of private property—which certainly is less secure than it was.

It has not mended matters that Parliament, conforming to the electoral manifestation, has allowed M. Blum to carry out his programme of legislation without the usual process of detailed discussion. Even those who thought it desirable that Socialism should be given rope enough to hang itself have not been grateful

to the legislators for facilitating measures which seem likely to produce financial and economic chaos ; neither have the victorious Socialists been at all appeased by a submission which had nothing cordial in it. There is a general soreness in all minds. Yet under these discouraging conditions M. Blum has contrived to win for France at least the appearance of leading European policy by his initiative in the European agreement to stand neutral in the Spanish contest. For this he has received some commendation from journals that represent the centre parties (notably *Le Temps*), who no doubt bestow it with a touch of malice. Nothing disparages a politician of the Left more than praise from the Right ; and some of M. Blum's supporters, especially M. Jouhaux, head of the C.G.T. (Confédération Générale du Travail), have advocated ardent support of the Government which in Spain claims to have all the workers behind it.

On the whole, M. Blum's position seems a strong one. It has much resemblance to that of Mr. de Valera in Ireland, because there is no figure in the Opposition ranks who makes a stronger appeal to the popular imagination, while on his own side there is no one apparently qualified to replace him. In the ordinary French routine, when a Minister is forced to resign, someone very similar puts together a very similar administration and all goes on much as before. But the essential character of M. Blum's ministry is that Socialist parties for the first time accept part of the ministerial responsibility along with men from groups nearer to the Centre ; and it is unlikely that this combination could be secured under any other personality. Further, the disposition to put an end to the legislation through fear of its financial consequences is checked by a stronger dread of menace to liberty. Frenchmen are seriously concerned by the prospect of finding themselves with a new Fascist state on the only frontier where France had nothing to fear. I find this outweighing even the prospects of a devalued franc with intelligent people, who have every reason to be anxious about their fixed incomes.

What is more, M. Blum has avoided the gravest of all dangers. Every country must have a professional military class which ought to keep itself and the whole army out of politics, and ought also

to feel itself free from the consequence of political changes. In Spain, neglect of this principle led to the civil war. In France I see no evidence that any soldiers or class of soldiers feel their personal interest threatened because M. Blum is in power. This means the more because the army is the one real expression of the unity of France—recognized by monarchists and democrats alike. It should be observed also that M. Blum has declared his conviction that in order to maintain peace, it is necessary to be ready to fight. And peace, apparently, to him means not defence of the French frontiers, but the peace of Europe.

How far M. Blum feels able to count on support from England is uncertain. England does not figure largely in the French view of affairs at present, though the cordial and continuous support given to France's proposal of a general abstention from the Spanish conflict is recognized. Apart from this, there are references, for the most part somewhat unfriendly, to the recognition of Egypt's independence. That is regarded in France as a final defeat for a long-pursued British policy. Time must show ; but evidently in the circumstances, complete concession, made in time, on a basis of friendly negotiation, was the way of wisdom. For once the right thing has been done in the right way ; and it is possible that the vast venture which in India moves slowly to the launching point may falsify all dogmatism about the possibility of union between East and West. If so, India will have no less reason than Great Britain to desire the presence of a friendly Mohammedan Power close to the Suez Canal, that delicate joint in the Commonwealth's communications. Friendly understanding with Egypt was essential to be achieved for the chances of a new regime in India ; and fifty years hence the question whether White or Red prevailed in Spain at this moment will almost certainly seem a very small matter beside the development of self-government among those hundreds of millions of Orientals who have been held for centuries so closely under Western rule.

Yet at this moment the possible consequences of a war in Spain between contending principles even more than parties, and of

The Right Way in Egypt

Hitler's new advance towards a paramount military position in Europe, concern us all. Unrest is everywhere. In Rumania, M. Titulescu, who has been among the outstanding European figures since the war, was suddenly dismissed from power; and the general commotion showed Europe's nervousness. It was held to signify a disposition in Rumania to accept Herr Hitler's lead—and the result would be a break up of the Little Entente, so largely the work of M. Titulescu. It was held also to mean a turning away from the understanding with Soviet Russia on which Czechoslovakia's safety so greatly depends.

In regard to all these matters, no one knows where England stands. For leadership, those States in Europe which hope to **M. Tardieu** prevent predatory war must look to France; **Attacks the** and it is notable that the Socialist Government, **System** in spite of its financial embarrassments, has answered the German challenge by launching a new and expensive programme of defensive armaments. No one need deny M. Blum the quality of leadership, which is certainly not conspicuous among French politicians of today. One man, who had it, has retired from the parliamentary scene, though not from political life; and opinion is perplexed as to the reasons why M. Tardieu has taken this course. He himself evidently thinks that a man who in twenty years of parliamentary life has been eleven times in office and thrice Prime Minister, has a chance to be listened to when he says that experience leads him to regard the whole machine as rotten and unworkable. "Sack the lot," Lord Fisher used to reiterate; but M. Tardieu is more coherent. It is the system which he attacks, not the men; and it is not democracy which he attacks. His brochure *Alerte aux Français*, now sold at the price of a franc, is a proposal to make democracy real and sovereign. He wants to recast the whole electoral system, so that, first, everybody shall have a vote, men and women alike, and that parents shall vote for their children also; and secondly, that everybody shall be obliged to vote, just as to serve in the army. Further, he wants proportional representation, and he wants a referendum. His whole purpose is to break up the power of organized minorities to control a Parliament which when elected has a free hand for a period of several years. Obviously,

he wants to be rid of the control exercised at present by the C.G.T. But that is only a detail, though perhaps the most important one, in the general disorder of a system "which has neither been able to create authority nor to defend liberty."

It is not clear from his brochure by what means he proposes to proceed—for he must know, like any other writer, that even the ablest publicist cannot upset a regime by the power of the pen alone. And I have not, even in quarters where M. Tardieu's record and his ability are most respected, met anyone convinced that his course was wise. He does not inspire confidence. Still, his purpose is if anything rather to dogmatize. He wishes to *éclairer*, to open men's eyes; and certainly in the series of books whose conclusions this pamphlet condenses, he has given us much to look at that is neither edifying nor reassuring.

Yet I have found some relief in comparing M. Tardieu's propaganda with writing of quite another sort—the work of a young poet, Henri Franck, who died before the war; who was Jew as well as Frenchman, and none the less a Frenchman because he was a Jew.

Any who doubt of this should read the Foreword written by the Comtesse de Noailles to introduce his poem, whose title *Dancing before the Ark*, proclaims the hereditary pride of this "young Levite." It is a pilgrimage in search of God; each revelation of the Divine in turn delights and fails to satisfy. First comes boyish pride of admission to Israel's ancient discipline and ceremonies; then when the adolescent mind rises in revolt against their frigidity, comes the revelation of life itself, friendship in the lovely company of youth, when lads toss ideas to each other like balls in their play. Exquisite passages, like springs of running water, describe all this; but then comes manhood, separating the band, each isolated by the individual ambition that grows in each like a child in the womb. And so, from the youth of France, he turns to France itself, and lavishes his adoration on the country and its tongue—which is the tongue that God employs when He would express His mind to the angels:

Il est comme un visage expressif et mobile,
Il est l'armée docile au chef intelligent
Et la route royale où l'esprit tout entier

Peut s'avancer à l'aise.
 Comme le glaive ardent que maniait l'archange,
 Epée de la raison, il éclaire et sépare,
 Arrête et délimite, indique et circonscrit—
 Il a le son du rire, il est la voix du juste,
 Le bruit de la clarté et de la certitude,
 La nette expression de l'être intérieur.

Praise of the country follows, not less enchanting ; and then, once more, the antistrophic passage of disillusion—which says in brilliant poetry what M. Tardieu says in brilliant prose :

La discorde est assise au centre de la ville
 Et souffle avec fureur dans un clairon faussé ;
 Le Parlement est sans vertu et sans pensée ;
 Les propos y sont bas, les mains y sont avides.

And that is only the beginning of a diatribe ; bourgeois, who have neither enthusiasm nor valiant culture ; peasants, whose sons maim themselves to avoid military service ; narrow pedant schoolmasters, cruel to children who salute the priest ; pious Catholics who think it piety to rail against France ; magistrates without weight of authority—but here I quote again :

La richesse inactive, endormie dans les coffres,
 Ne sert ni grand dessein ni chanceuse entreprise.
 Les banquiers ont l'esprit étroit, mesquin, cupide,
 Et par leur gestion, avare et sans noblesse,
 Contrecarrent souvent l'intérêt du pays.

Partout l'ennui, la nonchalance, l'amertume,
 Un découragement pèse sur ce pays ;
 Et comme les pillards rôdent à la barrière
 De la ville où un grand incendie se propage,
 Et qu'une vie trop riche et basse décompose,
 On entend remuer à la frontière ouverte
 La lourde légion des Germains affamés.

If that were written today, it would be well worth quoting. How much more interesting that it was written in 1913, by a poet who did not live to see the war ! However, my purpose in calling attention to this poem was not one of literary criticism. But I have seldom read anything more expressive of what the constant excellence of France is worth to Europe, or of the danger in which, through her besetting infirmities, France today and every day must stand.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

FRUITS OF PHILOSOPHY

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS

OBITER SCRIPTA, by George Santayana. *Constable*. 10s.

RE-PERUSALS AND RE-COLLECTIONS, by Logan Pearsall Smith. *Constable*. 12s. 6d.

It was Max, in a memorable essay, who pointed out that perambulation was a foe to talk ; and he must, if ever he has heard the word " hiker," have decided that he was, as usual, right. What can you say on a hike except " hallo ! " or " So long ? " I have been wondering, since I read these two books, whether one could not put forward a plausible case that all the more violent forms of activity, unless they are therapeutic or spring from light-bodied spontaneity, are enemies not only of conversation but of culture. For the cultured man, though he may have other distinguishing marks, is chiefly remarkable for two things : he thinks and he reads. That is, he wishes to gain knowledge about himself and about other people. How far we have deserted that ideal occupation is evident from the discussions about how, in the world of short hours and high wages, we shall spend our leisure. Imagine such a discussion in Periclean Athens ! Isn't it obvious that the exercise of reason and the pursuit of the arts can, to a cultured man, fill more of a leisure than he is ever likely to enjoy until, resting on fields of asphodel, he is reading books printed—as a precautionary measure—on asbestos ? We are told to use our

leisure in all kinds of ways, some repulsive, some inoffensive, some merely foolish ; but the civilized man will still be obstinate in his preference for the two old ways—thought and reading.

For see the consequences of that habit in such men as Mr. George Santayana and Mr. Pearsall Smith. Could anyone desire better company than is to be found in the books of these authors who, in spite of some considerable differences, are of the same world ? Each is expatriate ; though, while Mr. Santayana carries Spain and its culture in his heart, Mr. Pearsall Smith feels for America only a faint, alarmed nostalgia, modified by acute distaste. Each returns again and again to religion—Mr. Santayana rather in the mood of an agnostic who still recognizes his membership of the confraternity and takes his place as a carrier of one of the holy images on a feast day ; Mr. Pearsall Smith in the more peevish guise of a lad, standing outside the meeting-house door, kicking a stone or two, whistling a little, even temerarily taking out a cigarette—but all the time liable to be entranced by the periods of some Jonathan Edwards as that sombre and burning rhetoric blazes hell out of the chapel window. Each has a delicate reverence for the past, and each a delicate wit for the present. Mr. Santayana is a philosopher ; Mr. Pearsall Smith is a sceptic who is inclined to think philosophy may still, as it were, pull it

off. And each of them has a style.

In one of the best of his essays Mr. Pearsall Smith defends Fine Writing against the hair-shirt and grit school, the critics who would forbid a writer of prose to enjoy himself and are tempted to think that Basic English is not a convenience but an ideal. Mr. Pearsall Smith is almost too polite to their sillier opinions—for instance, that the style of at least one half of the English Bible is "atrocious," and that Renan's *Vie de Jésus* is superior, as writing, to the Gospels. Of course this fantastic nonsense is not new; there was the gentleman who, shocked by the vulgar crudeness of "Jesus wept" altered it into "The Creator of the Universe burst into a flood of tears;" and there was Dr. Washington Moon who complained that the translator of the Fourth Gospel asserted that God's first name was John—there was a man sent from God whose name was John. Mr. Pearsall Smith's argument in favour of fine writing is merely part of the general defence of culture against a stupid and rigorous regimentation. Another essay in this book is the well-known introduction to Donne's sermons; it is admirable, yet I miss that real understanding of Donne's faith which could alone make such an essay a masterpiece. Mr. Pearsall Smith is always a little nervous when he approaches religion, especially catholicism; and his paper on Michael Field, in spite of some felicities, is spoiled by rather too knowing an archness. Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper were not only, as he has discovered, good poets; there was, in these last years, more than a touch of sanctity about them—and it is not fitting to be arch about the saints. The papers on Gertrude Jekyll, on Maginn, on English Aphorists could not be better; and the essay on Proust before he was overwhelmed by time past is an admirable example of Mr. Pearsall Smith's capacity to take a new and unusual view of his subject.

In his essay on Aphorists Mr. Pearsall Smith quotes the saying of Churton Collins: Truth is the object of philosophy, but not always of philosophers. Mr. Santayana is not subject to that gibe. However much he may be criticized as a philosopher, there is no question that he is eager to greet truth if he can find it. Sceptic as he is, Mr. Santayana will not rest in scepticism; for he sees clearly enough that there is no validity in any scepticism which stops short at a denial which is intolerable.

To deny the reality of one's friends, though possible to a determined sceptic, is idle and in the end dishonest: because we can be sure of nothing, and can believe nothing, if we do not allow ourselves to believe and to be sure that we are in contact with a substance not ourselves when we fight, love, or talk.

He will not use his reason to make nonsense of that which he uses; and surely he is right here, for one cannot after all posit a universal scepticism without assuming the reality of that which a complete scepticism must refuse to admit. So, in some of these essays, Mr. Santayana in that enchanted style of his deals with the age-old problems of the philosopher and examines with shrewdness, unfailing tolerance and a wisdom that is at moments a little weary, other philosophies. The best of the philosophical essays are those on Spencer's Unknowable, on Spinoza, and on Some Meanings of the word "Is"—this last a fascinating examination of the interdependence of thought and language.

Obiter Scripta, however, is not confined to philosophy: and readers who remember *Soliloquies in England* will turn eagerly to the general essays and the papers on literary subjects. One section, modestly called *A Few Remarks*, illustrates the colour of the author's philosophy more deeply than his formal writing. Take, for instance, this—"If it be frivolous to live in the present, is it

not vain to live for the future? And how many are concentrated and contemplative enough to live in the eternal?" And how sound is the little essay on Money:

Money, as the modern rich man disposes of it, is not wealth of a natural sort. Natural wealth would consist of visible objects in a man's possession, which the curious and admiring eye might catch glimpses of in his hand or in his shop or behind his park gates. . . . the modern rich man is not the obvious lord of anything. His mysterious wealth is homeless, nominal, immaterial; it consists of the force of words written upon paper. We live in a fog of finance. The capitalist hardly knows what goods or works or rights or projects his bonds and shares represent; his function is merely to sign cheques and to receive other paper, and on distributing this, to be fed and clothed magnificently as if by magic.

It is tempting to quote from the wise and humorous *Penitent Art*, from *What is Aesthetics* and from *Proust on Essences*; but I must be content to name them, and to urge all students of Shakespeare to add to that short list of indispensable Shakespeareana the essay on Hamlet. How admirable and illuminating in that essay is Mr. Santayana's distinction between the Ghost and those supernatural beings which intruded in Greek tragedy. "This ghost is a party to the conflict, an instigator of sinister thoughts, a thing hatched in a nest of sorrows. . . . We feel that not Hamlet the Dane, but the human soul in its inmost depths is moonstruck and haunted."

I know no study of the play which so clearly shows its relation to the modern world, not only that world of which Shakespeare was the greatest voice, but of our own world in which all sensitive men find themselves so terribly confronted with the choice of Hamlet who represents to the critic "the failure of emotional goodwill, and of intelligence inclined to embroider rather than to build."

JEN SHENG: THE ROOT OF LIFE, by Mikhail Prishvin. *Melrose*. 5s.

IN his short preface to this unusual nature book, Professor Julian Huxley compares it to Jefferies' *The Story of My Heart*. The comparison is a little misleading and not quite fair to Mr. Prishvin. It is true that his search for the mandrake plant ("the Root of Life") is given a symbolical value, but the point is not unduly stressed. It is true also that the book is somewhat in the nature of a record of the struggle in one man between the lover who desires to preserve and the hunter who desires to slay, but here again the theme is not predominant. Mr. Prishvin is a scientist as well as a nature lover, and it is the objective manner in which he mainly tells of what he sees that gives *Jen Sheng* its value. His account of the years spent in these Manchurian forests has the scientist's exactness as well as the scientist's abhorrence of anthropomorphism. He seldom gets between the reader and the spotted deer which live throughout his pages. He describes himself as living in the depths of the Manchurian forests alone with a Chinaman, half mystic, half trader; and it is from this Chinaman that he gains much of his extraordinary knowledge of these most attractive creatures. By the end of the book he has demonstrated the possibilities of adding another domesticated animal to the list of those that were already tamed before the dawn of history. *Jen Sheng* is a short book, and should be read at a sitting. Read thus, one rises from it with the illusion of being still buried in the immense silence of those forests, where the lovely deer go about their shy and secret ways. One has really shared Mr. Prishvin's remarkable experiences as he watched them cropping the luxurious leaves, or looked into the flowerlike eyes of the fawns, or saw the stags battle with locked antlers in the mating season. The mysticism can be left to look after itself. C. H. W.

WALLS HAVE MOUTHS, by Wilfred Macartney. Commentary by Compton Mackenzie. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

WILFRED MACARTNEY spent eight years in Parkhurst prison (1928-35) on a conviction of espionage. He is a Communist and he came in for the Jixian outburst of Bolshiphobia about the time of the Arcos Raid; his sentence, therefore, was heavier than it might otherwise have been. This book, rambling but detailed and vivid, describes the years of his imprisonment. There is no detail of prison life—at any rate at Parkhurst, by no means the harshest of English prisons—of which we can any longer plead ignorance. The horrors of solitary confinement, of flogging, and the occasional brutality of jailors are by no means the most striking part of the book, which appals, rather, by its record of continual petty meanness and restriction. Food is made as uneatable as possible not only by bad cooking and thefts in the kitchen, but by such regulations as that all meat must be steamed for half-an-hour before being roasted (presumably, to make it tasteless). The prisoner who receives visits or writes letters is surrounded by as many rules as an income-tax payer. Exercise consists in walking in a ring round a yard; an improvised game of cricket or football would never do. A Christmas tea once a year, when the men are permitted to sit in a room together and even talk; books doled out from the library; a small tobacco allowance; an occasional lecture or concert—that is the most, officially, to which the criminal can look forward after years of good conduct. Macartney tells us that some prisoners, facing a long sentence, begin counting the days to their release on the day they enter prison.

Much depends on the character of the prison governor. Unsuccessful army men, as Macartney points out, do not necessarily make good governors;

Parkhurst in this respect was lucky. By tactful and persistent pleading Macartney was able to extort a number of concessions, the most valued of which was permission to play chess. Home-made boards and chessmen, correspondence games carried out on lavatory paper, a muttered move in the corridor as two prisoners passed—this revolution staggered the jailors who did not know how to meet it. The appearance of a prison chess team, which met and beat a visiting club, completed their discomfiture.

But if chess, why not cricket? Prisoners succeed in organizing football pools, with small payments in tobacco—then why should they not actually play football? Instead of the lantern lecture by a visiting clergyman describing his honeymoon, why not a radiogram? The answer is that these things would bring pleasure.

Nearly all prison regulations are framed with the idea that the criminal must be punished; loss of liberty is not considered punishment enough; he must be punished also and humiliated in small ways. Every conceivable obstacle is put in the path of the prisoner who wishes to better himself, with the result that moral disintegration of some sort is inevitable. The long term of imprisonment must seem to everyone who reads Macartney's story that, quite apart from its loss of humanity, this system is essentially futile. If the effect of imprisoning a man is to make certain that when he is released he will behave in such a way as to return to prison, why not make all sentences life sentences? Or if our aim is to educate criminals as citizens, then we should begin by some other method than demoralising them. You cannot go on punishing and reforming a criminal at the same time; and that is what at present we are trying to do.

G. W. STONIER.

"A. J. B."

BY ROBERT BERNAYS, M.P.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR: First Earl of Balfour, K.G., O.M., F.R.S., by Blanche E. C. Dugdale. *Hutchinson*. 18s.

THERE is a story of the late Lord Balfour that in old age he remarked to his brother Gerald Balfour that "looking back upon his political life he could not imagine a single occasion on which he had been wrong." To which his brother replied, "Neither can I, Arthur." I was reminded of this when reading the first volume of Mrs. Dugdale's biography. It is the tendency of all biographers to conceive themselves as the counsel for the defence, but in the case of Mrs. Dugdale it is accentuated. There is a little too much of the atmosphere of the adoring niece still sitting at the feet of "Nunky" in the charming but somewhat rarefied atmosphere of Whitingham.

Is it possible for any man even of the calibre of Lord Balfour to be quite so right about everything? I doubt, for instance, whether any man who played a prominent part in the fight against Home Rule for Ireland and secured its postponement for forty disastrous years could really survey his handiwork with pride or satisfaction. Both Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Baldwin indeed have freely admitted the measure of responsibility of themselves and their followers for the Treaty of 1921, a solution which as Mr. Baldwin has said neither party contemplated at the beginning of the struggle and from which both would have recoiled in horror.

"I shall resist," wrote Lord Balfour in his election address in 1885, "to the uttermost any attempt to loosen the connection which has subsisted so long between Ireland and Great Britain under whatever disguises that attempt may be made." There is no suggestion throughout the book that in so doing he acted wrongly or that on looking back upon it with the knowledge of what that resistance has cost he found any occasion for regret.

But given the partisan character of the book it still remains an absorbing study of perhaps the most fascinating man of his day and generation. We see Lord Balfour first as the brilliant free lance in the tumultuous Fourth Party days telling the mighty Gladstone that the Kilmainham treaty "stood alone in its infamy," a remark which drew from the G.O.M. an indignant rebuke. Then comes the titanic struggle over the first Home Rule Bill and we get a charming glimpse of the Cecil family awaiting the result of the voting on the second reading.

Lord Hugh Cecil, then a boy of sixteen, waited at the post-office, kept open for the receipt of a telegram. The note of triumph in his shouts as he ran up to the House with the paper was the first intimation they had of what had happened. They gathered at the North Door, Lord Salisbury emerging from his own room with Bulbul, the Persian cat, seated on his massive shoulder, the only totally unmoved participator in the scene. "It's too good," Lord Salisbury observed when he heard the figures. "They might resign on that. I want them to dissolve."

despairs of Article XVI, but, unlike many of those who do so, remains convinced that without the sword the Covenant is a vain thing. He therefore pins his hopes for the future rather to making full use of Article XI, which he interprets in a more liberal sense than many international lawyers, as giving plenary powers to "the League" as an entity, rather than its individual members, and thereby laying the foundations of a truly international organization.

The moral driven home continually in these pages is, in fact, the futility of expecting the law of peace to operate without curtailment of the pretensions of national sovereignty.

"A purpose of this kind implies that States are prepared to admit a real international supervision over their actions . . . once that sincere determination is acquired, it will only be a matter of a few years for the foundations of the structure to be laid; in the absence of that determination, there is going to be no escape from the era of wars without end."

A conclusion which readers will find stimulating or depressing, according to their temperament and their reading of the signs of the time.

G. M. GATHORNE-HARDY.

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A. R. ORAGE. A Memoir, by Philip Mairet, with an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Dent. 8s. 6d.

MR. MAIRET has written an interesting book on Orage, who is a difficult subject for a biographer, for he approached but did not attain either success or greatness. Born in poverty, Orage attracted support at an early age, being taken up by the son of a wealthy Nonconformist. His patron, Mr. Howard Coote, got him a post at Leeds as a teacher in an elementary school. This, reasonably enough, did not satisfy Orage, who wrote to his Nonconformist Mæcenas to ask for a loan on which to graduate at Oxford. As Orage had just married, on eighty pounds a year, and had become a Socialist, Mr. Coote excused himself from giving any further encouragement to his erratic career. The incident is of interest, because it illustrates Orage's gift of attracting support, though his faculty in this direction naturally improved with age and experience.

While at Leeds Orage met Holbrook Jackson, who introduced him to Nietzsche. Nietzsche's intense but confused attempts to formulate the assertion of the will in a reasoned philosophy appealed strongly to Orage, and under Nietzsche's influence he left Leeds and his wife and went to London. He had no gift for commercial journalism, and his first year or two in London was a difficult period, but a wealthy supporter appeared and Orage bought the *New Age*, then almost defunct, for a small sum. His colleagues on the *New Age* were Holbrook Jackson and Arthur Penty, an enthusiast for handicrafts and small workshops. Holbrook Jackson did not last long, finding it impracticable, as Mr. Mairet puts it, to go on giving time to an unremunerative business. Mr. Penty, who regarded remunerative businesses with mistrust, remained and wrote of National Guilds.

The *New Age* soon attracted attention, for Shaw and Wells, Chesterton and Belloc all skirmished in it. But Orage was always uneasy in his relations with the successful, and these well-known names presently dropped out. Arnold Bennett wrote a literary column for some time, but when he became famous, on the publication of "The Old Wives' Tale," Orage's esteem for him collapsed, and his work was disparaged in the columns where a short time previously he himself had been lacerating the successes of the day.

From National Guilds Orage passed to Social Credit. This was in 1919. Three years later he left the *New Age* and joined an institute at Fontainebleau, run by the occultist Gurdjieff. "Strong emotional reactions" Mr. Mairet writes "were induced in the pupils by the way their preceptor managed them; for he . . . kept everything uncertain and unexpected, and continually provoked critical situations." Manual labour, and elaborate dancing to Tibetan music, were two of Gurdjieff's chief instruments for purifying his charges. The kind of critical situation he provoked is illustrated by the following episode. Orage, having spent the day in digging, was roused from bed and set to excavate a trench. He found it hard to keep his temper, and was about to throw the spade down when Gurdjieff appeared and took him back to a champagne supper. After fourteen months of this kind of thing, Orage went to New York to raise funds for Gurdjieff. There he met his second wife, who did not think highly of Gurdjieff, and eventually Orage decided to return to England, and take up once more his campaign on behalf of Social Credit. Mr. Mairet quotes a letter from J. C. Powys to Orage during his American period. "You alone" Powys writes "of all men of genius I have ever met seem totally to have conquered pride." The Fontainebleau

foolery had not eradicated Orage's egotism, it had only drugged it for the time being. At a conference to discuss whether he should return to the *New Age* he remarked—"There are twenty-seven psychological types of men; of which only one is decisive for such action as we are discussing. If a man of the twenty-seventh type is present, but not otherwise, a group can arrive at effective decision." A man of the twenty-seventh type not being present, Orage had to find another paper. The *New English Weekly*, which he edited during the three or four years before his death in 1934, was a dim replica of the old *New Age*, and he died without retrieving the distinctive position he had once held in English journalism. A man of unusual powers, he had no centre round which to group them, and his achievement was not in proportion to the expectations he aroused.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

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AWAY FROM IT ALL, by Cedric Belfrage. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

Away from it All is the notebook of an escapologist, or rather of a converted escapologist, an escapologist being "a person who looks the facts of life in the back of the neck, or by sheer force of imagination conjures them out of existence, or runs away from them." In addition to having been an escapologist, Mr. Belfrage is also a journalist (God help me, I hear him say) and will also, I hope, long before this review appears, be a best seller. He richly deserves that luck.

We have become so accustomed, nowadays, to travellers who travel rough, or in disguise or in thirty-foot boats or, sometimes, in clover, that it is highly refreshing to find a man travelling, except for a crazy bus-ride over desert between Damascus and Baghdad and a still crazier schooner ride between Auckland and the South Seas, by more or less ordinary routes to what have become, thanks to luxury cruises and I suppose to the sport of escapology in general, more or less ordinary places. Mr. Belfrage took a journey such as you or I might take, berthed in an armchair, down the travel columns of a Sunday newspaper, except that Spain is no longer calling—Spain, Palestine, Baghdad, Babylon, Bombay, Poona, Ceylon, Malaya, Bali, Sydney, New Zealand, Fiji, Tahiti, San Francisco. All extras, such as the bridge at Sydney, shades of Somerset Maugham and the breasts at Bali were, of course, thrown in. But what you and I are paying for is not this, but Mr. Belfrage, who proves himself from the very first page to be, in his own way, a first-class writer, witty, forthright, volatile, pungent, an ironist with a touch of sentiment and a damnable hard hitter. Having been paid for some years to cultivate a style in which ~~unwed~~ fornication=miscpnduct taking place, pregnancy=a certain condition, prostitutes=women of a certain class

and which, generally, had as much relation to style as to knitting socks, Mr. Belfrage rushes out into free air like a boy rushing out of school, eager to be saying what he feels and not, by all the laws of escapology, what he is supposed to feel. The result is that we get an extraordinary vivid, unconventional and at times highly amusing picture of half the world, told in a style in which prostitute does=prostitute and in which a good many other words are afforded the same elementary privilege of being themselves.

But, also, we get something else. Mr. Belfrage, having worked for newspapers, knows the racket from the inside. From him we learn that kind of news which never, for some odd reason, gets into newspapers. Not the nice news, such as murder and suburban rape and misconduct taking place and enticement and nice escapologist news in general, but the news that stinks. The news that whereas oranges rotted in Palestine because there were not enough hands to gather them, they rotted in Spain because there were not enough mouths to eat them; the news that in Bombay "70 per cent. of the houses consisted of one room, and 17 per cent. of the working class were housed in one-roomed tenements with up to nine people in a room; that among people so housed the infant mortality was 577 per thousand"; that "natives were privileged in a ten- to twelve-hour day—to earn a stomach full of rice for themselves and families"; and a great deal of other news calculated, in escapologist language, to undermine the moral constitution and injure the moral tone. In short, and for a change, some truth. Almost the highest honour, in fact, that I can pay Mr. Belfrage is to say that no nice newspaper would print twenty consecutive unbowdlerized pages of his book. But I will go further and say that his book is great stuff—the most salutary travel book in years.

H. E. BATES.

ABROAD IN IRELAND, by John Gibbons. *Frederick Muller.* 7s. 6d.

It is uphill work trying to get the British public interested in Ireland. Since it ceased to be a political nuisance, its news-value, to most Englishmen, is insignificant. Mr. John Gibbons has undoubtedly hit upon the right approach. For Ireland today is essentially a foreign country and as such deserves to benefit by the conventional appeal to curiosity. One hopes that the attitude to the Irish of Lord Palmerston—"they were a charming people, of course, but as far as the practical things of this world went they were just as fitted to manage their own business as would be Hottentots"—will soon be as extinct as the dodo.

The author is agreeably reticent about Irish charm; and he has no axe to grind. But, as he roams about "the ordinary Ireland of the tours and townlets, railways and high roads," we are brought to see that self-government is an exhilarating reality and that these people are managing their own business very efficiently. To the vast-horizoned population "free trade" England-Irish industrialism may seem rather a toy affair; but its social benefits are undeniable, though rarely recognized in our Press. At least it is more intelligent than the construction of those useless harbours and railway-lines to make work under the British rule. Three features of the new Ireland stand out: the extent of potential wealth waiting to be exploited—and rich, under a de Valera will be exploited to serve social and national ends, not to the profit of a few absent land- or bondholders. The earnestness of those who are doing the building of the new Jerusalem, with the undercurrent of melancholy which derives from the many years of history and the tolerance and readiness displayed by the overwhelming Catholic majority—in the Free State to the Protestant remnants.

W. H. C.

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PARNELL: A BIOGRAPHY, by Joan Haslip. *Cobden-Sanderson*. 15s.

It takes courage for an Englishwoman to handle so prickly a topic as a life of Parnell. So much depends upon purely Irish thought and feeling and atmosphere. And it is beset with unfinished controversies as to fact and evidence. But Miss Haslip, greatly daring, has produced a most competently compiled and colourful narrative in an attractive volume. With great skill she has woven a closely compacted texture out of the materials drawn from an extensive bibliography. The pattern is diversified and elaborated sometimes with intricate detail. Her prose flows easily and carries her story forward with a gathering momentum. It is a book easy to read and it presents a most effective exposition of the author's views and impressions.

It would be idle to suggest, however, that Miss Haslip's book, interesting as it is, represents final judgment on the Parnell story. The sources from which it is drawn are of very different historical value and she has not always been careful to distinguish between evidence resting upon authentic record and evidence which is no more than the oft-repeated and much-embellished story of the raconteur or the anti-Parnellite propagandist. She is alive to inaccuracies and untruths in Mrs. Parnell's book, but the genesis, nature and object of the elaborate falsification imposed upon the work of its reputed authoress appear altogether to have escaped her. Yet they are all-important if the truth is to be established as regards the love story.

Again, the narrative stops short at Committee Room No. 15. Less than a half-dozen pages of Epilogue tells of the last titanic struggle after "the Split," of Parnell's marriage to Mrs. O'Shea, of his death and his public funeral. But at no point of his career did Parnell's amazing fortitude and genius stand out more conspicuously than in that

almost single-handed fight against overwhelming odds. And no period of his life-work reacted more profoundly upon the fortunes of his Ireland. The influence of the Catholic Church in Ireland sustained a shock from which—fortunately or unfortunately—it never recovered. And from the ashes of Parnell's movement, after an interlude of debilitated and ineffectual parliamentarianism, arose Sinn Féin and its successful assertion of Irish independence. Parnell's last fight sowed the seed for the ultimate crop of armed men.

The main thesis of Miss Haslip is that Mrs. Parnell—she was Mrs. O'Shea for almost the whole of the story—was an attractive but wholly unworthy woman who completely dominated Parnell morally, intellectually and physically and—an equally extreme and original view—that, in the first flush of her love for Parnell, she was also receiving the marital attentions of Captain O'Shea. Everyone to their taste. Others who study the evidence at first hand will find it hard to believe that Parnell's genius which manifested itself continually in political action at Westminster and in Ireland could have issued from the dominance of a woman of no conspicuously brilliant intellect who professed herself, and was, both ignorant of and uninterested in politics. Nor is it in accord with general human experience that a woman, in the midst of a honeymoon with her lover, should develop an appetite for the *crambe repetita* of a discarded husband.

In developing her thesis Miss Haslip not infrequently overlooks facts that tell the other way. Thus she attributes the Galway Election episode to Mrs. O'Shea's influence. Yet it is now fully established that Parnell had been pressed both by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain to secure a seat for Captain O'Shea as an intermediary whose services they considered desirable. Mr. Chamberlain disclosed this in

December, 1891, and Mr. Harrington recorded that Parnell had privately told his followers the same at Galway. Again, the recorded facts of the 7th May, 1882, the day after the Phoenix Park murders, show that Captain O'Shea applied to Sir William Harcourt for police protection for Parnell and himself under circumstances which precluded all possibility of Mrs. O'Shea's knowing anything about it in advance. Nor did Parnell himself know. Yet Miss Haslip attributes the initiative and responsibility for the application to Mrs. O'Shea.

HENRY HARRISON.

CHARACTERS OF THE REFORMATION, by Hilaire Belloc. *Sheed & Ward.* 10s. 6d.

MR. BELLOC'S point-of-view is by now sufficiently well known for any reader to make the necessary allowances, but it is difficult to see what useful purpose can be served by this piece of propagandist re-hash. It consists of twenty-three short chapters, each devoted to an outstanding figure in the religious struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The publishers state that "Belloc's greatest gift is historical portraiture." With this, few who admired Belloc in his earlier days will be disposed to quarrel. Yet there is very little portraiture here.

In the chapter on James I, for example, there is not even an attempt at it. Instead there is an assessment of the chances of Catholicism during James's reign, which contains extraordinary statements—such as that about half the population of England in 1603 "were fully Catholic in tradition—practising when they could or, when they could not, demanding the Mass and the full functioning of the old religion"—for which one would like some more weighty evidence than Mr. Belloc's word. It

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contains no reference to the Jesuit activity of the time, in spite of the fact that Father David Mathew (who is hardly biased in favour of Protestantism) has recently written: "In any discussion of Catholicism in England it is essential not to shirk the question of the profound unpopularity of the Jesuits."

This sentence appears in the chapter "Catholicism under James I" of Father Mathew's *Catholicism in England*, which ought to be read side by side with Mr. Belloc, if the latter's unreliability as an historian is to be appreciated. One wonders, indeed, whether Mr. Belloc is not a source rather of embarrassment to the serious historians of his own religion than of amused irritation to his opponents.

The chapter on "Mary Stuart," informs us: "Mary was regarded by the general opinion of the time as the woman who ought by right to be Queen of England." "The general opinion of the time" may, of course, mean many things, but this was most certainly not the general opinion of England.

And, of course, the evils of nationalism today are attributed to the Reformation. But we have heard all that before, and are a little tired of simplifications which are so patently falsifications. If only Mr. Belloc would forsake controversial "history" and give us once more a taste of the great writer he is!

H. ROSS WILLIAMSON.

THE ARYAN PATH

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THE autobiographical-adventure book is becoming almost as popular as the thriller. Journeys are undertaken, curious feats performed, experiences sifted, and the resultant books all written from what journalists call a "personal angle." The appeal, like that of the thriller, lies in the remoteness of what is described from the reader's own life. He, living quietly and law-abidingly, loves to know that others live turbulently; faithful to, though perhaps sometimes tired of his wife, he finds adventurous promiscuity distracting; tramping no farther afield than Dorking or the Lakes, he enjoys his tramps the more because, say, Mr. Peter Fleming has tramped from China to India, and, bewildered in a bewildering world, has a naive faith that journalists who have interviewed Hitler and been received by King Carol can enlarge his understanding. Autobiographies have always been popular, and so has adventure literature; autobiographical-adventurous combines the verisimilitude of the one with the excitement of the other, as though the story of Dick Turpin should be told in *Manchester Guardian* leaders.

There is a wide range of possibilities, since it is possible to walk, hop, run, bicycle, motor, fly and canter round the world, while five continents and oceans provide a great variety of terrain, and each kind of personality has its own tale to tell. Thus Miss Gretchen Green is of the idealistic, help-lame-dogs-over-a-stile sort. She starts in Alabama, proceeds to Philadelphia, and thence to Idaho, Morocco, and, in response to a telegram

—"Work ready in India. Dorothy Straight"—India. In India she spends most of her time at Santiniketan, and, unlike most visitors there, still retains an inordinate admiration for Tagore.

Herr Heinrich Hauser is a very different cup of tea. It is difficult to think of a single point on which he and Miss Green would see eye to eye. The son of a Prussian land-owner and doctor, he loves fighting and discipline, and has the characteristic mentality of the Fascist or National-Socialist—that is, as great a detestation of Capitalism as a social system, and of the bourgeois cautions it engenders as any Communist, but the revolutionary enthusiasm arising out of this detestation nationally instead of internationally focused. Returning to Germany after exciting years of wandering he attends a great Nazi demonstration, hears "the voice which the vast assembly had gathered to hear. It was

the voice of a superman. The words surged over the crowd like storm gusts. . . . It had the same power as the voices of the Old Testament prophets who spoke from mountain tops and quickened the hearts of a whole people. . . . Perhaps we did not understand much of the harangue but we felt the emotion behind it, for it was an emotion that came from ourselves. We were the overcharged storm-cloud and the words were the lightning whereby the tension was released." His own impulse was "to resist the pull of the mass, to refuse to merge himself with it." He did not, however, give way to this impulse. The Totalitarian Spirit worked in him, and he came to see that he "did not stand alone" but was a cell within that "living organism which is the people. . . . And it made no difference whether he was so willingly or not."

Dr. Thomas Wood is an eminently

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law-abiding adventurer. The long list of those to whom he acknowledges indebtedness in the introduction to *True Thomas* includes the Poet Laureate, the Editor of *The Times* and numerous Oxford dons. "Sound men," he says of his Oxford friends, and soundness is the prevailing quality in his own personality and attitude of mind. After serving in the Merchant Service, he went up to Oxford just before the War, and in a mood to take to it all—from the enormous fun of putting a "domestic utensil" on the Martyrs' Memorial to "Greatness in Flower walking about in black-gowned dignity" and "Greatness in Bud"—like a duck to water. The second half of *True Thomas* is devoted to Music and the Supernatural, and contains an interesting analysis of Dr. Wood's own state of mind when he is composing and the technique he employs.

Gold Fever deals with gold mining in Johannesburg twenty-five years ago when Mr. Nesbitt took a post-graduate course in mining there. It gives a vivid and terrible picture of unbridled rapacity—

Such was the frenzy produced by the gold fever that whenever it became necessary to stop one of the machines for any reason, the minutes of its idleness were impatiently counted and registered. Rhythmic delirium degenerated into thwarted and excited delirium, and so remained until such time as the machine had once more resumed its labour—

of a dusty town whose only industry is to produce the gold that others work for and often die for, ceaselessly sifting out earth for particles of the precious metal and heaping up the resultant debris to be scattered by the wind. Yet, Mr. Nesbitt shows, even in these circumstances, pursued by suspicion, almost certain to die horribly of phthisis, shadowed by Zulu police and White detectives, men can be happy and charming.

In *Sailing Troubadour*, Mrs. Klitgaard

unpretentiously and pleasantly describes a voyage she and her husband undertook to "sing their way through Europe." They were dependent on what Mr. Klitgaard earned with his singing for getting along, and, despite some difficult times, managed fairly well, thanks to the great courage and resourcefulness of both of them. Their boat, *Tulefa*, was a converted naval pinnace, built in 1917, and they handled it themselves.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

MATTER, SPIRIT AND LIVING INTELLECT, by Dikaiarchos Camacides. *Simpkin Marshall*. 15s.

THE author of this book is announced in the foreword, by Mr. E. Stephen, as a compatriot of Plato and Aristotle who "may fairly be said to have continued the tradition of his illustrious ancestors." We are further assured that "his deep knowledge of European philosophy, including contemporary German philosophy, cannot pass unnoticed; a glance at the voluminous bibliography in which the titles of at least 1,000 works are mentioned will be enough to convince the most doubtful." Certainly German names seem to preponderate in the bibliography, and the extent of the author's acquaintance with contemporary German philosophy (strictly contemporary) may perhaps be gauged from his remarks about race, "The Germanic race with its various branches is a daughter of the noble Aryan race, and a sister of the Indian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Celtic and Slavonic races. But through its geographical position and its ideal anthropological nature it possesses an overwhelming superiority over other races." The remainder of the book seems to be largely variations on the theme of the Athanasian creed, without its dignity of language.

A. W.

UNDER MOSCOW SKIES, By Maurice Hindus. *Gollancz*. Pts. 6d.

THE GENTLEMAN OF THE PARTY, by A. G. Street. *Faber*, 7s. 6d.

SHERSTON'S PROGRESS, by Siegfried Sassoon. *Faber*. 7s. 6d.

READING this long and rich book by Mr. Hindus, in which the panorama of modern Moscow, specifically 1929-30, is described fully and faithfully, there comes into one's mind the echo of Irina's continual cry in *Three Sisters*: "Oh, to go to Moscow, to Moscow." So much water has flowed beneath the bridge since the days of the old régime when Moscow spelt life, gaiety and romance that Irina would have been as baffled as her modern prototype, Yelena, in this book is baffled. Yelena is the daughter of a *kulak* or bourgeois, and so debarred, unless she renounces her father, from work in the Soviet organizations. Beautiful, high-spirited and unstable, she will not submit, nor marry her Bolshevik lover, but runs desperately from one man to another, tasting eagerly the luxury which the Grand Hotel provides for visiting foreigners. Her father and mother stubborn to the last go into exile rather than reveal to the G.P.U. the whereabouts of their valuables; the tragic drunkard, Volodya, commits suicide when the militiaman enters to throw his Christian brother and his wife out of their little room, for these are the irreconcilables as much as are the Russian exiles in Paris.

Their stories are just a few of the interwoven narratives which go to make this story of the American journalist, Bernard, and his love for Anna, who leaves her Bolshevik husband for his sake, but finds in the end that she cannot leave Russia and its struggle. It is a lengthy book: it is indeed too lengthy. Mr. Hindus reports conversations over exactly; there is from the point of view of the novel as a work of art too much journalistic description, making for less sharpness of outline. And finally there

is a bias in favour of "this brave new world." It is not a very apparent bias; one step back would have made for complete artistic detachment, but it is there just sufficiently to show as a flaw in a work which is the creation of such an immense diversity of characters and divergent points of view. At the same time, this is certainly the most fully flavoured and important book dealing with the tremendous Soviet experiment which has come my way.

At the very opposite pole from its clash, fury and loquaciousness is *The Gentleman of the Party*. Whereas Mr. Hindus is urgently moved by the promise, the power and the glory of the machine, Mr. Street gives us in effect a

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eulogy of "the certain things." His book can hardly be called a novel. It is the record of the fortunes of a big Wiltshire farm, its good times and its bad times under varying owners from 1872 to the present day. The drama is not the human drama, but of the rotation of the crops, and the conflicting claims of cattle, sheep, corn, and shooting drives. And George Simmons, whom we meet as a small boy scaring rooks for a shilling a week, and leave as a contented old man is the gentleman of the party: "Everybody except old George Simmons had wanted more out of the land than they put into it; and many of them had forgotten to keep faith with the good earth which rewarded them so generously. Of all the party the old dairyman had always been the most contented. Yet he had given the most and received the least." Not an exciting book; the pace is indeed pedestrian to an excess for all but the countryman; but an

honest and informative book from one who loves the land, and a worthy testimonial to the English farm labourer.

Mr. Sassoon has given us a further account of George Sherston who, or formally protesting against the continuance of the war, was confined to a shell-shock hospital. The present book tells us of the rehabilitation of Sherston through the influence of Rivers, the psychologist, and his return to the war zone, first in Egypt and then in France by way of Limerick, and hunts with the Limerick hounds. The Irish scene, with its strong Somerville and Ross flavour, I found to be the most vivid in the book. Otherwise for all their sincerity and sensitiveness these personal ruminations make for a book which takes on the somewhat shadowy and remote hue of the subjective mind which remakes all experience in its own image. Which will, of course, be for many its particular charm.

NORAH HOULT.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Edward Hallett Carr is to FORTNIGHTLY readers a new writer on foreign affairs, though as a reviewer his name will be familiar. His article on the League is the fruit of much practical experience, for he has been Assistant Adviser on League of Nations Affairs at the Foreign Office, and has frequently been the spokesman of the British Government on the Geneva commissions. His recent retirement from the Foreign Office to take up a professorship of international politics in the University of Wales now enables him to devote more time to writing. He has published a book on Dostoevsky which ranks as the best English work on that author, besides some studies of Marx and other revolutionaries.

Dr. L. P. Jacks, who began his career as an assistant to Stopford Brooke half a century ago, is editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, and was for many years Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. Though his life has been concerned mostly with education and philosophy, his published writings and his present article are evidence of the keen interest he has always taken in public affairs.

Before the Hitler regime **F. A. Voigt** was the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent in Berlin. He has since been the paper's diplomatic correspondent in London, and often broadcasts on foreign affairs.

William C. Atkinson, who is a professor of Spanish at Glasgow University, George Glasgow, Dr. Harry Roberts, Willard Price, and several other contributors to this month's issue have written comparatively recently in the FORTNIGHTLY, and need no further introduction.

Sean O'Casey has written his own miniature biography, which is so characteristic that it deserves quotation:

"Born in Dublin. Started to educate himself at the age of fifteen. Is still hard at it. Began work in a chandlery and ironmongery stores as soon as the law allowed (14 years old); worked from 7.30 till 7 for four shillings a week. Next job in a newspaper and periodical wholesalers; worked from 4 a.m. to 7 p.m. for nine shillings a week. Stuck it for a year. Still remembers it. The head of the firm always presided over meetings held by General Booth in Dublin. First gift from God: a second-hand copy of the Globe Edition of Shakespeare's works picked up for a bob. Started to write about Irish Nationalism at the age of 30. Later started to write plays. Author of *Shadow of a Gunman*, *Juno and the Paycock*, *Plough and the Stars*, *The Silver Tassie*, and *Within The Gates*. Hopes to have another written before the world ends."

Dilwyn John was for many years a member of the scientific staff of the "Discovery" Investigations, and has spent a number of years in the Antarctic.

Ellis Roberts, who writes in the book section, is one of the best-known practitioners of the literary life, and has at various times been literary editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, *Time and Tide*, and *Life and Letters*. Of **Robert Bernays** one may note in passing that since he last appeared in these pages he has formally renounced his Parliamentary status as an independent Liberal and joined the Simonite supporters of the Government.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

NOVEMBER, 1936

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

BY D. W. BROGAN

"IT is the most uncertain election I have ever known." The speaker was a veteran journalist but his opinion is that of others, of many others in all classes and in all occupations. The opinion was put a little too strongly; the election of 1936 is not any more uncertain than the election of 1916, when (as to-day) a Democratic President was attempting to be re-elected in face of a rejuvenated and, at any rate, formally reunited Republican party.

That the election should be doubtful at all is the first surprising phenomenon. In Europe Mr. Roosevelt's name leads all the rest as far as American politics go. And not only in Europe. There is in politics, on either side, no American comparable to him in popular appeal. Some of this appeal is due to the fact that he is President. The American people has a great reverence for this office, and its holder, whatever his personal limitations, gets the limelight automatically. What he says and does is always news; his actions, his words may be disliked; they may do him harm; but they cannot be ignored.

There are great political advantages in being President of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt knows this; his enemies know this. They resent it, but even if he would, President Roosevelt could not divest himself of those advantages. There is no evidence that if he could he would, or any reason why he should. The American system is monarchical; it concentrates power, responsibility, and publicity on one man. Candidate Roosevelt is that man.

But apart from the official assets which he knows how to use so adroitly, Mr. Roosevelt has great personal advantages that are his own. He has a gift for telling phrases that is of immense

value in a country which, as Mr. Mencken recently reminded us, is rhetorically-minded beyond any European country except possibly contemporary Germany. When he was regarded merely as an elegant auxiliary of "Al" Smith, Mr. Roosevelt found the perfect phrase for his leader. "Al" was the "Happy Warrior." It mattered little whether or no Mr. Roosevelt invented the phrase or had it supplied him. When he was a presidential candidate he again rang the bell with "the forgotten man." By what channels Wordsworth and William Graham Sumner were tapped for Mr. Roosevelt's use is unimportant. The politically relevant fact is that Mr. Roosevelt can be relied on for a felicitous turn of words that will reinforce his argument or save him from the necessity of making one. Mr. Roosevelt is the most uniformly successful handler of the English tongue in active political life. He can do all that Mr. Baldwin can do at his best and a great deal of what Mr. Lloyd George can do at his best.

But Mr. Roosevelt has another immense advantage. He is the perfect radio performer. He has the voice. Warm without being oily, sincere without being too unctuous or serious, he can talk to millions as if each were his sole listener and as if the one object of the speech were to remove the last lingering doubts from the mind of Elmer Ridgeway or Herman Gross. The only political performer comparable to him in America is Father Coughlin—and Father Coughlin never lets down; is always the crusader. The priest can do the organ note as well as the President, perhaps better, but he can't manage the violin obbligato or the oboe. There is no instrument that the President can't play well; most of them he can play superbly—and he is his own Toscanini. He decides when the flute solo is called for and when the full force of all the orchestra.

All this the Republicans and the dissident Democrats admit and deplore. "It looks as though we're going to elect a good radio performer over a statesman." So I was told in a dreary tone by a politician whose hopes were not allowed to drown his judgment. No one, not even the modest Republican candidate himself, believes that Governor Landon can compete with Mr. Roosevelt as the radio Orpheus who with his lute can charm the wild voters out of their holes.

Governor Landon is a better speaker than he was two months ago; he is a much better speaker than he was two years ago; but then, two years ago he was one of the worst speakers in American politics. The Republicans have to deal with the marked rhetorical inferiority of their candidate and they are taking the best way out. They contrast the "plain, honest, capable executive" with the "flash, eloquent, untrustworthy charlatan." They stress the differences between the candidates and rejoice, publicly at least, that Mr. Landon is as unlike Mr. Roosevelt as possible. They are banking, that is to say, on hostility to Roosevelt rather than on loyalty to Landon. They appeal implicitly to the electors to vote against the President rather than positively for the Governor.

This policy, if not very ambitious, is probably the wisest thing they could do, for the Republicans have been troubled by more than the radio superiority of their opponent. They have to fight grave internal dissension in their party. All American parties are bound to be uneasy coalitions of sections with little but the party names in common. The size of the country, the diversity of its social and economic traditions and interests makes this inevitable. The strength of the Republican party in the past has been its successful alliance of the Western farmer and the Eastern industrialist. In that alliance (until recently) it has seemed to outsiders that the farmer got the shadow of sentimental gratification and the Eastern industrialist the bone of economic advantage. If the Republicans hope to recover their old supremacy, they must re-knit the bonds that were being strained by the disastrous relative fall in farm prices that began in the post-war years and were snapped by the final collapse of farm prices under Mr. Hoover.

How is this to be done? It is not easy to see a way out that will satisfy both sections of the party. To the Eastern industrialist, the whole policy of crop restriction, of federal subsidies for agriculture is anathema. It is interfering with "the laws of Nature and of Nature's God," a proceeding whose blasphemous character any Eastern Republican feels deeply when it is not being done for his benefit. But to the Western farmer it is not so horrid. He has begun to suspect that corresponding adjustments have been made before for others; he sees no reason why

they should not be made for him. He may not have liked the crop restrictions of the administration. His religious feelings may have been profoundly hurt by the destruction of food (of this I have been vehemently assured by a very eminent Republican). Even his cheques from the federal government may not have stilled the voice of conscience. But he is convinced that the Roosevelt administration meant to do real good to the farmers. He is convinced that neither the Coolidge nor the Hoover administration ever did more than try to lull his discontents asleep by bedtime stories. Thus the Roosevelt administration starts with a great advantage in courting the farm vote. That vote is normally Republican, but then the chief agent of Roosevelt farm policy, Mr. Wallace, the Secretary of Agriculture, was himself a Republican. (His father held the same office in the Harding Cabinet.) A party that is good enough for Harry Wallace is good enough for many other Western Republicans. Even that bugbear of the Eastern conservatives, the handsome and daring Assistant-Secretary, Professor Tugwell, type of the detested brain-trusters, is less unpopular with the farmers with whom he deals than he is with the indignant clubmen of the East whose hearts are bleeding for the husbandmen persecuted by the professors.

What have the Republicans to set against this? They have money, prestige and the abundant help offered by the blunders of the administration. They have money. They have always had money, much more money than the Democrats have ever had. Except in the campaign of 1928 when the wetness of Al Smith appealed to thirsty millionaires and his religion appealed to wealthy Catholics, the Democrats have had to get along on a meagre budget. The horn of plenty was always opened for the Republicans; the Democrats have had only odd drippings of that oil that works the political machine, cash. This year from normal political resources they will have less than ever. The very rich Democrats in general sympathize with the Al Smith Democrats, the so-called "Jeffersonian Democrats" who regard President Roosevelt as a man who has jumped a claim or as an impostor who has sold under a national trade mark different and inferior goods to those the old customers had a right to expect. These Democrats may not spend much money on the

Jeffersonian party. Many of them are likely to help the Republicans, to spend money where it will do real good, in the election campaign for Mr. Landon. Most of those who do not subscribe to the Republican fund will help, indirectly, by not subscribing to the Democratic party funds. They will thus ease their consciences; they will not be aiding the other party; they will not be helping the dangerous radical in the White House; they will also be saving some money, which is a minor but not negligible point.

What have the Democrats to set against this? Plenty, say the Republicans. The hundreds of millions, the thousands of millions, spent by the federal government in public works, in direct relief, make a party fund unnecessary. A party chief who has the Treasury at his disposal need not worry about a falling-off in campaign contributions. Nor is there any reason, the critics go on to say, to suspect that the President's campaign manager will hesitate to use federal funds for this purpose. That manager the Postmaster-General, Mr. James Aloysius Farley, is a politician first, last and all the time. Whether he knows or cares anything about the social purposes of the administration is doubtful. But what is certain is that he is devoted to the President; that he is always ready to "take the rap," to shelter his chief from blame, and to do willingly and efficiently those political jobs which, if not exactly dirty, are apt to raise a little dust. It is not asserted or believed that Mr. Farley is not perfectly honest; what is asserted and believed is that he takes a political view of all these matters and that he hates to think of a federal dollar being spent that does not do the administration any political good. The thought of its doing the opposite party any good is intolerable. Many federal projects do the administration no good but many do it lots of political good. They win doubtful voters. They soothe irritated party workers. They make party management easy. Not only federal but state patronage is in Democratic hands with few exceptions. The Republicans have been kept on short commons and it is believed that money has had to be poured into rusty machinery which had become useless since the old machine tenders have had to go out and work for a living. Mr. Hamilton, Governor Landon's manager, has worked with great energy, if not always with tact, to get the wheels running again, but there

are ominous noises that suggest an absence of sweetness in the engines and, at times, they are so loud as to raise fears that some driving belts have snapped altogether.

Apart from his control of jobs (and many thousands of them are new jobs) Mr. Farley and the administration have the advantage of unemployment relief. The chief, almost the only definite public pronouncements of the Republican candidate have been directed to promising a reduction in the costs of government especially in the cost of relief of unemployment. There are times when the Republican party seems to be trying to persuade the country that it will cut the cost of relief without depriving any individual voter of anything he has been getting. But the Republicans will have to choose and they will choose to antagonize the unemployed. That means, of course, that millions of votes will be cast for Roosevelt as the man who in the past has helped the poor and will continue to do so.

Republicans are producing large quantities of moral indignation at such tactics, but for two generations they have campaigned on the basis of cash benefits. The recipients were different, but at bottom they managed to avoid all talk of "political" issues by concentrating on what the Grand Old Party did, had done and would do to make money plentiful. In the name of this policy, fantastic tariffs were voted and wealth directly or indirectly diverted from its "normal" course. It's the same old story and it's one not told only in America. If that is doubted, what odds would a prudent party man give in an East Anglian constituency against a Communist who stood for Parliament on a ticket including an even more generous present of other people's money to the wheat growers against a candidate, Conservative in all matters, but a supporter of a government that intended to stop the wheat subsidy?

It seems, then, as if the cash resources of the attackers and the governmental resources of the defenders will more or less cancel out. But the Republicans have prestige. They have for long been the normal government of the country; over a great part of the Union they have the habit of command. Theirs was the party that offered a career to an ambitious young man; so they had what French politicians call the "cadres." The leaders of the party, too, were men of substance or friends of

men of substance. Democratic bosses, like Mr. Pendergast of Kansas City, were "mere politicians." Republican bosses like Mr. J. Henry Roraback of Connecticut were "statesmen and gentlemen." To many a respectable American, the thought of voting the Democratic ticket was too horrid to be contemplated. It was contemplated and done by millions in 1932, but of those millions many are anxious to be back on the range. If most of them have gone back, the Democrats will have a hard time. But have they?

It is hard to believe that they have. If one listened only to hard-shell Republicans or to zealous newspaper enemies of the New Deal, one would get the impression that the Roosevelt landslide of 1932 was solely due to Mr. Charlie Michelson, the chief of the Democratic party press bureau. He attempted to "smear" Mr. Hoover. He succeeded. He did a good publicity job, but it is hard to believe that had he never existed, Mr. Hoover would have done much better. It did not need Mr. Michelson to tell a man who had lost his job, whose savings had gone with the closing of the fine marble and gold local bank, headed by a man who had ballyhooed for Hoover and prosperity in 1928, that something was wrong. His empty stomach, his weary feet, his wife and children told him that. It may not have been Mr. Hoover's fault, or the fault of his party, but Mr. Hoover and his party had been too successful in inculcating the idea that prosperity and depression were the work of governments.

In Miami, in the Union League Clubs, the dark Hoover days may be forgotten and, if they are remembered, it may be asserted that their darkness was exaggerated and that the dawn had turned the famous corner by the summer of 1932. The man in the street does not believe it.

Yet the old prestige of the ruling party may help; as business improves men forget their past sorrows and listen more eagerly to a party which promises not yet two cars in every garage, but a new model of one reliable make—if only "business isn't harassed."

How far these arguments are going it is impossible to say. But it may be questioned if they are going so far as Republican wishful thinking hopes and believes. Few Republicans with

whom I have talked were at all easy at the news that Mr. Hoover was going to speak for Mr. Landon, though Mr. Hoover is now a much better speaker than Mr. Landon is and has been one of the most effective assailants of the New Deal. That's all fine and dandy, but party men feel that an act of oblivion for all that went on between 1929 and 1933 is what the party needs. "Back to Coolidge," that's all right, but back to Hoover! The voter will say "God forbid."

"Back to Coolidge" is a slogan that Eastern Republicans think is a winner. In many regions it will be; that golden age of the twenties glows in middle-aged memories as do the days of the "Good Queen" in many British minds. But both Queen Victoria and Mr. Coolidge are dead; so are their eras. The American man in the street does not share the simple faith of Colonel Frank Knox, the Republican vice-presidential candidate, who is indefatigably condemning all that was done from 1933 on. There were many workers and many farmers who found the Coolidge era no golden age. There are many more who think that it will never return. It was a stream-lined express; very beautiful and very fast, but it got badly smashed for want of brakes in 1929 and the American voter is waiting to hear what brakes the Republicans advocate.

Such a demand for information puts the attacking party in a hole. Its Eastern leaders and paymasters think one little ornamental bicycle brake is enough with perhaps a few promises to "bust trusts" in the manner of the elder Roosevelt. But to win the doubtful voter more will be required. There will have to be more brakes and more bumpers.

For not all that the New Deal has done is wrong in the eyes of good party men west of the Alleghany Mountains or below the income level of \$5,000 a year. To the farmer, the memory of federal cheques is more grateful than the memory of Coolidge sermons. To small investors who were plundered by financial magnates, the regulation of the activities of the New York Stock Exchange does not seem blasphemous. To working men who are coming to believe that in organization lies their only safety in an age in which the ascent of the ladder of industry is harder and harder, the solicitude of the wealthy Republicans for the victim of "regimentation" is a little trying.

To sum up this situation. Mr. Landon is going to find it hard to carry states where the farmers and workers are dominant and militant, unless he gives positive assurances that would chill the enthusiasm for his cause that is felt in the East. If Landon is merely to be a milder Roosevelt, there are magnates who won't be bothered to do much to elect him, and if they think that he is not going to be elected anyway, they may feel that they might as well make peace with Mr. Roosevelt as far as they can, or at any rate a truce—until 1940.

It is considerations like these that make one sceptical of Mr. Walter Lippmann's presentation of the case for Mr. Landon as a case for a "National Government." Mr. Landon might, probably would, play the role of Mr. Baldwin sincerely and successfully as far as in him lay. But how far is that? No one can say, but there are doubts in many breasts of the conversion of the Grand Old Party. If it is beaten now, it may have to undergo a major operation. At present, its Eastern members regard the Landon candidacy as merely face lifting. If they are wrong and Mr. Landon is elected and Mr. Lippmann turns out to be right, there will be a hot time in the old town. The late Huey Long used to assure his followers that Mr. Roosevelt "had done a Ramsay on them." If Mr. Landon should "do a Baldwin" on Colonel Knox or Senator Steiwer, even a vocabulary equal to Huey's might be overstrained.

There remains one other Republican asset, the mistakes of the administration. These are numerous. The President is ready to try anything once and some of the things he has tried—the silver purchase scheme that added to China's misery, the Warren gold control scheme—have proved to be expensive mistakes. The vast expenditure has been accompanied by less graft than one would have anticipated, but by a great deal of waste. The administration has not only tried foolish panaceas, it has tried different and inconsistent panaceas at the same time. Thus, after reading an able speech by Mr. Ogden Mills (Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury) or an able pamphlet by Mr. James Warburg, all but the most partisan Democrat might well have his moments of doubt. But if he wishes to console himself, he has only to contemplate the Republican policy. A vast increase in exports, the practical prohibition of imports, collection of

the war debts and some kind of a gold standard that redresses the wrong of the gold devaluation of 1933 without depressing prices—that is the Republican policy as advocated at hundreds of meetings. The naïve horror of imports preached into the American consciousness for two generations, when the United States was a debtor country, is now stirred up when she is the greatest creditor power in the world. One of the few achievements of the Roosevelt régime that independent critics have generally admired, the negotiation of trade treaties, is virulently attacked. Great business interests know better than this. I know one virulently hostile business man in New York who has already been converted to semi-tolerance of the administration by the sobering thought that if the loudly proclaimed Republican policy is put into effect, his importing business is going to have a hard time. But this will not intimidate the orators, and the American people will, in all probability, have to choose in economic policy between two sets of panaceas, one old, one new. Which is the less relevant to the situation it is hard to say.

What, then, can beat the Democrats? One issue that seemed full of dynamite for them a year ago is now highly unexplosive. The successive Supreme Court decisions invalidating New Deal acts did the administration harm, for they made it seem ludicrous and, if it fought back, the American people was more likely to “rally round the constitution” than round the President. But the decision invalidating the minimum wage laws of New York put the Republicans in a hole, for it blew up the “states’ rights” fortress in which that party had incongruously taken refuge. They had argued that federal activity of the Roosevelt type was unnecessary; that the states could do all that was needed. The Court denied this and politically, at least, was as kind to the administration as it had been harsh in its earlier decisions, for the Republicans have been forced to talk of amending the constitution and so cannot attack the President for irreverence towards that sacred text.

Another faint hope has been stressed by Mr. Frank Kent, the famous political journalist. He has again and again suggested that the Solid South may be alienated from the President by the successful cultivation of the Negro vote in the North. A

million votes that used to be safely Republican have been transferred to the Democrats, and in states like New York and Illinois, these black Democrats may be decisive. There have been protests. Senator Smith of South Carolina left the Democratic Convention in a rage when a Negro minister was called on to pray for that body. But Senator Smith’s importance is confined to his own state. It is not very great there. Governor Tallmage of Georgia ran for the Senate on a campaign bitterly hostile to Mr. Roosevelt and his supporters stressed the charge of “nigger lover” addressed to Mr. Roosevelt and to his wife. Yet Governor Tallmage, the most plausible imitation of Huey Long in the nation, was badly beaten by a loyal Roosevelt supporter. I have met no politician who shares Mr. Kent’s hopes. The Republican party has enlisted the help of the Olympic champion, Jesse Owens, but despite that, hundreds of thousands of Negroes are going to desert the party that freed their grandfathers for the party that put the present generation’s economic casualties on relief.

Much more serious than the Negro question is the power of Father Coughlin. In a cave of Adullam that has few rivals for the incongruity of its members, the radio orator has gathered supporters of Huey Long, the disciples of Dr. Townsend (who want a pension of 200 dollars a month for all old people), the members of his own League for Social Justice and some disgruntled left wing farmers’ leaders. This body (if it is a body) has nominated Congressman Lemke of North Dakota for President. But the nominal leader is neglected by all; the real interest is concentrated on Father Coughlin. His listeners are still numbered by millions. How many votes will he take from Roosevelt in November? Not all his votes will come from the Democrats, but in the great industrial states they will be drawn from sections that otherwise would vote for the President. Most important of all, Father Coughlin will take thousands of Irish-Americans away from the Democrats, almost as great a feat as the Democratic capture of Negroes from the Republicans. He may take enough to elect Mr. Landon by making it impossible for the President to carry, say, Ohio. Each state votes as a unit and Mr. Roosevelt might have immense majorities in many states and a total majority of millions over Mr. Landon, and

yet be defeated if the Republican candidate carries the big industrial states even by the narrowest margin. This possibility keeps Eastern Democratic managers awake at night, and so does the potentiality of the Spanish situation doing the kind of harm to Mr. Roosevelt that the Irish situation in 1920 did to Wilson and Governor Cox. The administration is neutral in the diplomatic sphere; but it is known that the sympathies of the Ambassador and of many leading Democrats are strongly anti-Fascist. But if the Republicans can persuade hesitating Catholics to vote against an administration that has sent to Spain "a friend of church burners" and to Mexico a "friend of church closers," they may defeat Mr. Roosevelt. If, as seems likely, the contests in the great industrial states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois are close, General Franco may fail to overthrow President Azaña and yet help to defeat President Roosevelt.

Yet it seems at the moment unlikely. The Democrats will probably elect Mr. Roosevelt; they may actually gain a few Senate seats; they will probably keep a majority in the Lower House, though it will be smaller than the present overwhelming one. But it is never safe to prophesy unless you know. No one knows, and in a year that has seen the defeat of Joe Louis and has produced the first real threat to the Senate seat of Senator Borah since he was elected nearly thirty years ago, anything may happen, even the election of Governor Landon.

SOCIAL AND OTHER CREDIT IN ALBERTA

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE Province of Alberta consists of a stretch of territory that descends from the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains out on to the great plains watered by the Saskatchewan and Peace Rivers. In area a quarter of a million square miles, it exceeds all German-speaking Europe—Germany, Austria and Switzerland. Its population of three-quarters of a million would just make one first-class European city.

The whole province seems more or less bedded on minerals and oil. No one yet knows how great may be the latent resources of Alberta, how usable the coal of its foothills, the natural gas of its valleys, the oil buried below its plains. But in the general sense there is no doubt of the vastness of its unused heritage. If the Social Credit theory is based on the collective rights of the people to their common heritage, it is well grounded in Alberta.

The climate of the province is humane. There is bitter cold, hard and piercing and dry, fit to split the thermometer, but it is tempered by the soft spring wind and the early rains that blow from beyond the mountains, and wipe away the snows with the April tears of repentance.

Till the Canadian Pacific Railway woke the West from silence, Alberta was a part of the vast, romantic and unknown West. Lieutenant Butler (Sir William Butler) crossed it in 1871, as Mungo Park might have crossed Africa. Its emptiness was inconceivable. "One may wander," he wrote, "five hundred miles without seeing a human being or an animal larger than a wolf."

With the railway the West opened up. With the twentieth century it opened wide up. Here was a country where agriculture moved on a chequer-board, where ten-horse teams hauled ten-furrowed ploughs in fields so big that they disappeared over the horizon; a country where wheat was threshed

before it was cut, bound before it could move a straw, poured in and out of elevators before it was even dry. "The Granary of the Empire, Free Homes for Millions, God bless the Royal Family"—so ran the legend of the arch at the Diamond Jubilee of 1897. After the turn of the century all the world poured in—Germans, Ukrainians, a polyglot multitude mixed with an "American invasion," that moved from the deserted farms of Kansas like Mormons on the march.

Thus grew Alberta, or rather thus was it raised like a circus tent in the shouting years before the War. Hand in hand with Saskatchewan it became a province in 1905, and from then until the Great War all was prosperity, advance, confidence, with a braggart sense of unlimited greatness still to come. For years after, the situation was full of hope and confidence. The census of 1921 showed a population of 588,000, with two twin rising cities, Calgary and Edmonton, of about 60,000 each. The province shared to the full in the delusive hope of Empire Settlement, of tidal immigration, of an unlimited world market for wheat. The bonded debt stood in 1919 at only 34,000,000 dollars. Municipalities borrowed with ease in double-handfuls and paid on the nail in gold in New York.

But with each successive year the clouds gathered. Immigration slackened and dried up at the source. Without immigration the railways could not function. Empty town-sites with miles of new side-walks looked out over empty sidings and empty sheds. The frame was too big for the picture. It fell out. And with that, economic nationalism all over the world began to put up the shutters on its shops. Wheat grown in enormous quantities (the Canadian crop of 1928 was over half-a-billion bushels) found no market, crashed in price and brought down with it the grain industry of Western Canada. It was then fully realized for the first time how one-sided is the economic structure of the West. In older Canada, the pioneer lived on his own: he settled depression with an axe, was his own butcher and baker and what he had not got he went without. His diversion was whisky at 50 cents a gallon, and fighting in a tavern. As a motor car he had a buck-board and for a radio he talked to himself in the barnyard. Economically you might hit him hard, but you could not knock him out. But in the new West all

was different. Farming had run overwhelmingly to one specialized industry, raising wheat on vast flat plains where machinery came into its own. The farmer no longer fed himself, never saw a hen and had for his barnyard a corrugated-iron grain elevator.

Under such conditions an economic gulf opened up to separate western from eastern Canadian. The West was overwhelmingly agricultural and rural: manufactures it had none: but it lived on the export trade of grain. On this basis originated, even in the years of settlement and prosperity, the "agrarianism" of the Canadian West as clashing with the "capitalism" of the Canadian East. As the country grew, money centred in the East. The banks with one small exception were all there. The great industrial corporations interlocked their directorates and their dinner-parties in Montreal. To the western eye, looking angrily over the rim of the prairies, the banks and the manufacturers and the protective tariff and the railroad and the Ottawa government all merged into one distorted image—the East.

The chasm thus opened by agrarianism was no doubt widened to some extent by the racial divergence of the population from that of older Canada. Its composition shows the terrific effects of the migration of 1896-1914. The French who once aspired to rule the West, whose half-bred brothers (the Métis) were the first settlers, who saw in the little towers of St. Boniface a new metropolis of their race—the French are nowhere. Their 28,000 are outnumbered by the 63,000 Germans and outclassed by the 60,000 Ukrainians. Alberta has 461,000 people whose mother-tongue is English (including "American") and 270,000 whose mother-tongue is something else.

So naturally the West, thus economically situated even in its prosperity, clamoured for a lower tariff, for open trade, for people's money, people's telephones, a people's railway, and above all people's control of grain. The West would applaud any expenditure on railways to the Hudson's Bay, to the Northern Pacific, to the Polar Sea, provided the government owned them. Extravagance and loss did not matter. Thus grew across the country the huge rat-trap of the Canadian National Railway System, freely pardoned by the West for all its sin, as the Farmers' First Love.

The collapse of the wheat trade left the grain farmer of the

West stranded on the arid and empty prairie to which his erst-while farm returned. Nature itself took a hand and scourged him with drought and visited him with locusts to remind him to read his Bible. By the midsummer of 1933 the West had practically come to a full stop, living only on the accumulated momentum of credit, and such cohesion of economic life as still bound it to the Dominion.

No wonder that new winds of doctrine blew over the empty prairie. Theory lives best in a vacuum. Hence the increasing vogue of all sorts of new theories of money, credit and social reconstruction. Frederick Soddy's *Man versus Money* became the farmers' companion: he did not understand it but he understood Soddy to mean that bankers were crooks who lived on honest men and would not lend a cent to a man whose farm had been eaten away by locusts and blown away in a cyclone. What was needed was social reconstruction: that is free corrugated iron and locust poison. The doctrines of Major Douglas and others that filtered in under the name of "Social Credit" made an instant hit. The word "credit" was enough by itself.

Under such a stress the older political parties could no longer stand upright. For generations Canada had been governed by "Liberals" and "Conservatives" in accordance with the British tradition of picking up sides and playing according to rules—British government being really only an adaptation of cricket to public life. But in Alberta cricket was all gone. The United Farmers of Alberta overthrew the older parties. Beside them rose the organization of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (the C.C.F.) and other novelties.

But despite the people's parties the difficulties constantly increased, the money difficulties in the front rank; huge debts payable in New York in gold with Canadian dollars at ten per cent. discount. The city of Calgary refused payment, others dropped out: nothing but the disastrous fall of the American dollar itself effected a temporary salvation.

The Dominion of Canada did the best it could, which was in a sense, nothing: it taxed everybody who had any money and gave it to people who had none. This new system (called "unemployment relief") by which the rich work and the poor take a holiday is at best but a pleasant interlude. It is about

as permanent as sliding down a roof; but for the moment it is all that one can do.

In moments of national emergency a prophet is always raised up. In Alberta the provincial election of 1935 saw the raising up of a prophet whose name was William Aberhart and whose word was Social Credit and whose gospel a little handbook to be had at a cost of ten cents. Aberhart, like other wise men, had come from the East, where he had been a teacher, and became a teacher in the West and an itinerant preacher and the founder of a sort of religion, expounded in the Prophetic Bible Institute at Calgary. He now appeared as a political apostle, rallied and carried the country upon a platform of Social Credit.

The Aberhart doctrine, or rather the doctrine of Social Credit in general, like all "people's doctrines" has something in it. It is based on the undeniable idea that no one of us brought anything into the world with us. Each of us has his natural claim to a share. We are, as it were, the joint heirs of a great estate, whereas our present social order dispossesses ninety-nine to install one. We may imagine that, in a general way, of all the wealth produced in a year, a certain part is due to the original heritage, and each of us has the right to that, whether we work or not. Rich or poor, wise or stupid, lazy or energetic—that much is ours. Call it, if you like, twenty-five dollars a month each—or shall we say sixty pounds a year?

This is not to say that all the Aberhartians looked into it as deeply as that. Probably most of them only read the manual as far as the page and paragraph where it said twenty-five dollars a month and were convinced without going further.

The moment was especially fortunate for such a doctrine. The cry for people's money had led the Dominion Government to establish a Central Bank, and the West had been disappointed with it. There is no need to discuss here the functions and utility of the Central Bank of Canada or its aid to the Government in finance. But there is no doubt that it does not do what the West expected of it. The Alberta farmer understood that the business of a central bank was to lend money to anybody who felt he needed it, and that you helped yourself to it as you do to a pumpkin pie at a threshing bee. When he saw that it did not do that, he looked for a quicker action.

There is a charming little French story, widely known from school-books and selections, called *Boom-Boom*. It tells of a little Parisian boy, smitten with fever and delirium calling for *Boom-Boom*, a clown whom he had seen at the Winter Circus. In despair they buy him a toy clown. But he cries still, "That's not *Boom-Boom*." Then they get the real clown to come—the real clown in private life, a grave, dignified gentleman; and still the child calls, "That's not *Boom-Boom*." The clown, a true artist at heart, exclaims "He's right!" disappears and returns in his clown suit, his cap and tassels, his mouth painted to the size of a letter-box. The child claps his hands with joy and shouts "*Boom-Boom*!" and is saved.

So with Alberta. Sick with adversity, feverish with anxiety, it called out for "people's money," for "cash-for-everybody," for "*Boom-Boom*." The Government of Canada fetched to the bedside the Central Bank. But the sick province took one look at the stately form of Mr. Graham Towers, the Governor, and cried out "That's not *Boom-Boom*!" So then the electors of 1935 brought Social Credit and the Rev. Mr. Aberhart, and the province rescued from its despair shouted "*Boom-Boom*, that's *Boom-Boom*!"

Mr. Aberhart was swept into power in the election of August, 1935, on the crest of a wave of tabernacle enthusiasm. The new Parliament showed in a House of 63 a majority phalanx of 56 Social Crediters (not Creditors), many, if not most, of whom had never sat in a legislature before.

There were great expectations and grave forebodings. It is said that many of the plainer people in the towns called next morning for their "social dividend" of twenty-five dollars. As for Mr. Aberhart, he found himself in the typically British situation, as old as Queen Anne, of finding himself suddenly changed from opposition to office and having to "make good." Fortunately there is also a British precedent as to what to do, namely, to do nothing. Mr. Aberhart announced that he must take "time to think," a need he had never announced before. He began to show a strong desire to consult people, to visit Father Coughlin, his "opposite number" in the United States, to send over to England for Major Douglas, the parent of Social Credit, and to go to "Ottawa," the Mecca of the provincial politician.

Meantime it was announced that it would take at least eighteen months to get the "social dividend" in working order. As far as the social dividend, the "twenty-five dollars a month" goes, that is exactly where it stands now (October 1, 1936) and where it will stand for ever. It will take it, it will *always* take it, eighteen months to start. Mr. Aberhart's Provincial Secretary announced the other day that he would not be surprised if the dividends were paid in fifteen months instead of eighteen. But other people would. The opinion is safe to hazard that not a dollar of Social Credit dividend will ever be paid in Alberta. Major Douglas meanwhile is out of the picture. He and Alberta have parted company. Mr. Aberhart roundly denounced him in the tabernacle meeting of the hot Sunday evenings of the drought of 1936. Meantime, however, all the provincial residents (beginning Monday, August 10, 1936) are being registered, or, rather, invited to register, for their dividends. This looks like business. But it seems that the registration has to be accompanied by the signing of a "Social Credit" covenant. The "covenant" covers a page of print and involves a lot of obligation in regard to accepting "Alberta Credit," selling in Alberta, and co-operating with the Government about production and price. Now a Canadian farmer will sign a promissory note in a fit of delirium, but he will not sign anything else. He wants to know, does signing the covenant control his production? Does it take away his farm? What is the darn thing anyway? As a matter of fact, nobody short of the Lords of the Privy Council could tell just what these Alberta covenants do and do not mean.

Add to this that there are a number of people of substance, the few who have anything solid left, who will not sign, on principle; and there are quite a crowd who have nothing and never had anything who refuse to sign because they want their money "straight" with no string on it. The latter have organized themselves (August, 1936) and have forwarded to His Majesty King Edward VIII a protest against being required to sign a covenant before "being entitled to participate in the dividends." Such a thing is seen by these Birds of Freedom as quite outside the scope of Magna Charta.

Yet some of the smaller towns had a heavy registration. Wetaskawin, which registered 250 in a day, must have turned

out to a man, or to a woman. Zone 5 of Calgary, where the poor live, had a heavy registration, and so did the East End of Edmonton; and at least all the tabernacles sign and sing. The Premier insists that there shall be no compulsion in signing. But he warns the faithful of what may happen. "We want everyone to register," he declared in one of his semi-monthly broadcasts from the Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute, "If you fail us, I'll be sorry, because I shall not be able to fulfil my promises." So there we have the way out: Mr. Aberhart's bridge is all ready. It is true that the autumn session of the legislature has brought certain "implementing" legislation. Bill No. 11 is entitled *An Act to Provide the People of Alberta with Additional Credit*. This would set up at Edmonton, the capital, a state credit board with branches through the province which have power to make "credit advances" (whatever that means) to duly registered citizens; to provide persons entitled to credit in such manner as may be prescribed by Order in Council by the "Minister of Trade." A charge of two per cent. per annum may be made, or it may be not. All that this means is that the Minister is invited by the Government to think out some schemes of making loans, and making them to the right people. This means anything or nothing. As much or as little is done already in a hundred ways, as housing loans, allotment advances, and emergency credits. On the face of it the scheme and the registration and the discretionary power sounds like Robespierre and *civisme* and plundering the Treasury. But in Alberta nothing will come of it but a system of emergency loans, never repaid but not obviously unfair. The Alberta people, all in all, are still too British to make unfair loans, and too Scotch to make too many.

If Social Credit were all, the Alberta situation would be just comedy, signifying nothing. It would pass as it came and the grain-fields would toss and wave again in the unending sunshine. But the really dark clouds are those that cover the financial background. The inner meaning and interest of the Aberhart regime lies in the debt question (public, corporate and even private) and in the money question—the mechanism of scrip and prosperity certificates.

Mr. Aberhart did not make the debt. The debt made him. Even before his appearance, from the causes shown above, the province and its municipalities floundered in a morass of debt. The public debt of Alberta stood in the summer of 1935 (the election was on August 22, 1935) at about \$150,000,000 dollars. The debts of the municipalities at about \$70,000,000. The three months' deficit before the election was nearly \$1,000,000. The province revenue could no longer pay its way. The Government made new loans to pay interest on the old ones. The Federal Government, the milch cow of the Canadian provinces, gave what nutriment it could (emergency subsidies for unemployment farm relief, and special advances). Nothing could avail. It was a jig-saw puzzle that would not fit. So Mr. Aberhart smashed it. It was a knot that would not untie. So Mr. Aberhart cut it. A contract that could not be paid: Mr. Aberhart blotted it out with tears: an oath that could not be kept: so Mr. Aberhart removed it by prayer. In situations like these nothing but the working of the spirit will apply. The tabernacle can do with a hymn what no court can do with a sentence.

In other words Mr. Aberhart repudiated nearly half of the public debt by cutting the interest on the 5 per cent. bonds to 2½, and on the others similarly (Executive Order in Council, validated by the Provincial Securities Interest Act, 1936). The holder, domestic or foreign, had no choice. A Canadian province, under section 92 of the British North America Act of 1867, holds the full right over property and contract.

What will result from the repudiation?

There is a story of an Irish-American patriot who declared in a moment of national emergency that he was prepared to "sacrifice a part of the constitution and, if need be, the whole of it, to save the remainder." This magical trick, we are beginning to see, can be performed in public finance. An Alberta five per cent. bond, on which the interest looks very doubtful, is not as valuable as an Alberta two and a half per cent. bond on which the interest looks certain. All depends on the amount of doubt and the amount of certainty. The holder of the bond can test this on the public market. It may be that his bond, like the Jackdaw of Rheims, is more valuable with its tail off. An Alberta five per cent. bond of 1939 sold in February of 1935

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for \$103. The same bond, with its coupon declared cashable for only 2½ per cent., was selling in October, 1936, at from 65 to 70. Arithmetically it should sell at only \$51.50. The bondholder has not lost half his money—not yet. The fall would be less still if there were certainty. Many coupons are not cashed. The holders prefer to wait and see. But their five per cent. they will never see.

With the partial repudiation of the public debt has gone a similar scaling down of municipal, corporate and private debt. The Municipal Securities Act, September, 1936, permits any Alberta municipality to reduce the interest on its bonds to three per cent. To what extent they will do so remains to be seen: they will have to measure against the immediate gain the loss of future credit, and the hostility of the present bond-holders. Mr. Aberhart, at least, leaves no doubt as to where he stands. He reiterates and emphasizes his opinion that in Canada "money gets too much and men too little." This means, in the language of the tabernacle, that the capitalist class get too large a share, that interest is too great a burden, that money, borrowed at boom prices and paying its full interest with prices sunk in the pit of depression, no longer represents a fair bargain, but a fetter and a chain. Let him who will accept or reject the argument. But put it with passion, that "money gets too much and men too little," and pound it into the desk of the tabernacle, and it "gets over." It recalls Mr. Bryan's cry for America "crucified upon a cross of gold."

More interesting to the economist than the cancellation of debt (as old as Pharaoh), is the attempt of Mr. Aberhart to "make" money. The British North America Act of 1867 reserves the issue of legal tender to the Dominion. Mr. Aberhart circumvents it by Prosperity Certificates or Alberta scrip.

The Alberta "Prosperity Certificates" look like "stage money," plentifully sprinkled with dollar marks and a framework of future dates on the back. They are issued by the Government and handed out as unemployment relief and in various other ways. In order to give them "velocity" in circulation they are made too hot to hold: the possessor must refresh them every Wednesday by gumming on its proper space a stamp that costs two per cent. of the certificate. They are not "legal

tender," but the Government will, so the Treasurer announced, redeem them at intervals for "all and sundry"—and he added "for good and sufficient reasons"; that is, it will if it feels like it. But the Government will not take them from day to day in payment of the sales tax, but only on three days a month. As between citizens, anyone can take them as a payment if he wishes. In many places the first batch "sold" like hot cakes—as souvenirs. After that circulation has become restricted. The post office (that is, the Dominion Government) refuses them; so do all railroad, express, telegraph, insurance and similar companies. Theatres and moving-picture houses will not take them. Country storekeepers accept them readily for purchases; but they would accept a French assignat of 1789 or a George Washington continental dollar of 1778 rather than not make a sale. Nearly all big stores refuse them: the bigger the store, the firmer the refusal. Companies of other provinces, unless feverishly eager for business, refuse them entirely, or take only a percentage. But the unemployed, not looking a gift certificate on the back, reach out for them. Meanwhile, the courts are "sitting" on them. A court at Edmonton (open to appeal) issued an injunction forbidding the city to accept them from the province as its unemployment subsidy. The province replied with a validating Act.

As a matter of fact the Prosperity Certificate is doomed from its birth. It will go the way of all scrip. Nor does it make any great difference. Few people realize that such a financial expedient is not a "flow" of wealth but a mere filling of a bowl once, and after that a few drops yearly for evaporation. The "cash money" needed in Alberta, small change and all, computed *per capita* from the Dominion total may be put at \$15,000,000. Print that, and it is all over. Once printed it comes in and goes out, with casual annual increase.

Here is what will happen in Alberta. The Prosperity Certificate will die. The Social Credit dividend will never be born. The old debts will be scaled down. The new will grow up. The Aberhart party will go out. The Conservatives will come in. They always do.

M. BLUM'S REVOLUTION

BY PHILIP CARR

IN considering the present very difficult situation in France, the first question that will be asked is: Will M. Blum's Government be able to continue the career which has already enabled it to carry such an amazing amount of fundamental economic and financial changes? Certain well-informed people say No—that when the Chamber returns at the end of October, M. Blum is bound to fall; but I believe that, barring the quite possible accident which an unexpected development of any one of the serious problems confronting it may produce, the Blum Government will continue. Although the Communists could probably defeat the Government, they could only do so with the result of making all government in the present Chamber impossible, or else with the result of creating such fear among the supporters of order that the Left Wing Radicals and the Extreme Right would temporarily work together. In any case, the Communists would cease to influence policy, and it would be evident to the country that they had made impossible the passage of any more of the popular measures which the country so ardently desires and has to a great extent obtained, and also that they had even imperilled the application of what has already been obtained.

Therefore, although the Communists will try to keep their end up in the eyes of the electorate, and although they will try to make it appear that they are forcing the Socialists to adopt extreme reforms, and although they will hope that by so doing they will dish the Socialists at the next election, they will, I believe, never go so far as to throw out the present Government, or even to create serious difficulties in the country for the Government. They will climb down again and again rather than do either of these things. Indeed they have already climbed down in this way more than once. For example, there was the famous speech by M. Thorez—"Il faut savoir terminer une grève"—which

virtually called off the June strikes. There was the docile submission to the Government's recent innovation of using the police to clear out stay-in strikers from the factories—which would not have been done so easily if the Communists had not accepted it—and most recently there was the retreat over the question of the 122 and then of the 52 proposed Communist meetings in Alsace-Lorraine and the eventual acceptance of the Government's limitation to 10. These last two affairs played so directly into the hands of M. Blum that if they were not concerted for his benefit, which they probably were not, they might well have been.

For what is the chief preoccupation of M. Blum at the present moment in the field of party politics? It is to convince the Radical Party that the Government is determined to maintain order and what is called in France *légalité*, or observance of the law, throughout the country. And he is particularly preoccupied with this just now—I am writing before the meeting of the congress of the Radical party—because a certain number of the Right Wing Radicals, who cannot swallow the alliance with the Communists, threaten to make trouble. The sting would be to a great extent removed from this attack if the Government would show itself to be taking a strong line and to be exercising authority with a firm hand.

The attack in itself must not be taken too seriously. A rather exaggerated importance has been given to it by the fact that one of the few Radical papers in Paris, the *République*, has given expression to it. Now, the *République* is inspired by M. Caillaux, and M. Caillaux is perhaps to-day the most typical and certainly the most influential representative of that old-fashioned kind of Radicalism which commands a majority in the Senate but has an importance there quite out of proportion to its strength in the Chamber or the country.

This is the section of the Radical Party which has for some time been manœuvring privately to undermine, and agitating publicly to break up, the Popular Front by means of the repudiation of the alliance with the Communists. It is this section of the Radical Party which has perhaps been responsible for the rumour that M. Chautemps hopes to follow the Socialist and Radical Government of M. Blum, of which he is himself a member,

with a Ministry based on a coalition between the Right Wing Radicals and the Centre. But both M. Chautemps and M. Daladier themselves contradict this rumour. They realize that, as I have indicated above the Popular Front combination is the only one which presents a working majority in the present Chamber.

The effect of all this, I believe, will be that the Radical Ministers will remain in the Government, and the Radical Party will continue its co-operation, if only M. Blum can show that his Government will keep order at home and will maintain peace abroad.

And, because Radical support depends upon these two conditions, I am convinced that the Communists in France, who have no desire to be responsible for the overthrow of the Popular Front Government, are not entirely sorry to give M. Blum the opportunity of showing that he can keep order; and I am convinced that the Communists in Russia, who have no desire for political confusion and therefore for weakness in their ally and main hope of protection against Germany will, in the last resort, do nothing seriously to endanger peace or to make it impossible for M. Blum to maintain peace. This, I have some reason for believing, is the opinion of M. Herriot, who is now in relative retirement as President of the Chamber, but is certainly destined eventually to return to the arena, and is in any case in close touch and sympathy with Soviet opinion. Moscow, he thinks, will take no such measures in support of the Spanish Government as would precipitate an international crisis.

This estimate of the probable attitude of the Communists will surprise many people in England; but many, even among anti-Communists in France, are in agreement with it. For it is not only the French Communists who are in sympathy with the Franco-Soviet alliance, which finds support in the parties of the Right, and also in the general staff of the army. Moreover, the 72 Communists now represent more than 11½ per cent. of the total strength of the Chamber, and that without counting the dozen Independent Communists and even some of the Left Wing Socialists, who might vote with them. This means that they must be taken seriously. Besides, they form part of the regular Government majority, although they refused

to put any of their number into the Government itself, and they can no longer be considered merely as irresponsible wild men.

It is not only on the Left in France, therefore, that there is agreement with the view, which I myself hold, that the Communists are not likely to make difficulties for the Blum Government, either abroad or at home, and that still less likely are they to foment internal disorder which would lead to such difficulties. Nor do I believe that serious internal disorder will occur at all, although I certainly cannot say that, in the course of the social and economic readjustment following upon what has been no less than a Revolution, carried through in a few weeks, there is no danger of such disorder. It would be folly to pretend that there is not. Of two things I am confident, however; first, as I have said, that it will not be created by the organizations of the Extreme Left and, second, that it will not be created by the organizations of the Extreme Right.

The Croix de Feu—who were officially dissolved a few months ago as an illegal association, but were immediately resuscitated under the name of the Parti Social Français—have had their numbers and effective capacity for action enormously exaggerated, both by their friends on the Right and—naturally enough, as part of the political game—by their opponents on the Left. Colonel de la Rocque himself claims that little short of a million men have been enrolled. The Communists retort that this total, even supposing it to be accurate, includes an enormous number who are no longer members. They put the strength at 200,000. It is almost certainly much less than that. The important point about them, however, is this. By far the greater part of the middle-class young men who have joined them have done so with the idea at the back of their minds that they were helping to create a sort of amateur police force, a body of special constables, for the preservation of public order. If they thought they were fulfilling such a function, they would march; but I believe that relatively few of them would do so if they suspected that they were being used as an instrument in a political conflict.

However, whether there is going to be disorder in Paris or not—and I think there is not—I am convinced of one thing.

The issue will very soon cease to be one between Fascism and Communism, or even between Capitalism and Communism. Events have moved so fast in the Revolution—which began with the strikes in June—that it may almost be said that Fascism and Communism are beginning to be as out of date as the sort of Capitalism which we have known has already become. They have all three played their part in the various rapid stages of this Revolution, but they will soon be replaced by other ideals, for which new names will have to be found; and France will once again in her history be recognized as having given to the world the intellectual impetus and the example in a great movement of reorganization.

Let us follow what actually happened in the early summer.

On Sunday, May 3rd, was elected the Chamber, which returned such a sweeping Popular Front majority and aroused such hopes in so many working-class hearts. The Sarraut Government no longer had any authority, nor any but a nominal existence; but—and this was the crucial point—exactly a month passed before it was replaced by the Government of M. Blum. During this interval, which the formalities connected with the meeting of the new Chamber apparently made necessary, many of the rank and file of the Left parties began to suspect that preparations were being made to trick them out of the fruits of their victory as they believed they had been tricked in 1924. Consequently, when the first of the "stay in" strikes presented an opportunity for taking direct action of a kind to cut the ground from under the feet of the enemies of the working classes and to strengthen the hands of their friends, it was seized upon with an enthusiasm which made the strikes spread like wildfire.

It is true that this is not the only account given of the origin of the strikes, about which there are still differences of opinion; but it is the only one which fits in with the known facts. It has been suggested that the whole thing was started by certain mysterious "Trotskyist" revolutionaries. But I think it is paying too high a compliment to Mr. Trotsky to believe that he could have set on foot such a formidable organization. To say that the thing was engineered by the C.G.T. (the trades unionists) or even by the Communists, is merely to betray a complete ignorance of what happened. For there can be no

question that quite early in the proceedings both Communists and C.G.T. were overwhelmed by the magnitude of the whole business and by the appeals which came tumbling in upon them, hour by hour, from factories whose staffs had decided to strike and sent messages to one headquarters or the other to ask for a delegate to be sent to take charge of the operations. Naturally, both Communists and C.G.T. tried at once to behave as if they had prepared the whole scheme, and knew all about it. To have done otherwise would have been equivalent to committing political suicide. But it was obvious that they knew nothing or very little, and that they were totally unprepared.

If it had been otherwise, it is hardly credible that these strikes would have been launched without some previous efforts to enrol the workers into the trades unions and to organize the strike in some kind of disciplined manner; but nothing is more significant as evidence that this was a sudden and spontaneous outburst on the part of the workers than the enormous percentage of new trade union memberships, not before the strikes, but immediately after them. The latest figures show that whereas the total number of trades unionists affiliated to that central organization was only a million in the spring of this year, it is now not short of five times as many. The memberships of some unions have increased in astronomical proportions. That of the metal workers has been multiplied by 15, that of the chemical industry workers by 30, that of the agricultural labourers by 20, that of the wood-workers by 12, those of the draughtsmen, porcelain workers and harbour workers by 10, those of the textile workers and the glass workers by 9 and 8 respectively. I know myself of a certain factory in the Paris district where there was not a single trades unionist before the strikes, and now 90 per cent. of the staff have joined the union.

This relative absence of organization among the workers at the moment of the strikes, an absence which enabled M. Blum to declare in the Chamber on June 12th that there were only 2 per cent. of trades unionists among the strikers, might have been expected to result in a chaotic state of things, in which not only would it be impossible to find qualified representatives on the men's side with whom to negotiate, not only would it be impossible to rely upon an agreement being observed, but in

which disorder, damage and general sabotage, to some extent at least, would be impossible to prevent.

What actually happened? The Matignon agreement, which closed the strike on the basis of the employers agreeing to a standard minimum agreement in each trade, the forty-hour week, and the annual holiday on full pay, was signed at the Hotel Matignon, the official residence of the Prime Minister, during the night of June 7th. The next day the Minister of the Interior was able to announce that this formidable strike movement had been carried through with only exceptional and very minor disorders and without the loss of a single life.

Such a remarkable result indicated an equally remarkable state of mind on the part of the strikers. And it was indeed remarkable. The almost universal experience of owners and managers was that even when they were not allowed to leave the works, their relations with their men were not only governed by mutual respect, but were amicable. It might even be said that in these unprecedented circumstances cordiality between the two parties increased rather than diminished. I know of one works manager whose men brought him shaving water and cleaned his boots in the morning, though they would not let him go out; and in a couple of days he found himself advising them about the drawing up of regulations for the appointment of shop delegates, with the mechanism of which he had been familiar in England. As for the regard shown for property, the oiling and upkeep of the machinery, and so forth, there can be given as many illuminating examples as there can of the orderliness and voluntary discipline which were almost everywhere observed in the conduct of the strike—and this, be it remembered, among workpeople who were in most cases not yet trade unionists and whose organization had to be improvised.

It is true that attempts have been made to explain the care for the machinery by quoting a Communist speaker, who advised the men to "take proper care of the engines, for they will be your engines to-morrow." But the general opinion of managers who went through the strike is that although this may represent the view of the Communists, it does not represent the attitude of the majority of the strikers.

That attitude can hardly be said yet to be formulated, but it

appears to be based upon the idea of co-operation. The engines to-morrow will neither belong to the Capitalists nor to the workers, nor to the managers. They will belong to all three. In the economic order which will work out this triple ownership, a definite place will be found for the sturdy individualism without which the most intellectually attractive theories of equality can never work in France. Capitalism as we knew it is dead, but property will not be abolished. Communism will never be assimilated by the French; but the hatred of disorder and economic anarchy, which inspires many Communists, the elimination of hatred and suspicion between those who are jointly engaged in production, which is part of the Communist ideal, can easily be adopted in France. The organization of compulsory equality will never survive in so individualist a people; but to destroy the conception that any one of the partners in production is automatically in a state of inferiority is in sympathy with the fundamental French ideas of social and economic relations.

All this is for the future, although the not-very-distant future. What are the immediate prospects for to-day? How are they affected by devaluation? Will there be further labour troubles? How are things working out under the concession obtained under the Matignon agreement and the legislation resulting from it? What is the position in agriculture?

Everything is still in such a state of transition that it is not yet possible to give answers to all these questions. However, the latest unemployment returns published on October 3rd do furnish encouraging indication of stability. Not only does unemployment show no increase since the beginning of June, but it has even slightly diminished. No doubt a certain amount of unemployment should eventually be absorbed by the application of the forty-hour week and the full-pay holidays. But in most cases the holiday was given simply by closing down, and did not involve the taking on of extra hands in any but the few factories where the men were sent on leave in relays; and as for the forty-hour week, it is not yet in application in certain important industries, including that of the metal workers, nor in the government workshops, so that its effect as yet has not been great.

As for the possibility of further labour troubles in the towns,

that depends upon how far the cost of living is going to rise as a result of devaluation, and how far labour will accept the rise without asking for further increases of wages. There is no doubt that there has been serious resentment among the working classes against the bitter opposition of the Senate to the Government proposal for a sliding scale, which would send up wages if the cost of living went up—an opposition which ended in the defeat of the proposal. It was felt that the employers were taking away with one hand what they had given with the other.

At the same time, many competent financial critics are of opinion that a certain measure of increase in the cost of living must be accepted without a further rise in wages, for if prices do not rise to a certain extent, the small manufacturer and the small tradesman cannot be saved from ruin; and the importance of both of these classes in French economic and social life cannot be neglected. That increase in prices need perhaps not be large if money, for French internal purposes, is kept plentiful and cheap, and in the opinion of some it might be avoided altogether. The most general view is, however, that a rise in prices of 20 per cent. is required if the small trader and manufacturer are to live, although that rise is more necessary in wholesale prices than in retail, and must be slow and regular rather than sudden if it is to have its proper beneficial effect. It is pointed out that devaluation has been followed by a rise in prices in all countries except Great Britain, and that even here a real rise was concealed by the fact that world prices were falling at the time. The Government, it is urged, should therefore not try to restrict the inevitable rise—inevitable, in spite of what the Minister of National Economy has declared in his recent speech—for to do so would only be following the bad example of Italy and Germany. They should educate the country to accept a rise which shall be limited and gradual. Employers must be organized, not to raise prices by restricting output, but to prevent an excessive rise in prices from restricting consumption, and bankers must be organized to assist the movement by granting cheap credit, which they can only do by a reform of the banking system and under prudent public finance.

The rise in prices must not be great for two reasons. The

first is that it would upset the delicate labour equilibrium; but there is another, and that is that if it carried the prices of French production, as calculated upon a gold basis, above those of foreign competitors, it would mean the breakdown of the gradual return to relative free trade to which the Blum Government and certain foreign governments are gradually feeling their way. France would be forced to return to a severe autarchy, with a rigid balance between imports and exports and an absolute control over home production and over the prices of all necessities.

This is the financial and economic problem which the Government of M. Blum now has to face.

It is a serious problem, as are many others, at home and abroad, with which M. Blum is confronted. But he has overcome so many obstacles, with such remarkable judgment, skill and steadfastness of purpose, that there is good reason to hope that he will not be defeated by the new ones.

The success of the Blum Government and of M. Blum personally has hitherto been indeed remarkable. When he took office the papers of the Right could hardly find terms of abuse too violent for him. He was a casuist, a hair-splitter, a dilettante, and a man of no strength of character. He was a Socialist. That was bad enough. He was a Jew, and France had never consented to a Jew being Prime Minister. And yet I should like to draw attention to this rather remarkable fact. Of all the French Prime Ministers who have held office since I went to live in France in 1913, there is not one who, in my opinion, is more unquestionably entitled, by his intellectual refinement and by his personal distinction, to be called a gentleman. Not that it matters very much, perhaps; but it is interesting.

SILCHESTER

BY H. J. MASSINGHAM

IN the country of ideas the Romans have never left Britain. As battalions of thought, there are more Roman legions in Britain today than there were soldiers armed with stabbing sword and pilum before Silchester was a ruin. An intricately organized government and a centralized bureaucracy were Roman importations dissolved by the Saxons but slowly coalescing once more when the Tudor Age unveiled the morning of modernism. The commercial struggle for existence is as Roman a concept as any. The Celtic, Saxon and medieval village communities, descending in close lineage from a common parent, were run not for profit, but for subsistence. In Romano-Celtic Britain, Roman coinage took the place of inter-village barter and Roman sherds, glass, brooches and other commodities, standardized and mass-produced from factories, displaced the local Celtic crafts at Glastonbury and elsewhere. For a time, the native town-and-village art was smothered, until its designs of meandering curves and scrolls gradually reappeared as the Romans in Britain unconsciously absorbed—as at Bignor Villa—the Celtic culture. By the time of the fourth century A.D., large consignments of British corn began to be exported to Gaul, and this process would have destroyed the village communities as surely as the enclosing of the common wastes, and their conversion into cornlands to meet the artificially high prices forced up by the Napoleonic wars, actually did destroy them. It was the Saxon invasion which prevented England from going modern for another thousand years.

Our contemporary system of communications by arterial roads between one big town and another was born when the Stane Street and Ackling Dyke, ploughing across the downs and through Celtic arable fields and Bronze Age barrows, were laid. Sir Lawrence Gomme justly maintained that Roman London was situated not in Roman Britain but on the Ermine and Watling

Streets. Rome was the goal of the Roman roads, and Verulamium, Eboracum and Silchester were but stations along the route. The Roman power was measured by the Roman road and, when the Saxons overran Kent, London crumbled into silence. Its main artery was severed. When the Saxons occupied London itself, what did they do? They ignored the marts, the palaces, the basilicas, the hive of overseas commerce fed and stocked through a network of roads. They founded the village communities they had inherited from their Teutonic forefathers at Charing and at Islington, at Fulham and at Kensington. Their tribal habits had no more to do with the Roman commercial organization than had the Celtic village itself. A swarm of agricultural settlements at the feet of the downs and along the river-banks, connected by narrow lanes and ending in -ham, -ton or -ing, supplanted the Roman villa and the Roman colonia. "Long Acre" is the sole surviving name to remind us of the time when the environs of London were a chain of village communities, and Lammas lambs skipped in Leicester Square.

The Machine Age is seen in embryo in the engineering genius which the Romans devoted to metalled highways which have been disintegrated by time and nature, while the older trackways and green roads survived by their integral fellowship with nature. The culture of Imperial Rome was urban, as is our own. These parallels could be multiplied to weariness, and I have but one more to gather in. The natural environment of Silchester is the northerly boundary of a land of deep oakwoods, expressive of the Tertiary beds overlaying the chalk. There are religious groves of them as at Aldermaston, breathing solemnity over fecund pastures, open commons of heath, pine and bracken, once the common waste of the old villages, and high-hedged winding lanes whose tortuous labyrinth reaches climax in the country between Chute Causeway and the Collinbourne woodlands. The region which secretes Silchester lies, in round terms, between the Kennet Valley and the chalk downs going south from Inkpen Beacon to Winchester, an extended arm of Salisbury Plain called the Hampshire Highlands. Everywhere, it suggests the remains of oak-woods once as mighty as Harewood to the south-west, and in Saxon times these were united to Harewood,

Savernake and the Kennet jungle to form a wedge of forest continuous with the denser Andredsweald or Anderida Silva along the clay-lands to the east. These noble, vanishing woodlands the Forestry Commission is replacing with its settlements of militarized conifers, particularly on the wild heaths and commons in the region of Aldermaston, Pudworth and Burghfield. On Mortimer Common, for instance, these dwarf spruces, all drawn up in line one row behind another, make a dead sea of sombre green round the two fine bowl barrows that stand thereon, soon to be shut out from view by these lifeless, uniform plantations. The Roman name survives in villages like Stratfield Mortimer, Stratfield Saye and Stratfield Turgis. But the Roman spirit has been reincarnated in the uprising of these funereal and standardized woodlands, which all beasts and birds, being of nature, avoid. They seem the disciplined ghosts of the old legions that marched into Silchester by the straight roads that met the four gates that faced the four cardinal points of the compass.

There is so much to be seen with the mind's eye at Silchester; the vision is so dramatic and the little wilderness is the oracle of a meaning so universal that an outward show of ruined pomp set within a scene of natural majesty would have been too distracting. No ancient site in England is less spectacular than this great administrative centre of the Roman power. It is difficult to find: if the Roman roads were straight, the Saxon lanes that alone lead to Silchester today are as crooked as the courses of Itchen and Test. You turn and twist and creep along with eye glued to the map, and what do you see when you get there? Nothing—you have reached only a nucleus of remoteness, on a gentle plateau of some two to three hundred feet. The only conspicuous monument of man to be viewed other than his fields and his hedgerows is the lofty, imposing tower of Highclere Church erect upon a westward eminence rather higher than Silchester's. Beyond, to the south and south-west, the soft and pearl-lighted chalk downs sweep into a crescent from Andover to Basingstoke. There, at Seven Barrows, on Ladle Hill and Bury Hill and Inkpen Beacon, lie the memorials of a civilization as much older than the Roman as ours is younger, and yet one that has left witnesses of its presence among them that

contributes to the landscape of today. They have lasted better than Silchester.

At last, though guideless, you enter Rome. The great walls appear that enclose a hundred acres and run for about eight hundred yards in an irregular octagon. You have an open view of the miniature Saxon-born church with its weather-boarded foolscap steeple, a form characteristic of the neighbourhood and reaching full maturity further east in Kent and Sussex. But of Giant Balbus you only see the flittings, so smothered is his form in clouds of foliage. At the farm close to the church, the wall is at its loftiest, perhaps twenty feet high, the average being from twelve to fifteen feet, and the lowest about ten. Here, being disencumbered of vegetation, that magnificent masonry is seen at its most enduring, gleaming nuggets of squared and polished flint from the chalk hills bonded with courses of great limestone blocks at intervals of a yard or more and not very much smaller than the stone-masses of the Roman Gateway north of Lincoln Cathedral. You itch to run your fingers over this jewelled flint, this grey, moon-chaste limestone. You long to take a magnifying glass to the set of the stone into that matchless mortar, the pillow of a sleep that might, but for one overpowering prohibition, have been to world's end. But a smaller, a pert and fussy veto, says no. An unclimbable fence, separated by between twenty and thirty yards from the wall, girdles its entire circumference. There is some sense in railing off the monuments of archaic England from potential injury at the hands of the more monkeyish sightseer. But the trees and thorns and bramble and ivy and holly, even the soft-fingered bryony and traveller's joy, are destroying the walls of Silchester by a deadlier, surer mischief than a daily avalanche of charabancs could effect in as many years as have passed since the blocks were piled under the eye of the centurions.

Nothing is left of Roman Silchester but its walls and ditches. The houses, the mosaic floors, the temple, the forum within the walls all lie beneath the undemonstrative glebe. There are gaps for the four gateways, lacunae only. Oblivion has scattered its weeds over the roads, even the Portway that once made its javelin thrust to Old Sarum. Nothing can be traced of them except the part-bank, part-trackway, strewn with broken flints

and gravel, that crosses the fields for about a mile south-west from Church Lane Copse, east of the Amphitheatre. Only the flints, scattered over the clay, reveal that this is the relic of the Roman road to Winchester. Of the Roman road that linked the north gate to Spinae, a grey milestone, the "Impstone," alone remains to mark its passage, while the London road from the east gate, named the Devil's Highway, only becomes defined a mile from the Berkshire border, east of Roman Silchester. The causeways, banks and entrenchments in Dicker's and Rampions Copses are certainly pre-Roman.

Balbus was a strong man, an Atlas who bore the weight of the world. But Silchester has been too much for him; something more forcible than Rome, mightier than the imperial power, has borne him down. These walls are crowned with headdresses whose weight they cannot bear. The roots of ivy knot the summit of the wall like a nest of pythons; hawthorns and hollies from it reach the height of the ash, and the ash is as tall as the elm. Their root-fibres grip the time-defying mortar and crumble it to powder. Elm and oak and sycamore soar above their stony bed and the scrub that clothes the side of the wall, even the fern and the heartsease are slowly squeezing it into the particles that slide down and make a compost for their seeds. The pliant, glinting whitebeam lends its aid to the work of demolition alongside some Samson oak whose muscles never slacken. These walls, symbolic of an abstract idea that now rules the world, are disintegrating under the gaze of the years. The marvel is that, bearing a jungle on their backs, they have survived for us to see their vertebræ disjoining and their sinews parting. The process is already far advanced and little by little they will yield under the monumental pressure from above and the dismemberment below, until Silchester is a heap of rubble. In their fall here and there, they will topple over many a patriarchal tree, crashing like chimney stacks. But other dynasties of trees will rein in their stead until Silchester is nothing but a name hovering over pastures, groves and cornlands.

This dense vegetation offers a strange and powerful spectacle. So frequently are the walls obscured by it that from a little distance away the trees and bushes are elevated from the surrounding country, not in a natural way as though standing upon a

circular bank or ridge, but as though lofted by some mysterious agency. They appear to float on air, and this, combined with the profusion of the shrubbier growth and the height and girth of the boles, clothes them in a special grandeur and authority which once the walls themselves possessed. It is a dignity actually derived from the walls whose strength feeds, whose virtue ministers to the natural life which is their ruin. The life of nature has more than abased the pride of Roman Silchester; the unserviceable works it has obliterated, the rest utilized for its own ends. Its patient hidden dynamos have undone the Roman power in the old Celtic capital at a time when the human stage has revived the Roman ethos and in the science and actions of men has reincarnated the Roman idea.

Outside the walls and at their north-eastern corner lies the Roman Amphitheatre, whose sloping oval bank of thirteen feet in height encloses the grassy floor of an arena that measures forty yards by fifty. It abuts upon the line of the huge Celtic ramp that surrounded the whole circumference of the Roman walls and contained within it and its outworks of Rampiers Copse and elsewhere the principal city of the Atrebates. The pre-Roman fortress-town, though not so visually impressive as those of Quarley, Danebury, Ladle and St. Catherine's Hills, is the largest of all the Celtic camps of Hampshire. Its earthen walls rose to thirty feet above the level of the fosse, so that, allowing for the difference between earth and stone, it was of greater extent and more massively constructed than the Roman walls. It does not excite the imagination as the rather earlier Danebury and Walbury do, because it belongs to the class of Cæsar's *oppida*, Celtic walled townships built not on the open downs, but in the forested lowlands, much ploughed down and not to be taken in as a unity. It is clear that the Amphitheatre bears a closer geographical relation to the Celtic walls of earth than to the Roman walls of stone. There are other indications that the arena was the conception of Calleva Atrebatum rather than of Silchester which adapted it for spectacular games and professional blood-letting. It is nothing like the arena at Isca (Cærlion) where the encircling walls, the gangways and the stones inscribed with the names of centurions are still in existence. But it is very similar in form and site of entrance to the Amphitheatres

of Maumbury Rings at Dorchester and of Charterhouse-on-Mendip, whose orientation is the same as that of Stonehenge. Silchester's Amphitheatre is aligned upon the same axis, and it is evident that it was a *locus consecratus* for ritual dance, seasonal festival and tribal convocation one or two centuries before the Roman invasion.

I so recognized it by my experience of many other earth circles throughout the land. It looks no more Roman than the prehistoric Harroway which passes over the Highlands a few miles due south of Silchester on its tremendous journey to Dover from Marazion in Cornwall. That far-travelled road survives in its line of least resistance to the local configuration of the hills where many a Roman road, tensed and unbending, indifferent to the lie of the land, imposed like a weal upon the face of nature, has perished. The achievement of the Roman will has proved less tough than that of a pre-Roman deference to natural dispensations. It is the same at the Atrebatan place of assembly. The arena is floored with a sedgy grass, with lusty dock and ranunculus twice their proper height, perhaps the site of a spring, anciently sacred and drained by a Roman conduit. The earth-work is as thick with trees as are the Roman walls. The "unwedgeable and gnarled oak" is as in the days of its prime among the glades of Anderida Silva. But the peculiar glory of this earthen wall are the hollies. Many of them rise out of the bracken from forty to fifty feet in height, glowing in their burnished coats of arms, and the trunk of one of them has been measured at half an inch over five feet in girth.

But the trees were not growing at the expense of the ramp which easily supported them and still kept its original shape and contour. Celt and megalith-builder followed a different rule of life from the Roman. It was one which, whatever its ethical childhood, did not superimpose itself upon nature, nor had severed itself from the influences of nature. Its structures and patterns were unconsciously moulded by them and were in concord with their rhythms. The will, the intellect had not yet set itself upon a throne apart. Its roads, its tombs, its walls flowed with the lines of nature. The great schism was not yet manifest. Accordingly, we find that nature has dealt gently with their works.

SPAIN FROM THE INSIDE

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

I WAS one of the signatories of a collective letter to *The Times*, published on August 19th, registering sympathy for the Spanish people and the cause of democracy—in the humanistic sense, not conceived as postulating a particular political system—which the Spanish *Frente Popular* is seeking to defend. In response to a friendly challenge on the part of the Madrid correspondent of *The Times* I agreed to go out to study "on the spot" the new developments. I am, if you like, a partisan of the loyalists' cause; not, however, from any illusions about the Spaniards' capacity for working Parliamentary institutions but simply because, on balance, there seems some hope of Spain working out through storm and stress her own destiny when once the refusal of certain classes to accept the 1931 changes has been surmounted—whereas a return to the old order can only mean temporarily smothering the explosion.

Port-Bou, the sleepy and picturesque fishing-port through which one enters Spain on the side of the Eastern Pyrenees, at once struck the new note of the Workers' State. Civil Guards and *carabineros* having left the State in the lurch, policing and passport control is being carried out by the agents of the Central Committee of Anti-Fascist Militia, which has its headquarters in the principal hotel of Barcelona. This Committee groups the various workers' organizations, usually known by their initials. In Catalonia, the number of workers whose trade union *carnet* is that of the C.N.T., with its anarchist affiliations, far exceeds that of its Socialist counterpart, the U.G.T. As might be expected, therefore, it is the syndicalists who have taken over most of the routine tasks of government. And these anarchists, in the words of an official report to the British Government, "are busily engaged in restoring and maintaining order." (To good souls in, say, Richmond this may sound fantastic, but I would

only ask them to distinguish between anarchism, a doctrine of social and economic life which has at any rate as good a pedigree as Socialism, and anarchy, a temporary condition invariably accompanying the early stages of any prodigious social upheaval.) It is quite wrong, of course, to allege that the bourgeois Government of the Generalitat which remained in office until a few weeks ago had abdicated its functions to the workers' committees. It was simply a sharing of responsibilities. Now the Anti-Fascist Committee is dissolved and a Catalan Government including three syndicalists, two Socialists, and one Opposition Communist illustrates more clearly the way in which the various elements of the People's Front are pulling together. The challenge from "reaction" has brought about a degree of proletarian unity such as six months ago, when I was also in Spain, was quite inconceivable.

There was not much sign of the War in Port-Bou, nor of the "revolution" which was the principal topic of the newspapers. At first the anarchist in charge sternly refused to admit me into the country. He was obviously suspicious of the safe-conduct furnished by such a bourgeois authority as the Spanish Embassy in London, which unfortunately described me as a foreign journalist. Later, however, he relented. The extra day spent in Port-Bou was well worth while, and incidentally it enabled me to peep into Bruno's life-history, as he explained over a glass of beer why he had forsaken Communism for anarchism. It was the rigid bureaucratism of the Communist Party, he said, which he could endure no longer. I don't know about other bureaucratic vices, but the F.A.I. authorities in charge of policing and transport throughout the coastal area from Barcelona down to Malaga certainly have a passion for issuing permits and stamping documents. I calculate I must have spent some twenty hours during my month's visit to Spain procuring the necessary passes to move on or to stay where I was!

The Communist Party, under the direction of Moscow, plays a very small part in the life of Catalonia. It has recently merged with the likewise comparatively unimportant Catalan Socialist Party. If the trade union organization, the U.G.T., on the other hand, has made great strides lately in this region, it is

because so many professional men and *petits bourgeois*, who formerly were not members of any syndicate, have incorporated themselves in the "Workers' State" and have preferred the more moderate U.G.T. to its anarcho-syndicalist rival. More important than either of the orthodox Marxist parties is the P.O.U.M.—*Partido Obrero de Unificacion Marxista*—which is anything but an element of unification! Nevertheless, it is also represented in the new Catalan Government by its ablest leader, Andres Nin, as Councillor of Justice.

In Barcelona, as in Madrid and the other towns where "the people" is exulting in its revolution, the most obvious and significant change is a sartorial one. Many a good bourgeois has "taken off his tie" to show that he is attuned to the new proletarian times. Collars, ties, and hats are at a discount. During twelve days in Madrid I saw two women only wearing hats, one of them obviously a foreigner. There is no compulsion about it, only silent social pressure. But already, I fear, the regime of the *sans-cravates* is doomed; not because of the approach of winter, but for the very good reason that the syndicates of the hat and haberdashery trades are up in arms. It was suggested in one newspaper article that the Government will soon have to issue an ordinance to the effect that "any person who previous to July 19th was accustomed to wearing a hat and has since stopped wearing one, without good reason, shall be considered hostile to the loyalist cause."

Needless to say, any "enemies of the loyalist cause" get short shrift. And there is a certain amount of victimization, in the big towns as much as in the smaller villages, for, as it happens, village solidarity is often the best protection for the suspect.

But the Government is gradually regaining control over the committees and the unauthorized squads which carried out raids on the private houses of "Fascists" in the first weeks. If there are still every day a number of killings which the ordinary official vigilance committees are unable to prevent, no one is more disturbed and distressed than the authorities—in Barcelona or in Madrid.

For Spain is experiencing all the horrors, the bitterness, and the stress of civil war. The fact must never be forgotten. Our

own Boche-hunting frenzy during the World War should make us pause before we condemn the crusade against "Fascists" which is the ugly side of present-day life in Spain behind the lines. To us, moreover, the Spaniards' indifference to the taking of human life is horrifying. But, I repeat, the ruthlessness of both sides is the inevitable harvest of civil war, a condition which three centuries of island peace have rendered us almost incapable of comprehending.

The war, too, is the principal agent of the social and economic transformation which the body politic has undergone since July 19th. Superficially, with all the talk of *incautación* (requisitioning), collectivization, etc., one hears on every side, especially in Catalonia, one might think that the social revolution was in full swing. When one examines calmly what has happened, however, one realizes that this is just so much froth-blowing. The ordinary processes of trading and finance are still in operation, subject to control by representatives of the Government. The innovation, a considerable one but no more revolutionary than some of our co-partnership schemes, is the existence in every industrial concern of a workers' control committee. In nine cases out of ten the technical experts are gladly co-operating with these improvised managing committees, and managing staffs have frequently stayed on, even at a reduced salary. The latter is a point of "social justice" on which the workers' organizations have insisted.

Apart from a compulsory 15 per cent. increase for all "workers," decreed on August 5th, on the other hand, wages have not been altered, and any pressure for higher rates of pay is formally discountenanced. In cases where the owner of a business has fled the country—having failed to return by the date (August 15th) which was laid down—and there is not enough money available to continue the payment of wages and other costs, the Generalitat (Catalan Government) steps in and advances money on a mortgage basis. Obviously this expedient cannot be carried on indefinitely. When I asked Don Luis Companys, the President of Catalonia, however, what would happen when the State funds began to run dry, he answered rather testily that all these questions of monetary adjustment could be left until after the war, the immediate question was to suppress the "Fascist"

insurrection. As we know, war-time finance is something *sui generis*. It is duly authorized by Article 44 of the Constitution. That 15 per cent. wage increase, by the way, is paid in by the individual workers to their trade union headquarters to be used for financing the needs of the militia. And everywhere, in field and factory, there is no stinting of effort to supply materials and munitions for the front.

The commandeering of all private cars, the temporary occupation of private villas or club-houses the property of persons or organizations implicated in the rebellion, and certain food and rent restrictions, are likewise war-measures which have no specific connection with the social revolution. Confiscation of the property or estates of persons implicated in the rebellion is the only *political* measure, and one which could hardly be omitted.

To the business man whose job is buying and selling these new conditions are no doubt a nightmare, unless his firm is engaged on some war industry. *But they are the fruits of the war.* Professional men, on the other hand, lawyers, doctors, architects, etc., whose sense of the sanctity of private property is not so hyper-developed, have no difficulty in adapting themselves. There are, of course, exceptions. A doctor of some distinction in Madrid, former holder of a Rockefeller grant, assured me that, though he had been a liberal all his life, he could not really side with a regime which had allowed the fundamental principle of authority to be trampled in the dust. When I ventured to suggest that the Right must bear the responsibility, since it was they who had opened the sluices by illegal rebellion, he began to introduce the well-worn theme of the "rebellion of the masses" between February and July. (I discovered later that he was a small landowner in Galicia, a fact which to some extent coloured his views.) He complained that the workers were totally unfitted to have positions of responsibility and power because they are "without culture," that a long process of education was necessary before the country could be entrusted to them. That attitude of mind I recognize so well, the point of view of the expert with the highest standards who forgets, unfortunately, that the age of democracy is already here, whether we like it or not.

It was that same doctor's younger brother, whom I met casually in the street, who supplied the key to the situation—as it affects

the Spanish middle class with liberal antecedents and traditions. "Some of the older men, you will find," he said, "are so terrified of the workers running amok that they have ruefully come to welcome a victory for the military-agrarian classes as a lesser evil. But in every case they are men with marked aristocratic affiliations, i.e., men who have stood outside the social impetus of the past six years. Their lot in the present period of upheaval is an unhappy one, because they lack that intimate bond of confidence which is the secret of the present remarkable co-operation in the anti-Fascist cause. Only those who have faith in the capacity of the people to build up that 'republic of workers of every class,' proudly affirmed in Article I of the Constitution, are with us to-day."

That there are wide sections of the Spanish *bourgeoisie* who have this faith I can testify. It is why I am sure that the insurgent Generals at most can only win the first round.

These conditions are not understood in England. The other day in Barcelona a Catalan friend was turning over with me the latest English newspapers. "Your commentators," he said, "unlike the French, give no evidence of really *living* this crucial phase of Spanish history. Kipling's islanders still, a maddening aloofness and complacency impels them to look down as from a great height upon the pitiable spectacle of a nation which, as Sir Samuel Hoare suggested in his speech at Gunton Park on August 19th, has allowed its political life to degenerate into the armed clash of two 'factions.' And, both on the Right and Left, the struggle is being interpreted in terms from the British political lexicon which are largely irrelevant."

The reproach, I think, is wholly justified. However admirable in detail, the effect of manifold reports and articles has been to present Spain's bloody reckoning in a false perspective. The British public still fails to appreciate that this is no mere desperate effort of the propertied classes to avoid spoliation by "the rabble." With few exceptions the interests of industrial capitalism are bound up with the regime of the People's Front. This is particularly noticeable in the Basque provinces whose Statute of Autonomy was formally approved by the Spanish Parliament on October 1st. (It is worth pointing out, by the way, that in that same territory, so far as it is under the control

of the Government, there has been no instance of those "anti-Christian" activities which have caused such heartburning over here. There the ecclesiastical authorities had refrained from playing politics, with the result that throughout the past three months the churches have been open—and full—and priests have been going about their customary work without the slightest molestation.) The true line of demarcation in Spain today is between those who aspire to the democratic renovation expressed, however imperfectly, in the Constitution of December 9th, 1931, and those who wish to maintain the privileges of that rural feudalism which had been governing Spain for centuries before that date, supported by those elements of the nation that, consciously or unconsciously, repudiate the whole principle of popular government. By sheer military superiority, the forces converging on Madrid as I write may win their victory. They may well have done so before these words appear in print. But that is by no means the end. We shall not begin to understand what General Franco and his motley following are up against until we realize that the struggle has little or nothing to do with "Fascism" or "Communism," that it is essentially one between the spiritual and intellectual forces of liberalism, these indeed harnessed to twentieth-century social and economic factors presaging a Workers' State, and the tenacious hierarchies of "the old Spain."

The reasons for British misapprehension of the issues at stake are many. In the first place, let us admit, British ignorance of Spanish affairs and the historical background of day-to-day news items before the civil war was lamentable. Because Spain was regarded as off the map of international politics editors were loth to spend money on proper representation in Madrid or Barcelona. For the Foreign Office, too, Spain was utterly unimportant. Thus the present instalment of Mediterranean mischief caught both official and newspaper worlds unawares. A corps of special correspondents hastily despatched to pick up what they could from Hendaye or Gibraltar or from the actual battle fronts could hardly be expected to fathom in a few weeks the Spaniard's amazing "facility for changing the face of fact"—if I may borrow a phrase from the admirable article by Lawrence Fernsworth in the September FORTNIGHTLY. They *are* likely, on the other hand,

to produce far more worthwhile "stories" than the correspondents in Madrid or Barcelona operating under a more than usually imbecile censorship.

A more fundamental difficulty arises from that very stability of social and political life on which we English are accustomed to pride ourselves. Three centuries of ordered progress, with the settled habits of thought engendered thereby, have so numbed our imaginations that, while both Mr. Eden and Sir Walter Citrine descant on the blessings of liberty and democracy—and the words trip so easily from their tongues—in practice a narrow if intelligible fellow-feeling for Spain's patrician class blots out the sympathy that is due to the Spanish people in their struggle for liberty (as we understood it in the seventeenth century) and the rights of the many. Let it be granted that an angry populace placed by circumstances in a position of power is not a comfortable experience, and that in the stress of war and revolution, the twin deities now athirst for the country's life-blood, ugly things are happening. When, however, those whose professional function it was to guarantee the community's security resorted to criminal rebellion, what else could the State have done than "arm the workers?"

Few of the British community in Spain that has registered its disgust at Spanish lawlessness are qualified to pronounce judgment, because, though resident in the material sense, they do not really live Spanish life, they do not enter into the Spaniards' spiritual domain. Normally, it may be said, this insulation from what is going on around them is of no account, it is just their loss. Actually, as recent events have shown, it may have the most serious consequences. For it is upon the reports and "experience" of these latter-day Simon Stylites that our rulers rely for their knowledge about Spain. From the outset in British official and business circles the victory of the insurgent forces has been desired and discounted—as latterly the fall of Madrid: but when one knows the extent to which these wiseacres are cut off from the real Spain that is fighting for its life, one may be pardoned for distrusting their pose of superior knowledge. Many of them do not even speak the language of the country whose evolution they are registering.

The net result is that, without exaggeration, our Government

at home has been more misled about the Spanish maelstrom than about any large-scale event since the Russian Revolution.

The various elements of the People's Front, ranging from the Basque Nationalists, who are Catholics and conservatives but democrats, to the Communists and syndicalists, are more united than ever. The middle-class Republicans appreciate that theirs is the delicate responsibility of canalizing this characteristic Spanish surge. The Communists are emphatic—and perfectly sincere—in bestowing their blessing on small property-holders and in championing their creed *within the framework of the Frente Popular*. Spain's peril is not from this side at all. It is from the Imperialist ambitions of those anti-democratic Powers which have so shamelessly violated the non-intervention pact. The longer the grim civil war continues, the clearer that will become, and the greater condemnation it will be of the ostrich policy of the National Government, which was assessed so charitably in this Review last month by Mr. F. A. Voigt.

THE ANGELIC SHEPHERD

BY LORD DUNSANY

I DON'T wish to say anything in public which might appear to be a criticism of the committee of the Billiards Club. There was a space on the wall of the staircase that no doubt needed filling, and the committee bought a print. It is framed and hung up now. I am not writing this with the intention of making any comment upon the print. It was a print of one of Woodler's pictures, which beyond any doubt are of high educational value; the only question that may arise is as to whether they are quite suited to our club.

Well, I chanced to be coming up the stairs with Jorkens one day, when he stopped in front of this print; at first, I think, in order to get breath, and it was while he was doing this that he made to me his comment upon the print, as I stood waiting behind him. It was, like all Woodler's pictures, a biblical scene; there were ninety-nine sheep in the foreground, carefully counted, while a little further off on the rocky sky-line, with the hundredth coming towards him, a shepherd was seated; the suggestion that the shepherd was an angel was expressed by an upward sweep of fleecy clouds that slanted away in the sky behind each of his shoulders and tapered to delicate points like enormous wings.

"An interesting picture," said Jorkens.

"Oh, ah, yes," I said; as one often does at the club, before conversation gets going.

"It's a spiritual face," said Jorkens.

"Well, yes," I said, "it's spiritual but . . ." You see I found it a trifle didactic for my taste.

"I knew the man," said Jorkens.

"The shepherd?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said. "I knew him. They have very spiritual faces, a great many of these tribesmen. It was Woodler's last picture, you know."

I knew that: it was widely advertised.

"Woodler knew where to go for spiritual types," Jorkens continued. "It wasn't Palestine that time, but the North-West frontier of India, in fact the Khyber; and quite the sort of country for Woodler's pictures."

"But you say you knew the man in the picture?" I asked.

"Yes," said Jorkens, "I saw him once quite close, and I know his story."

"Story? Story?" said Terbut, coming up the staircase behind us. "What? Another of them?"

We had had a good many stories from Jorkens during the last week; stories that I have not given to the public, on account of certain technicalities, trivial and unimportant in themselves, and yet requiring certain investigations before I am actually able to vouch for them.

"Yes, if you like," said Jorkens. "I just happened to have met the shepherd in that picture."

"You aren't going to try to convert me or anything?" said Terbut.

"No, no," said Jorkens, "too late for that. But I'll tell you about the shepherd."

"What about him?" said Terbut.

And then Jorkens started. "There was a time," he said, "when I used to be rather keen on handling a business deal. There are a good many deals that are put down in black and white upon paper, and are duly signed and witnessed, and done through the post. That was not so much the kind of deal I was interested in. All the more interesting deals, as it seemed to me, are the deals that more depend on a hint that one man lets drop, and that ultimately develop according to the way that the hint is taken up by some other man. That gives one a good large scope for employment of one's initiative, and it was consequently the kind of deal that attracted me. It was a deal of that nature, between an Afghan gentleman and a man in the City of London, whom I will not call exactly a gentleman, but who was none the worse for that, that took me once to the far end of the Khyber. As a matter of fact the deal never went through, as the London man got frightened at the way in which his clerk had been keeping his books; mere untidiness, I think; but it frightened him."

Well, I was going along the Khyber in a car, with a man who knew the country, a man called Pieters, when we happened to see this man walk out of his house—the man in the picture, I mean. I was struck even then, at first sight, by his spiritual look, as he slipped out of his house with his rifle, and started up the pass with that quick glance in his face that told you he had a perfect eye for cover. And then Pieters told me his story. The house we had seen him come from was his home, and he lived there with two wives. I should perhaps describe the house to you: it was unmistakably two things; first of all, it was a cottage, a cottage with a little yard at the back; its size, its poverty, the chickens running about all over the yard stamped it as obviously that; equally it was a castle; the wall of the yard was battlemented, the cottage ran to a little tower which had battlements too, and all the windows were loop-holes. It was whitewashed and stood by the road, an island of habitation in a desert savage with rock and heat and, but for the road, loneliness.

"Well, I said to Pieters, 'That's a fine-looking man.'

"And he said, 'Yes. And it's a fine coat he's wearing.'

"And I looked and saw it was fur.

"'A fur coat!' I exclaimed. 'And in this weather.'

"'Yes,' he said. 'They call it a poshteen. They make them out of sheep-skins. Their sheep aren't woolly, they have brown hair like that. They sew them together with the bare skin on the outside, and ornament it with gay silk. That of course is a particularly fine one.'

"'But why's he wearing it in this weather?' I asked.

"'Well, that's because he's just got it,' said Pieters. 'He's proud of it, you see. And proud of the way he got it.'

"'How did he get it?' I asked.

"'Well, that's quite a story,' said Pieters. 'You see, this isn't England.'

"Well, I knew that. I shouldn't have been engaged on that particular deal if it had been."

"What was the deal?" asked Terbut.

"Private business," said Jorkens.

"I see," said Terbut.

"So I said to Pieters, 'Tell me the story.'

"And he told it me just as we passed Shargai on our left,

a little fort that gave me the impression of an oven let into the side of the hill, or a lime-kiln, or something hot like that. After Shargai tiny huts of stone on the tops of the hills watch the road, one every two miles or so. Men in favour of civilization live in them, and enforce that curious creed as far as their rifles can carry, among the rocks of the Khyber, where it somehow seems as out-of-place as a daisy.

"'You see, he had two wives,' Pieters said, 'and they all lived in that whitewashed hovel in squalor and poverty. They didn't mind the squalor, but the wives got tired of the poverty. So they both began to goad him to go out with his rifle and get some sheep. One of them goaded him straight out to go and raid a flock from a neighbour, and the other indirectly, but with equal effect, told him that his wishes were her code of laws, even though he wished to live in unnecessary and undignified poverty.'"

"How did Pieters know what this man's wives said to him?" asked Terbut.

"He wouldn't tell me that," replied Jorkens.

"No," said Terbut thoughtfully.

"Well," said Jorkens, "after a few weeks of this sort of thing, Abdullah—that was his name, it means the slave of God—got together two or three friends and went out and raided a flock of sheep, just as his wives had said. A short stalk, a little shooting, and the flock of sheep was his. Of course he divided them honourably with his friends. Now, it was just at this time, coming back with his flock of sheep, that Woodler, the artist, met him. Pieters actually saw the incident. Abdullah was striding by with the look of deep satisfaction on his face that came not only from the success of his raid, but from the knowledge that he would have peace in his cottage or castle at last; and Woodler was rushing towards him waving his arms, and compelling him to see, by a superabundance of signs, that he must stop and be painted. At this time Woodler was not wearing his poshteen, but it was late in the evening by the time the painting was finished, as you can see from the picture; and Woodler must have unpacked his poshteen and put it on to keep warm, because the cold comes down very quickly, at sunset, up in the Khyber.

"Abdullah had sat, with his sheep all about him, just as you see in the picture, and with that look of serene satisfaction, bland on his face. That hundredth sheep, Pieters thinks, must have been the leader of another lot that one of Abdullah's friends was bringing in. And everything would have been all right for Woodler, Pieters said, if it had not been for that poshteen. But Woodler was making a good deal of money in those days, and he had bought one of the best poshteens that they had in Peshawar, a marvel of work in pale-orange silk all over the sheepskins, and the long brown hair inside. It was very likely the labour of months. Whatever it was, Abdullah would have known the value of it better than poor Woodler, and was quite unable to resist the temptation to be clothed, himself, in its splendours. So he must have shot Woodler, about the time that the picture was finished. At any rate Woodler was found without his coat, and with a bullet through his heart, and the famous picture there on its easel, all alone in the Khyber. As far as Woodler's reputation goes, the bullet came just at the right time; for he could never have improved that look on the face of the angel, or shepherd, or whatever you like to call him, and with any more work he would only have spoiled it, as artists often do."

"But what did they do to Abdullah?" Terbut asked.

"Well, you see," said Jorkens, "the unfortunate thing about that was that it didn't happen on the road. The really unfortunate thing was that Woodler didn't know anything about the customs of the Khyber. Nobody shoots anybody on the road, whereas off the road it's quite different. He might as well have set up his easel on a main road in England, as off the road in the Khyber. If he sat on the tarmac in England he would of course be killed at once. But it's the other way round in the Khyber."

WILL AUSTRIA BECOME GERMAN?

BY ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

BEFORE the Nazis we were brought up to believe that one of the signs of Bismarck's greatness was the moderation with which he behaved after the Prussian victory over Austria in 1866. Territorially Austria suffered no loss whatever, and it is generally considered that this ensured her neutrality in 1870 and an early alliance between Austria and the new German Empire of 1871. To-day, however, Nazi school-teachers have another tale to tell, the tale of Bismarck's faults. He made two great mistakes, the children learn; for he failed to persecute the Jews, and, far from achieving an all-embracing union of the Germans, he sanctioned their division.

Now Bismarck considered the old Danubian monarchy of the Habsburgs to be a European necessity, and he had no intention of breaking it up in 1866. To the National Socialist of to-day as to the Pan-German of yesterday, it is because Bismarck regrettably lost this great opportunity that Austrian and Reich Germans are not yet united in one Great-German state, and that the Bohemian Germans have been subjected, since 1919, to the un-German yoke of the Czechs. It is therefore one of the immediate Nazi aims—though internationally it is only negatively avowed—to "free" the Austrians and the Bohemian Germans by attaching them to the German Reich. At the end of the World War, both groups of people expressed their desire to be joined to Germany, and were, in the Nazi view, cheated of their emancipation through nothing but the malice of the then victorious Powers, who, from that day to this, have maintained an unrighteous veto against the fulfilment of German national unity.

The National Socialist case was a strong one until the National Socialists became the rulers of the Reich. But it should perhaps be observed, parenthetically, that there were powerful elements, not only in Paris or Prague, but also in Germany, who opposed a union with the Germans of Austria and Bohemia because it

would have added a Catholic population of between nine and ten millions to Germany, a change upon which many Protestant North Germans would have looked rather askance. Until 1933 Germany was a federal state, but since Hitler has been her dictator she has become rigidly centralized. It is this which transforms the question of the ex-Habsburg Germans. For while many Austrians wish to be federally attached to Germany, it is fairly certain that only a small minority would wish to come under the executive power of Berlin; even the Bohemian Germans, who were always famous for their violently German feelings, would dislike the loss of the individuality of their group. With the question of centralization goes the religious question. The Catholic minority in Germany was only able to defend itself politically while the Catholic states could preserve a certain autonomy; the Catholics, certainly in Austria, would always wish to preserve Austrian Home Rule, more especially since the centralized Berlin régime has revealed itself as essentially hostile to the ideology of the Catholic Church.

It is, of course, only since 1933 that Germany, possessed with passionate racialism, has launched a grand offensive in the direction of Austria and Czechoslovakia. This campaign is fought, like all National Socialist battles hitherto, by propaganda. The German wireless has enthusiastically condemned the governments, both in Vienna and Prague, for their "oppression" of those who are fighting for Germany's freedom in the German sense of national unification. No one familiar with Central European affairs can doubt that money from the Reich has flowed fairly freely into the safes of the German racialists in both Austria and Czechoslovakia; it has sometimes been contributed directly from the Nazi treasury at Munich, and, in the case of the Bohemian Germans to-day, it comes from the *Verein der Deutschen im Ausland* (Society of Germans in Foreign Countries). The fires thus kindled have flared up into a considerable conflagration, but while the consequent tension between Berlin and Vienna was eased by the Austro-German Agreement of last July, the question of the Bohemian Germans appears incapable of even a temporary solution.

On July 11th, contrary to Nazi doctrine, Germany agreed to recognize Austria's sovereignty and to remove the thousand

mark tax by which, since 1933, she had prevented her nationals from visiting Austria. Austria declared that her policy would always in principle be that of a German state; she also promised a large-scale amnesty for Nazi prisoners in Austria. It was agreed that, whereas since 1934 Germany and Austria had virtually banned one another's newspapers *en masse*, they would each henceforth admit a specified five.

Superficially this was Adolf Hitler's Canossa. An Austrian by birth, he had hitherto regarded as inadmissible the divorce of German Austria from the German Reich, and had always demanded a plebiscite in Austria as the condition for coming to any agreement. While it is difficult to find anyone in Central Europe who believes that the German Chancellor's views have in any way changed, it is easy to discover a number of explanations for his sudden surrender on July 11th. Some sort of temporary solution of the Austrian question could kill two large birds with one stone. To call off the quarrel with Austria facilitated co-operation with Italy and at the same time made a good impression in England, distracting attention from the offensive behaviour of the President of the Danzig Senate at Geneva on July 4th. Further than this, the Agreement with Austria was accompanied by implicit undertakings favourable to Germany. While Austria had always underlined the German quality of her régime, it was now implied that she would enter into consultative relations with Germany over all questions of foreign policy. One pro-German, a *Gross-deutscher* in the sense of regarding an Austro-German fusion as natural and desirable, was taken into the Austrian Cabinet, and it was implied that further appointments of this kind would be made. The new Austrian Minister, Dr. Glaise-Horstenau, who had helped to negotiate the Agreement, has well-known Reichswehr connections, and there is little doubt that the Austrian General Staff will now work closely with that of Germany rather than with that of Italy.

If the Agreement brings only the military *Gleichschaltung* of Austria it becomes easier to explain Germany's concessions; the hope that the Austrian Cabinet would be partially nazified, and therefore obedient to that of Berlin, goes further still to explain the Agreement. But it can be still more easily explained. It is one of the tenets of Pan-Germanism and of National

Socialism that economic conquest, as in the case of the German Customs Union of the early nineteenth century, should prepare the way for political annexation. At present only the question of the tourist traffic to Austria has been settled, but Germany hopes that, as opportunities occur, Austria will curtail her coal imports from Czechoslovakia and Poland, and take Ruhr coal instead. It is, of course, not a question of coal alone. Through Austria's desire for tourists, Germany may be able to force a general increase of imports from Germany. This would be an important step towards drawing Austria away from unfriendly Slavonic countries and identifying her interests with those of Germany; a Customs Union, as proposed in 1931, is not yet spoken of.

Lastly, the Germans believe that their propaganda will be rather facilitated than not. The five Austrian newspapers are not such as to play any part in Germany, and they are legally forbidden to print large-type headlines. The five German papers are both better known and more effectively got-up. The German tourists, who receive sufficient foreign exchange to stay any time in Austria, will be expected to play a propagandist role. This is definitely stated in, for instance, a letter dated July 15th, 1936, which was circulated among its members by the official Nazi Students' Union of Germany. The letter described the Austro-German agreement as a Pyrrhic victory for Schuschnigg since the Nazi prisoners he would free would now be able to mobilize their strength against him. The fight for Austria, the letter says, will continue, but on an ideological basis. Among the immediate aims are enumerated the education of tourists, the nazification of Austrian school-teachers (they are already largely Nazi in the secondary schools) and, above all, steady pressure against all forms of Catholic organization. For such purposes the universities must be the arena; Austrian and German students study at each other's universities, and it is suggested that special *Stosstrupps* or fighting groups must be built up among the Austrian students. This letter, whose recent publication in Austria caused embarrassment in Germany, is undoubtedly genuine, and may be regarded as a fairly exact statement of the German point of view. It deserves rather more attention than it has received.

It cannot yet be foretold how all this will work out in Austria. There are still important feelings and interests opposed to Germany, especially the centralized expansionist Germany of to-day. Many Austrians continue to regard the Reich Germans as aggressive and uncivilized. Just after the first German tourists had arrived, one heard Austrians in the corridors of trains whispering to each other: "Too many German brothers in that compartment," and so on. Frontier feeling still exists, and near the frontiers the Austrians know very well about food scarcity in Germany. In general the old mainly legitimist aristocracy is as anti-German as the Socialist and Communist town working-class, which can still be estimated as about 30 per cent. of the population. Schuschnigg himself has become anxious as to what Germany really intends, and seems unlikely to stick to the unwritten promises.

Finally there is a good deal of feeling that economically only the Germans will gain from closer Austro-German co-operation. Austria will lose markets elsewhere if she gains them in Germany, while Germany will obtain a new outlet. Austrian industrialists tend to be anti-German if closer association with Germany would bring them powerful rivals; the big iron interests, on the other hand, welcome any increasing accessibility to the German market where armament materials are still hungrily bought.

Agricultural interests are, of course, pro-German, since the great German towns should supply a suitable market for their produce; the timber people, especially, hope for a big increase of their exports. In general it may be said that the big majority of young people is all for Nazi Germany without the formulation of any more precise programme. Only a small proportion, probably, are doctrinaire Nazis, for, even among *soi-disant* Nazis in Austria, the dominant notion is that Austria would always remain autonomous within the Nazi Reich, a notion which is unlikely to win the acceptance of Berlin. Among older people the *Gross-deutsch* sentiment is widespread. In spite of the persecution of Roman Catholicism within Germany itself, many Austrian Catholics, attracted by Hitler's anti-Bolshevist campaign, accept the *Gross-deutsch* standpoint. Dr. Funder, the editor of the Catholic *Reichspost*, is the chief protagonist of this view,

and, through his association with Herr von Papen, contributed substantially to the Agreement in July. The Protestant Church in Austria is numerically weak, but while Hitler persecutes Protestantism in the Reich, strangely enough the Protestant pastors in Austria work almost as eagerly for the Hitlerist idea as the Secret S.S. and S.A. organizations. Members of these, not satisfied with mere anti-clericalism, in Austria take care to be ostentatiously converted to Protestantism; in Lamprechts-hausen in the province of Salzburg, for instance, 26 Nazis released under the amnesty after July 11th immediately celebrated their freedom by an instantaneous conversion from Catholicism to the Protestant faith.

Statistically Austria's economic situation has been gradually improving since 1933, and yet, as M. Rost van Tonningen remarked in his last report before he resigned the position of financial representative of the League of Nations in Vienna, the unemployment figure remains rather inexplicably very much the same. This is partly due to the deflationary policy of Dr. Kienböck, the President of the Austrian National Bank, a policy which has been accompanied by a striking reduction of state expenditure upon work creation schemes and social needs in 1936 as compared with 1935. Working people become more bitter as time goes on and they gain nothing from the increasing activity of heavy industry. A few of them accept National Socialism, but among the townspeople of Austria the number of Nazi converts is astoundingly small.

In the country of the Bohemian Germans—the *Sudetendeutschen*, as they are usually called, after a local mountain range—the people's misery has the opposite effect; they embrace the local brand of National Socialism with blind and desperate enthusiasm. Anyone who knows the country in which they live, districts thick with glass, china, textile and many other factories, easily realizes that, without any political or racial complications, the slump has inevitably transformed this exporting region into an appallingly distressed area. It is only too natural that the German population should regard the present position as entirely due to the greed and injustice of the Czechs. Believing that the Czechs are to blame, the *Sudetendeutschen* of all classes have easily embraced the fashionable doctrine of

German racialism. A leader, Konrad Henlein, emerged some three years ago, who, while declaring his loyalty to the Czechoslovak state, insisted that its German-speaking citizens could only defend themselves by holding more closely together—*qua* Germans—in a racially conscious group or *Volksgemeinschaft*. Thus organized, they must effectively press for justice with regard to employment of all kinds.

Whether Konrad Henlein has proved a satisfactory saviour is at present rather doubtful. With the Hitler régime just across the frontier, the Czechs could scarcely fail to regard the Henlein movement as suspiciously Hitlerist in its methods and propaganda; anti-Semitism and totalitarian phraseology seemed to them contrary to the principles of the Czechoslovak democracy, to which Henlein declared himself to be true. Henlein has, moreover, proved himself to be weak; all this year quarrels between the leaders of his party have been apparent. The quarrels do not probably disturb the rank and file of the party, but they strengthen the influence of the extremist group which is frankly disloyal to Prague and works closely with Pan-German Nazis in the Reich.

Despite the efforts of President Benes and his Premier, Dr. Hodza, it is probably true that the *Sudetendeutsch* territory must be increasingly regarded as an irreconcilable irredenta. It cannot be questioned that in the past the Czechs have been guilty of unfair discrimination against their German fellow-citizens; the chauvinism of small local officials has undoubtedly ignored German minority rights. During this year further discrimination has become logically inevitable. Should the armaments race, in which Germany is still rushing ahead, lead to war in the not far off future, it is generally agreed that Czechoslovakia is in the greatest danger of German attack. Bohemia will be extraordinarily difficult to defend. It seems that the Czechoslovaks mean to relinquish even Bohemia only after a struggle, and it is natural that they should be introducing Czech workmen into the frontier districts in order to have people there upon whom they can rely; it is also natural that they should be partially transferring industry into Slovakia. Both these things mean less work for German workmen.

Last January the Czechoslovak Defence Ministry issued an

order to the effect that firms executing Government contracts were to employ German and Czech workmen in the same proportions as the local population and that workmen belonging to organizations hostile to the state must be dismissed. This decree has done much to exacerbate the relations between Czechs and Germans, and has formed the subject of the *Sudetendeutsch* appeal to Geneva this autumn. The Germans claim that it has only been sent to German firms which, since they cannot afford to take on more workmen, will be forced to dismiss some of their German employees. The Czechoslovak Government declare that it is to apply to Czech and German firms alike and that it is not to be at all vigorously carried through. This withdrawal from a false step taken by the Defence Minister, M. Machnik, is too late to assuage the bitter resentments it has stimulated. On the other hand if the Czechoslovaks have reason to believe that the Sudeten Germans are disloyal, and friendly to a Germany whose outspoken hostility was re-emphasized at Nuremberg this year, they cannot be expected to take no measures against them.

At the beginning Hitler attempted a direct onslaught against Austria and left the *Sudetendeutschen* to react to contagion. Now he has reversed his methods; Austria is to be won by seduction, but Czechoslovakia is to be faced with intransigence. Even if a Czech-German bilateral pact came to be signed, nobody would believe in it. It is as if Hitler were determined not merely to detach the Sudeten country, but to destroy the whole Czechoslovak state. A vicious circle is thus created. The more Hitler's armaments and speeches threaten Czechoslovakia, the more intolerantly Czechoslovakia is bound to behave towards her German citizens—the majority of whom show sympathy for the Reich on every occasion—and the more acute becomes the problem of the Germans within the Czechoslovak state.

PARADISE LOST

BY JAN STRUTHER

THE flat golden tonking of a hundred sheep-bells came floating down upon me like a shower of pebbles through the indigo depths of sleep. I stirred, clung instinctively to oblivion for a moment, then let myself drift slowly up to the surface of another Balearic day.

I knew by the sheep-bells that it could not be more than five o'clock, but the room was already flooded with sunlight and the black and white marble squares of the floor felt warm to my bare feet as I walked over to the window. The sheep by now were about to pass below me, their jostling backs merged into one white woolly cumulus as though a cloud had fallen out of the cloudless sky. Their hoofs made a twittering sound upon the sun-baked mud of the road; the clangour of the bells rose in a confused crescendo, sagged a little in passing, and faded away along the quay, leaving a trail of wakefulness behind it.

The fishermen were just returning from the night's work, lowering sail as they rounded the jetty. A few of them had already come ashore and were beginning to spread out their nets in symmetrical patterns on the hot flags of the quay. The wall-eyed puppy with the lame leg was chewing at the corks and untying the nets up as fast as the fishermen could lay them out, until one of them gave him a good-natured clout and sent him quealing and yapping across the road. And that woke the other dogs, and the dogs woke their owners, and the baker's wife next door began to sing one of those endless wandering songs of hers, and soon the whole village was astir, as though someone had dropped a coin into a penny-in-the-slot machine. With a pang remembered that it was our last day. Not a moment of it must be wasted, so I slipped along the passage to wake the others. I noticed how brown and polished their arms looked against the stark whiteness of the sheets.

When we got downstairs there was nobody about except Blond Dog. He, as usual, was sitting at his desk in the hall, gazing out with prominent blue eyes across the bay. So far as I know he never went to bed. By the exercise of what we had learnt in a fortnight to call typical Blond-Doggery he had managed to have our picnic lunch ready for us before breakfast, and that, in Spanish territory, takes genius.

"You have a beautiful day," said Blond Dog, as we drank our coffee.

"All days are beautiful in Miramosa," we responded. Somehow one can say things like that in Spanish, even if one knows how to say little else.

"Your last one," he mentioned tactlessly.

"Don't rub it in," we said (but in English this time, for idioms are tricky things). "We don't want to go."

"Then why not stay?" said Blond Dog. He made it sound so delightfully simple.

"How can we? We have work to do in England."

"But look," said Blond Dog, "at the Señor Thompson. He came here for a holiday ten years ago, and he has stayed ever since."

"Alas," we said, "the Señor Thompson probably has private means."

"With the exchange like this, it would cost very little for you to live here."

"Very little. But we must go back nevertheless."

"One spends one's life," said Blond Dog, "being where one would not be." He stared out again across the relentless dancing blue. He had, we knew, a young woman in Barcelona. "There is a house to let," he added irrelevantly. "The second farm after you pass the lighthouse island. It will be going very cheap. The man there has just been arrested for smuggling."

"Come on," said T. "We ought to be off before the sun gets too hot."

"It has a good fig-orchard," said Blond Dog. "And I am told the olives bear well."

"Come on," said T.; and we stepped out into the fresh, blinding sunlight.

We walked past the village shop where you buy tobacco and

stamps and straw sombreros and cheese and rope-soled shoes; past the tiny rose-red barracks where a Gilbertian garrison lives with its wives and its amber-coloured children; past the "Fonda-Café," where the soldiers meet in the evening to gamble and play guitars; past the other fonda where the fishermen go and where brandy is three-ha'pence a glass; past the little white convent whence, later in the day, comes a drone of nuns and schoolchildren; and so out into the open country.

"Which way?" said C., who was in front. "Into the hills, or along the coast road?"

"Coast road," I said. "Past the lighthouse island."

"You're not," said T., "letting Blond Dog put ideas into your head?"

"It's a nice road," I said. "And it won't do any harm just to have a look at it."

So we took the path by the sea, stopping very often to pick figs. You cannot buy figs in Miramosa. If you try, the peasants smile deprecatingly and give you whole basketfuls of them. The ripe ones are shaken down early every morning for the pigs to eat. It is as though a foreigner came to England and tried to buy acorns.

As E. reached up for a particularly beautiful fig, like a green puffed sleeve slashed with crimson, a book fell out of his pocket. I picked it up.

"Not again?" I groaned.

"Yes," said E., firmly. "And I'm really going to start on it today."

He had brought *Paradise Lost* with him from England, saying that it was a thing every Englishman ought to have read, and that it was only on a holiday like this that he would ever have the chance of doing so. But on the journey out, of course, none of us read anything but Spanish phrase-books; and ever since we had arrived at Miramosa fate had been against him. Whenever he settled down and opened it, something happened.

There was, for instance, the evening when he tried to read it after dinner, under the awning, between sips of brandy: but all of a sudden we heard such a curious noise coming from the jetty that there was nothing for it but to go and see what was the matter. What was the matter was a herd of black pigs; two

For some minutes we lay silent, getting back our breath and taking in every detail of the scene. Then E. looked at C., and I looked at T., and we all began talking at once.

"But it's madness to go home . . ."

"I wonder how much that olive-crop is worth?"

"Blond Dog said one could live on a peseta a day . . ."

"There would be room for all the children . . ."

And then we turned towards the farm again and discovered further delights. It was E. who pointed out that there was a clump of almonds at the foot of the little cliff, so that in spring one would be looking at the sea across a cloud of blossom. And T., I think, was the one who first noticed the pig-sty. It was a very exceptional pig-sty. It had an oleander on one side of it and a pomegranate on the other, and it, too, was canopied with a growing vine. The pig, unimpressed, snored in the sun.

As we watched, an old man with cropped hair and a middle-aged woman with a yard-long plait—the father and wife, we judged, of the man who was in prison—came out on to the balcony and laid the table for their midday meal. We could make out a loaf, pimientos, a bottle of wine and a great steaming bowl of what was probably arroz marinera. The sight was too much for us: we got to our feet, shouldered the food baskets and scrambled as quickly as possible down the other side of the headland to have a bathe before lunch.

"Perhaps the bathing'll be rotten," I said hopefully. "Sea-urchins and jelly-fish. That'll put us off for good and all."

But the bathing was relentlessly perfect. Fine hard sand sloped gently, for those who liked gradual immersion, into water unbelievably green: while for those who did not, a ledge of volcanic rock ran out conveniently on either side. The sea was so clear that even from the furthest end of the ledge it looked scarcely deep enough for diving, and the tenuous green fronds which grew on the bottom seemed almost within arm's reach: but we took a sounding with string and found that they were eighteen feet away. T. had a terrifying experience: he was pursued by a huge dark shape with waving tentacles; the faster he swam the faster it followed, behind and a little below him. His blood, he admitted afterwards; ran cold; and it was not

until he had almost reached the shore that he discovered he was fleeing from his own shadow on the sea's floor.

Sprawling in the shade of the rocks with our feet in the sun, we ate enormously. Blond Dog had surpassed himself. Besides the usual sandwiches, ensiemadas, goat-cheese, grapes and wine, he had risen to a whole melon and some excellent tinned squid. We finished the lot, slept for three hours, and woke up encrusted with a mosaic of tiny shells. As we brushed them off we became aware of their minuteness and perfection. Not one of them was more than an eighth of an inch long. There were some which in shape, colour and transparency could only be compared with babies' finger-nails; there were spirals of every kind—flattened whorls of canary yellow, shallow pointed cones with a rainbow sheen, and slender white spires like the ivory towers of Lilliput. There were cockles so small that the naked eye could hardly see their flutings; diminutive blue-black mussels like inky tear-drops; and a multitude of unknown ones, fragile as fallen petals, saffron, rose, amethyst and palest green.

When we at last raised our eyes from this absorbing task, we saw that we were not alone in the cove. A boy of about twelve, presumably the son of the arrested farmer, had walked past us while we slept and was fishing unconcernedly from the rocks. He must have been there some time, for his rod, a roughly trimmed reed-cane, was lying on the sand beside a bunch of small rainbow-coloured fish, strung together through the gills, as brilliant as a nosegay of mixed flowers. He was now practising, with great precision, another branch of his art. He carried a long narrow piece of lath with a small fish lashed uncomfortably to one end of it like a fixed bayonet. This he thrust downwards under the overhanging ledge, and three times out of four brought it up with a crab clinging to the helpless, but one hoped unconscious, fish.

"Buenas!" we shouted, and he echoed it with a beautiful flashing grin. But it turned out to be nearly all the Spanish he knew, and none of us could speak the island language: so it was by signs, mostly, that we bought, for half a peseta, four of his fish—not because we were hungry, but because we wanted the fun of lighting a fire and cooking them in wet paper. The boy stood and watched us, his faded blue cotton trousers rolled to the

knee, his toes sticking out through his ragged alpargatas. To our great pride, the wet-paper technique was new to him; and when the last of the three thicknesses was charred through, revealing the fish done to a turn, he clapped his hands in delight and uttered, unmistakably, the island word for "Attaboy."

We gave him one of the fish, which he ate with approval. In return, he opened a rusty knife, ran back to the rocks, pried off a sea-urchin (there were few, and none underfoot) and brought it carefully back; setting it up edgewise on a flat stone, he cracked it all round with the knife as though it were an egg, threw away the squirming lower half and offered us, with grave courtesy, the upper—an exquisitely-patterned bowl in which lay, star-fashion, five slips of coral-pink flesh. There was nothing for it: we scooped out and swallowed one each, and he himself disposed of the last. He was a charming child, and we felt that whatever happened he would have to be let with the farm. After all, he was no younger than Guillermo, the miniature under-waiter at our hotel: and in his spare time he could keep us supplied with fish.

We did not bathe again, for the sun was already round the headland and off the water. We dowsed the fire with sand, shouldered our lightened baskets, and said good-bye to the brown boy: his hand was thin, supple and surprisingly cool.

"Hasta la vista," we said, and we really meant to come back: but he, with instinctive wisdom, replied "Adios."

At the top of the ridge we emerged once more into the sunshine, which was now flooding horizontally from the south-west. The lighthouse island was stencilled in bramble-black on a gold-leaf sea. We turned to have one more look at the cove. Two uniformed figures were strolling across it with blankets and rifles slung on their shoulders, while a young Alsatian bounded along in front: it was a pair of carabineros setting off on their night-patrol. Suddenly one of them gave a howl of pain and clapped his hand to the back of his neck. They both spun round, unslinging their rifles: but the cove was apparently empty and the dog's clumsy rangings had no success. It was only we, with our god's-eye view, who could see the brown boy lying as still as a cat along the branch of a carob-tree a few yards from where they stood. We could not tell for certain what his

avenging missile had been, but the last we saw of the scene was the other carabinero laboriously plucking out of his colleague's nape what we hoped and believed were sea-urchin spines.

We sailed at seven o'clock next morning. As our steamer left the jetty I found myself wondering why we had done nothing about that farm; asked no questions, made no effort at all; why one never does do anything; why one always goes back in the end to fogs and offices and wet Saturday nights in the King's Road. I dare say the others were wondering too, but none of us said it aloud.

Blond Dog, inscrutable as ever, waved to us from the quay; the wall-eyed puppy gnawed incorrigibly at the net-floats; and as C., T., and I leaned over the after rail we became aware that E. had already left our side. He was sitting in a deck-chair, reading, with his back turned resolutely to the island. He read, as often, half-aloud; and his voice mingled with the steady throbbing of the engine:

"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into this world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden. . . ."

in the face of tremendous handicaps, political, racial, economic, and financial.

Riga, with its 400,000 inhabitants, is the largest of the Baltic capitals—quite a metropolis compared to the other two. Thanks to a favourable geographical position, this old Hanseatic town has for centuries been a great commercial and maritime centre, with ships sailing to the most distant parts of the globe. Today it is the seat of a somewhat excessively dictatorial government, but no doubt modifications and a certain relaxation of the pressure from above may be expected before long. In the person of Mr. W. Munters, Latvia is fortunate in possessing one of Europe's youngest and ablest Foreign Ministers—a man of vision, knowledge and character. The government of which he is a member has done much to improve the beauty of the city, and has put up many imposing buildings. The House of the Black Heads, the Town Hall, the Castle, and innumerable things the Latvians are most proud of is the palatial new hotel which the Government has just put up at Kemerli, a world-famous spa (sulphur springs and mud baths) some twenty-five miles from Riga. It is a lovely place and is surrounded by forests. The sea, with its huge beach, known as the "Amber Shore" or "Baltic Riviera," is close by, and the innumerable resorts situated all along that endless stretch of wide sands seem to attract an ever-growing number of foreign tourists. So does Estonia, the smallest and perhaps the most attractive of the Baltic countries. Tallinn, its capital city, is one of the most picturesque places I have ever visited. Like Riga, it is an old Hanseatic city with very ancient British connexions. You still feel the spirit of the Hansa in that delightful town—you can see it in its magnificent old buildings, and even the national flag to this day bears the old Hanseatic blue stripe.

It is amazing to what extent these little countries are interested in the arts and how proficient they are in them. In all three capitals I saw and heard performances that are up to the best international standards. But then they have music in their blood. Not only do Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania each possess a folklore that is particularly rich in tales, legends, proverbs and national sagas, but a great deal of it is expressed in the form

of ballads, tunes and dances. In Latvia alone more than 200,000 such tunes have been collected, and the popular ballads or "Dainas" of Lithuania also amount to a huge figure. The Estonian national epic, the "Kalewipoeg" (not unlike the Finnish "Kalevala"), holds a special place of honour among the many songs and poems of that country. Regular folk-singing conventions, attended by many thousands of participants, are held in these countries, and in the days when the Tsarist government saw fit to prohibit all other cultural manifestations (such as the publication of books and papers in these languages), the singing conventions were the only means by which the Baltic races could keep up and express their specific national cultures. Folk-dancing in picturesque national dress is yet another tradition that lives to the present day, and arts and crafts are highly developed.

All this is now being studied, catalogued, photographed and written down with great care and genuine enthusiasm. Not only the Estonians, Lithuanians and Latvians themselves, but the Poles, too, are devoting much time and money to it. The Poles, for instance, have created a Baltic Institute, with its seat in Gdynia, which has already published a series of most interesting studies on local history, art, literature and finance, and which is issuing an excellent English quarterly called *Baltic Countries*. Subjects are certainly not lacking in that part of the world, with its rich past and its key position in the present international imbroglio.

Key position? it may be asked. A mere glance at the map will reveal the importance of these countries which separate Hitler's Germany from Stalin's Russia—a *cordon sanitaire* of a very different kind today from that contemplated in the far-away epoch of Versailles when that phrase was current.

If Herr Hitler's outbursts against Russia mean anything and if an attempt is ever made to realize them, then the Baltic countries and Poland will have to be conquered first. In a previous article in the *FORTNIGHTLY* I tried to draw a picture of Poland's present position and her reactions to this ever-latent threat. As far as the Baltic countries are concerned, the danger of a possible German invasion in the future is further enhanced by certain more immediate developments. When I paid a recent visit to

Memel, or Klaipeda as it is now called, I had the opportunity of finding out something about the sensational trial that is to take place there before long. It will reveal a huge German espionage organization in Lithuania. Its headquarters were at the Memel Post Office, while its operations were directed and financed by the German Consulate. The latter employed an enormous staff there, whose functions were certainly most peculiar, and some of whose principal officials appear to have been as clumsy as Herr von Papen in America during the war. The Germans seem to think that they are entitled to as much plotting against law and order in Lithuania as they like, and that any attempt of these people to defend themselves against Nazi blackmail and terrorism is highly reprehensible. When on a previous occasion the Lithuanians, in perfectly legitimate self-defence, tried and sentenced a gang of Nazi terrorists in Memel, the Germans replied by an unprecedented act. They unilaterally cancelled the trade agreement and closed the frontier, thus causing Lithuania serious economic difficulties, since the greater part of her foreign trade was at the time dependent on Germany. As a curious consequence of this, the Lithuanians were left with an enormous stock of geese destined for the German market. These were gradually disposed of at the cost of the civil service, every member of which was compelled to eat a certain number of geese every month in a fixed proportion to his salary or income.

England soon took Germany's position in Lithuania's foreign trade, to the considerable benefit of both countries, and the volume of this trade is still growing. But, generally speaking, in the Baltic just as in Scandinavia, British exporters spend more time and energy in competing with each other than in studying local requirements and new openings. The change in Britain's favour is thus due more to the trade agreements and to the efforts of the Baltic States themselves than to the spirit and enterprise of our own merchants. But this is an old story, and one gets tired of repeating it.

What is going to happen when the impending trial of the Memel Nazis takes place no one can say, but it is obvious that German tactics will be very largely determined by Herr Hitler's sense of how far he can go with his present storm tactics in

Europe. Memel, of course, is not a "Free City" like Danzig. From the outset it was incorporated as an integral part of Lithuania, which has spent a small fortune on developing the city and the port. But there are certain points of similarity with Danzig, not the least of them being that the greater part of the population is German. Next to Danzig, Memel is the most explosive danger spot on the Baltic.

The Lithuanians thus still have every cause to consider themselves as threatened by Hitler's Germany. Now their relations with their other neighbour—Poland—are hostile, too. Since the Poles seized Vilna some fifteen years ago the frontier between the two countries has been closed, there are no diplomatic, consular, or even postal relations; you cannot send a direct letter from Kaunas to Warsaw or vice versa, and still less travel from Poland to Lithuania, the railway track near the border having been removed. Notwithstanding this abnormal situation, as long as Marshal Pilsudski lived there could be no doubt that he would have protected Lithuania against any German or other aggression. This not only because he happened to be more of a Lithuanian than a Pole himself, but also because he very wisely realized that any attack on Lithuania was a direct threat to Poland. Pilsudski was the only man who could have brought a certain appeasement into the relations of these two countries in time of peace and co-operation in case of war. The present rulers of Poland do not appear to consider the safeguarding of Lithuania's independence as of paramount importance to themselves.

It is on account of these unsatisfactory relations between Lithuania and her two formidable neighbours, Poland and Germany, that the so-called Baltic Entente is no "Entente" at all. There is a military alliance between Latvia and Estonia. Both of them also work in close co-operation with the Lithuanians and have repeatedly used their best endeavours to prepare the ground for Polish-Lithuanian reconciliation. But so far they have been unsuccessful, and unless that can be achieved, they do not want to run the risk of being involved, through an alliance of any sort, in a conflict between Kaunas and Warsaw, or Berlin, or both. But while Estonia and Latvia do not wish to commit themselves to the unqualified support of Lithuania in case of

an aggression (it is perfectly clear, however, that if Lithuania were attacked they would soon be involved, too), there exists, in fact, the closest of political and economic co-operation between the three small Baltic republics. Economically they are to a large extent competitors and they try not to cut out each other in foreign markets, of which Britain is the most important. They all export flax, and hemp, timber and wooden goods, but principally agricultural products.

Germany, not Russia, has been their enemy in the past. The Baltic States offer a unique case of the national and social problems being practically identical. For centuries these nations of peasants—yet with a fine and original culture of their own—have been under foreign domination, and the oppressor even in Russian times was the German landlord. While the policy of the Tsarist Governments may at different periods have been stupid and even wicked, there was no trouble with the Russians as such. But the Baltic barons—of German origin—on the land, or the German merchants in the towns, who jointly represented the ruling caste in that part of the world for many generations, treated these people like cattle and incurred their well-deserved hatred and contempt. Moreover, what the German armies of occupation did in the Baltic provinces in the latter part of the war was too monstrous to be forgotten. Estonians, Latvians and Lithuanians have indeed every reason to distrust Germany. The German minorities in all three countries today are being used as nuclei for spreading Nazism there, and can hardly be considered as loyal citizens. Germany continuously interferes in the internal affairs of Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania; it fosters sedition and discontent; it finances and directs espionage organizations like the one in Memel; and then it professes to be outraged if steps are taken to curtail its activities.

That none of the Baltic republics wishes a conflict with Germany is obvious. Neutrality is the main objective of their foreign policy. But, if attacked, they will fight gamely, and Memel might easily become the starting point of an aggression. The Soviets are not threatening them: the Germans are. It is only logical that the Baltic states should have drawn the obvious conclusion of such a state of affairs and sought a further

rapprochement with Russia. In the new alignment of forces this certainly means the lesser evil as far as they are concerned.

What they really want, however, is a strong lead and some encouragement from Great Britain. It would pay this country to give it to them. The Baltic is important to Britain as an economic entity; the trade turnover is extremely active and is growing every year. Both as sources of supply and as customers these states—especially when taken together—are interesting. But there are also other considerations. Through the naval treaty with Germany we virtually presented Herr Hitler with the hegemony of the Baltic. Moreover, through the Kiel Canal he can move his fleet between the North Sea and the Baltic backwards and forwards at his will, using the Baltic as the safest of all naval bases.

Unless steps are taken to prevent such a development, the Baltic may one day become a German lake. That the Powers concerned should feel greatly alarmed about such a possibility goes without saying. It is highly symptomatic, therefore, that Sweden, Finland and Denmark should be considering this problem both jointly and separately along with the three Baltic republics, and that they should all be wondering what England is going to do about it. Can England afford to stand aside and leave these countries to their own devices? That is the crux of the problem. The naval negotiations which have taken place in London between the British authorities and some of the Baltic and Scandinavian Powers seem to suggest that the government is at last beginning to wake up to the importance of North-Eastern Europe. The situation, however, remains as yet somewhat ambiguous. It is not money these countries want—some of them are actually booming and others are doing quite well. What is necessary is that, apart from empty after-dinner speeches, they should be made to feel that Britain is both friendly and interested. They should be made to feel that small though they are, England values in them not only good commercial friends of several centuries' standing, but associates or allies in the common defence of peace.

THE CITY OF HARLEM

BY GEOFFREY GORER

THE city of New York covers more than the island of Manhattan; but even that lump of granite is a conglomeration of towns, rather than a single homogeneous city. Round the narrow core of white English-speaking Americans there is a city of Germans, another of Italians, a third of Poles, and a fourth of Cubans; there are villages of Chinese and Yugoslavs; there are smaller settlements where only Yiddish and French are spoken; but the biggest of these cities within a city is Harlem, the home of the New York Negro. Harlem has a bigger population than most English county towns—it is, I believe, roughly half a million—and is as self-contained as most towns of similar size. The inhabitants could with some justice be called the original Americans, for at any rate one line of their ancestry has been in the United States longer than any group of white Americans of similar size. Most of the Negroes came to the United States in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, most of the whites in the middle of the nineteenth, and even later; there is not, however, a Negro Social Register based on ancestry, and no slave-ship has so far been set up in rivalry to the *Mayflower*.

Architecturally, Harlem appears far more European than the other parts of New York. The change in atmosphere from southern New York is striking. There is less traffic, less noise, less show of hurry; life is not envisaged as a continual rush to catch a train which is just leaving; people have time to saunter along the streets. An Englishman can feel oddly at home there; if he does not notice the people on the side-walks he might imagine himself in Pimlico or Maida Vale. The slums which abut on the main thoroughfares have nothing to teach England in the way of disgraceful living conditions. In that respect Harlem can rival Bermondsey or Glasgow.

The contact of Harlem with the rest of New York is fairly slight. The greater number of its inhabitants pass their lives without reference to the whites; in many instances, if they

keep clear of the law, without any direct contact at all. Harlem is as self-contained as most cities; it has its own lawyers and its own doctors, its own aristocrats and its own millionaires, its own school-teachers and its own paupers. Not only do the Negroes have practically no contact with white people; they withdraw from white society as completely as white society withdraws from them. The Negroes are, not unnaturally, excessively race-conscious; and this race-consciousness takes the form of a snobbish exclusiveness, which is at least as strong as that of the whites. Harlem society is the hardest in the whole of the United States for a foreigner to enter; it is far easier for a visitor to get into Park Avenue than into Striver's Row. I was taken up to a small extent by Negro Society because of the interest my book *Africa Dances* had aroused among the Negro intellectuals; but more than once when I was taken to visit in a strange house my entry was marked by a shocked silence, with the patent if unformulated comment: "What! is our house being contaminated by the presence of an uncoloured man!" It was a strange, and extremely uncomfortable sensation, to be thus regarded as something from outside the pale; sometimes I was able to wear down the first impression, and be treated as an ordinary human being; but on more than one occasion I am sure that my unfortunate introducer was bitterly reproached the next day. Of course there are a certain number of Negroes who enjoy the company of whites, and a certain number of whites who like Negroes (these latter are ignominiously termed by both races "jig-chasers"); but they are exceptions for both communities.

The average attitude of the white towards the Negro is strangely ambivalent; the Negro is, of course, by the colour of his skin, of an inferior nature to any white; but at the same time the Negroes represent all that is pleasant and forbidden in life—leisure, drink, music, dancing, drugs and debauchery. This attitude is so firmly implanted in the mind of many whites, that Harlem has come to be synonymous with all these pleasant sins; and for the sake of such people there is a considerable amount of rather hectic night-life. This night-life is completely paradoxical; whites have come to Harlem to have fun with the Negroes, and in the places they go to you will never see a Negro

except as entertainer or waiter. Very rarely, if a "joint" is not doing too well, a few Negroes will be hired as make-believe guests; you will practically never find a Negro paying in the places whites frequent.

The places the Negroes go to for their own pleasure would disappoint the seekers after illicit thrills; they are cheap and extremely sedate, with, on the whole, very little drinking or love-making. The best bands are there, and the worst and most sentimental singers. The floor-space is huge, for the Negroes dance for the pleasure of dancing, and not to rub up against one another; many of them dance superlatively well—in the "Savoy," the best known and most popular Negro dance-hall you can see couple after couple dancing as well as any stage performers—but they only dance in one style: very acrobatic steps with extremely quick tempo; slow measures, the blues, the tango, or the rumba, are far better danced by Cubans and Argentines. The typical Negro dance is, in 1936, the Lindy Hop, a dance too quick for most Europeans, in which the partners barely touch one another, and are often separated by half the width of the floor; a dance which seemed to me to call for an equal amount of acrobatic skill and of telepathy, for partners separated by several yards will often execute simultaneously newly improvised steps.

Harlem is the least democratic portion of the Northern United States; the Negroes compensate for the racial inferiority which is imposed upon them by the whites, by subdividing themselves into a number of mutually exclusive groups. There are practically no Negroes who cannot find a portion of their race about whom they can feel themselves superior. These groups are made up in a number of ways: the rich can despise the poor, the educated the uneducated, the religious the irreligious, or those belonging to religious groups other than their own; those who strive for racial unity can despise those Northern Negroes who despise and look down on the Southerners; the gangster and the law-abiding citizen can despise one another; strangest of all, light-skinned Negroes (that is, Negroes with a certain amount of white blood) despise those with darker skins, although they do not—indeed cannot—consider that their admixture of foreign blood makes them any less Negro.

The Negroes consider a light skin more beautiful, but it also has a definite prestige value, at any rate up to a certain point. There are some so-called Negroes with straight fair hair, white skin and blue eyes, who may have one-sixteenth or even less Negro blood in their veins. When there are no Negro physical stigmata (for the superstitions about pigment on the finger-nails and similar signs which are meant to show hidden Negro blood are completely without foundation) the prestige and beauty value of a pale skin drops somewhat. This system of mutual superiority is undoubtedly a necessary psychological support for the Negroes' unenviable position in a predominantly white civilization; it is also very useful for the whites, for it splits the Negro's feeling of solidarity, and prevents them uniting to resist the oppression and unjust treatment of which they are continual victims.

The first sign in a Negro that he or she wishes to be considered better than his fellows is his clothes. The ordinary Negro wears clothes of bright colours and gaudy patterns which would look outrageous on a white, but which go admirably with their whole appearance; but the Negro with social pretensions looks on such clothes as a sign of lack of culture, and instead of the parrot reds and greens and electric blues, he will dress in greys and browns. He will desert the dance-halls and cafés, which in Harlem play nearly as important a role as they do in Paris. Partly as a defence reaction, and partly for the hell of it, the ordinary Negro in his everyday life revolts against and parodies the standards of his white neighbours—punctuality, carefulness with money, respect for the conventions, legalized sex; the Negro who wishes to rise socially on the other hand respects these white conventions even more strongly than the whites themselves. Except for punctuality, not even the strongest social ambitions can give a Negro, any more than they can give a Russian, a sense of time. Then when a Negro is soberly dressed, circumspect in his behaviour, respectable and sedate in his home life, with an increasing banking account, and with conversational fluency on cultured subjects—literature, the arts, politics—he is ready for society—perhaps he will even have his name down for an apartment in Striver's Row or Sugar Hill.

The difference between Striver's Row and Sugar Hill (these are the derisive names given to the streets by those who do not

inhabit them) is the difference between Mayfair and Chelsea. In Striver's Row it is really only wealth that counts: wealth that manifests itself in huge chandeliers, in life-size marble statues, in gold-stamped velvet curtains and potted palms, in luxury as it was understood in Edwardian days. Some of the over-crowded interiors seem with their expensive furniture like visions of a lost world. Here is society in the dearest sense of the word: formal entertainments, liveried servants, heart-burnings over invitations which have, or have not, been sent. Sugar Hill, on the other hand, has less luxury and more taste; the furnishing is simpler and more modern; many of the apartments have pleasant contemporary paintings, or African Negro carvings; Sugar Hill is the aristocracy of intelligence. And the Negro intellectuals have chosen well, for the situation of Sugar Hill is almost the pleasantest in New York: the road is quiet and only built up on one side; from the windows you look over the polo ground to the Hudson, and, far away, the Bronx. It is one of the few situations in New York where you have a sense of space.

And when a Negro has made the grade, has got into one of the two societies, what then? Then he talks and he talks and he talks. For the Negro, as for the Russian (and temperamentally the two races have much in common) conversation is a pleasure and an art—almost *the* pleasure and *the* art, the justification and the reward of life. With us Anglo-Saxons conversation has sunk to so low and utilitarian a level that we cannot see that it can also be an aim in itself; for us “mere talk” is a condemnation, not a commendation. But the Negro enjoys talking and listening to good talk; and since they take education and what is considered to be culture seriously, their talk is usually both entertaining and well-informed. They naturally cover an enormous variety of topics, but there is one topic which overtops and permeates all the rest—the topic of Race.

They are race-conscious, and proud of their race; they flaunt their colour as some Jews will flaunt their religion. But they can never leave the subject alone. If, when I was in their society, they were able after a time to forget my obnoxious colour, to forget that I was an alien in their midst, inevitably the conversation would turn to the question of race. Is it possible

for Negroes and whites to undersand one another? Is it possible for them ever to trust one another? Do they ever tell one another the truth? It seems to me that they practically never do. Nearly all American Negroes are on the defensive against whites and will tell them as little as possible, and what they do tell them will almost certainly be false. Time and again I have heard Negroes recount how they have fobbed off whites with false information, sometimes pretentiously exaggerating the real facts, sometimes over-humbly minimising them. This lying is a form of self-defence, of protection from mockery, often quite unnecessary with the individual, though justified with the race; I have heard Negroes whom I thought were my friends boast that they have never really given their confidence to a white man. I think they were telling the truth.

Alongside the discussion of the relationship of white and coloured goes the discussion of the peculiar attributes: the past and future of the Negroes as a race. What is the present and potential contribution of the Negroes to world culture? Is there the possibility of an exclusively Negro art? Should Negroes try to excel in the spheres of white art and scholarship, or try to develop art forms of their own? When I was in New York this subject was often started from a reference to the recitals of Miss Mary Anderson. Miss Anderson is one of the world's greatest singers, and has given recitals of Bach in nearly every capital in the world. In every group I was in some people maintained that she should not sing Bach, which was white music, but only songs by Negro composers. Although this problem seemed to me childish, it was debated, and hotly debated, over and over again. Most Negroes, I think, believed in the possibility of Negro art.

To my mind a modern Negro art is completely impossible, for the simple reason that there is no modern Negro culture. The American Negro has a slightly different surface to the American white, but he has the same language, the same education, the same laws and the same religion. The American Negroes are not an entity; they are a minority in a nation made up of minorities. What are considered to be specifically Negro characteristics—childishness, ready laughter, love of music, loose sexual morals—are really proletarian or vestigial slave

characteristics, the consolations for an unbearable social situation ; as soon as the Negro gets money and education he acquires the same attitudes and habits as his white compatriot. Even physically the Negroes are not a race ; their ancestry is even more mixed than that of white Americans, an amalgam of every race in Africa and most races in Europe. There are practically no pure-blooded Negroes in the United States, and few without a white ancestor in the first three generations. It is as futile to expect American Negroes to continue the tradition of African Negro sculpture as to expect French Canadians to write tragedies in the style of Racine, or Australians to produce a music like Purcell's. The American Negro has indeed as little connection with the Congo as the French Canadian with the Versailles of Louis XIV.

In only one section of American Negro life is there any trace of Africa, and that is in their religion, particularly the rather odd heretical Christian sects which attract the poorest Negroes. I was present at the meeting of a strange group called the Holy Saints which was held at the back of a beauty parlour ; the congregation was about twenty, of which two thirds were women. Women were the important members of the group, for while the men sang the women danced with a peculiar wriggling motion of the spine, shuffling their feet to a syncopated rhythm : they danced till they fell into a kind of trance, during which their eyes turned up till only the whites showed, and they spoke some impassioned gibberish, claiming that they were filled with the Holy Ghost and were speaking with tongues. As I watched I found it hard to remember that I was in the United States, for I had seen almost an identical dance, with similar effects, in Senegal : there it was the dance of the M'Deup, the witch-finding dance of possessed women. I do not know, though, whether this should be put down to the survival of the African tradition, or whether getting into similar psychological states and performing the same violent and unusual movements will produce universally the same effects.

From what I could see of the "conjurer men" and "wise women" a certain amount of West African techniques, particularly in the articles of sacrifice, have been preserved, probably through later contact with Jamaica where the African, particularly

Ashanti, tradition, has been preserved with far less alteration. And with these African remnants the latter-day Negro magicians employ all the devices of European superstition, Christian and pagan, spiritualist and occultist. With small local variations, the Negro trades on the fear and credulities of his fellows in the same way as the white charlatan.

Religion is probably the greatest integrating force among the Harlem Negroes, and greater unity can be got through a religious movement than in any other way. When I was in New York the Negro with the greatest actual influence (as opposed to Joe Louis, the boxer, who was a universal hero with his photo in every home) was Father Divine. Father Divine was the head of a very large and powerful sect, whose followers claimed that he was God Incarnate. Father Divine would hedge on the subject when questioned directly, saying that that was what his followers said, and that as we were all the children of God, we were all in our way God Incarnate. Father Divine had the brilliant idea of feeding his congregation with chicken and pie ; there was a large refectory next door to his meeting hall, where all who called might be fed. He inspired fanatical belief, and when he appeared among his own congregation women went into fits, screamed and fainted in the aisles, and people pushed to try to touch the hem of his garment. Father Divine could exact implicit obedience from his large congregation (did he not feed them when they were hungry, prevent them from being turned out of their apartments when they were behindhand with the rent, give them groceries on credit from his own store ?), and he was using this solid mass of voters politically, threatening over the radio that they would all vote the way he told them, and that he alone could forecast how a quarter of a million people would vote.

It is difficult to foresee the future of the American Negro. Logically he should have none, except as an American ; the colour bar is a stupid anachronism, which prevents, not inter-breeding, but an equal wage for equal work. But people are not logical, and until the American people regard a man's qualities and actions, rather than his parents and the colour of his skin, Harlem is likely to continue as a sort of modern ghetto, with all the contradictions, comic and tragic, that such an institution inevitably produces today.

BOOKSHOP MEMORIES

BY GEORGE ORWELL

WHEN I worked in a second-hand bookshop—so easily pictured, if you don't work in one, as a kind of paradise where charming old gentlemen browse eternally among calf-bound folios—the thing that chiefly struck me was the rarity of really bookish people. Our shop had an exceptionally interesting stock, yet I doubt whether ten per cent. of our customers knew a good book from a bad one. First edition snobs were much commoner than lovers of literature, but oriental students haggling over cheap textbooks were commoner still, and vague-minded women looking for birthday presents for their nephews were commonest of all.

Many of the people who came to us were of the kind who would be a nuisance anywhere but have special opportunities in a bookshop. For example, the dear old lady who “wants a book for an invalid” (a very common demand, that), and the other dear old lady who read such a nice book in 1897 and wonders whether you can find her a copy. Unfortunately she doesn't remember the title or the author's name or what the book was about, but she does remember that it had a red cover. But apart from these there are two well-known types of pest by whom every second-hand bookshop is haunted. One is the decayed person smelling of old breadcrusts who comes every day, sometimes several times a day, and tries to sell you worthless books. The other is the person who orders large quantities of books for which he has not the smallest intention of paying. In our shop we sold nothing on credit, but we would put books aside, or order them if necessary, for people who arranged to fetch them away later. Scarcely half the people who ordered books from us ever came back. It used to puzzle me at first. What made them do it? They would come in and demand some rare and expensive book, would make us promise over and over again to keep it for

them, and then would vanish never to return. But many of them, of course, were unmistakeable paranoiacs. They used to talk in a grandiose manner about themselves and tell the most ingenious stories to explain how they had happened to come out of doors without any money—stories which, in many cases, I am sure they themselves believed. In a town like London there are always plenty of not quite certifiable lunatics walking the streets, and they tend to gravitate towards bookshops, because a bookshop is one of the few places where you can hang about for a long time without spending any money. In the end one gets to know these people almost at a glance. For all their big talk there is something moth-eaten and aimless about them. Very often, when we were dealing with an obvious paranoiac, we would put aside the books he asked for and then put them back on the shelves the moment he had gone. None of them, I noticed, ever attempted to take books away without paying for them; merely to order them was enough—it gave them, I suppose, the illusion they they were spending real money.

Like most second-hand bookshops we had various sidelines. We sold second-hand typewriters, for instance, and also stamps—used stamps, I mean. Stamp-collectors are a strange silent fish-like breed, of all ages, but only of the male sex; women, apparently, fail to see the peculiar charm of gumming bits of coloured paper into albums. We also sold sixpenny horoscopes compiled by somebody who claimed to have foretold the Japanese earthquake. They were in sealed envelopes and I never opened one of them myself, but the people who bought them often came back and told us how “true” their horoscopes had been. (Doubtless any horoscope seems “true” if it tells you that you are highly attractive to the opposite sex and your worst fault is generosity.) We did a good deal of business in children's books, chiefly “remainders.” Modern books for children are rather horrible things, especially when you see them in the mass. Personally I would sooner give a child a copy of Petronius Arbiter than *Peter Pan*, but even Barrie seems manly and wholesome compared with some of his later imitators. At Christmas time we spent a feverish ten days struggling with Christmas cards and calendars, which are tiresome things to sell but good business while the season lasts. It used to interest me

to see the brutal cynicism with which Christian sentiment is exploited. The touts from the Christmas card firms used to come round with their catalogues as early as June. A phrase from one of their invoices sticks in my memory. It was: "2 doz. Infant Jesus with rabbits."

But our principal sideline was a lending library—the usual "twopenny no-deposit" library of five or six hundred volumes, all fiction. How the book thieves must love those libraries! It is the easiest crime in the world to borrow a book at one shop for twopence, remove the label and sell it at another shop for a shilling. Nevertheless booksellers generally find that it pays them better to have a certain number of books stolen (we used to lose about a dozen a month) than to frighten customers away by demanding a deposit.

Our shop stood exactly on the frontier between Hampstead and Camden Town, and we were frequented by all types from baronets to bus-conductors. Probably our library subscribers were a fair cross-section of London's reading public. It is therefore worth noting that of all the authors in our library the one who "went out" the best was—Priestley? Hemingway? Walpole? Wodehouse? No, Ethel M. Dell, with Warwick Deeping a good second and Jeffery Farnol, I should say, third. Dell's novels, of course, are read solely by women, but by women of all kinds and ages and not, as one might expect, merely by wistful spinsters and the fat wives of tobacconists. It is not true that men don't read novels, but it is true that there are whole branches of fiction that they avoid. Roughly speaking, what one might call the *average* novel—the ordinary, good-bad, Galsworthy-and-water stuff which is the norm of the English novel—seems to exist only for women. Men read either the novels it is possible to respect, or detective stories. But their consumption of detective stories is terrific. One of our subscribers to my knowledge read four or five detective stories every week for over a year, besides others which he got from another library. What chiefly surprised me was that he never read the same book twice. Apparently the whole of that frightful torrent of trash (the pages he read every year would, I calculated, cover nearly three-quarters of an acre) was stored for ever in his memory. He took no notice of titles or authors' names, but he

could tell by merely glancing into a book whether he had "had it already."

In a lending library you see people's real tastes, not their pretended ones, and one thing that strikes you is how completely the "classical" English novelists have dropped out of favour. It is simply useless to put Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen, Trollope, etc., into the ordinary lending library; nobody takes them out. At the mere sight of a nineteenth-century novel people say "Oh, but that's *old*!" and shy away immediately. Yet it is always fairly easy to *sell* Dickens, just as it is always easy to sell Shakespeare. Dickens is one of those authors whom people are "always meaning to" read, and, like the Bible, he is widely known at second hand. People know by hearsay that Bill Sykes was a burglar and that Mr. Micawber had a bald head, just as they know by hearsay that Moses was found in a basket of bulrushes and saw the "back parts" of the Lord. Another thing that is very noticeable is the growing unpopularity of American books. And another—the publishers get into a stew about this every two or three years—is the unpopularity of short stories. The kind of person who asks the librarian to choose a book for him nearly always starts by saying "I don't want short stories," or "I do not desire little stories," as a German customer of ours used to put it. If you ask them why, they sometimes explain that it is too much fag to get used to a new set of characters with every story; they like to "get into" a novel which demands no further thought after the first chapter. I believe, though, that the writers are more to blame here than the readers. Most modern short stories, English and American, are utterly lifeless and worthless, far more so than most novels. The short stories which *are* stories are popular enough, *vide* D. H. Lawrence, whose short stories are as popular as his novels.

Would I like to be a bookseller *de métier*? On the whole—in spite of my employer's kindness to me, and some happy days I spent in the shop—no.

Given a good pitch and the right amount of capital, any educated person ought to be able to make a small secure living out of a bookshop. Unless one goes in for "rare" books it is not a difficult trade to learn, and you start at a great advantage if you know anything about the insides of books. (Most book-

sellers don't. You can get their measure by having a look at the trade papers where they advertise their wants. If you don't see an ad. for Boswell's *Decline and Fall* you are pretty sure to see one for *The Mill on the Floss* by T. S. Eliot.) Also it is a humane trade which is not capable of being vulgarised beyond a certain point. The combines can never squeeze the small independent bookseller out of existence as they have squeezed the grocer and the milkman. But the hours of work are very long—I was only a part-time employee, but my employer put in a 70-hour week, apart from constant expeditions out of hours to buy books—and it is an unhealthy life. As a rule a bookshop is horribly cold in winter, because if it is too warm the windows get misted over, and a bookseller lives on his windows. And books give off more and nastier dust than any other class of objects yet invented, and the top of a book is the place where every bluebottle prefers to die.

But the real reason why I should not like to be in the book trade for life is that while I was in it I lost my love of books. A bookseller has to tell lies about books, and that gives him a distaste for them; still worse is the fact that he is constantly dusting them and hauling them to and fro. There was a time when I really did love books—loved the sight and smell and feel of them, I mean, at least if they were fifty or more years old. Nothing pleased me quite so much as to buy a job lot of them for a shilling at a country auction. There is a peculiar flavour about the battered unexpected books you pick up in that kind of collection: minor eighteenth-century poets, out of date gazeteers, odd volumes of forgotten novels, bound numbers of ladies' magazines of the 'sixties. For casual reading—in your bath, for instance, or late at night when you are too tired to go to bed, or in the odd quarter of an hour before lunch—there is nothing to touch a back number of the *Girl's Own Paper*. But as soon as I went to work in the bookshop I stopped buying books. Seen in the mass, five or ten thousand at a time, books were boring and even slightly sickening. Nowadays I do buy one occasionally, but only if it is a book that I want to read and can't borrow, and I never buy junk. The sweet smell of decaying paper appeals to me no longer. It is too closely associated in my mind with paranoiac customers and dead bluebottles.

THE ARTIST AND HIS PUBLIC

BY ROMILLY JOHN

IT has been said that the artist cares nothing about money. I will not dispute this statement, as it seems to me unworthy of serious consideration. But what of that other notion, that he works, or should work, only to please himself? It, at least, has a certain plausibility; but is it right?

It is always of great help, in æsthetic discussions, to have in mind the practice and opinions of the artists themselves. One may not, perhaps, get all that intractable host to toe the line of a particular theory, nor shall I attempt it here; but take, for instance, Hans Andersen. This great Danish artist seems to have lived to be an illustration of my theme. Only comparatively late in life was he at last convinced, by public opinion, that his gift was for writing fairy tales. He had always been tormented by the desire to please, embarrassingly eager for the praise of everyone; and had it not been for his submission to the public as the sole means of gratifying this taste for applause, he would almost certainly have gone on writing plays about mulattos and moorish girls, in the "grand style," or long philosophical epics of infinite tedium. The fact was, he fancied himself as a purveyor of such stuff, and it is to the firmness of the Danish public in refusing to be impressed by it, and clamouring for those tales which Andersen had begun by considering the merest trifles, that the world owes some of its most exquisite poetry.

Other examples are not wanting. Scott and Dickens were half created by their public: you may choose to despise them for it, but there it is. Many great comedians have notoriously burned to appear in tragedy, and only been kept to their own line by the firmness of audiences. Ingres, I believe, wanted to be a violinist. It is said in praise of Chaliapine that in youth he was always ready to take advice. Other artists, equally anxious to give pleasure, have not always taken criticism so well—

at the time ; but one may be sure that in the end it affected their works.

What is implied by the phrase : " An artist pleases himself " ? In the first place, one financially independent would hardly go to the trouble of exhibiting ; he would not wish to risk, as a human being, the disapprobation of his fellows, and as an artist he would be indifferent to their praise. The productions of art, then, would be of the same kind as the song of the skylark. But perhaps even the skylark is not so disinterested as he is made out. Spirit he may be, yet he is a bird as well, and not inconceivably his outpourings are, and are meant to be, attended to. Even the Flauberts of this life *publish* : they hope for praise, if only from the *élite*. Do they, after all, do it only as fallible human beings, those strange ascetics of the art world ? I think not. At any rate, even Flaubert, the lofty and indifferent, was very much put out when everyone preferred *Madame Bovary* to *L'Education Sentimentale*. (And who was right ?) The artist, I like to think, is a social being even in, indeed especially in his character as an artist. He may perhaps be sometimes a recluse ; the approach of footsteps along the road to his cottage may (and does in one case I know of) drive him into cover behind the gooseberry bushes. Yet his whole life is spent in communication with as large a number of people as possible—the more the merrier.

How, then, did the idea spring up that he is an unsocial or even anti-social phenomenon ? Was it Byron's doing ? Surely it is only quite lately that it has taken root. Art for the Artist's sake : that seems the motto nowadays ; or art—since the social side will obtrude—for the sake of those who produce similar art. Yet to Shelley, we know, poets were the unacknowledged legislators of the world ; that is a far cry from one writing only to please himself. There is something a little pompous in Shelley's definition, and I think Wordsworth got nearer the mark when he said the poet needed nothing but the ability to communicate immediate pleasure. There is no necessity to drag in legislation—though some artists may, of course, reach those heights. Others, like Jane Austen, are quite satisfied with the position of a mere judge. And still others seem only connected with the moral or social code in a Pickwickian sense.

The two key words of Wordsworth's dictum are " communicate " and " pleasure." One, of course, involves the other ; before a pleasure can be communicated, it must be felt. Wordsworth did not envisage the " creation " of pleasure. When I sit down to write to my friend, it is because I have an impulse to communicate with him, and so far, indeed, I please myself. But his character and situation influence the style and substance of what I write to him ; I would not write the same letter to everyone, unless indeed to communicate a change of address. The condition of my pleasure is a belief that he, too, will be pleased. And so with art : the poet is writing to his public, about his own emotions perhaps, but in such a way that others may feel them to be *their* emotions.

Then what becomes of the view that art expresses the artist's personality ? Holders of this not infrequently agree with the American lady who, on hearing that I was a writer, exclaimed with the deepest sympathy : " Ah, yes, it is an agony—art is an agony ! " Well, it certainly has its trials, for those who produce as well as the others, but it is really a matter of pleasure for all that. As for the artist's-personality theory, it is at most only a half or quarter truth. Not even the " subjective " artist, when at work, really worries about his personality ; he probably knows a good deal less about it than his friends. His feelings and thoughts, yes, and unless they are not too dissimilar from other people's he is merely wasting his time. One might indeed say that a letter-writer is expressing the personality of his correspondent. What, after all, is an artist's personality ? It is not just one thing, surely. Hans Andersen, for instance, had several facets to his character, or shall I say rather, several ways of writing, and might easily have had others ; very sensibly he chose in the end to stick to that which was most appreciated. According to Keats, the more you were an artist the less you had a personality to express. You were like wet clay, a receiver of impressions, or like water, which assumes the shape of what contains it. To be an artist, in a word, is to have *no* character.

Even modern highbrows are seldom, if ever, content merely to please themselves. While it is true that they frequently abuse the public, they lean heavily on each other, and, moreover, can be relied on to show an almost childish pleasure in genuine

popularity—big sales. Every artist—money apart—either has or would like to have a large audience ; but the amount of money he makes is a sure, the surest measure of his appeal. His instinct to make money is, I maintain, profoundly right. On the other hand, I believe that the admiration of the “transfigured few” is a snare to him ; for they, far more than the abused “general public,” are sheep-like. Besides, when they have once taken up a writer they feel it necessary to maintain him through thick and thin—often how thin ! Their support lessens his need for a wider, more spontaneous verdict ; if he does not get that, it is always the public’s fault. In part it may be. But as long as he thinks so, we shall have no more Shakespeares.

There is no getting away from it : the pleasure an artist communicates, as expressed in his popularity, is his only assurance that he is an artist—that, flavoured as his works cannot help being with idiosyncrasy, he is not merely “expressing himself.” I do not say that such a flavouring is bad for the dish ; it may give it piquancy ; but to maintain that it is the dish seems just nonsense. To this day there are quarrels about what sort of a man Shakespeare was. Nobody knows.

“It doesn’t matter,” Roy Campbell said to me years ago, “whether you think your poems good or bad. The first thing to do is to publish them.” It was not the advice of an æsthete, but of one who knew from the inside—a poet.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

BELGIUM has brusquely altered the European chessboard, and this dramatic move has been at once construed as a declaration against Russian tendencies in France. Some have even seen in it a sign of sympathy for German ideals, which have their admirers in Belgium just as they have in England, and probably in about the same proportion. Those who believe that Belgians will surrender one tittle of their independence to Germany had better go back and read the Countess de Croÿe’s war memoirs which reveal the soul of Belgium better than any speaker or official documents. None the less, Belgium desires to be equally independent of France, and inevitably she is not grateful to its Government which has made an economic revolution whose influences must spread across the frontier. Probably the Belgian Government thinks that France is under the influence of Russian ideas—which indeed have their effect in France, exactly as French ideas after the Revolution had their effect outside France ; and Belgium is faced with the fact that the most aggressive military Power in Europe declares violent hostility to these ideas and to all exponents of them. Her military independence has since the war not been complete. She can afford to make it so, since if Germany attacked Belgian territory, England and France would both feel constrained for their own safety to intervene. This is the only contingency in which the full co-operation of France and England can be counted on as certain. Belgium would remain free to stand neutral in case of a direct attack by Germany on the French frontier, or in that of a threat to Switzerland, which neither the Swiss nor military opinion at large regard as impossible. Should the much more likely event of

an embroilment between Germany and some Power to the East present itself, in which France would either be pledged or decide to intervene, Belgium definitely does not wish to be involved. She will not fight in support of France's alliance with the Soviets, and makes that clear in advance. She is well within her rights.

But it seems to be considered in some quarters that Belgium should be taken as the voice of Europe declaring that the Franco-Soviet Pact must end. Are we getting back into the mentality of the Holy Alliance? Russia may be a danger to Europe, for ideas are dangerous and Russian ideas have taken strong hold in all free countries. That is no reason why the Russian state, which attempts to put them into practice, should be treated throughout Europe as a pariah, or why the desire to act in concert with it should be regarded as compounding a felony. Commerce in ideas cannot be prohibited. The only effective answer to them is a study of their working, and English trade unionists who have investigated the results of these ideas in Russia have done more to check the spread of Communism in England than all the Conservative propaganda. In France, Russian influence has been more of a danger than in England because labour there was less strongly organized against capital, and capital more distrustful of labour organizations. It is also true that the same influences that have bred bitterness between classes in France have led in Spain to civil war—evoking in France dangerously violent sympathies. But it does not follow that we are to accept German notions as to what the interest of Europe demands—still less, to demand that France shall accept them.

Spain inevitably remains the centre of the European whirlpool, and one must be grateful for anything that helps to comprehension of its struggle. In the *Observer* of October 11th, **The Spanish Tragedy** Señor Salvador de Madariaga, one of the finest living writers on political subjects, gave us light—not the hard light of detached intellect, but warm illumination from the heart of a Spaniard who loves his country. He asks us to remember that Spain's tragedy is neither Russian nor German nor Italian in its origin; it springs out of Spain's own difficult

and splendid nature which expresses itself equally by reckless self-immolation and by ruthless persecution. He does not ask us to disbelieve the worst that is reported of either side, but to recognize the utter heroism which both sides have shown. The cadets of the Alcazar have won, and nothing has ever more deserved the world's sympathy; but the miners of Oviedo, who with the odds running heavy against their cause, pushed on their attack with hand-placed dynamite against entrenched and desperate riflemen, showed an equal courage. Naturally then as the struggle seems nearing a decision, the European Powers find it harder every day to restrain sympathy from converting itself into action. There is no question but that material support from outside has come to both parties; the only doubt is as to the proportion. But of the Great Powers, three make no attempt to conceal their preference; only England, where neither Fascism nor Communism is a serious force, can be really neutral; the worst difficulty is for France, whose Socialist Government is not independent of Communist allies and must be gravely concerned lest a victory of the Right in Spain should strengthen the Right in France.

It is, however, possible that M. Blum's very acute mind has perceived that danger for his cause lies the other way.

Dilemma of the Moderates France is one of the countries where property and the amenities of life are most evenly distributed—just as Spain seems to have been one of the worst examples of dangerous inequality. For that reason, the Left in Spain knows no moderation. Señor de Madariaga tells us that probably half the working men are neither Socialists nor Marxists but “anarcho-syndicalists”—very difficult to distinguish in practice from anarchists pure and simple. French property owners great and small (and the small are counted by millions) would feel anything but safe under a Socialist administration if a government of the Left in Spain (not even professedly Socialist) had ended by putting anarchy in power. And indeed this seems to be at the moment a true description of the situation wherever the so-called “Government” rules. Recently, in Dublin the

Press published a statement that Spain's representative at the Legation had been recalled. Next day we heard the facts, which are significant. That Minister was, by the consent of all who had known him, a singularly attractive member of the diplomatic profession; by family and training he was connected with the Right, but had become Republican by conviction, and even after revolt broke out last June was defending and upholding the Government's cause. But as events progressed he grew uneasy and, going on leave to visit his wife and children who were in Biarritz, he met a flood of refugees from Spain. On top of what he learnt from them came the news that his sister's husband, a former Minister, had been murdered like so many others. He sent in his resignation, declaring that he could no longer recognize the existing regime as in any sense a government; no direct reply reached him, but after an interval his dismissal was published.

If such a government emerged victorious over a revolt supported so widely and so gallantly as this one has been, it is hard to believe that the results would be hopeful for civilization. The spectacle of an army turning its arms against its own country is not agreeable, yet there may be worse. In extreme cases resistance to unbearable oppression is the only way; submission makes the evil worse.

In her remarkable *Memoirs*, written a hundred years ago but published only a few years back, the Marquise de Gouvernet relates her experiences, first as lady of honour at the Court of Louis XVI, then in the Revolution and afterwards under the Empire. The book has a hundred interests, but what struck me in reading it was her fierce comment on the abject lack of resistance to mere blackguardedly terrorism. The extreme example was in Bordeaux, where an "army" was known to be marching on the rich and populous city, and the well-to-do proposed resistance or talked of it. But when the "army" appeared, seven hundred ill-armed and ill-clad, all resistance disappeared, and the worst brutalities were inflicted. General Franco and his followers did not lack reason for striking; they struck in time, and they struck hard. It looks as if they had at least as good right as the Government to claim that they struck in the name of Spain.

Assuming that the insurgents prevail, I see no reason to expect trouble in France. The left wing there cannot well be angrier than they are now with M. Blum for his determination to keep France neutral. On the other side, his tolerance for the occupation of factories against their owners has shaken the confidence of many Republicans, not only in him but in republican government, and it would be idle to deny the existence of grave discontent. Yet at least one very typical industrialist of my acquaintance who condemned vehemently M. Blum's laxity towards the strikers will have been surprised and pleased by the sudden decision to alter the franc's value—for he as a business man thought this necessary, and yet had no hope of seeing it adopted. I think, indeed, that France at large will find satisfaction, first in the fact that this action has been taken with British and American support, and still more in the spectacle of half Europe conforming to France's lead. When even Italy joined the movement, leaving Germany isolated in its attitude, M. Blum's stock rose further; and if his action in reducing the height of tariffs and the number of quotas becomes effective in loosening the icebound markets, not only France but Europe will have reason to be thankful to him. One thing in any case is sure; M. Blum's action has drawn England and France closer together, without alienating Italy; and to that extent he has defeated Herr Hitler's main object.

Only seven years ago there was a sort of war in Palestine, involving the employment of British Navy, Army, and Air Force; and I have been looking up the account of it in a book which studies typical examples of such minor operations—*Imperial Policing*—written by a very competent military authority. The writer's conclusion is that in 1929 the British mandatory power invited trouble by reducing its forces beyond prudence in a sphere where trouble must always be expected. Two mutually hostile religious communities have there to be kept from flying at each other's throats. This, however, is a commonplace of British rule in India; and in some cases the stronger or more determined faction, when hindered from throttling the underdog, will fly

The Riddle of Palestine

at the intervening Power, as happened in the Moplah Rebellion of 1921, described in the same book. That did not happen in the Palestine troubles of 1929; all that the troops had to repress was a series of attacks on Jews; but this year matters were very different. The Arab revolt was a revolt against English rule in the name of nationalism. It has only been checked by the belated despatch of a full division and by the proclamation of martial law. But how stable order is to be created, seems an insoluble problem, for the reason that the mandatory Power has to administer irreconcilable principles, and can hardly be regarded as impartial. It has a mandate over the people of Palestine, and for many centuries Palestine has been an Arab country. Yet to every Englishman Palestine is Jewry. The less educated he is, the more guided by tradition and instinct, the more instinctively it seems fair to him that the Jews, if they wish it, ought to get back to their own country, and own their own land.

No other early history, not even the history of England, is so present to the average Englishman as the history of the Jews in Palestine; and every educated Arab must feel that the scales are weighted against his national cause when the control of Palestine is given not only to a Christian Power but to England. Two nationalisms are in conflict: one of them maintained through the history and religion of a race which for nearly two thousand years has maintained its racial distinctness, remote from its native soil and scattered through every aggregation of civilized humanity. As compared with that, the Arab national claim on Palestine must seem to many almost trivial and accidental.

I do not see how in the face of this widespread natural sympathy with an ideal nationalism (apart from all question of pledges or of political advantage) England can surrender her mandate. And if the will of Jews everywhere is to make Palestine once more into Jewry, it will be very hard to resist. They are entitled to say that they can make the soil of Palestine fruitful as the Arabs have never done, and can even improve the conditions of life for the Arabs and multiply rather than lessen their numbers in the land. Yet to the Arab nationalist this is no answer: and when nationalism is backed by the hatred of one creed for another, it is a dangerous explosive—I doubt if we shall see the garrison of Palestine safely reduced.

In Ireland Mr. de Valera is said to be ready to re-model the Free State's constitution. He will probably put into words so far as he can the existing *de facto* situation, **Mr. de Valera's** under which the Governor General is the shadow **Power** of a name, and Ireland's association with Great Britain, all but in name, external. The truth is that nobody in Ireland, except Mr. de Valera, cares much for these fine shades, and many desire agreement with England; but if he were to come to any agreement which acquiesced in the partition of Ireland, he would lose his power, which at present is very complete. Early in autumn two elections were held, each caused by the death of a supporter of Mr. Cosgrave, and in both constituencies Mr. de Valera's men won easily, though in each case a "Republican" candidate was put up to split the vote. Yet about the same time, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Alfred Byrne, standing for re-election, was opposed by the de Valera party and won decisively: not because he belonged to the Cosgrave side, but on his personal popularity. Probably, also, because it was felt that he kept the Lord Mayor's office outside politics. In the same way, Mr. de Valera is personally liked and respected and the Irish public at large thinks that Ireland is quieter under his rule than it was under Mr. Cosgrave.

It is worth noting that Mr. de Valera very soon after taking office was faced with violent contests between a party of Blue Shirts, who used only sticks, and the I.R.A. who carried revolvers. He began by proclaiming the Blue Shirts, just as M. Blum proclaimed the *Croix de Feu*, and it seemed dangerously unfair. Matters were made easier by indiscretions of the Blue Shirt Leader, which Colonel de la Rocque seems to be avoiding. Yet early this summer a shrewd Irishman, outside party politics, said to me that Mr. de Valera seemed likely to put down the I.R.A., that nobody else could do; and that if he did it he would atone for all else that he had done. And in fact at the present moment most leaders of that private army are under lock and key and their supporters, putting forward candidates at the poll, get a mere handful of votes. So, as I hold, Mr. de Valera can go ahead. A Commission appointed to enquire into the possibilities of finding a new Second Chamber is said to be

reporting in favour of one with merely consultative powers, or at most of imposing a few months' delay. But whatever he proposes will be submitted to.

Readers of the *Fortnightly* who had the first sight of Mr. Charles Morgan's brilliant *Epitaph* on George Moore may have been disappointed that another writer was called in to be Moore's official biographer. Yet **George Moore's Biography** I am far from sharing this regret. Mr. Morgan's appreciation stands to express the mind of those highly-cultured English men of letters by whom Moore's work was most highly valued—those who were born when Moore was already an established writer, but before Irish influence began to assert itself strongly in his work. The results of that influence on Moore were so notable and so fantastic that I doubt whether anyone not familiar with the Dublin group of Moore's Irish period could have traced them out so easily and surely as Mr. Hone has done. Almost any English writer would have felt obliged to ascertain and to explain what, for instance, Sir Horace Plunkett, A.E., Douglas Hyde, and Oliver Gogarty signified in the life of Dublin; Mr. Hone, who has been part of that life, takes this for granted, and the presentment of his central figure stands out the more clearly. Moore grows in the book through all his eighty years; the man is there; and there also is the extraordinary evolution of the artist. This fastidious writer, perhaps the most fastidious of modern writers, was in the literal sense almost illiterate. He brought no trained sense of the shaping of words to the use of them. He knew French and used it as an artist, yet he could not write three sentences without blunders that would disgrace an English schoolboy. He might never have seen a page of French written: yet, read out what he has set down, and it is competent French. There, perhaps, one gets at the secret of his excellence. This writer was never a reader, and the profit on it is, he composed by the ear and not, as almost all of us lapse into doing, by the eye. Every sentence that he wrote, when he wrote at his best, has the quality of an individual voice speaking. Later, to my mind, he compromised this excellence—which is at its highest in *Hail and Farewell*—by a false theory of style. This artist was theory-ridden; but whatever he wrote, in any

of his manners, earlier or later, he heard the sentence, and was not content to set it down in black and white. The voice was there.

Biography must show the man as well as the artist, and Mr. Hone does not flatter his subject any more than did the many painters who have left portraits of Moore. He loved company, and the book shows to all who did not know it already that many men and women of high quality were delighted to be his companions. Especially painters; one whose name is not well known outside Ireland (because he died when his work had hardly begun to be widely valued) was Walter Osborne—a man as unlike Moore as could be imagined, and of the type to dislike exceedingly all that was slimy and pawing in Moore's attitude to sex. But this did not affect Moore's talk of painters and of the art which he loved none the less though he gave it up as a bad job—to find success in another for which he had apparently even less qualifications. No man ever worked harder; and he made sacrifices: some of them sacrifices which a man ought not to have made. His masterpiece, *Hail and Farewell*, lost him two friends who lay nearest to whatever heart he had—Edward Martyn and his own brother. "If you really wanted to know if I should object, it would have been as easy to show me what you had written about me as any other parts of the book; and if you examine your conscience you will find that however reluctant you may or may not have been to annoy me, you were not prepared to sacrifice your little paragraphs on the altar of friendship," Colonel Moore wrote.

But indeed it is hard to see how a break was to be avoided between George Moore and men who were passionately in earnest over ideas which he took up with passing enthusiasm. In ideas he was never more than a dabbler. Religion and love were themes about which he buzzed like a bluebottle, and yet the man was never dangerously in love, and never felt the strong hold of religion. His quarrel with Ireland was that it took too seriously the morality which deters from easy love, and the religion which is austere in its dogma. Perhaps also he resented it that nobody in Ireland would take him seriously, knowing him not to be serious. The revolt which mattered has come from men in whom it was evident that Catholic religion had a grip

on their very heartstrings. Joyce was the first, and his *Ulysses* was prohibited by English, not by Irish, administration.

But at present censorship in Ireland is being strained to breaking point. Mr. Sean O'Faolain, whose talent is familiar to readers of this Review, is a member of the

Censorship of Literature

Irish Academy of Letters. His first book, *Midsummer Madness*, was banned from Irish circulation, and now his third novel, *Bird Alone*, has incurred the same ban. The Board of Censors does not represent only Irish Catholic opinion, but possibly the Protestant element on it may feel difficulty in advocating the publication of what offends their Catholic colleagues. Yet that is pushing intolerance too far. This powerful, moving and admirably-written story represents many phases of revolt (willing and unwilling) against Catholic discipline and against ordinary moral discipline; but it is written with passionate sincerity, it is clean and honest, and educated devout Catholics are, to my knowledge, as unable as the ordinary man of letters to understand why it should be denied a hearing in the country of its origin. *Bird Alone* in every chapter of it is testimony to the strength of religion in all Irish life, but especially in family life. If it attacks anything, it is that family dread of a lapse from respectability, overmastering all humane feeling, which turns the book into a tragedy at its close.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

FIFTY YEARS OF BRITISH HISTORY

By WICKHAM STEED.

GREAT BRITAIN, EMPIRE AND COMMONWEALTH, 1866-1935, by J. A. Spender. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

MR. J. A. SPENDER is one of the fast dwindling band of public men and writers who have lived and worked through the past half-century with a single eye to the understanding of national and international affairs. Almost from the moment when he "went down" from Balliol, with high classical honours, he chose journalism as his craft and, after editing the *Eastern Morning News* at Hull from 1886 to 1890, became assistant-editor of the old *Liberal Pall Mall Gazette* and thereafter assistant-editor and editor of the *Westminster Gazette* for nearly 30 years. Thus he acquired what may be called a "public outlook" from the start. He has kept it into a ripe age that is not yet old. It shines through the more than 800 pages of text in this valuable volume which old and young may read with pleasure and profit, and future historians will be bound to consult.

Contemporary witness to historical processes and events is important in more ways than one. Notwithstanding his diligent study of "documents," Mr. Spender's reading of them cannot fail to have been influenced by the personal and confidential intercourse he enjoyed with many of the actors in the dramas which he records. He knew Grey, Haldane, Asquith, Campbell-Bannerman and many another British

statesman intimately. Indeed, they often sought his advice and welcomed his support. He knew also outstanding diplomatists in the pre-war and post-war eras, and some foreign statesmen. As he says: "For one who has been occupied as a political journalist with the events of the period dealt with, memory supplies an unescapable background, and memory is sometimes charged with a bias which it would be idle to conceal. I have not tried to conceal it, but I have tried to supply the reader with facts and considerations which may enable him to form his own judgments when he differs from mine."

This is the right way to deal with recent or contemporary history. Readers and students know where they are. My own bias is not precisely the same as Mr. Spender's; and, had I been trying to cover any considerable part of the ground he covers, with the help of the same "documents," some of my judgments might have differed from his. But, surely, it will be more profitable for those who in future may survey this ground to know how things struck an honest witness of them than to be obliged to rely solely upon "documents" which, for all their official character, may be neither honest nor authoritative.

Mr. Spender has therefore done good and dutiful work. Nobody needs to be told that he can write, though few may know how close he stood to the heart of many a plot which he unravels. From

the "Home Rule" election of 1886—which I remember well—to the Ireland of De Valera, and from the foreign policy of Salisbury to that of Sir Samuel Hoare, he weaves an unbroken tissue of informed narrative of which the design and execution alike reveal a master's hand. Nor has he forgotten the social and economic sides of his story. The J. A. Spender to whom, as a youth, I listened at Toynbee Hall 46 years ago when he lectured on Old Age Pensions under the chairmanship of Charles Booth, would not have been true to type had he omitted from this volume what he calls "A Commentary" upon Labour and Economics before and after the War, upon the Departure from Free Trade and upon the Age of Planning. Just as little could he have left out his chapters on Egypt and the Middle East, on the British Commonwealth and on India, for of these matters he has special knowledge.

Such criticism as I have to offer touches comparatively minor points. Mr. Spender seems not to know that it was the first Haldane mission to Berlin in 1906—when, as he says, "the Kaiser paid him (Haldane) special attention and permitted him to study the great German military machine"—that inspired Haldane to reform the British army and to create the British Expeditionary Force. It was then that Haldane first understood the German design to

strike at the French Channel ports through Belgium. On this point I hold the written evidence of Haldane himself. But, in referring to Haldane's later mission to Berlin in 1912, Mr. Spender falls into the error of saying that Haldane "talked German fluently." Haldane may have read German without great difficulty, but he talked it like an English schoolboy who has had a few lessons in German grammar.

On many weightier matters Mr. Spender's testimony is invaluable. "In spite of all that has been said about 'secret diplomacy,'" he writes, "it is difficult for the student of post-war revelations to put his finger upon any fact, unknown at the time, which had any material result upon the course of events. The forces at work were large and visible, and with the material at his disposal any reasonably well-informed man in these years was as much entitled as the Foreign Secretary to form a judgment upon their probable issues." The secrets of Europe were very open ones in those days. The only trouble was that so many British Ministers and public men would not take the trouble to learn them, and were consequently astonished when things took the course they were bound to take.

For years before the War, as Mr. Spender shows, Germany was eager to get a British undertaking to be neutral in a European conflict. When she thought British neutrality probable, if not certain, she let Austria-Hungary loose—indeed, she urged her—to start the Great War. This was the measure of German "war guilt;" and the measure of British "war guilt" was the failure of Grey and his colleagues to make it plain in time that Great Britain could not and would not be neutral.

May the British share of this sad history never repeat itself!

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SOUTH AFRICA

By PROFESSOR CHARLES MANNING

THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. Vol. VIII. South Africa. Cambridge University Press. 42s.

In the present year, the centenary of the beginning, on a big scale, of the Great Trek—that being "still the central event in South Africa's history"—it is particularly opportune that this, the last "Dominion" volume of the Cambridge British Empire series, should have come into the student's hands. Compared with the contents the title is perhaps over-modest. "South Africa" here is not the Union only: it comprises all territory south of the Zambesi. And the term "British Empire" seems even less restrictively understood: chapters appear, advantageously, from the annals of the Portuguese, and German, Empires. On Africa in ancient and mediæval times there is an erudite section. And the narrative proper opens, not with the first coming to Capetown of the British in 1795, but earlier, with the founding of the Cape Colony, by the Dutch East India Company, in 1652.

That events may be viewed in something of their authentic setting, we begin with chapters, one on the geography, the second on those indigenous peoples who, till confronted with the whites, had filled, or at any rate frequented, big sections at least of the scene.

The editors may rejoice at their success in what may well have been an anxious undertaking. In choosing their

contributors they have spread the net out wide. Extremists, one would infer, will not have been wanted. This is not a pamphlet, but a history, and a Cambridge history, for all its many chapters by alumni of "the other place." The South African universities too, as the editors particularly insist, are all in some sense represented. A special tribute is paid by them to Professor Eric Walker, their Advisor in South Africa. It is easily conceived that the burden falling in such conditions upon an advanced headquarters is likely to have been considerable. It has not, however, hindered Professor Walker from himself producing three of the ablest, and most important, chapters in the book. These will be welcomed as rounding off well the twenty-five strenuous years he has given to South African learning. May the Cambridge chair that he henceforth adorns prove not inimical to his continued interest in the Cape.

Another contributor who nowadays, after some service in Capetown, is back at work in England is Arnold Plant, Professor of Commerce at the London School of Economics. Into fifty pages he has condensed an excellent account of the economic development of the sub-continent since the inception of British rule. A parallel chapter on the development of culture is by Dr. Leipoldt, who reviews, with temperate optimism, the condition and prospects of Afrikaans literature. Culture, a vague enough term, is treated as embracing religious, but

apparently not also recreational, interests.

Other chapters standing like these a little aside from the main stream of the story include that by Professor Mandelbrote on the terms and working of the Act of Union; another, by a Supreme Court judge, on the system of Roman Dutch law; and, by a social anthropologist, a chapter on the effects of European contacts on native tribal life.

South Africa is not one of those countries whose happiness may be said to come of their having no history. There was, indeed, in the eighteenth century, a placid phase: and one ought not to miss the chapters, by the eminent bearers of two French Huguenot names, on the period of Dutch Company rule; they have an interest of their own. But, the British once having arrived . . . ! History—social, political, constitutional, military—enough and to spare. By 1907, we find, the Germans in "South West" had fought, in twenty-four years, "88 engagements against the Hereros and 295 against the Namaquas." Would someone point contrastingly to the merits of *pax Britannica*? *Pax*? These last fourteen years, from 1922, happen to represent the longest single respite there has been from actual fighting, within what now is Union territory, since about 1775.

A chronicle then of human wickedness? Not especially. The second van der Stel was certainly rather acquisitive; but his "goose," as he observed, was "cooked" in 1706. Otherwise South Africa has been served on the whole by worthy men, caring much for what to them were worthy causes. A record then of blunders? In retrospect, largely, yes. Now it is the "imperial factor," now the man on the spot. Sometimes the right policy is applied in a wrong manner; sometimes alternative policies are in effect pursued at once. But the volume is little concerned in the placing of

blame. Only in Mr. MacMillan's pages, on the eighteen-twenties and 'thirties, Dr. John Philip of the London Missionary Society being the central figure, is the note of partisanship sometimes faintly discerned. But he keeps to rigorous understatement. Besides, just look at the facts!

Here, as in his full-dress study, Professor Walker's realistic vision of the Trek is not, at bottom, unsympathetic: even the sentimentalists must see it is fair. The war of '99, its antecedents and outcome, are similarly safe with him. Later, he writes on South Africa and the Empire.

Many readers probably will go first for the section on the Raid. "The account in the text is based on the statements of some of those most intimately concerned, whose evidence is yet unpublished." Unhappily, the writer, Mr. Cecil Headlam, has not lived to see the work in print. Of Sir George Cory and Professor John Ewing this also is true. Their sections concern respectively the 1820 settlers and the Union's role in the War.

Then the bibliography, which fills a hundred pages, being the joint achievement of Mr. A. Taylor Milne and Mr. A. C. G. Lloyd. It seems beyond praise. The index, without being perfect, is good.

It is normal and proper no doubt in a series such as this that there be an avoidance of any condescension to the needs of the casual reader. The maps, for instance, show only the distribution of vegetation, rainfall and warmth. The contributors too, though shortly identified, are not informatively introduced.

Yet the layman who gets to thumbing these pages may soon come under their spell. Though for pathos, and romance, the bare facts of the story should mostly be left to speak for themselves, this, as it happens, they do.

ADMIRAL JELlicoe

By

HECTOR C. BYWATER

THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSHWORTH
EARL JELlicoe, by Admiral
Sir Reginald Bacon. Cassell. 25s.

IF "what really happened" at Trafalgar was still a subject of hot debate a century afterwards, it was hardly to be expected that the infinitely more complex panorama of Jutland, shrouded as it is in sea mist and battle smoke, should already be presented in a form to satisfy the many who were concerned in the production. Controversy still rages, and will long continue to rage, about the tactics of Jellicoe, Beatty, Scheer and Hipper on May 31, 1916. Was Jellicoe right in deploying the battlefleet on the port division instead of on the starboard wing? Should not he have turned towards, rather than away from, the German destroyers when they launched their attack to cover the retreat of their main body? Were his night dispositions calculated to impede or to facilitate the escape of the High Sea Fleet? And, finally, was the "fleet in being" doctrine of static strategy practised by Jellicoe, with the full support of the Admiralty of that day, fundamentally sound or the reverse? These and other pertinent questions have yet to be answered with complete assurance, but Admiral Bacon's biography of Earl Jellicoe should help to elucidate many points which have hitherto remained obscure. His obvious veneration for his lifelong friend may not be conducive to complete impartiality, though it must in fairness be added that in almost every case he advances solid reasons for his conclusions. Including the appendices his book runs

to nearly 500 pages, only fifty of which are devoted to the Jutland action. It is, in fact, a well-balanced work that covers the whole of Jellicoe's career, from cradle to grave. The professional matter is enlivened by human touches and domestic interludes which reveal Jellicoe as he was alike in public and in private life, a man of innate kindness, steadfast loyalty and iron resolution.

Despite his great services in the war—and his biographer does not exaggerate their magnitude—his reputation suffered partial eclipse during the early years of peace in consequence of the violent attacks to which he was subjected, mainly by self-constituted authorities. He was charged not only with having missed through excessive caution a golden opportunity of destroying the German High Sea Fleet and thereby shortening the war, but with bungling the anti-submarine campaign in 1917 by his apparent opposition to the convoy system, and even with personal responsibility for the technical shortcomings of the Grand Fleet, particularly in its gunnery equipment, which were so painfully manifested at Jutland. Certain of these charges appeared to the lay public to be substantiated by that singularly ill-advised official document, the "Jutland Narrative," which was inspired by his most influential critics. Jellicoe bore these attacks with outward equanimity, though to one of his sensitive nature they must have caused grievous hurt. Only once, when goaded by the "Jutland Narrative's" thinly-veiled animadversions on the conduct of him—

self and his immediate subordinates, did he deign to reply, and even then he contented himself with pressing for the inclusion of emendations and footnotes challenging the Admiralty's version of certain incidents in the action.

But the fates were working on his side. The vehemence of his critics recoiled on their own heads, for the innate British love of fair play produced a strong popular reaction in Jellicoe's favour, and, what was more important, encouraged unbiased historians to explore more thoroughly the moves and counter-moves at Jutland. This examination did much to re-establish his reputation in the eyes of the world. As Mr. Reginald McKenna justly observes in a foreword to the book, "his fame as the years go by is enhanced by every new fact which the research of the historian brings to light." The flight of time has not only tempered the natural disappointment which was felt when the country was robbed of a second Trafalgar, but has brought a shrewder appreciation of the motives which constrained Jellicoe to avoid close action off the Jutland Bank. On the whole it was, perhaps, well for Britain and her allies that the Grand Fleet in 1916 was commanded by an admiral to whom personal glory meant little and the welfare of his country everything. A single error of judgment, still more an

impulse of foolhardiness, might have shipwrecked the Allied cause in an hour. Cautious his tactics may have been; nevertheless their effect was to convince Germany's naval chiefs that a second fleet encounter must be avoided at all costs. Strategically, therefore, Jutland was a decisive British victory, even though the tactical honours in the first half of the battle—at which Jellicoe was not present—may have rested with Germany.

Less than a year after Jutland the unrestricted U-boat campaign had entered on its most deadly phase, threatening us with a complete breakdown of communications and therefore with defeat. It was Jellicoe's task, as First Sea Lord, to cope with this insidious menace. His biographer has no difficulty in showing that the measures initiated by Jellicoe at this period were, as they matured, chiefly responsible for the eventual checkmating of the U-boat offensive. It fell to others to reap the fruits of his labours at the Admiralty, labours of which he was brusquely relieved in circumstances which did little credit to the other protagonists concerned. In his years of retirement he committed to paper many of his war-time experiences, and these documents, which were not published during his lifetime, enable his biographer to present Jellicoe's own version of his relations with political colleagues, including Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Eric Geddes. But his observations, though often pungent and even piquant, are never spiteful, for it was not in his nature to harbour malice. Admiral Bacon's work is as interesting as it is historically important. Though it may not silence the voice of criticism, the new material it contains exhibits many of Jellicoe's decisions and actions in a new light. The volume should thus enable historians of the future to form a juster estimate of one who already stands revealed as a great captain and a great patriot.

THE DECEMBER ISSUE
will contain
special Reviews of
CHILDREN'S BOOKS
and
CHRISTMAS
GIFT BOOKS

SALUTE TO JOHN TAYLOR

BY GERALD BULLETT

**KEATS'S PUBLISHER: A MEMOIR
OF JOHN TAYLOR (1781-1864).**
by Edmund Blunden, *Cape*. 8s. 6d.

It was a happy thought on the part of Mr. Blunden to spend time and labour in redeeming the personality of John Taylor from its virtual oblivion. Celebrated authors have seldom lacked a memorial, but the publishers of celebrated authors have had something less than their due. This book may perhaps be regarded as the first instalment, offered to publishers on behalf of authors in general, of a debt long outstanding. John Taylor, with his partner Hessey, was the publisher not only of Keats, but of the poet Clare, of Cary's translation of Dante, and for a time of Landor; as proprietors during four brilliant years of the *London Magazine*, he and Hessey were intimately associated with the work of such men as Lamb, Hood, Darley, De Quincey, and Hazlitt. Taylor represented the literary or editorial part of the firm's activities, and Hessey attended to the business details. Both men had begun as booksellers' assistants, and Taylor was a bookseller's son. The picture of him that emerges from Mr. Blunden's quiet, careful, well-documented narrative is that of a man of intelligence, literary discrimination, common sense, and generous idealism. He had a genuine enthusiasm for literature, and a kindness of heart which he did not hesitate to indulge at the expense of his pocket. The story of his firm's dealings with Keats, whose genius he was quick to recognize, presents him in a most engaging light; and his relationship with Clare stands equally to his credit. We can smile, it is true,

at his itch for meddling with his author's texts, and especially at his desire that Keats should purge his pages of indelicacy; but this kind of thing, which must have seemed reasonable enough at the time, proceeded from no lack of humility, nor yet from timidity. He was always the ardent champion of Keats against his detractors, and he could point a shaft as well as the next man. When he met Mr. Blackwood, in whose periodical Keats had been so savagely attacked, he blandly inquired: "Mr. Blackwood, why should not the Manners of Gentlemen continue to regulate their Conduct when they are writing as much as when they are in Conversation?" And, when Blackwood defended the critiques, "I told him," writes Taylor in a letter to his father, "that the cold-blooded Threat that they would take Care he should never get £50 for another Poem, was made in the Spirit of the Devil. In a little Time he took his Departure evidently cooler than he entered."

Even if this were all we could know of John Taylor, he would still be entitled to our respect and affection. But Mr. Blunden, from heaven knows what dusty archives, has unearthed much more, and nothing to his subject's discredit. Taylor and Hessey's encouragement of John Clare, the "inspired ploughman" (as Mr. Blunden, his editor, calls him), seems typical of their pleasant informal way of going to work. There is little doubt that Taylor could always recognize good poetry when he saw it, and he was not to be put off by the risk of losing money on his discoveries. It is easy, remarks Mr. Blunden, to see how greatly Taylor

must have enjoyed the discovery of Clare, whose verses were first brought to his notice by Edward Drury, a bookseller in business at Stamford. He was interested "as a lover of poetry, as a Midlander, as an editor (Clare's work needed adjustments), as a philologist (it was sown with provincialisms), and as a publisher in search of substantial novelty." He made haste to secure the poems themselves and material for a biographical sketch that should whet the public appetite.

On November 12th, 1819, Taylor and Hessey "pledged themselves to Octavius Gilchrist and other friends of Clare to give £100 to Clare, whether the Work succeeded or not." On the last day of that month they volunteered to act as his advisers "without Emoluments or Advantage, on all future Occasions, let who would be his Publishers." The attitude was in keeping with Taylor's faith that publishing was no mere profit and loss account.

In justice to present-day publishers, Mr. Blunden reminds us that these were the days, however, when even poetry was, or could be, a paying proposition.

In a memorable sentence, which time has invested with sublime irony, Keats wrote his own epitaph: "Here lies one whose Name was writ on Water." But we perhaps owe it to the sensibility of John Taylor that these words were in fact inscribed on the tombstone, and without comment or embellishment; for we find him writing to the designer, quoting the epitaph, and adding: "It is very simple and affecting, and tells so much of the Story that none need be told. Neither Name nor Date is requisite." Keats's poetry was not in the fashion when Taylor first encountered it, and Keats himself was by some accounted an eccentric figure. But "Taylor was quite clear that as a lover of poetry he had only one course." The decision, says Mr. Blunden, "was quietly made, but it sounds on in the history of literature." To that history, this book has added a fascinating footnote.

VOLTAIRE, by Alfred Noyes. *Sheed & Ward. 12s. 6d.*

THIS is a long book: yet how, if not amply, is the whole life to be recounted of a man who was, in Lamartine's phrase, "a living cycle, a century incarnate?" But it is consistently interesting, not only because of the extraordinary variety of ideas, adventures, conflicts, destructions and creations which filled the eighty-four years of Voltaire's life, but because Mr. Noyes has an affectionate understanding of his subject which convinces one of the justness of his portraiture, and leaves one satisfied that here, at least, is a biographer who will not be tempted into caricature. Mr. Noyes has told the story of Voltaire's life and presented a survey of his thought, from a Catholic standpoint. And this is something which needed doing. Voltaire was made and moulded by a civilization of Catholic colour and texture; he lived the whole of his long life in an age whose problems were rooted in political as well as philosophical aspects of Catholicism. He was not a believer in the orthodox sense; but he was not a Protestant, and still less was he the silly, sniggering atheist who passed into the rationalistic mythology of the nineteenth century. Mr. Noyes has done well to restore a historical as well as a personal perspective into the portraiture of a great man who was also, in the simple words of his old friend d'Argental, "a good man."

Under the restoration in France, there grew up a trick of mind amongst the survivors of the *ancien régime* and their juniors of attributing all the evils of a difficult age to the destructive influence of the eighteenth-century philosophers. So much so, that a doggerel refrain used to mock these self-excusers:

*S'il tombe dans le ruisseau
C'est la faute de Rousseau:
Et si le voilà par terre
C'est la faute de Voltaire!*

But this was far from being the only distortion of Voltaire's place in history. Amongst others has been the constant assumption by nineteenth- and twentieth-century writers (in England especially) that Voltaire angrily and despairingly rejected the idea of a God-made and God-ruled universe. This is a very superficial view, resting partly on *a priori* interpretations and partly on inadequate knowledge of the texts. In the course of his biography, Mr. Noyes examines with much care and textual precision the true nature of Voltaire's religious views. He disposes very effectively, for instance, of Morley's deductions from the famous poem on the Lisbon earthquake of 1755: "unlike Pascal he can find no solution [wrote Morley] . . . and confesses his belief that no answer is to be found by human effort. Whatever side we take, we can only shudder: there is nothing that we know, nothing that we have to fear." This is clearly a travesty of Voltaire's personality, of the turn of his mind. And Mr. Noyes, simply by reading in its entirety the poem which Morley, to point his argument, quotes only up to one stage in its development, is able to throw a very different light on Voltaire's position in a crucial matter.

But simply as the story of an amazing life, this new biography is to be recommended. Occasionally the author labours a point, but others he makes very neatly. The quality of gaiety in Voltaire's personality is clearly one which has made its appeal to Mr. Noyes; and he understands, unlike many writers, that a marriage of gaiety and profound seriousness in one mind is not a suspect union.

During those last days of his life, Benjamin Franklin brought his young grandson to M. de Villette's house that he might say he had seen Voltaire. The old man raised a hand and said to the boy: "*Mon enfant—Dieu, et Liberté. Souvenez-vous de ces deux mots.*"

They still reverberate; and to grasp what they meant to Voltaire is to appreciate the value that they still have today.

HAMISH MILES.

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA, compiled and edited at Columbia University. Clarke F. Anstey, editor-in-chief. *Harrap. 63s.*

READERS of English are not well provided with one-volume encyclopædias, and the wide use made in this country of volumes like the *Petit Larousse* might well suggest that our publishers have rather neglected an opportunity. The purpose of such publications is, of course, strictly utilitarian. No one who turns to this volume for a reference will be beguiled into browsing over a biography or a scientific article which strikes his eye on the same page. His object, in the editor's phrase, will be to seek first aid in his reading, not to obtain a comprehensive summary of modern knowledge on the subject which has engaged his interest. Consequently the articles, which are roughly equal in number to those of the twenty-four volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, are brief, concise and packed with facts. But they bear the evidence of careful and scholarly work, as might indeed be expected from a book compiled and edited at Columbia University. Though it is produced in America, there is no perceptible American bias in the length and number of its articles. That on the United States, for example, is allotted seven columns, but the component parts of the United Kingdom get nine, and France and Italy each six. The articles deal with events as late as the spring of 1935, and the book thus forms a useful supplement to the more elaborate and expensive works bought for a lifetime which as the years pass develop an inconvenient habit in a rapidly moving world of being found to be out of date.

H. R. W.

THROUGH THE WOODS, by H. E. Bates. With 73 Engravings on Wood by Agnes Miller Parker. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

THERE are one or two things that might spoil Mr. Bates's chance of being the best of all companions through the woods. His hostility to gamekeepers is one. He has had trouble with these intolerable obstructors before now, and seems likely to have more with any others he meets in future. Then, his objection to "the troops of riders that call themselves the hunt and the platoons of baggy trousers that call themselves the shoot" is unmistakable. He says some things about these people in print which, were they uttered direct to any of them, might be the cause of much alarming controversy. So long as keepers and the chase do not cross the path, one may very willingly accept Mr. Bates's invitation into the English woods.

In the past, most of the writers on this flourishing subject maintained a cautious balance between the enjoyments of the senses and of the imagination, and the useful knowledge associated with the forest tree. A pause beneath some exemplary beech would yield, certainly, some comments on the stateliness, fantastic columns, radiant leaf-splendours and so on of the specimen; but we should not be allowed to proceed without some instruction in the utility of its wood to cabinet-makers, or the custom of "the lower classes in Silesia" of extracting a substitute for butter from beech mast. Mr. Bates comes to his woods with little concern about such base uses. The only craftsman in the neighbourhood who holds his attention for any length of time is the poacher. The wood-cutter just appears, and only just, in his sylvan year.

For he perceives the woods, throughout the seasons, as spiritual and beautiful assemblies—these woods, at least, which are not "preserved." He approaches them with a religious exaltation, as if he were allowed to draw near to a

harmony of angels. Tree and under-woods, birds and flowers, mossy ways and trilling brooks, wild bees and silverweeds, sunshafts and shadiness—all in their collation make up for him an exceeding loveliness, which his writing communicates with much eloquence and intimacy. "Whatever is" in his wood, with the exceptions noted, "is right," is the eternal blessing of those with eyes to see and ears to hear, and commands the tribute of rich and choice words. It is not only the blossomed branches, nor the full-mantled trees, which he so glories in; witness the following fragment of a prose hymn to the fungi—

We gathered boleti that were like sponge-cakes; greenish olive yellow underneath, or faint rose, or creamy white. The infants returned triumphant with scarcely visible infantile parasols of old-maidish dingy mauve or brown. We found many little clavaria of mauve and pink and white, like sea-coral, small branching stems of almost untouchable delicacy. And everywhere silk-gilled parasols of sepia and cream and pigeon-grey and stone-colour; and suddenly some rarer, quite dazzling specimens in orange or scarlet or crimson or purple, big and gaudy; and rarer still some yellow-bellied thing, something of slimy, lizardish green or a strange, too pure sinister white.

It must be allowed that these fungi lure Mr. Bates on into the circle of naturalists dead and gone, for when he comes to the fly-agaric, he informs us that it "is said to be eaten in Russia, though extremely poisonous."

Qualified critics of wood-engraving will estimate the examples by Miss Parker which plentifully illustrate Mr. Bates's text. A layman, after marvelling at the diligent delicacy of the process, can only add that Bewick would have praised some of them for bold truth and movement, and might have thought the tailpiece of a bottle of whisky and some tumblers an instance of "British is best."

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE ENGLISH THEATRE, by Allardyce Nicoll. *Thomas Nelson*. 6s.

THEATRE is now a word of such varied signification that the prospective reader may well ask himself—is this a book about the drama, the art of stage presentation, or the physical playhouse? Those who already know Professor Nicoll's writings will consider his name on the title-page to be a sufficient answer. The book must be about all three of these things. Almost alone among professorial writers on the theatre he apprehends the stage process with its close interdependence of playwright, director, actor and architect. He is even sympathetic to the idea of the theatre theatrical, which many moderns believe to be emerging from the theatre of naturalism as the past two or three generations have known it. The conventions of the past, so far from absorbing his interest as a pure historian, impress him as impulses of renewal in our living theatre and drama. When the most influential of our dramatic critics, discussing the production of *Ædipus Rex* at Covent Garden, declares that "this is the age of the picture stage, and even if you are twelve German producers rolled into one, you cannot put the clock back," Professor Nicoll has every right to smile. For his knowledge of the matter is derived from learning and sensibility, not from an instinct to have a go at "the Reinhardt gang," who have "never realized that to venture one inch beyond the proscenium arch destroys the whole illusion so laboriously created." Words like these come very ill from Englishmen who inherit a great drama created on a platform stage and developed on the later apron stage. We need books like this to answer them.

Professor Nicoll has written better things than *The English Theatre*, which is frankly an expansion and reconstruction of a smaller work some years old, *The English Stage*. In the historical

—MACMILLAN—

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—MACMILLAN—

chapters the proportion is well kept, and the illustrations are apt and amusing. A lengthy chapter on "The Modern Period" should be either a well-documented summary of facts or an adequate account of the ideas underlying the new theatre movement. The chapter, as written, falls most lamentably between the two stools. Yale University, where the author is now Professor of History of the Drama, deserves better information of happenings on the English stage within living memory. The general reader, who will not in any case regard this book as a primer, deserves to learn more accurately what the moderns desire, and how they have tried to employ the existing architectural theatre for their

ends. We are past the stage when a few tributes to Adolphe Appia and Edward Gordon Craig will meet the case. It is necessary to know just where the modern theatre movement is going, and why.

One or two instances will serve to show how much is lacking in this respect. Every student of English twentieth-century drama knows how important to its development were the influences of the Incorporated Stage Society and the Vedrenne-Barker management at the Royal Court Theatre. The Stage Society, founded in 1899, brought a number of plays by Ibsen for the first time on to the English stage, and produced the early works of Shaw. The Vedrenne-Barker management, a few years later, made Shaw a dramatic success and placed Granville-Barker, St. John Hankin, Galsworthy and others among the ranks of playwrights. The only allusion made to the Stage Society in this book appears to be the curious statement: "The Stage Society (and, for a time, the Phoenix Society) periodically brought sixteenth and seventeenth century plays before the attention of the public." No one would guess from this that the Phoenix (never called the Phoenix Society) was a post-War offshoot of the Stage Society, which had already flourished for twenty years and had never produced any sixteenth or seventeenth century plays until the War, when it discovered *The Recruiting Officer* to be topical. Nor is the allusion to the Vedrenne-Barker management any happier, for it reads, "Even Granville-Barker's effort at the Court, brilliant as his productions must have been, did not result in any real profit." And to come to the present day, the Mercury Theatre is described as a "subscription house" and classified with the Gate Theatre Studio and Arts Theatre Club, although it has been licensed as an ordinary public theatre since 1933, indeed, since the name of Mercury was taken.

ASHLEY DUKES.

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FOUNTAINS OF YOUTH: THE LIFE OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, by Dormer Creston. Butterworth. 15s.

THE first publication of the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff in 1887, three years after her death, made a sensation. Mr. Gladstone, who even in his old age had keen literary perceptions, and who was unexpectedly susceptible to Russian exuberance, wrote an article in a monthly magazine in which he described the diary as "a book without parallel." So, in the eighteen-eighties, it was. The names of Tolstoy and Turgenev were just beginning to be known in literary circles in France and Great Britain. Hardly anyone had heard of Dostoevsky; and the introspective self-indulgent outpourings of frustrated souls characteristic of the later romantic period in Russia were undreamed of by the sober burghers of the Western democracies. The diary of Marie Bashkirtseff can now be matched by half a dozen other such documents from Russian hands (not counting more recent foreign imitations). But in Western Europe it was first in the field; and this fact has sufficed to give this precocious Russian girl, as Miss Creston puts it, "her own page in the literary catalogue at the British Museum, her own paragraph in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*."

The quality which carried the first readers of the diary off their feet was, in Miss Creston's words, its "unabashed self-revelation." Marie Bashkirtseff cannot indeed compete in this respect with the more modern literary ladies who have laid bare their souls to the world. But her diary remains a striking illustration of the extent to which this "unabashed self-revelation" is identifiable with self-absorption. The reader is interested in her because she is so intensely interested in herself. There is no other basis for the interest her diary excited and can still excite. Marie Bashkirtseff painted some creditable pictures, of which the most famous,

reproduced in this volume, is in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. Painting was the only occupation which ever took her out of herself; but it was not this which has kept her name alive. She will survive, if she survives at all, as the supreme egoist.

From the age of twelve, when she began to keep her diary, to the age of twenty-four, when she died, Marie Bashkirtseff's governing passion was to impose her personality on those around her. Primarily, no doubt, on those of the other sex. "Every hour passed except those spent in coquetry (for coquetry leads to love and love, possibly, to marriage)," she wrote, "is like a weight on my head." But here she does herself some injustice. Although she comments on her own "avidity to remark the ravages one has caused," Marie is not by any means exclusively engrossed in her absurd and inconclusive love affairs. Equally characteristic are her attempts to force herself on the notice of King Victor Emmanuel, Alexandre Dumas, Maupassant and Edmond Goncourt; and the most charming of her pen portraits is of Constantin Bashkirtseff, her good-for-nothing, elusive father, whom (rather than the mother who "will do everything I want") she must certainly have resembled.

Miss Creston notes that no previous biography of her heroine has appeared in English. She does not observe that there is an excellent reason for this omission, namely, that all we know, or want to know, about Marie Bashkirtseff is in the diary, and that nobody can tell it better than Marie has told it herself. Miss Creston repeats large chunks of the diary in her own words; and her own contributions are, to put it mildly, not illuminating. Constantin Bashkirtseff kept nine cannons in the courtyard of his Russian country-house, and every now and then, in a fit of high spirits, would let them all off. "Aural sadism?"

speculates Miss Creston, and continues: "The noise the guns made was gorgeous—nine colossal, shattering bangs, slamming into the far-stretching quiet of the country, and then, after the ninth and final bang, complete silence . . . eerie . . . profound. . . ." If Miss Creston had spared us these dotted profundities and given us a handy little volume of selections from the diary itself, Marie Bashkirtseff's memory would have been better served.

E. H. CARR.

THE SCHOOL OF NIGHT, by M. C. Bradbrook. *Cambs. Univ. Press.* 6s.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, by C. Henry Warren. *Nelson.* 7s. 6d.

ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN, by Douglas Bell. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, chafing at the inaction of the court of the Virgin Queen, had, deeds being forbidden, to content himself with literature. Elizabeth was too selfishly fond of him to let him out of her sight to "get knocked on the head, as that inconsiderate fellow Sidney was." The comment is a revelation of the Elizabethan mind. Her scheme of things hardly included epic deaths at Zutphen to light posterity. Above all she was practical; supremely unsentimental. It is this in her which provokes to fury or admiration according to one's temperament. And Sidney's death was a loss without, as far as she was concerned, any counterbalancing gain. She might have saved him for poetry; she may have saved Raleigh.

The contradiction in the spirit of that age, the desire at once for action and contemplation, for buccaneering and poetry, has been sufficiently remarked on and even philosophized over, though it leads, none the less, to a lack of appreciation in this. An epoch which distrusts versatility above all things is unlikely to understand one where versatility was the norm. Those who most

appreciate Raleigh the poet are least likely to approve of Raleigh the pirate. They should buy Miss Bradbrook's book, whose sub-title is "a study in the literary relationships of Sir Walter Raleigh," and eschew Mr. Bell's which is a re-telling (and not a particularly good one at that) of the exploits of the Elizabethan seamen. Those whose tastes are the reverse should reverse the process—but with this critical warning, that whereas Mr. Bell's book, though competent enough, is not outstanding even of its kind (no original authorities have been consulted, apparently, and it is difficult to know to what audience the book is addressed), Miss Bradbrook's essay is a masterly contribution to criticism, brilliantly written, which no student of the period ought to miss.

But the devotees both of action and of contemplation should be interested in Mr. Warren's new and intimate life of Sidney, for the author's thesis is that it was precisely this conflict between the desire for retirement and the will to action which gave Sidney that strength of personality which makes him the pattern of the age.

One may disagree with Mr. Warren's thesis without in any way disparaging his excellent exposition of it. To some it is still an open question as to whether this conflict between two sides of nature—in Sidney or in any other Elizabethan—was anything like as powerful as later commentators have made it seem; whether, indeed, it and the versatility it implies are not still the norm. Sidney, undoubtedly, wanted to get away from court intrigues; but he wanted to escape quite as much (or, indeed, more), so that he might colonize America, as that he might write at Wilton. But Mr. Warren is a poet; and he will have his Sidney "a poet first and last and by virtue of a rare integrity . . . and only in the light of this acknowledgment can his life be adequately understood, whether as courtier or soldier or

ambassador." He admits, indeed, that "Philip's profession was ever action rather than art." Nothing that he wrote was intended for publication," but finds, nevertheless, that "the best of his sonnets have no equal outside Shakespeare for the directness of their expression of the sorrows and joys of love." And if this book did nothing else it would be useful as focussing attention once more on that poetry and helping to reverse the more generally accepted judgment that "despite his poetic enthusiasm and passionate idealism, there is scarcely a sonnet in the famous sequence which does not illustrate an 'alacrity in sinking.'"

H. ROSS WILLIAMSON.

AUDUBON, by Constance Rourke. *Harrop.* 12s. 6d.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, about 1785-1851, is certainly the most romantic figure in early ornithology, and the new biography by Constance Rourke is a welcome addition to the literature of an artist-naturalist about whom British nature-lovers are, for the most part, curiously ignorant. The book is much more than a résumé of what has already been written of the wanderings of this somewhat eccentric American in search of material for his drawing table. Though Audubon was primarily a naturalist and woodsman, he was many other things besides. He was in turn a merchant, land speculator, book-keeper, taxidermist, portrait painter, teacher of music and dancing master; but, whatever his avowed vocation, much of his time was devoted to watching and drawing birds and, in a lesser degree, insects, reptiles and mammals. From early boyhood until his death he always had drawings on which he was working. Having seen a bird he was restless and dissatisfied until a coloured drawing of it had been completed. The present version of his life bears some resemblance

to a boy's adventure story of the old-fashioned sort. There is hardly a page but holds a thrill, for Audubon had a genius for becoming embroiled in physical risks and hazards.

Audubon is best known by his great work on the birds of North America. He first determined to complete this immense task when thirty-five years of age. At this time he was all but penniless, but financial problems never bothered him for long; he always had unshakable faith in the future. Five years later, having completed over four hundred drawings, he sailed for England with the object of winning recognition and arranging for the publication of his work. On reaching Liverpool he soon made many friends and during the succeeding years was received and encouraged by several notables of the day. Among them were Sir Walter Scott, Christopher North (John Wilson, the editor of *Blackwood's* and himself a keen naturalist) with whom he established a close friendship, and Thomas Bewick, the wood-engraver and author of *British Birds*. Bewick was then a very old man, but expressed the greatest admiration for Audubon's work. "When Audubon spoke Bewick would take off his cotton cap and pull up his socks, but on went the cap again, or almost on, as he himself picked up the conversation, and the socks would then resume their downward tendency."

In this biography no attempt is made to canonize its subject. Audubon is shown as a curious mixture of a patient student and a man who never lost his zest for practical jokes and masquerading. His attitude towards Nature is clearly shown. He was no sentimentalist. Throughout his life he was a hunter who killed as many birds as any Indian. For years most of his drawings were made from newly-killed subjects, though later, whenever possible, he drew from living birds.

The author, writing with infectious

enthusiasm, gives a thoughtful study of a peculiarly engaging personality. Besides providing a clear and living portrait of Audubon, the man and artist, the book contains many vivid impressions of the North American country of a century ago; glimpses of a vast wilderness peopled by immense flocks of little-known birds which have since been exiled by the invasion of their erstwhile haunts by man and his buildings. Miss Rourke is at pains to convince us that Audubon's scientific knowledge and conscience were wider and more sensitive than has usually been admitted. Certainly his contemporary detractors are here presented in a sinister light. During his life he undoubtedly received less than his due and his shortcomings as an ornithologist were much exaggerated by critics like John Neal and Harrison Hall in America and Waterton in Britain. It was his misfortune constantly to be compared with Alexander Wilson, the official father of American ornithology, but, in fact, the work of the two was as far apart as the temperaments of the men were dissimilar. The dour, embittered Wilson was a naturalist of the old school; laboriously industrious, systematic and unimaginative; whereas the vivacious, ever-optimistic, impish Audubon was essentially an artist, hungry for the intimacy of nature, innocent of any touch with tradition. A certain obscurity surrounds the circumstances of Audubon's birth and Miss Rourke sponsors the belief that he was, in truth, the lost Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. It is an interesting theory, but the evidence brought in its support is far from convincing.

The twelve coloured plates contained in the book are beautifully reproduced and furnish excellent examples of Audubon's delightful water-colour and pastel-work.

E. FITCH DAGLISH.

THE SWAN OF LICHFIELD: being a Selection from the Correspondence of Anna Seward. Edited by Hesketh Pearson. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

SEVERAL attempts have been made in the last thirty years to revivify Anna Seward, though with little hope that the swan will sing again. It is not merely the change of literary fashion that has silenced her; Miss Seward's elaborate diction and bombastic faith in her literary excellence could never satisfy more than her own limited coterie of admirers. She believed her work destined for posterity, but the finest tribute it ever received, or is likely ever to receive, was Dr. Johnson's praise of her "Elegy on Captain Cook." Yet this confident poetess, who aired emphatic and usually wrong-headed opinions on literature and politics, had a cordial dislike of the "bear" Johnson. His old age was perhaps insensitive to her charms. Her intellect would have been far more deeply wounded by Leigh Hunt had she foreseen his terse pronouncement, written many years after her death: "Miss Seward ought to have married, and had a person superior to herself for her husband. She would have lost her affectation; doubled her good things. . . . Meanwhile, it is something too much to hear her talk of translating an Ode of Horace 'while her hair is dressing.'" There is some cruelty in this matrimonial advice to one who conceived so many attachments to men and was prevented by their sentiment and circumstance from marrying any of them.

Whether or not on that account, the lady of massive dignity preserved her effusive affection for male, female and canine friend alike; she continued without a tremor to fabricate heroic poetry; she penned and copied those sumptuous letters which were to be (in the words of her will) "worth the future attention of the public"; and the bubble of her Lichfield reputation went un-

pricked, so far as she was aware herself. In 1809 the *Gentleman's Magazine* announced the death of "the justly celebrated Mrs. Seward," though it could not, in the obituary notice, acquit her poetry of the charge of affectation. Certainly Miss Seward was, and is, a mighty figure, if we allow that literary merit is not the only criterion. Before her superb certainty a modest critic might well stand abashed. The work of Anna Seward had to live; so she chose Walter Scott, who privately detested her verse, as literary executor, and left her letters, ready transcribed and edited, to a publisher, schooling him carefully on his method of procedure.

How has her literary fame been attended to since then? Scott did his duty, writing a shrewdly non-committal preface to her poems and early letters. Of the later correspondence, from the year 1784 when Miss Seward began transcribing it, six volumes appeared, but not before Scott had gone through the manuscript striking out all that did not please. A number of letters of earlier date to the Rev. T. S. Walley were published with his journals in 1863. Then there is silence until 1907, when Mr. E. V. Lucas's *Swan and Her Friends* mischievously ruffled the august feathers, making gay reading out of a subject he professed to find unreadable. The centenary monograph by A. Martin would have been more to Miss Seward's taste, though even this lacks adjectival splendour. In 1931 her American biographer, Margaret Ashmun, found her worthy of respectful research and filled some details into the familiar outline of her *Singing Swan*. Now comes Mr. Hesketh Pearson, who seems to have set himself an easy task. The letters he reprints are selected from the three obvious sources: those published by Scott with the Poetical Works, Dr. Walley's Journals, and the six volumes of correspondence. A brief biography introduces them to the general reader,

who may then enjoy Miss Seward's lofty sentiments without being troubled by any signs of editorial scholarship or original research. Some small inquiries might have been undertaken. Where, for instance (if not destroyed), are the hyperbolic or controversial passages Scott struck out? What of the unpublished letters from November, 1807, to Anna's death, now owned, Miss Ashmun tells us, by the Bishop of Ely? However, Mr. Pearson's aim is not to be exhaustive but to avoid exhausting his readers. This is no book of reference nor—alas! for the poor poetess—a book of reverence. The public are expressly invited to treat Anna with ridicule. But, lest he be charged with a disrespect equal to Boswell's, Hunt's, and Lucas's, Mr. Pearson has sought to smooth the ruffled feathers with this fairer reason for Miss Seward's "partial restoration": "she was an honest and courageous human being." The epitaph, signed "Posterity," might be written on her tomb—if Mr. Pearson would find out for us whether she was buried in the choir with her family, or, in accordance with her second suggestion, in the grave of her much-lamented singer, Mr. Saville.

SYLVIA NORMAN.

STANLEY BALDWIN: MAN OR MIRACLE? by Bechhofer Roberts, "Ephesian." *Robert Hale.* 12s. 6d.

THERE is room for a biography of Mr. Baldwin. He lacks the intellectual stature of Asquith, the clever ingenuity and light-hearted gaiety of Lloyd George, the steady vision of Ramsay MacDonald, who—to say the least—has done more for India than any other Prime Minister. Mr. Baldwin came into prominence in a Cabinet noted for "second-class" brains. "Second-class" brains were in demand. When the moribund Bonar Law resigned, Mr. Baldwin was preferred to Lord Curzon. England was momentarily tired of her Lloyd Georges, her Birken-

heads, her Winston Churchills. The war had exhausted her. She needed a long period of quiet and recuperation. Mr. Baldwin made an admirable Prime Minister twelve years ago. Twelve years ago his significance was understood.

Since then Mr. Baldwin has transformed, if not destroyed, party politics. He entered into an alliance with the leading figure in the Labour Cabinet, leaving the Labour Party leaderless and dispirited. He has so fashioned one National administration after another—whether or not he was the actual Prime Minister—that the Conservative Party itself has felt leaderless and dispirited. Seldom in the past five years has the Government had to fear serious Parliamentary opposition. Parliament itself, like party politics, has been unwittingly transformed. The man chiefly responsible for these changes is the Prime Minister. He has today a significance which none could have anticipated twelve years ago. Hence the need for a new biography.

Unhappily, Mr. Bechhofer Roberts's book does not supply this need. We are told that his biography of F. E. Smith "set a fashion in modern biographies" and we know well what that fashion happens to be—to conceive a contempt for the subject of the biography; to ridicule his ancestry and social pretensions; to emphasize the meannesses which can be discerned in every individual; to quote from the dullest speeches and the dullest letters; to recall unhappy phrases; to belittle, to sneer and to mock. It is a fashion which cannot be commended. It is a fashion which Mr. Bechhofer Roberts did not even set—for, surely, the fashion began with T. P. O'Connor's tiresome biography of Disraeli—and it so happens that the standard of political biography has actually improved within recent years.

Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook figure prominently in the pages of Mr. Roberts's book. They have tried for more than twelve years to dislodge Mr.

Baldwin from political leadership. Does Mr. Roberts—"Ephesian," he once called himself—imagine that a contemptuous biography will succeed where contemptuous newspaper articles have failed? If other Ephesians are like him it is as well that they never troubled to reply to St. Paul's Epistle.

J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON.

ALL THE DOGS OF MY LIFE, by Elizabeth. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

SOME of us who discourse so readily on the charms and intelligence of our own dogs and listen with but a show of interest to those of our friends may be tempted to approach *All the Dogs of my Life* with a certain mental reservation. But the author (who still shelters behind the anonymity of "Elizabeth") is far too wise to bore us with the unvaried charms of her fourteen dogs and indeed can view some of them with almost unnatural detachment: Ingulf, for instance, who never learned to smile, and Pincer, poor Pincer, whose twin lovers were his mistress and his dinner, and whose obesity called forth the derision of errand boys and the tart remark from the author, "Indeed that was all Pincer ever wanted besides his dinner; that I should be by his side while he snored. Which annoyed me, for after all he wasn't a husband."

Apart from Coco, the Swiss sheepdog, whose sense of protection for his mistress led him to welcome prospective husbands (and consequent guardians) with almost embarrassing delight, it was her family of fox terriers that figure most largely in the book and demand more attention than their sizes warrant.

How the author managed to struggle with her literary work and the combined assaults of her adopted family only Elizabeth and the accompanying snapshots in her book can explain.

M. M.

NEW WRITING, edited by John Lehmann. Bodley Head. 6s.

365 DAYS, edited by Kay Boyle, Laurence Vail and Nina Conarain. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE WIND BLOWS OVER, by Walter de la Mare. Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.

THE purpose behind both *New Writing* and *365 Days* is much the same; the results, on the other hand, entirely different. Mr. John Lehmann and the editors of *365 Days* really aim to present a commentary, imaginative, critical or reported, on the contemporary scene. The editors, who are nothing if not earnest, describe how they invited all kinds of writers, during 1934, to send in "stories that dealt with or reflected the conditions, spiritual or factual, of that year." Mr. Lehmann is content merely with the sensible announcement that "*New Writing* is devoted to imaginative writing," though it is plain from the work he prints that it is contemporary life, in particular its political and social conflicts, which interests him most. This similarity of ideas is, as I say, in marked contrast to the results achieved in the two books. Having deliberately given every writer a foot rule and having said in effect, "No story must be a line longer than that," Miss Boyle and her friends must not be surprised if, here and there, to one reader and another, their 365 stories appear more or less like 365 plates, or matchsticks, or bricks, piled on top of each other. Odd though it may sound, 365 stories all of one page each can be very hard to read and even very boring to read. It is easy to get the impression, too, since these stories are not signed but merely dated, that they are the work of one man doing more or less the same trick, with a more or less different handkerchief, over and over again. Actually there are over a hundred authors here, and some very good authors—Mrs. Whitaker, Mr. Calder Marshall, Mr. William Saroyan, Mr. William March—among them. But none are quite seen at their best.

No doubt it was all very hard work and very great fun for the editors, but the outlet it offers to authors is not, really, worth talking about. Whereas Mr. Lehmann offers an outlet of very considerable importance to all those prose writers who, because they write too well, too honestly, too bitterly, too imaginatively or too lengthily, cannot place their work with conventionalized editors. Such an outlet was never more needed. The outspoken or imaginative author has, today, about as much chance of getting into the average editorial fortresses as a convict has of getting out of Parkhurst; and my only criticism of *New Writing* is that its appearances are absurdly infrequent. Such a book—in reality a periodical in disguise—ought to appear at least quarterly or, better still, monthly, though it is, I should say, in the hands of the public and not Mr. Lehmann that the means of effecting such a change exists. *New Writing* deserves the most generous support. No other periodical in this country can point, in one issue, to such an army of talent as appears here. Mr. V. S. Pritchett, Mr. Leslie Halward, Mr. Ralph Bates, Ignazio Silone, Louis Gouilloux, Mr. W. H. Auden and others, all contribute first-rate stuff; and Mr. Lehmann gets full marks for courage and enterprise.

Mr. de la Mare has, by rights, no place in such an article as this. His prose, though as fresh as paint, is not new writing; he has no commentary to make on the conditions, spiritual or factual, of the contemporary scene; he belongs to no sort of school of thought and has, in fact, never founded one. His work is the fruit rather than the seed of art. In *The Wind Blows Over* it remains of absolutely first quality: ripe, delicious, aromatic, a little mysterious, the product of a magical crossing between the world of fact and the world of dreams.

H. E. BATES.

HENRY AIRBUBBLE, by W. J. Turner.
Dent. 7s. 6d.

THE FRIENDLY TREE, by C. Day
Lewis. Cape. 8s. 6d.

FOSTER GIRL, by John Metcalfe.
Constable. 8s. 6d.

GOOD poets do not necessarily write good novels: Mr. Turner is an exception. His *Henry Airbubble* (the second volume of a trilogy—or is it tetralogy?) is delightfully perverse, gay, personal, poetic. Mr. Day Lewis's novel, on the other hand, seems to me sentimental and commonplace, and only an occasional image reminds us that he has written some of the best poetry of recent years. A comparison between the two books—quite apart from merit—would be unfair, for the first is autobiographical fantasy, with touches of Sterne and *Erewhon*, while the second is a realistic and somewhat didactic picture of adolescence. Nevertheless, speculating why one should be so good and the other (comparatively) so bad, I suggest several general reasons. (1) Poets rarely create characters in the novelist's sense of the word, their experience being intense and not diffused; Mr. Turner takes the bull by the horns, writes in the first person, and lets his characters flicker past like a cinematograph. (2) The autobiography of a man who has reached middle age (Mr. Turner) is likely to be more interesting than the autobiography of a young man (Mr. Lewis). (3) The fictional tendency of almost every poet is to create a legend about himself. Mr. Turner goes for this rapturously, while Mr. Lewis is still afraid of giving himself away, and puts a hero—a lifeless prig—in his place. *Henry Airbubble*, in short, is a genuinely personal and—for all its fantasy—direct utterance. *The Friendly Tree* might have been written by many other people than Mr. Day Lewis, and written better.

The contents of *Henry Airbubble*, in

Search for a Circumference to his Breath, I find it impossible to indicate in a short review. There is the charming episode, near the beginning, of the tight-rope lady—a superb Rubensesque figure—living in Bayswater, whom Henry watches at cart-wheels in her draying-room and worships as a donkey might a mare—but she rejects him for a middle-aged blonde German. Henry travels—and most of the book is a mixture of visions and travel—Italy, Germany, and France: vivid impressions of cities and landscapes, recognizable yet curiously generalized, are interrupted by dreams, abrupt digressions and addresses to the reader. The method is wildly whimsical, and those who prefer sober narrative will find it unendurable; but it is a rare kind of whimsy—dry, light, humorous and rhapsodical, which can be passionate as well as diverting.

The theme of *The Friendly Tree* is the difficulty of falling naturally in love. Mr. Day Lewis makes his characters choose between life and convention, love and repression, and the Lawrentian moral is administered with a rap over the knuckles. The book contains sensitive passages, but it gives a general effect of stiffness, chiefly due to self-consciousness and the desire of the author to moralize about experiences from which he is insufficiently detached.

Mr. John Metcalfe's immensely long *Foster Girl* gives an extraordinary picture of the London underworld: dirty, dim streets at night, Soho "caffs" and tarts' lodgings in Baker Street, orphanages, cemeteries, and the Embankment. The detail of the book is fascinating, and its bulk is kept together by the growing horror of the story, as its heroine, beginning with bastardy, moves through poverty and intermittent prostitution towards an early death. *Foster Girl* is an unwieldy lump of writing, but in my opinion a genuine achievement.

G. W. STONIER.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Again **Denls W. Brogan** writes on the subject of his special study, American government and politics. Between terms at Oxford he has been paying another visit to the United States, where in the midst of the election fever he was mainly occupied in talking politics and renewing contacts with the politically influential.

Stephen Leacock has taken a specialist's interest in the strange experiment in Alberta. He was for long head of the Department of Political Economy at McGill University, Montreal, and though the wider public, in England at any rate, know him rather as a humorous writer, he has been publishing books on political science for thirty years.

Philip Carr has been the Paris correspondent of the *Observer* since 1922. Like his father, R. Comyns Carr, the well-known playwright and theatrical producer at the turn of the century, he has always taken a keen interest in the theatre. Before he went to live in Paris in 1913 he ran the Royalty Theatre and Queen Street Theatre, besides being joint editor with J. L. Hammond of the *Speaker*. In Paris along with his political work for the *Observer* he has continued the family tradition by doing a certain amount of dramatic criticism for English and American journals.

The history of early man in Britain was the subject of what is probably **H. J. Massingham's** best known book, *Downland Man*.

The Mr. Jorkens of **Lord Dunsany's** story is a figure not unfamiliar to the readers who delight in that author's impish wit. **Jan Struther's** story was,

of course, written before the troublous times which have since fallen upon the Balearics.

Elizabeth Wiskemann, who is a coach in modern history at Newnham has just returned from an investigation in the Balkans, from Vienna to Bucharest. Her persistent habit of inquiry on the spot into European conditions led to a brush with the Gestapo authorities in Berlin earlier this year, but after an unpleasant hour or two's cross-examination about an article she had written in the *New Statesman* she was released.

Geoffrey Gorer's article arises out of a visit he paid to America last year to do research work in anthropology. Besides the book he mentions, *Africa Dances*, a recent publication of his was *Bali and Angkor*.

George Orwell's somewhat unusual career is suggested by the title of his book *Down and Out in Paris and London*. He is at present working on his new book, *On the Road to Wigan Pier*, a comprehensive study of the distressed areas of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

Romilly John, seventh son of Augustus John, came into notice a year or two since by an autobiography of charming originality, *The Seventh Child*. He has recently spent six months in Sweden with his wife, and they are collaborating in a book about their adventures.

Professor Manning, who writes in the book review section, is a South African Rhodes Scholar and a professor at the London School of Economics.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

DECEMBER, 1936

POLITICS WITHOUT INSPIRATION

BY LORD ELTON

THE strategy of His Majesty's Government during the coming session must, I think, be directed by two overriding considerations. One is obvious : legislation during Coronation year should be as little contentious as possible. Obvious in itself, on reflection this consideration will be found to open up far-reaching speculations, speculations which pierce to the roots of contemporary politics.

The other main principle which must, I think, influence the programme of next Session is perhaps not entirely compatible with the first. The Labour Opposition is phenomenally weak ; indeed, for reasons which will appear, I believe it to be actually moribund. Lacking the stimulus of a powerful, or indeed even a normal, Opposition, and in any event very properly anxious that this year party feeling should not run high, the Government might well be tempted to take an easy spell, at all costs to remain unadventurous and uninspiring. But the danger to the Government, of course, comes not from across the Parliamentary gangway, but from the warring extremisms of the Continent. Democracy needs to be perpetually energetic, I might almost say exciting, if it is to resist the encroachments of the dictatorships. And this is particularly true at a time when we are ourselves suppressing political uniforms, and when, too, the Spanish tragedy is unmistakably introducing a new irrationality into our political discussions—so that one finds quite sensible people beginning almost unconsciously to assume that those who do not happen to agree with them are necessarily, as the case may be, either Fascists or Communists. To be as uncontentious

as possible and yet as energetic as possible—let us look a little more closely at these two chief desiderata, and consider to what extent the intentions of the Government, in so far as they have been revealed in the King's Speech, can be said to fulfil them.

To be non-contentious and yet to be exciting! At first sight this may appear a contradiction in terms. It is in fact a tautology. The fundamental factor in our domestic politics, the factor which will infallibly re-shape them profoundly during the next decade, is that in home affairs *there simply are no burning issues*. The reasons for this remarkable but salutary state of affairs is simple. Collectivism, like Individualism before it, has become all-pervasive, the common property of all political creeds. Now, from its very inception the Labour Party has combined two not necessarily harmonious elements: Collectivism and the doctrine of class antagonism. Of these two incongruous partners, Collectivism has already triumphed. It has ceased, that is, to be the peculiar property of Labour. Anyone who cherishes any lingering doubts of that proposition needs only to refresh his memory of the legislation of the National Government of 1931 to 1935, or to examine this year's King's Speech. In the former, to mention only the most obvious examples, he will find the Town Planning Act, the London Passenger Transport Board, the nationalization of petroleum, and the Marketing Boards; in the latter the nationalization of coal royalties and of trunk roads and the extension of public health services, housing, insurance, and pensions. Glad indeed would have been the last Labour Government if it could have included anything like as much Collectivism in its two years of office as does this year's King's Speech. The fact is that through no peculiar subtlety of its own, but in the normal process of the steady diffusion of a belief in moderate and empirical Collectivism, the National Government has contrived to steal the clothes of the Labour Party while it was bathing.

In 1914 there was still Ireland to cause passionate division in our domestic politics. What burning issues are left today? The Means Test? The artificial agitation which the Labour Opposition characteristically set out to whip up on this delicate problem has fallen, and will continue to fall, completely flat. For one thing, as the election of 1935, fought mainly

upon this issue, proved, the employed wage-earners are perfectly well aware, that their taxes contribute largely to unemployment relief and have no more mind than the surtax payer to see the fund laxly or improvidently administered. For another, the revised scales are not in fact going to cause the hardship which might have provided fuel for an agitation. The Special Areas? Here there is a general consensus in all parties that the Government ought to "do something," but the Labour Opposition stands for no peculiar nostrum of its own. The Labour Party indeed no longer possesses any distinctive ideology of its own. And it was just this ideology, the belief that it was the repository of a vital idea, which gave it a soul in its great pioneering days. All that was creative in the old Socialism is now equally the property of its opponents. There remains only what was sterile; the alien doctrine of class warfare which has never yet taken root in this country. And so the Labour Party of today is paralysed by an insoluble dilemma. Is it to galvanise itself into fresh life by furbishing up all that is left to it of its original philosophic armoury, the rusty and double-edged weapon of class warfare? This, of course, is the policy of that sound proletarian, Sir Stafford Cripps. Or is it to be content to decline insensibly into mere trade unionism, chiefly concerned to improve working conditions and altogether destitute of a philosophy of its own; which is obviously the intention, not yet altogether openly avowed, of the trade union leaders? This is not the mere debating point of a critic. It was the very question posed by the Left wing leaders in the heart-searching which followed the party's Edinburgh conference.

The dilemma increasingly paralyses the Opposition leadership. Seldom has its embarrassment been more conspicuous than in the debate on the King's Speech. Mr. Attlee was even reduced to turning from the programme before him—which, if events had run otherwise, he might just as well have been blessing from the Government Bench—to the pathetic complaint that no legislative programme could be effective as long as the country remained committed to "the outworn system of private property." As to which it may be observed that, so far as is known, Mr. Attlee's own Party itself remains committed to this outworn system, and indeed if it were not, would have been unlikely to have returned

a dozen members to the House of Commons. Equally gravelled for matter, Mr. Arthur Greenwood chose to voice the familiar complaint that the country is "half-starved." An unconvincing thesis perhaps when one remembers that wages, relief scales, and employment have all risen since Mr. Greenwood last shared the responsibility for them, but a natural *pis aller* for Opposition spokesmen nowadays.

As little contentious as possible! It is not difficult to frame a King's Speech which will satisfy that condition today. So wide indeed is the area over which a tacit consensus of opinion extends that one may well ask: Why not invite the Labour Opposition into the Government itself? Officially, at least at Edinburgh, the Opposition backed the Government on armaments and Spain. Why not show the Dictators that democracy, too, can produce a united front? What would the trade unions say to such an offer? Do they in private really believe that their members' interests are best served by linking their fortunes to what looks more and more like a permanent Opposition? The "Labour Alliance" which made the Labour Party in 1900 was a gamble on the expectation of long years of office to come. Does anybody see them coming now? Will there ever be a Socialist Government again in Britain? Or in Western Europe? . . . Yes, what would the trade unions say to such an offer? Sir Stafford Cripps at least would seem to have perceived the logical consequences of the present situation. Either out-and-out class-conscious opposition to the Government, he argues in a contemporary, including opposition to rearmament for (characteristically) "the very reason that it is the Government's main pre-occupation;" or else, if his colleagues really do intend to support the main feature of the Government's programme, "there is only one sensible thing to do . . . that is to get into the Government as soon as possible and exert the maximum of pressure from the inside." It is reasonably safe, however, to prophesy that as there is no effective Labour leadership, so on this knotty problem there will be no effective decision. The Opposition will neither make up its mind that it desires to support the Government "from the inside," nor yet plunge for the only logical alternative, class-conscious opposition *à outrance*. And in the meantime, in so far as its own unappeasable internal divisions

permit, it will do its best to concentrate emphasis upon foreign politics—on which also it is unappeasably divided.

It is not difficult to be uncontentious in Coronation year. Is it going to be as easy to be also both effective and stimulating? For certainly both these qualities will be needed in any British Government in 1937. There have been other reasons, it is true, for the collapse of continental democracies, besides lack of them. Elsewhere democracies had never learnt to work the Parliamentary system, or were discredited by defeat in war. But the inefficiency or drab timidity of Parliaments have been major factors in the rise of the Dictators too. All over Europe today strut autocrats who claim that, unlike Cabinets, they can *act*, and that unlike Parliaments they can kindle the imagination of youth. What of *our* Cabinet, and *our* Parliament? We can certainly claim that so far they have been efficient. We have picked ourselves out of the economic morass of 1931 more effectively than any of the authoritarian states. And there is every reason to believe that within these limits our system will continue to be effective. "Ministers will continue to foster industrial activity at home," says the King's Speech. In this they have been successful, and there is every reason to expect that within these limits they will go on being successful. And this no doubt is seventy-five per cent. of their task. I say "within these limits," however, because the continued existence of the Special Areas must be admitted to throw some doubts upon their efficiency and indeed upon their imagination, for a Dictator, one suspects, would have recognized the picturesque appeal, the stimulus to the national confidence, of a resolute drive to wipe them off the map—perhaps even if the drive had been uneconomic according to the letter of the economic text books.

The King's Speech itself throws no light whatever on what the Government intends to do for the Special Areas. It invites Parliament "to extend the period of operation" of the Special Areas Act of 1934; but that is all. This in itself does not, as some critics have assumed, necessarily imply that the Government does not intend to do anything. For all the powers which it needs probably already either normally belong to it or are included in the Act which it proposes to extend. All the same, the omission of any more rousing declaration is disquieting. Would Hitler

or Mussolini or Stalin have allowed a great annual legislative manifesto to go out to their people without a single syllable to hint that they were resolutely and relentlessly at work on the most intractable of their social problems? So far from wet-blanketing it with silence, would they not have rousing over-stated their determination—and their confidence?

The Special Areas are relatively not a very formidable problem. Despite the increase of our working population, we have reduced our unemployment total by a million and a quarter; an increase in employment on primary production of about 100,000 persons, with its secondary consequences, would probably wipe the black patches off the map. But although the Special Areas do not represent a very formidable quantity of unemployment, the fact remains that they have by now taken on a symbolic significance. The Government's credit is considerably involved. And surely further effective action is possible. Transference of population, the occasional diversion of contracts must go on. But cannot the Government locate and equip trading estates in, or near, the Special Areas—with roads to link them to their markets? If they thus show their own confidence in the future of the black areas, and if further they improve the communications in or near them, they will further attract thither some of the light industries which now, for want of planning, are crowding into Greater London. Already a Government Trading Estate is going up near Gateshead. Can there not be more of them, and, perhaps even more important, an emphatic declaration that there are to be more? It may be that the Government has all this and more in mind. Even if this be so, it was surely a mistake to breathe no word of it in the King's Speech. The Speech, it is true, is primarily concerned with law-making, but there is no reason why it should exclude all reference to administrative energy. And a Government which has been accused of excessive deference to private interests at Jarrow is not wise to hide any light which it may possess beneath a bushel.

But beyond all this looms an incomparably more far-reaching interrogation mark. It is a commonplace that democratic politics, if they are to continue to compete effectively with the authoritarian systems, need an infusion of fresh blood. All over Europe Dictators are stirring and exciting their young

men. Whether it be the ideal of the united and resurgent nation, or, merely the stimulus of comradeship, uniforms, and braggadocio, the fact remains that the really formidable achievement of the dictatorships is not that they dictate but that they inspire. Can democratic governments compete here? What we badly need is not a doctrine but an inspiration.

What of the King's Speech as an inspiration? The austere traditions of the Mother of Parliaments hardly lend themselves to competition with Nuremberg and Milan. Are there any hints that none the less Ministers are accommodating themselves to our more flamboyant age? The words "utmost energy" occur once in the Speech. And I find one reference to "vigorous action." With these sober exceptions it is all deliberately pitched in a conspicuously minor key. The "utmost energy" is for armaments; and armaments, though an urgent national, and indeed international, necessity, are hardly in themselves an inspiration. The "vigorous action" is to be in housing, and it is to be "maintained," not initiated. Slum clearance meets an older national need than armaments; it is constructive in the fullest sense; and nowadays at any rate we hear few criticisms of it from the Opposition. One can imagine a housing drive being dramatized by a Hitler or a Stalin into a real stimulus for the national pride and a real incentive to national unity. I see no evidence that it will ever be treated imaginatively by this or any other British Government. It is allowed to remain just one more immensely important reform, demanded by idealists for generations, initiated by the last National Government amid a salvo of obstructive criticism from those who had professed to desire it most, and now proceeding inconspicuously according to plan almost unnoticed by the nation. No, the Speech, almost deliberately it would seem, affords no explicit clues as to the prospects of Ministers setting our imaginations on fire. Is there anything to be read between the lines?

They are impressed, it would seem, "with the need for more comprehensive efforts to improve the physical condition of the nation, especially among the younger members of the community." (Imagine Mussolini referring to "the younger members of the community"!) This demand for a higher standard of national physique has a short but interesting history. Scores,

if not hundreds, of British politicians visited Germany last summer for the Olympic games. Most of them seem to have contrived to have long interviews with Hitler. All of them came back tremendously impressed with what Germany is doing for physical regeneration, and haunted by memories of filing columns of bronzed and half-naked athletes. Immediately platform speeches and letters to the Press began to advocate a wide variety of programmes of physical training. After a little time for reflection, the enthusiasts began to make two discoveries. For one thing, there exist already in this country an immense variety of voluntary organizations for this very purpose, and, characteristically, they are for the most part unco-ordinated and unencouraged by the Government, and as often as not entirely unknown to the general public.

How many intelligent citizens, for example, know how much physical training goes on even among such well-known organizations as the Boy Scouts or the Girl Guides or in Boys' clubs? Or what the, after all, reasonably well-advertised Post Office does for its boy messengers? Or the nature and objects of the Women's League of Health and Beauty? The other day I was shown over a farm training colony which reclaims some hundreds of boys every year, physically and intellectually. I found that scarcely anybody in the country town two miles away had ever heard of the colony, much less of its work. It looks therefore as if a considerable proportion of the Government's effort will be confined to the unspectacular task of co-ordinating and encouraging existing organizations. Moreover, as soon as talk began to be heard of regenerating the national physique, the Opposition at once began the inevitable witch-hunt for militarism. Fattening the young for slaughter! said Sir Stafford Cripps. Young Britons must not only never fight, save of course in class-war against their fellow citizens, but they must not even grow fit lest, if there were a war, they might be fit to fight. A physically first-class nation is an inspiring ideal. With all its connotations in nutrition, housing and education it touches the national life at countless points. It should appeal equally, though for different reasons, to the whole gamut of opinions, from extreme pacifist to extreme militarist.

Perhaps the "more comprehensive efforts" mean that Sir

Kingsley Wood is going to launch a real campaign—publicity and all. Sir Kingsley Wood? There we encounter one of the obvious difficulties. Sir Kingsley Wood is Minister of Health. And such a campaign would concern the Board of Education, the Army and Navy, the Ministry of Labour—half the departments in Whitehall perhaps. For modern problems cut across the traditions of our departmentalization. I wish Mr. Baldwin would decide to make this campaign for a healthier nation the "feature" of next year, appoint one Minister to concentrate upon the one task of co-ordinating and directing it, and even, if this is not too unorthodox, another to look after its publicity.

But there is an even greater question lurking behind the King's Speech. No Party can inspire its followers, no Government can inspire a nation, unless it be itself possessed by a vitalizing idea. The dictators, usually because they rule over defeated nations, which have long suffered from inferiority complexes, have not had to look far for their inspiration. But what of us? The Labour Party, which was built on an idea is now visibly dying by inches for lack of it. The National Alliance cannot live for ever upon the Idea of Recovery alone. Nor yet can it afford to decline into a mere negative, the only alternative to a flaccid Opposition. The party which first possesses itself of the Idea which is to dominate the coming decades possesses itself of the key which will open for it the way to power. What Idea, then, what germ of an idea underlies the King's speech? I think I can see the shadow of one cast a year or two ahead of it.

Nearly a quarter of the Speech is directly concerned with the affairs of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Now, rather more than a generation ago what was then called Imperialism was still a great national idea, an idea for which men were prepared to die. It was the heyday of Kipling, and there was a certain self-centred bravado about the imperialist cult of those days. The flabby intellectualism of the post-war years turned against imperialism, not only because of its vein of swash-buckling exclusiveness, but also because it stood for self-confidence and virility. There are no imperialists now to write in terms of "painting the map red"—red, indeed, has acquired a very different significance in the post-war world. Yet a revived and chastened imperialism will yet, I believe, prove the

animating Idea of the years ahead of us. The world stage seems set for a struggle—not necessarily with arms—between dictatorship, Fascist or Communist, and democracy. Dictatorships may once more prove as short-lived as they have been in the past. The chief hope of democracy is that third of the world in which the British conception of ordered freedom has currency. Democracy in Britain stands or falls with democracy in the British Commonwealth, and in the United States. There is surely here a unifying idea, to which British citizens who believe primarily in freedom can rally as wholeheartedly as British citizens who believe primarily in Britain.

The Opposition, ever tenacious of its phobias, was cradled in hostility to Victorian imperialism. And just as year by year, with rigid conservatism, those pink journals which steadily urge us to provoke the present militarist dictatorships to war deride as meaningless the victory of 1918 which freed us from the menace of a militarist dictatorship, so there are plenty of Opposition pundits who still think automatically of the British Commonwealth as a network of bloodthirsty exploitation. But the quaint old tradition is dying. We have seen Socialist pacifists ready to fight for red Spain. It will not be long before the logic of world events teaches them that the British Commonwealth is even better worth defending. It is devoutly to be hoped that we shall not have to fight for it. But no Commonwealth survives long unless its citizens are ready, in the last resort, to die for it. And the political life of a nation is not healthy unless there be some idea for which, in the last resort, its citizens are prepared to risk their lives. The mere increase, year by year, of physical well-being is admirable. Whether we choose to call it Recovery or Benevolent Collectivism, it must go on; and the King's Speech makes it clear that the Government intends it to go on unremittingly. It is admirable but, like patriotism, it is not enough.

The paradox of the years ahead is that, beyond this, we need to combine a steady effort for lasting world peace with the re-birth of a national mentality which believes in an Idea sufficiently, if need be, to die for it. That Idea, I believe, will be the survival, because it is the fittest, of the British tradition within the world-wide British Commonwealth.

ARMS AND THE STATE

BY J. A. SPENDER

I

THE necessity which led to the publication of the Government's White Paper on National Defence in the middle of the inquiry by a Royal Commission into the private manufacture of arms was no doubt imperative, but it was somewhat embarrassing for that inquiry. In effect, the Government took the main issue which a year previously they had submitted to this Commission out of its hands, and settled it in a manner which must have made any report in conflict with their decision an academic exercise. There were many voices in public and in private for winding up the Commission at that moment, but the major (and, I hope, the better) opinion was that the immense pains and trouble taken by institutions and individuals to present evidence on the one side and the other should not go for nothing, and that apart from this major issue, a considerable field remained in which it was possible to make recommendations that might be useful.

In the circumstances the decision on the major issue—the decision against the abolition of the private manufacture of arms—is under suspicion of being Government-inspired, if not actually, as some have suggested, an act of obsequiousness to the Government. It was not so. I think I speak for all my colleagues when I say that it would in any case have been a unanimous decision, and that if the Government's action had any effect, it was—such is the perversity of human nature—to cause some of us to reconsider rather carefully the reasons alleged against it. In what follows I shall be speaking only for myself, but it may help to understanding if I set down briefly the steps which led me to the conclusion that the co-operation of the State with private manufacture under adequate control was the right solution of this problem in time of peace.

State monopoly is the solution which has become inscribed on the banners of peace societies and has been accepted generally by the leaders of advanced opinion as the way of peace. So far as it is advocated by Socialists who are in favour of the general nationalization of industry, there is nothing to be said against it. For all these, the question is simply whether armament firms should be excepted from a policy embracing all other industries, and their answer is naturally that it should not be. It was very little use examining Socialist witnesses about the difficulties of nationalization in a non-Socialist society; their answer was the perfectly logical one that in the system which they contemplated, these difficulties would either not exist, or that if they presented themselves, the State would have short ways of dealing with them.

This was a legitimate answer, but a Royal Commission appointed to examine a specific problem would have strayed far from its purpose and terms of reference if it had been led into exploring the entire social system in its search for a solution. Its recommendations, whatever they were, were bound to be within the framework of the existing social system. It is precisely here that the difficulties begin, and to show what they are, I would ask the reader to read carefully pp. 22-25 of the Report, and then to ask himself where the argument leads.

To me it led to three conclusions :

(1) That the nationalization of armament firms alone would not diminish but almost certainly increase the amount of money, material, and labour permanently assigned to the making of arms in time of peace.

(2) That it would not diminish, but in all probability increase, the pressure alleged to be employed by other industries and interests, iron and steel, coal, chemicals, shipbuilding, aircraft manufacture, labour, etc., to increase armaments.

(3) That it would be less efficient, and less likely to lend itself to rapid expansion in time of war than a system of co-operation between the State and private enterprise.

The Commission has wisely, I think, refrained from expressing a positive opinion about the relative costs of the two systems, but I do not myself doubt that when all the factors are taken into consideration, the State monopoly system would be by far

the more costly. Shareholders in private companies would have to be compensated; much new plant would have to be provided for military purposes alone in place of plant which is now devoted partly to military and partly to commercial purposes; overhead charges which are now spread between military and commercial enterprises would have to be borne by the State alone; a much larger quantity of labour would have to be permanently allotted to the arms industry than is necessary under a system which provides alternative employment for workers not immediately needed for the production of arms. To lay down a shipbuilding plant which would render the State independent of private yards would be very costly; to purchase the private yards and withdraw them from commercial shipbuilding extremely uneconomic. It would need a very robust faith in the virtue and efficiency of State enterprise to believe that all this new expenditure would be recouped by the extinction of the profits now made by armament firms. That, as the report says, "would depend on a great many factors of management and policy, some of them raising political considerations, which it is impossible to forecast."

But this risk might be taken if there were any reason to suppose that the pressure for the increase of armaments would be relieved by making their manufacture in the last stage a State monopoly. There is no reason to think it; there is rather reason to think the contrary. The pressures of the subsidiary interests would be transferred to and concentrated on the Government. In recent years the most notorious instances of lobbying and wire-pulling at Disarmament Conferences have been those not of the agents of armament firms, but of these subsidiary companies. There is finally a general consideration which I believe to be of serious importance and which may be stated in the words of the report :

Experience in all countries suggests that the resistance to the reduction of expenditure on armaments increases in proportion as a government increases its direct employment of labour in the manufacture of arms. The extent to which governments are using the manufacture of arms as a means of employing labour or curing unemployment and their fear of the consequences if they demobilize this labour is, we believe, a new and very serious obstacle to the reduction of armaments, and it seems to us an advantage that this country should not be more deeply committed than is necessary in this respect.

I cannot speak in detail here of the technical argument which led to the conclusion that the co-operation of the State and private enterprise would best prepare the way for the rapid expansion that is required in time of war. A Socialist State at liberty to transfer labour from one industry to another and to prescribe wages and other conditions now regulated by trade union rules and practice would no doubt, on paper, produce a system which would be perfectly articulated and organized; and it may be conceded that all the totalitarian countries have this advantage over the free countries in military preparations. But the task for the Commission was to consider the system most likely to be efficient in the free conditions of British labour and industry.

II

The report against State monopoly is, however, by no means an acquittal of the armament firms, and still less a suggestion that all is well with the present system. Though the general conclusion is that the method of manufacturing arms weighs comparatively little in the scale of the great causes which make for war and prevent disarmament, the Commission holds that the armament firms have largely themselves to thank if its importance has been exaggerated:

We think that the responsible heads of firms and directors of public companies need to be reminded of the essential difference between the trade in armaments and ordinary commercial business. The frivolous and cynical language which some of them have used in their speeches at shareholders' meetings and which has also been disclosed in the correspondence examined by the American Committee has given great and legitimate offence to immense numbers of persons, and it is largely responsible for the importance given to the scandals side of the question in the public mind. We believe that importance to be greatly exaggerated, but in so far as it is supposed that armament firms are unaware of or blind to the special dangers and liabilities of the trade they are pursuing, they themselves are largely responsible for it.

So far as this country is concerned, it is not seriously alleged that governments have been induced to increase their armaments by the pressure of the armament firms, or that the latter have either bribed officials or suborned newspapers to promote their trade. The only specific case of their activities in these spheres laid before the Commission was that of Mr. Mulliner,

who was alleged to have worked up a fictitious scare about the acceleration of German shipbuilding in the interests of the Coventry Ordnance Factory. Mr. Mulliner was indeed very active behind the scenes in the years 1908-9, and his connection with the Ordnance Factory brought his motives under suspicion, but the Admiralty acted on their own sources of information, which they could scarcely have been expected to ignore because Mr. Mulliner's reports confirmed them. Whether they were right in the inferences that they drew may be debated, but that they were correct in their dealings with Mr. Mulliner is, I think, beyond question. There were a dozen Mulliners on the scene, all professing to have information about German preparations. They invaded the newspaper offices, they bombarded the Admiralty, they stirred up the Opposition to attack the Government. The Admiralty heard them all, tested their evidence by its own information, and formed its own conclusions.

There is not the smallest reason to suppose that this agitation would have been any less in these months if the Coventry Ordnance Factory had not existed and the Government had had a monopoly in the construction of battleships and manufacture of guns. The great German naval scheme of 1908 was public knowledge; the relations of Great Britain were at the point of strain which followed the Bosnia-Herzegovina crisis; the explanations which ministers were bound to make to justify the minimum necessary programme inevitably caused anxiety. On their own confession British experts had been taken by surprise by the increase in the German capacity to build. This was the only test. How the Germans would use it—whether they were preparing a new programme or would accelerate their existing programme*—no one could say, but a mistake on the right side could easily be adjusted in the programmes of the following years, whereas a mistake on the wrong side would be irretrievable. The Government played for safety, as it was bound to, and its decision was no doubt influenced by the outside agitation. ("We want eight and we won't wait.") But the net result of this agitation was only to lay two more keels in the current financial year and

* The German documents published after the war suggest that they were preparing for the new programme which was the unpleasant surprise of the years 1911-12.

two fewer in the subsequent financial year. When the test of war came, the British superiority was very little in excess of the margin of 60 per cent. which all parties had accepted as necessary for security. Considering the multifarious tasks that fell on the British fleet during the war, there were moments when that margin looked uncomfortably small.

The Mulliner incident is worth examining if only that it brings out the fallacy that is inherent in much of the argument on this subject of attributing great events to little causes. The arms competition of the Powers was undoubtedly one of the great predisposing causes of war, but to attribute it to the sinister operations of armament firms or their agents is to follow a false trail, and to miss the true lessons which history has to teach in this matter. Panic and agitation belong to the whole order of events, when nations are threatening one another with competing armaments.

III

The influence of armament manufacturers or other "hidden hands" upon the governments of their own countries must therefore, I think, be placed very low among the causes making for war. Governments seeking security by arms will choose the method of manufacture that they think most efficient, or that best fits in with their own industrial system, and they will increase or diminish their armaments according to their ideas of national policy. Whether the present Government is right or not in rearming, no one seriously supposes that they have been influenced by Messrs. Vickers, Imperial Chemicals or the ship-building industry, or that these industries have bribed British Ministers and officials. But a different issue arises when we come to the question of the export of arms and trading in arms as practised by these and the corresponding foreign firms. Nearly all the abuses alleged by the critics of private manufacture, and especially those ventilated before the Nye Committee in the United States, belong to the sphere of export and trading. Here, it is alleged, the firms play into each other's hands by creating a "fear market" in the non-producing countries, supplying one with weapons that threaten its neighbours, and these neighbours with more weapons to counteract the threat,

and so on in a widening circle, in which active solicitation and in some countries actual bribery of Ministers and officials are freely practised. For example, a British firm may supply submarines to a foreign government, and a foreign firm may supply destroyers to a neighbouring government on the ground that they are needed to counter the submarines supplied by the British firm.

To pronounce exactly upon the extent of these evils would need a roving inquiry with power to extract evidence from many governments and countries. Only the League of Nations could conduct such an inquiry, and it seems less and less probable that it will be permitted to do so. The Royal Commission necessarily confined itself to examining certain cases in which British firms were involved, and to considering how far the system under which trading in arms goes forward lends itself to the abuses alleged. I cannot speak for all my colleagues, but the impression left on my mind by the evidence is that it is a very undesirable trade which, as at present practised, lends itself to grave abuses. The Commission found itself unable to accept the plea of the armament firms that they do not solicit orders, and that they are unaware that bribery is practised:

The employment of agents abroad paid by commission appears to be the accepted practice of certain armament firms in this country. In a foreign country where the giving of bribes or the sharing of commission is necessary in order to secure a government contract, it is obvious that the agent, if he is to do business in face of competition, must be active in soliciting orders, and must give bribes. It is idle for the firm employing agents under the above conditions to attempt to disclaim all responsibility for so objectionable a practice by pointing out that the commission they pay their agent is his to do what he likes with, and that they give him no orders and leave him to dispose of it as he pleases, or that the commission is small. The commission they pay the agent may be small, but if the order is large, as in this class of business it frequently is, there is ample provision for a substantial amount of bribery. A system which enables bribery to be cloaked under commissions and leaves the principals free to profess ignorance of it seems to us to be open to grave objection.

The Commission did not think it necessary to multiply instances to prove that a system of which this can justly be said stands in need of drastic reform. My own first impulse was to say that, whatever other nations may do, this trading in arms should be prohibited for British firms. A little reflection, how-

ever, gives pause to this thought. If trading in arms were generally prohibited, the non-producing countries would be under the necessity of setting up arsenals and munitions factories of their own, with the result that the aggregate amount of capital and labour devoted to armaments would be greatly increased, and quite possibly a new competition in armaments started among the smaller Powers. This cannot be desirable, nor is it to be desired that British firms alone should be prevented from supplying the needs of the smaller Powers. It is not the least of the objections to a State monopoly that under it this branch of the trade would tend to become political rather than commercial, and that all the governments would be tempted to make the supply of arms to their smaller neighbours subject to conditions compelling them to be allies or even vassals, rather than customers. The existence of private firms supplying the needs of these smaller Powers is to that extent a convenient buffer between the greater and the smaller nations, and a certain guarantee of the independence of the latter.

The conclusion, therefore, is that trading must be allowed to go on, but under much stricter control than heretofore. The licensing system as at present administered divides responsibility between the Government and the firms to a dangerous extent. The *vis inertiae* is on the side of export; the trade goes forward automatically, subject to a few general rules. If the supply of arms to Central American republics, for example, is discovered afterwards to have been a cause of war and slaughter, or of their being prolonged, the supplying firm is in a position to say that the responsibility is not theirs but that of the Government, which might have vetoed the export by withholding its licence if it had chosen to do so. The Government, on the other hand, is inclined to throw the responsibility back on the firms, and between the two the restraints on the trade are negligible.

The Commission is of opinion that the licensing system should be "governed by an outlook different from and more positive in character from that which now prevails." It would be invidious to schedule countries to which arms should not be exported, but the controlling authority which the Commission thinks essential would in effect be able to control the trade in such a way as to remove the chief objections, so far as British

firms are concerned. The fact that a Minister was liable to be questioned in Parliament about this trade would of itself impose a certain restraint.

The need of such a controlling authority was brought home to the Commission at every point of the inquiry. If I may speak for myself, I was inclined at one stage of it to aim at the conversion of armament firms, or such parts of other firms as are assigned to the production of munitions, into corporations with limited profits and government representation on their boards. The objection that many firms are only partly, or only to a small extent, producers of armaments is not a fatal one, for under the modern system of accounting, any part can be detached and presented as a self-contained unit for the purpose of accounting and management. The Government would in any case be wise to insist that this should be done in respect of their armament work by the firms which it employs. But there are other difficulties in this solution. For example, the limitation of profits in good times carries with it the guarantee of a minimum of profits in slack times—a proposal of doubtful acceptability to the public; and yet without such limitation an official director would find himself in an invidious position between his duty to the Government and his duty to the shareholders.

But if that solution is barred and a Government monopoly is undesirable there remains only control by a superior authority which has the power through its inspectors or otherwise to obtain all the information necessary to discover whether the export business is being properly conducted, and whether the private firm is dealing fairly with the Government in the matter of prices and so forth. Except through this personal supervision with access to the necessary information, I do not believe that any price-control can be effective in the present state of no competition, or very limited competition, which rules in the trade. Experience is more and more proving that, except by a unified control, the proper co-ordination of the vast and varied industries which contribute to the making of arms and munitions cannot be achieved. The Government must be its own watchdog. The Commission has been careful not to wound susceptibilities in its comments on the system, whereby the firms recruit their directors from serving or retired public servants, and has

contented itself with the stipulation that the consent of the Minister in charge of the Department in which they are serving, or have served, should be a condition of their accepting these appointments. But even on this condition the ex-official director becomes necessarily the servant of the shareholders who appoint him, and he is placed in a false position if he is expected to guard the interests of the Government.

The general conclusion, then, is that for a peace-time organization the collaboration of the State with private industry is better suited than State monopoly to the industrial conditions of this country, and likely to involve less expenditure of capital and labour in keeping the "war potential" up to the necessary level than any effort by the State alone. It is a great advantage that under the joint system the necessary labour need have only part-time, whereas under monopoly it must have whole-time, employment; it is also an advantage that different brains should be working at the same problems from different angles, and that there should be a certain amount of competition between them. But it is absolutely necessary that this system should be under much more stringent control and supervision than is at present applied to it, and this is especially true of the export and trading in arms.

To take the profit out of war is an ideal which is justly cherished by all parties, but if war-profiteering has reached the point of scandal, it has been *in* war rather than between wars. For a highly speculative trade the profits of armament firms have not been excessive over a period of years in peace, but the contrast in time of war between the sufferings and sacrifices of the fighting men and the sheltered life and immense profits of the makers of munitions has sunk deep into the public mind, and "never again" has been the word about this as about much else that happened in the Great War. On this matter the Commission goes straight to the point and says that the "conscription of industry" will be a necessity, if unhappily there should be another war, and urges that the problems connected with it should be faced without delay. They must be, for an opinion of this kind cannot go on the record without making it quite certain that the former experience can never be repeated.

CANADA'S FOREIGN POLICY

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

I

BEING in North America, Canada has only one neighbour, the United States—but what a neighbour! The relations which arise from this fact dominate her entire foreign policy. The common boundary of over 3,000 miles inevitably presents many serious problems, especially since the intimacy of the two countries leads to continual intercourse. They are like two tenants living in the same apartment house, indeed on the same floor. We are dealing here less with questions of foreign policy than of the internal domestic policy of North America. In fact it is scarcely a question of policy at all, since fortunately any matters to be settled are relegated by common consent to the domain of legal procedure. They quarrel certainly, but always as one does in the civil courts; and consequently, they do not fight. Such is the enviable spirit in which that model institution, the International Boundary Commission, carries on its discussions. Any explanation which fails to take this geographical fact into account will miss the crux of the situation.

This gives a clear insight into the nature of Canadian independence. It is quite obvious that the Dominion cannot defend itself against the United States. In case of war any resistance would be so completely impossible that no one ever dreams of it or prepares for it. Canada—and well she knows it—is free only so long as relations are friendly, and so she dare not adopt any policy that would be liable to irritate her overwhelming neighbour. She could not, for instance, expropriate, as Mexico did, the American capital invested in her territory, nor, let us say, cut off the electric power which she exports across the frontier. Therefore it is essential to maintain good relations between the two countries, and this is the cardinal preoccupation of every Canadian government, no matter to which party it

belongs. I should not be surprised if it were uppermost in their minds, and came even before their anxiety not to annoy the English.

But we should be wrong in our interpretation if we believed that Canada feels that the proximity of the United States is not on the whole advantageous. On the contrary, she considers it as a valuable guarantee of her security, since if ever she were menaced by a foreign power, the Monroe Doctrine obviously would protect her. One naturally thinks of Japan. Some tactless commentators have been known to suggest that the Monroe Doctrine would even protect her against England if the latter were to resort to force in this proscribed area. This point is ridiculous, and I am only quoting it in order to emphasize the strictly continental character of the problem. The protection of the Dominion—and those concerned are under no illusion about it—in no way depends upon the British fleet, but rather upon the military power, or, if you prefer, on the immense potential force of the United States. This is admitted by tacit understanding in view of the solidarity of the North-American continent, from which England is excluded.

Taking into account the fraternal relations existing in North America, it is perfectly natural that both countries should feel that it is their duty to adopt a common policy, amounting almost to an alliance, in order to defend the patrimony of their common civilization. Public opinion, arising from this community of interests, is so identical that, on any international question whatever, the spontaneous reaction of both countries is, nine times out of ten, exactly the same. There is no need of diplomatic influence, of an exchange of notes, or of conversations between ambassadors. No, the American atmosphere, being the same on both sides of the boundary, naturally suggests the same replies, arising from the same moral reflexes, from the same instinct to distrust Europe, and the same "White American" complex. At Geneva, for example, the Canadian delegate expresses a point of view which would be that of the American delegate if there was one. Close your eyes, and you might easily think that the voice of America was speaking. It is sometimes said that Canada interprets the United States to Europe, and this is perfectly true. Even when interest or prudence

dictates this attitude, however, the Dominion adopts it without pressure and of her own free will.

II

The British connection involves a series of relationships of an entirely different order, which maintain Canada within a non-American system, and oppose an East-West attraction to the trend from North to South. Even though she has become independent, the Dominion cannot do without the Mother Country. It is a question of sentiment, whereas there is none in the case of the relationship with the United States, in spite of the cordiality. It is also a matter of policy, for even though the Empire may not directly provide military security, it confers a prestige which is a form of international security. Then again, England is Canada's best customer; and finally she counterbalances the American colossus, whose physical pressure would otherwise become unbearable. In the political domain this bond with the old country is just as important as is the link with the United States in the continental domain. The combination of these two elements is essential to the political existence of Canada, for her independence is made up of the equilibrium which results from this double dependence.

It is not in Canada's interest to upset this equilibrium, but rather that a tacit understanding should maintain it more or less indefinitely. If the first principle of Canadian policy is to keep on friendly terms with the United States, there is another which is not one whit less important, and that is to do everything possible to preserve cordial relations between the United States and England. Any rupture, even a serious difference of opinion between London and Washington, would put the Ottawa Government in an impossible situation, for it would not know which side to choose. Certain overwhelming arguments—geography, security, and community of outlook—might incline her to the side of the United States, but automatically there would be a passionate reaction on the part of the British element. If the point of issue were serious, this might lead to civil war and break up the entire country.

Canada is thus apt to intervene in Imperial policy, and even

more closely in English policy, in order to obtain solutions which are acceptable to the United States. Thanks to the good offices of the Dominions, the American viewpoint is thus represented and supported in the very heart of the Empire, which is therefore drifting towards America and away from Europe. There is nothing either astonishing or disconcerting in this when we recall that Canada herself is American.

In this connection it is curious to watch the English attitude. The British Government might be tempted to make use of Canada in order to influence the policy of the United States in favour of Great Britain. Undoubtedly various subtle influences are working in this way, but on the surface England's chief aim in this connection seems to be to avoid, at all costs, ever placing Canada in the delicate position of having to choose between the United States and England. Now, this can be prevented by adapting Imperial policy as far as possible to American preferences. It is in this spirit that time and again London gives way to Washington, and if, on behalf of the collective interests of Europe, a third party were to encourage the British Government to resist, the latter would indignantly protest, as in Corneille's *Nicomède*: "Ah, don't embroil me with the Republic!"

It may be that this conception sacrifices the substance for the shadow, the shadow here being the prestige which England obtains by keeping Canada within the Empire, and this is no small thing. The role of Great Britain in international affairs would be very different if the fear of losing Canada in a dispute with the United States were relegated to second place. The fact that it has been given first place since the war has allowed the Canadian Government on several occasions to wield a decisive influence in the determination of Imperial policy. At certain moments decisions have been taken, less in London and from the English point of view than in Canada and from the American point of view, so that the centre of gravity of the Empire seemed actually to have been displaced. "Rome is no longer in Rome. . . ."

The most striking example was, without doubt, the termination of the Anglo-Japanese alliance in 1921. The Foreign Office, supported by Australia and New Zealand, and also by British Columbia, were in favour of renewing it, but American opinion

was violently opposed. To the Americans it seemed like treason, for it broke the solidarity of the white races. Mr. Meighan, the Canadian Prime Minister, was doubtless in a better position than anyone to understand the English arguments, being British, a Conservative, and an Imperialist. Nevertheless, he reacted as a North American, as he was anxious above all to avoid a policy which would not have the collaboration of the United States in the Pacific. When the Imperial Conference was debating this grave decision, he opposed renewal. His innate fear was that the Dominion might be implicated in a conflict in the Pacific, in which England and the United States would not be on the same side. Therefore it was necessary for the two great Anglo-Saxon countries to act in unison on an agreed policy, and the Conference finally rallied to this point of view. From this emerged the Washington Naval Treaty, but Canada had been able to make her own decision, and impose it on the others.

The attention paid to British policy is understandable in view of Canada's position in case of war. The Empire then is one, for when England is at war the Dominion is also. No doubt she could participate with more or less conviction, or might even do practically nothing at all, but a declaration of neutrality would be tantamount to severing her connection with the Empire. No matter how little she collaborates, however, and even if in practice she were to abstain, yet all the various alternatives imply dangerous risks either internally or abroad. A state of neutrality is feasible, but the British element in Canada would consider it treason; a passive belligerence would antagonize England, without necessarily warding off the enemy's guns; active participation such as we saw in 1914 would arouse the protests of those Canadians who do not wish to fight for what they would regard as no concern of theirs. The consequence is that Canada cannot afford to disinterest herself in any policy, even a general policy, which Great Britain might adopt, since she is dragged into a British war whether she wishes it or not. The British connection thus implies as many dangers as advantages.

It should be possible to analyze the principles which determine the Canadian attitude. If England is in mortal peril, a Canadian army will intervene to help defend her, as she did during the Great War. There is no formal engagement, however, for the

Canadian Parliament is still master of the situation, and will make its own decision. Yet it would be impossible to refuse, for the pressure of the British element in the Dominion would be irresistible, and in an explosion of passion would carry all before it. Let us add that in such circumstances the United States would also intervene sooner or later for the same reason, to save Anglo-Saxon civilization from disappearing from the face of the world. Thus the unity of the North-American position would reappear in an unexpected form, in spite of all the palaver about neutrality.

If, on the other hand, it is simply a question of an "English" war, of no vital interest to the Empire, the attitude changes completely and the Canadian Government reserves the right to act in conformity with the interests of the Dominion. No doubt there would be a difference of opinion, according to the racial origin of the population and the stage it had reached. The English would say: "Ready, aye, ready!" but the French would explain that the country was being dragged into an English affair which was of no interest to them. The Canadians in general, as well as their Government, whether Conservative or Liberal, would consider that, so long as it was not a matter of life and death they were ready to respect English interests, but that there were also Canadian interests which were equally deserving of attention. So they would lag behind, as in the Chanak incident, which was so typical, and incidentally established a precedent.

The Dominion Government confirms its right, as a matter of principle, to adopt a policy of "Canada First." It realizes that, as it belongs to the Empire, it is always liable, even in spite of its precautions, to be implicated in some new adventure. So the desire for preventive measures on its part is only natural. In order to circumscribe its responsibilities, we find it specifying that it will not be implicated in certain treaties which should be considered as English and not Imperial. For example, we have the Treaty of Lausanne earmarked in this way in 1923, and Locarno in 1926. Similarly one senses that, both beneath the surface and out in the open, Canada is exerting constant pressure to prevent the British Government from compromising itself on the Continent more than it can help. Though Canada knows

full well that England must worry about and do everything possible to guard her own security, yet she always seems to be suggesting: "Not too much zeal when it comes to Europe! . . ."

Another thing that it is curious to find in this British Dominion is a reflection of the distrust of "perfidious Albion," which is so ingrained in the Americans. British diplomacy enjoys great prestige, but it is also credited with a Machiavellianism of which it would be prudent to beware. "Above everything," the Canadians seem to say, "do not let us be persuaded for the sake of the *beaux yeux* of England to embark on a policy that does not concern us!" Such is, I think, the ulterior motive in the Canadian doctrine which consists of refusing to be lined up behind England, except when she acts in the name of the League of Nations. The Canadians are afraid of being used as pawns, and believe that at Geneva they will find a guarantee against Imperialism, for the latter must, at the League, subordinate itself to international demands. Canadian duties are thus submerged into a more general, and therefore less compromising, solidarity.

III

Being on neighbourly terms with the United States, and one of the family in England, Canada seems at first sight to be tarred with a continental provincialism on the one hand, and with an Imperial provincialism on the other. Yet economically she has international vision, for she is obliged to export a large proportion of her raw materials. As the American and English markets cannot absorb all her production, she is forced to keep in close contact with world markets. Canada's future depends upon a revival throughout the world of a regime of international free trade—or at least more liberal ideas than at present—which will allow her to export to other countries besides England and the U.S.A. This is the price of her independence.

"More than any country in the world Canada is the result of political, not economic, forces," writes Dafoe, "and the economic disharmony between its various geographical subdivisions is too great to be adjusted by policies of national exclusiveness. Unless we can trade with the outside world our condition must be one of stagnation, with a standard of living falling to ever lower levels,

and with increasing strains upon the bonds that keep our federation together."*

We gather from this commentary, which we owe to one of the most vigorous political brains in the country, that the double chapter of Canada's relations with England and the United States does not exhaust the problem of her foreign relations. This gives her an international outlook, for it is her duty to preserve somewhere in the world a relic of economic liberalism, which depends in its turn upon the maintenance of peace, not only between England and the United States, but generally throughout the world. In this new series of relationships, which extend beyond the boundaries of the British and North-American systems, we must single out Japan, Latin America, and the League of Nations.

Having one boundary on the Pacific Ocean, Canada cannot ignore Japan. She is gradually finding that Japan can be a very satisfactory client if humoured a little. This feeling of cordiality is not wanting in Australia either. The existence of Japan, however, is manifest under another aspect, especially in British Columbia, where there is a large Nipponese colony. This colony may be more numerous than official statistics disclose, and if vigilance were ever relaxed it would probably grow at an alarming rate. But the Canadian Government wishes to follow its own policy with regard to Japan. In 1909 a gentleman's agreement dealing with immigration was directly negotiated and concluded by M. Lemieux, a member of the Laurier Cabinet; an exchange of ministers plenipotentiary has taken place; and finally, Canada has shown that she is not indifferent to the organization of some defence on the Pacific Coast against an eventual aggressor. We realize, however, that in actual fact her security depends upon the United States, who would certainly not be indifferent were Japan to violate Canada's territory. This situation is tacitly accepted by the Canadian people, who are ready to leave the matter in the hands of their two great protectors.

Canada's relations with Latin America permit us to measure, with the precision of delicate scales, the quantity of Americanism (in the larger sense of the term) that Canada can absorb.

*John W. Dafoe. *Canada: An American Nation*. p. 119.

Although invited to become a member of the Pan-American Union, where a place apparently is waiting for her, she has not yet been fit to join it, up to the present time. The North-American bond leads her naturally to the intimacy with the United States which we have described, but the solidarity of the New World as a whole, real as it is, seems to her to be less certain. In the northern part of the American continent there is common Anglo-Saxon civilization, which reinforces the geographical attraction, but, in so far as the Latin countries are concerned, the Dominion feels out of touch with them, all the more so as her northern latitude she is even farther away from them than England herself. Her Americanism does not go beyond North America, and when it comes to proclaiming her adherence to Pan-Americanism she draws back, owing to her Imperial allegiance. Not that it is incompatible in any way, but she already belongs to another system which—the objection has a certain importance—is not a republican system. Therefore she is sympathetic, and may even collaborate, but always with a subtle reserve which will not let her go too far.

Geneva occupies an important place in Canadian policy. When Canada obtained her admission as one of the "original members of the League of Nations, signatories of the Peace Treaty," with the right to a separate vote and the possibility of accession to the Council, recognition of her new international status was assured. This satisfied her self-respect, a point on which Canadian opinion is very touchy. Though she is simply a second-grade American power, she obviously has increased her prestige by figuring separately, although in the name of the Empire, in international discussions. In this way she benefits both from being associated with the Imperial community, and also from being separate from it, which is very adroit.

The assiduity with which she plays her part is largely explained by her eagerness to impress upon others that she is present, for the direct advantages she receives at Geneva are not apparent at first sight. She is not looking to Geneva for security, since that, as we have seen, has already been provided on her own continent, where collective action in the name of the Covenant would not dare interfere. Instead one discerns a desire to contribute to a policy which is aiming at the general peace of the world, from

which a country of this type derives an indirect but certain benefit.

The Abyssinian crisis clearly showed that in so far as it is British, the Canadian public reacts to the League of Nations in exactly the same way as does corresponding opinion in England and the United States. But the French-Canadian section, no doubt in a spirit of opposition, acted differently, with the result that the Government, though loyal to its obligations under the Covenant, was careful not to be over-zealous. One cannot help feeling that, although collective security represents a conviction in so far as the Canadians are concerned, it is only a conviction *de luxe*. Apart from mortal danger to England, the latent temptation to isolate herself in North America is perhaps the real tendency in Canada, and the one that goes deepest.

Translated by Doris and H. H. Hemming.

BLACK GLOVES

BY MARGUERITE STEEN

SHE was dressed in a style which the civilized world has agreed to accept as a uniform: the uniform of the English gentlewoman in "reduced circumstances." Without relinquishing one's gallantry one might refer to her as old; she herself would have been the last to resent the description. The humble yet dignified acceptance of age was in the muddled line of the small black hat—it was nearly a bonnet; in the black dress, with its modest placket, its bodice and little vest of patternless net, rising into a band that supported the soft, crêpey folds of a small, blunt chin. Her shoulders, whether plump or boney—and one inclines towards the former adjective—were rendered anonymous by one of those scarves whose depressing pattern one might judge to have been conceived on a wet English Sunday, facing a partially uprooted bed of Jerusalem artichokes; its terms had been translated into grey and black, for the benefit of those whose respect for convention drives them, at certain social crises, into half-mourning.

Her corsetting was unobtrusive, and—let us admit it—not wholly successful; a Frenchwoman would have known better how to deal with the problems of chest, hips and the area which may be dismissed as below the belt. That effect common to elderly Parisiennes, of a baroque iron pouter pigeon is dismissed by ladies like our Mrs. Bennett (could that have been her name?) as slightly immoral; some vaguely sensed though wholly unclassified abhorrence of sexual emphasis prevents their submission to the iron-tight and iron-shining constriction of the pelvic girdle that thrusts the Parisian bosom so uncompromisingly outwards and upwards. Having reduced the recalcitrance of curves in the upper pectoral regions with a *cache-corset* of the utmost possible rigidity, Mrs. Bennett was content to leave well alone; she saw nothing immodest in the little, variable

bulge beneath her belt buckle, nor would it have occurred to her as anything other than uncomfortable and unhygienic to submit her hips to the corsetiere. In common with the majority of her countrywomen, she bought her corsets ready-made, and her only difficulty was to find a model which gave her enough support above the waist. Of what use to a lady of Mrs. Bennett's period and upbringing were the modern travesties that allow fourteen inches from the hips downwards, and a mere inch of elastic above? The purpose of her corsets—or, as she always called them, her stays—was the innocent, twofold one of providing warmth and support: never to enhance the lines which all modestly-minded people agree to ignore.

How disgusted she would have been to think that her body, her comfortable, unattractive English body, could arouse such conjectures in a mind of the opposite sex as she crossed the lounge of the *Carlos V*, at the—very late—hour of Spanish afternoon tea! Her movements had the sublime, yet wholly unconscious confidence of one who has been educated as a member of the English upper classes: quiet without being furtive, neat without gracefulness, mildly authoritative without autocracy. In no circumstances could one imagine her voice being raised, or its tempo quickened. Her skirts rustled very slightly: a sound associated in literature with female coquetry, but in the present instance devoid of the mischievous quality as the sound of a broom sweeping up dead leaves. It was as though their rusty black remained mnemonic of the untidy little box edgings of a Rectory garden: a faint memorial whiff of rosemary struggled with Dimuth in their folds.

She carried an English newspaper, and the usual handbag; and her hands were covered with black cotton gloves. And it was the gloves which were startling, which imparted an inexplicable touch of exoticism to her appearance: a touch of "costume," as though a conscientious actress, in search of that detail which places the seal of authenticity upon her make-up had added them as an afterthought as a humorous flourish upon her impersonation.

How far, one wondered, had one's perceptions become coloured by one's residence abroad? To see the English as they are it is necessary to remove oneself to a certain geographical distance:

precisely as one withdraws in order to make a sketch of perspective. In an English Protestant church, at a vicarage sewing meeting, would one not have taken Mrs. Bennett (if that was her name) completely for granted, gloves and all? Nothing about her would have seemed to call for that speculative and analytical interest which she aroused in the lounge of a Spanish hotel: that seeking after motives, that inquisitiveness that centred, for some inexplicable reason, in the black cotton gloves and the respectably ambiguous hat.

The French have a charming verb: "On five-ocloquera," they say, "à quatre heures." If this ever finds its way into Spain, we shall no doubt hear it rendered as "Fivocloqueremos a las siete." It was seven, and the Spanish, having recovered from their strenuous lunch at three, and with yet three hours to go before dining, were filling in time with a *thé dansant*. A little orchestra of four instruments worked hard; a small space of floor cleared for the occasion was occupied by languid couples. The standard of dancing was very bad, the footwear of the girls indifferent. Even in the capitals, Madrid and Sevilla, modern Spain has not yet adapted itself to modern practice in this matter of ballroom dancing; the girls are self-conscious and the young men, lost without their cabaret partners, anxiously exhibitionistic. It is, moreover, difficult to make a successful exhibition when one is hindered, rather than helped, by one's partner.

Round the edge of the dancing floor sit the elderly ladies: apparently paying little attention, absorbed in their conversations, in their sugared cakes, in their chocolate, which the majority still prefer to tea. But consciousness of their surveillance is in the poker back of each young man, and in the faltering ankles of the girls. There are no tables for couples; half a dozen boys and girls gather at each, the talk and laughter is very loud, ostentatiously innocent. The air of the Spanish five-o'clock is even more devastating than its counterpart at the Savoy, London.

The lounge formed a kind of passage towards this function; it was almost deserted, save for one or two elderly women and Mrs. Bennett, who made her way to a corner where there were two empty chairs and a little glass-topped table. She seemed to know this corner; her manner of settling into it reminded

one of boarding houses in the Cromwell Road, where the oldest inhabitants stake out a claim upon certain comfortable chairs and corners, which are usurped only at the peril of newcomers' lives. She sat down and opened her newspaper, apparently unaware of, or indifferent to, the penetrating stares of the Spanish women, who glowered across their shelf-like bosoms upon this calm intruder upon their preserves.

Curiosity is the most pernicious of all emotions ; where no other stimulus deprives one of the conventions of good taste and correct behaviour that fit one (presumably) for society, curiosity has been known to make a boor of even the most naturally polite person. It became imperative to establish some line of connection with Mrs. Bennett, as she sat so calmly reading her week-old copy of *The Times*, raked by sullen Spanish eyes, under the bulwarks of so many Spanish bosoms, in the very shadow of Spanish noses, jutting like bowsprits across the fierce middle-aged moustachery of Spanish upper lips. One had so become accustomed to regard the Spanish as the most attractive of all people, so infinitely preferable to any of the Nordic races—one's own included—that it was startling to discover a patriotism believed utterly to have dissolved in international interests stirred in sympathy for Mrs. Bennett, as she anchored so serenely under the bows of this female Armada. Her temerity seemed out of all proportion to the act, had she not obviously been so utterly unconscious of the jealous scrutiny. Why, indeed, she would herself have said, should anyone be jealous of *me*? Nor, if one had talked for an hour, could one have convinced her of that thing bitterer than common jealousy that stirs in the Spanish woman's breast when she contemplates one of her own sex, upon whom the mere accident of nationality confers emancipation. "Emancipation!" you could picture Mrs. Bennett crying. "Really, my dear—*please*! How can you accuse me of being one of those dreadful creatures they call emancipated women?" For, of course, having been reared to it, the freedom of going about unaccompanied, and talking in a friendly fashion with the opposite sex, and being generally regarded as an intelligent individual means nothing to the Mrs. Bennetts.

Our chairs were so near together that the faint committal

creaking of Mrs. Bennett's corsetry kept one advised of her few movements. From her occasional glance across the top of her spectacles it seemed that she wished to attract the attention of one of the waiters, who stood in a group near the door of the dancing room, surveying with statuesque boredom the scene within. There is nothing on earth so languid as a Spanish waiter, and none so impervious to calls upon his attention, unless the aromatic bouquet of a coming tip happens to cross his nostrils.

Mrs. Bennett leaned forward.

"Excuse me," she said, in exactly the voice one expected from the rest of her appearance, "But I'm sure you are English?"

One was obliged to admit it; there is no lying about these matters, even after twenty years residence in the Iberian peninsular.

"Would you mind," said Mrs. Bennett, "telling one of those waiters to come here?"

"It is odd," she remarked a little later, when tea, ordered by her, and coffee, my own choice, stood upon the table between us, "how the English always know one another. I mean, when they are abroad. There must be something quite unmistakable about us as a nation. I wonder what it is? We never seem to lose our national coloration. It is really very nice to hear an English voice again," she ended surprisingly.

"You have been abroad some time?" It seemed incredible; she must have stepped complete, within the hour, from her parsonage or her armchair in the Cromwell Road. She had lost no breath of that English essence of which she was distilled.

"Several years," she returned, with a well-bred vagueness that seemed—although I am sure it was not intended—to rebuke an impertinence. "It will be nice to see the little green fields again; and I really do look forward to an English croquet lawn! The grass here is of a very poor quality—have you noticed? But perhaps it does not matter, as the Spaniards do not play croquet. Such a pleasant game! My husband used to say I was rather good at it. But one gets out of practice."

"I am sure you will soon recover your skill," I replied, enchanted by the picture of Mrs. Bennett playing croquet. She

rewarded me with a polite little smile, that trailed away to rest upon the dancers.

"So pleasant to see young people enjoying themselves. How pretty Spanish girls are. And such nice manners. A very strict upbringing, I believe, but it does seem to prove we allow our girls too much liberty in England. One so deplures old-fashioned opinions, but so much of the charm of English girlhood seems to have vanished with their simplicity in these dreadfully sophisticated days."

"Would you call Spanish girls simple?" I felt my brows rising. Unthinkable to deprive Mrs. Bennett of her illusions if, after "several years" in Spain, she still cherished any; but irresistible to test the profundities of her British imperception. She ignored the question, but countered with a surprising observation.

"You are, perhaps, a writer? Do pray excuse me," she added hastily, upon a little note of confusion strangely and youthfully touching. "An exile as long as mine has been makes one so terribly curious about one's countrymen. You must think me so impertinent."

"Please don't trouble about that. What should make you think I am a writer?"

"Oh—your way of watching people," she said, still confusedly. "Really, I am quite ridiculous! I never knew a writer in my life, although I remember once when my husband and I were staying in Dorchester, we were taken to call on the Hardys. You know who I mean: the *Thomas* Hardys. They had a pretty house that was called something Gate. Unfortunately they were not at home when we called, but it was quite interesting to see the garden and the house—from the outside, of course—where he wrote his novels. How foolish you must think me!"

"I'm so sorry to disappoint you by not being a writer!"

"Now you're making fun of me! My husband was always teasing me about the stories I made up about people. He said I had the very least capacity for 'placing' people of any woman he ever met! So awkward, with a position like my husband's to keep up. Oh dear, how grand that sounds! We were really very humble people, but the vicar of a parish has so many responsibilities that one is apt to think sometimes that the whole

world revolves round our little thoughts and actions. We had such a pretty house ; how very odd it would seem if one were to meet it out here ! ”

“ It is hard to imagine anything more incongruous than an English vicarage set in the Spanish landscape,” I agreed, more enchanted every moment with Mrs. Bennett, who was running so exquisitely true to type. The band was now playing a tango, and a clatter from the dining-room on our left showed that the waiters were preparing the tables for dinner.

“ The meal times are so odd, are they not ? ” she said, on a note of confidence she had not previously employed. “ So very bad for the digestion, although, of course, one does one’s best to conform with the habits of the country. It is a mistake to be *too* insular—don’t you think ? So long as one remembers one’s code, it is really better to let the little things go. Such a pity to disapprove of a thing just because it is foreign ! ”

The innocent parade of broadmindedness from one whose every gesture proclaimed the strictness of her limitations enraptured me. Willingly would I have dedicated the evening to her society, if such a suggestion would not have infringed the “ code ” upon which she set such value. I wondered whether it was permissible to introduce myself ; if I could offer my services, should she require them, to an English lady exiled, to use her own expression, in a foreign country, and did my best to assure her of the blamelessness of my intentions by mentioning the British consulate, where—much as I detest such places—we might renew our acquaintanceship.

“ No, I haven’t yet written my name,” she confessed. “ I have not been here long—in Sevilla, I mean—and I have had a little trouble, nothing serious, I am glad to say : merely some legal business in connection with property of my husband’s in England. Lawyers—so tiresome. I never had anything to do with them in the old days, and typewritten envelopes do so fluster me ! Really, you must forgive me for chattering about my stupid affairs. Since coming here I have had so little opportunity for making English contacts that I quite forget myself in the pleasure of talking to a fellow countryman again.”

The conversation looped off around English subjects ; a few names slipped in casually, which, although they established no

line of mutual acquaintance, carry conviction to Britishers all the world over. We talked about conservatories, herbaceous borders, the relative merits of antirrhinum and geranium as bedding out plants, the superiority of Torquay over other watering places, the Eton and Harrow match (which she had once attended), the Jubilee, which she was very sorry to have missed: "Such *dear* people, our King and Queen, so truly homely and simple." She was interested in the new Zoo, which she had read about, but had not seen, at Whipsnade, and asked me to explain what the papers meant by the new traffic restrictions, which seemed to her highly commendable. "Why anyone should wish to travel at a greater speed than thirty miles an hour I cannot imagine," she declared. "I remember when we bought a little pony cart, just after my husband was appointed to his first living; how we enjoyed driving Teddy—that was the pony's name—along the country lanes, picking honeysuckle from the hedges as Teddy jogged along! What does the present generation, tearing through the countryside in a cloud of dust, know of such pleasure as that? Oh dear, how dreadful the dust is in Spain! I cannot get my servants to take it seriously, and I am sure there is very little pleasure to be had in going for a drive, when one comes back coated with powder, as though one had been rolling in the road."

Not one word to explain what kept her in a country which, in spite of her broadmindedness, she evidently detested. I found myself admiring her reticence as, with the skilful touch of a woman accustomed to handling small talk, she kept the conversation on impersonal lines: mingling historical reminiscence with those soft and woolly forms of politics which are permitted, in England, even to vicar's wives.

And the Armada looked on, riveted by the spectacle of an apparently respectable lady talking to a man whose acquaintance she had most obviously only just made, yet not nearly so intrigued as they would have been could they have heard the conversation, which presently wandered to books, music, and pictures. Mrs. Bennett did so like Hugh Walpole—although the Herries saga was rather too long for her, and really a little coarse in places; did I think Mr. Walpole was going in for that kind of thing?—it seemed such a pity, when he had always held

himself so much apart from the dreadful modern style of writing. So delightful when he wrote about clergymen. "One feels his gentlefolk really *are* gentlefolk, not the rather dreadful kind of inventions some writers give us; but, of course, it is all a matter of breeding, isn't it, and the lower middle classes can't be expected to know about gentlefolk. Odd, how many of the present-day writers come from quite—well, *common* stock." Music she knew very little about; she liked nice singing, so long as there was nothing theatrical; but on pictures she was better informed, because her husband had made a little collection—"so far as our means would allow"—of early Italian masters; such *beautiful* madonnas, "unfortunately sold for much below their value after his death."

The *thé dansant* was breaking up; mothers were reclaiming their daughters, young men, glancing surreptitiously at their wrist watches, were planning to escape for the rest of the evening from such restricting society; a few emancipated young married couples passed downstairs to the cocktail bar, that innovation which still provides more embarrassment than enjoyment for young Spain. Beyond the swing door of the lounge the sky was the colour of the dark Spanish lavender, and prickling with large stars.

"Please," said Mrs. Bennett, "will you call the waiter?"

I did so, wondering whether she would consider our conversation sufficient justification for my settling her bill as well as mine. A curious coolness seemed to have descended upon me, which I was loth to disturb: as though a breath from the English downs had blown across the mountains. I felt as though I had enjoyed an interlude in an English garden, and half regretful and half angry, I found myself homesick for scenes which I had believed myself to have lost the desire ever to visit again. Had she been young and beautiful, with that blonde English beauty which is considered so disturbing in Spain, I could not have felt half so regretful as I did at the prospect of parting with Mrs. Bennett, who carried in the folds of her dim gown the whole epitome of England.

As the waiter came over I noticed that he gave the pair of us an odd look; but accustomed as I had grown to the mystification of Spaniards before the freedoms of British manners, I did

not allow myself to be ruffled, as, a few years previously, I might have done. If he chose to imagine an incipient liaison between two highly respectable and elderly Britishers, he was at liberty to do so; it struck me as a pity that Mrs. Bennett and I were not upon terms which permitted my sharing the joke with her.

She, meanwhile, was feeling in her good little shabby bag to pay the bill, and presently she brought out a hundred peseta note, which gave me the opportunity I was seeking.

"Please let me settle this."

"Oh no, thank you." She asked the waiter, in tolerable Spanish, if he could change the note, and I intercepted his reply by holding out the small change for both our accounts. "Why not?" I said, interrupting her protest. "You don't want to be weighed down with a bagful of duros."

She made some conventional and cool acknowledgment, and began to put on her gloves. Again the phantasmagoric feeling came over me, as the thin stuff slipped over her neat, elderly hands; I noticed that one of the fingers had been mended. I felt that those gloves were the most incredible things I had ever seen.

Mrs. Bennett gathered her newspaper and her bag together, and rose. Against the mock-Arabic decoration of the lounge her short, self-possessed figure struck a note of fantasia. The Armada had broken from its moorings and departed; we were alone, save for the waiter, watching from a discreet distance.

She was again fumbling in her bag, and no word had been spoken between us about another meeting. Why should there be? We were sober, elderly people, not young romantics; we had our own ties, our own circles of friends, to which, at our ages, one does not lightly add another name. I did not know hers, nor she mine, until she took from her bag a visiting card, which she held, hesitantly for a little while in her fingers before giving it to me.

"You are living alone in Sevilla?" she inquired: and it was the first direct and personal inquiry which had passed between us. With it a new note seemed to enter into our conversation. The look she gave me puzzled me; it was as though her whole expression had changed, had hardened. She seemed, for the first time, to be taking stock of me, as I admitted I was alone.

I was on my guard, however, for I could feel a change also in our relationship.

It was then she laid in my hands the clue to the black cotton gloves, the little meek hat, and quietly respectable outfit. The name on the card was not Mrs. Bennett, and the address, which I saw at a glance, carried a certain significance in Sevilla, as similar addresses carry in other towns.

"A man of your temperament must feel very dull at times," she said, with a briskness that had been lacking in all her former conversation. "I'll be very pleased to give you tea one afternoon, if you like to give me a ring on the telephone. And I can promise to have some *very* nice girls to amuse you."

With her air of a waiting woman at the Victorian court she crossed the lounge: neat, confident, genteelly shabby, with virtue in her step. Across the lounge the waiter caught my eye. He did not exactly wink at me. . . .

SPANISH KALEIDOSCOPE: A BACKGROUND

BY DR. WALTER STARKIE

TO one who has spent many years vagabonding through Spain, the present tragic conflict seems like an appalling nightmare. Every day the descriptions of battles, burnings, lootings, assassinations, torture the mind. As a contrast, before one's eyes there follow in unceasing sequence scenes of Spain in years of peace—Spain the paradise of the wanderer.

As I look back over the past sixteen years, I think, first of all, of a little Chapel in the Cathedral at Burgos where hangs on the Cross the famous Christ of Agony. And that figure on the Cross is said to be covered with human skin and to possess real hair and nails and real thorns in the Crown on its head. The bleeding wounds have been so well imitated by the artist that it is believed that the statue bleeds and the flesh sweats. They even say that it has to be shaven and have its nails cut from time to time. That Cross has always been an object of profound cult in Spain. It represents the cult of Christ in agony before death who cries out "Consummatum est." Agony is struggle, and Christ dying upon the Cross brings struggle, not peace. When I think of that Christ, I think of one of Spain's great thinkers of modern days, Miguel Unamuno, the author of one of the profoundest books on Spain, *The Tragic Sense of Life*.

I remember Unamuno at Salamanca in 1921 when Spain was at peace and there seemed to be prosperity in the country. But Unamuno was never weary of proclaiming the significance of death, of blood, of Don Quixote as the highest symbol of man. In appearance, the philosopher resembled an oak tree with an owl's head. There were no graces or adornment in his personal appearance, and if I had put him into a rough smock and given him an ash-plant you would swear that he was one of the rugged white-bearded mountaineers of Biscay, were it not for his strange

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owl eyes which are those of a soothsayer. It was no wonder that Count Keyserling called Unamuno "the living Spaniard of most importance to Europe." Unamuno, with his peering owl-like eyes, represents the ceaseless restlessness of the Spanish spirit. Man is more divine the greater capacity he has for suffering. And so, says Unamuno, the life of a true Christian should be agony as in those tragic crucifixes.

It was Unamuno who proclaimed his doctrine of Spanish Quixotism, calling it the despairing struggle of the Middle Ages against the Renaissance. With Unamuno as a guide we begin to understand some of the eternal paradoxes of Spain. A French writer has said of him: "Here is the agony of Unamuno, wrestler, wrestling with himself, with his people, against his people. The man of war, hostile, fratricide, tribune without a party, solitary exile, preaching in the desert, provocative, vain, pessimistic, paradoxical, torn to bits between life and death, invincible, yet always vanquished."

When I met Unamuno in 1928, he had been exiled, and I had walked up and down with him along the road near the Spanish Frontier, and he had said: "I am waiting here at the gates of Spain: waiting until the Monarchy falls . . ." In 1928 an exile; in 1931 a victor—a victor acclaimed by all. He returned in triumph to Madrid after the establishment of the Republic.

And, once again, I remember Unamuno after the beginning of this tragic war when he had said at Salamanca the famous words: "Every day I pass the statue of Fray Luis de León, who raised his hand in token of the brotherhood of man, but not the clenched fist of class hatred." It was natural that such a man should declare himself on the side of Christianity and tradition against barbarism.

The significance of this war will be understood when we realize that once again in the Iberian Peninsula the battle of two ideologies is being fought out in all its pitilessness; and to understand the course of events we should go back to the Middle Ages when Spain was the bulwark of all Western Christianity against the Orient.

For years past, in wandering through Spain, north and south, and living the life of a minstrel, I had felt as if I was fiddling while Rome was burning. In every village I could feel the sense

of agony and tension. Events seem to go from one reaction to another. In the north of Spain among the Basques, who are intensely religious, the anti-religious policy of the Government caused a reaction which produced such incidents as the famous Visions of Ezquioga. Ezquioga was a tiny village in the Guipuzcoan mountains where two little children said they had seen the Virgin Mary. Thousands came from all over the Basque and Navarre Provinces, and even from far-off Burgos, to take part in the nightly prayers on the hill. When I visited Ezquioga there were 60,000 people praying on the hills at night. One after another, visionaries would be carried unconscious down the hill and into the cottages of the village. When they recovered consciousness they would describe their visions. Our Lady had spoken to them; she was surrounded by Angels dressed in white and blue and with swords drawn. Saint Michael the Archangel was standing by holding a sword dripping with blood, and every visionary told the same tale that there would be war between the Catholics and the non-Catholics. At first, the Catholics would suffer severely and lose many men, but ultimately they would triumph with the help of the angels and Our Lady.

Amongst this crowd of visionaries there were many eager young men from the Basque Province and Navarre who would say to me: "We are soldiers and we have fought in the Morocco campaign; but we shall be overjoyed to draw our swords again in such a glorious cause as that of our religion."

These events at Ezquioga took place in 1931, three months after the Declaration of the Republic. These eager young men of the Catholic Action in Navarre have been in the forefront of the battles round Irun and San Sebastian.

Let us take another side of the picture. As far back as 1931, when I wandered through the small villages of Castile and La Mancha, I found many traces of another spirit entirely in antithesis to the one I have described. Among the tavern audience there would always be a young Communist whose ideas were in contrast to those of the rest. Let me describe one whom I met in a small Castilian town. He was a good-looking young man, dressed in a jaunty-smartness, wearing a red tie. He knew a little French, for he considered it the best language for international relations. I then found out that he was responsible

for spreading the light of Communism in the small village. He had spent some years in France where he had been initiated into the doctrines of Lenin. When the Revolution had broken out in Spain he had returned to his native village to devote himself to the new Gospel. Little by little, he tried to spread his theories. An up-hill task it was, for the folk in Castile have always been slow-thinking and slow-moving. "Yes, comrades," he said, "we need a volcanic eruption to blow the world sky-high." The most violent hatred was openly expressed by such a young man against the Church and the priests. "Religion is the opium of the masses; Spain has always been too tolerant with the black soutane. Why should any priests exist in the modern state? What are they but drones and parasites preying on the workers? The soutane is the badge of those who have been denied the rights and privileges of manhood." And then he would end up with excited words: "The Revolution of April did next to nothing; it was just a ripple on the water—a feast without wine. What did the workers get but tantalizing promises? Spain exchanged one set of capitalists for another. No, comrade, the true Revolution must yet come."

To-day there is a band of young men ready to devote their lives to the ideals of Communism. It is not enough to give personal service: one must also spread the doctrine; one must be prepared to live one's life out in the wilds and spread the influence among the ignorant masses.

One of the most interesting revolutionary types I met was at Granada where, in a tavern, I made friends with a strange wreck of a man called Francisco Borrachera. He seemed to me characteristic of the paradox that you find in so many Spaniards. When I met him he was improvising a *saeta* or arrow of song with all the gusto of a civilian devotee of Holy Week. As soon as he had finished his song he cursed religions and exclaimed against the failure of the Revolution in 1931. "We Socialists were all fools then; we were all out for idealist theories. It was idealism which prompted us to give votes to women—nice fools we were. What was the consequence? The women went over to the clergy, and we brought back the soutane again." But Borrachera, in spite of his revolutionary utterances, was a religious minstrel in Granada. The nuns would invite him in Holy Week

to sing sacred *coplas* when the statue of Our Lady was carried through the streets.

Communism, however, will not satisfy the revolutionary of the South of Spain. For the last few years, I had heard on all sides in the villages of Andalusia the phrase "Libertarian communism." "What on earth is Libertarian communism?" said I to one of my companions. "Libertarian communism," said he, "means that everyone may do exactly what he pleases." Libertarian communism is in effect anarchy of the type preached by Bakunin in the nineteenth century. Bakunin was cast out of the International by Karl Marx; but his theories have taken root in the South of Europe where men have always vaguely longed for a Golden Age of Saturn. During the golden age there was no "meum" and "tuum" and every man loved his neighbour. It was the age of iron that brought money, capitalism, churches, difference of class, and all the hierarchy of civilization which has destroyed the purity of man and created a society based upon the slave-worker. Communists insist that the State shall be supreme and men shall be servants of that State. The anarchists insist that all the remnants of the old order shall be burnt out. "We must destroy all the selfish past," they cry, "and, from its ashes, a new world will arise."

In going from village to village, I met many of the anarchist type; charming people they were: vague, mystical, sensitive, with all the passion of an ecstatic in their utterances.

As a result of my experiences, I felt profoundly convinced that if the Communists were to win this war they would not be masters of the situation, for they would have to fight another war against the anarchists whose opinions are so diametrically opposed to theirs.

When we look back over the history of Spain, we find that it is a history of great individuals. The mass of the people have always acted blindly and on impulse; whereas other countries, such as England, evolved a colonial system which drew its strength from educated minorities: in Spain it was the mass of the people which acted blindly and unconsciously. In the Middle Ages in England, when the larder was becoming bare, the wife of an English baron would serve up at the banquet upon the platter a spur as a gentle hint that it was now time for her noble lord to

go off to the Continent to conquer fresh food. The British Empire grew as a movement of educated minorities such as the Puritans who set out in the "Mayflower" to create a new system in far-off America. In France as a result of feudalism there grew up a minority of barons who created a state of tension between themselves and the Monarchy. In Spain when Columbus discovered America, in the same year as the capture of that last stronghold of the Moors, Granada, the mass of the people rushed out in quest of the gold of the New World. The population of the South of Spain dropped by half within a hundred years of the discovery of America, and all the theories of agricultural and economic reform proposed by the greatest Queen in Spanish history were left unaccomplished. Many Spaniards cry out the tragic refrain: "Why has the will of Queen Isabella of Castile never been carried out?" Spanish statecraft consisted above all in combining the two great international policies which existed in the sixteenth century in the Peninsula: the Castilian policy of Queen Isabella directed towards Africa and Central Europe; the Aragonese policy towards the Mediterranean. As a result of the alliance between the Lion (Queen Isabella) and the Fox (King Ferdinand) for the first time in history an attempt was made to create a *Weltpolitik*. Spanish power rose rapidly as a gesture towards world domination.

Throughout the reign of Charles V and the first twenty years of Philip II's reign, the curve rises rapidly; but soon after 1580 begins the decline that dragged slowly along for centuries. In 1588, the defeat of the Spanish Armada initiated a sad series of disasters. Then came the process of disintegration which has continued ever since: the Netherlands, then the Duchy of Milan, then Naples. Then in the nineteenth century the great provinces crossed the ocean and finally in 1898 the minor colonies in America and the Far East. Finally, after 1900, when Spain was reduced to its peninsula and Morocco, the cry of Regionalism, Separatism arose from within the country.

When we consider all these problems of Spanish history, can we wonder that behind the Government of Burgos are ranged both the Monarchists, the republicans who have a love for order, and the majority of those who follow neither political extreme? During my wanderings in Spain, I could not find

many traces of Fascism. The Fascists were a very small party created by the son of Primo de Rivera, the Dictator who, although he broke the Constitution, conferred many material benefits on his country. On one occasion when I spoke with Primo in Madrid he said with a laughing gesture: "I have power in Spain because I am a Dictator with a sense of humour. Even the cab-drivers in Madrid call me Miguelito." Primo de Rivera was a good-natured Andalusian. He came from the town of Jerez de la Frontera, the city of wine, good humour, and the *juerga*, or spree. He was an excellent soldier with a soldier's acceptance of his destiny. People even called him a Sancho Panza as though he were the personification of common sense—that spirit of *casticismo* which we find in Andalusian as well as Manchegan. It was the downfall of Primo de Rivera that precipitated events; and it was with a sense of tragedy that we saw him driven out of Spain to die of a broken heart in a Parisian garret.

This war has brought out all the racial spirit of the Spanish people. To find a parallel to the heroic defence of the Alcazar of Toledo we have to go back to Livy's account of the sacking of Saguntum by Hannibal or else to the siege of Saragossa in 1808 by the French when Our Lady of Pilar was transformed by the Aragonese into the captain of their troops. In this war all military theories have fallen to the ground. Forts of medieval times resist the bombardment of modern artillery; battles continue with unabated ferocity even after all the officers have been captured. No place surrenders as long as men and women have arms to defend it. Who can foreshadow the future? If, as seems likely, the troops of General Franco win the war, they cannot go back to the ancient Spain and attempt to set up a State of the old-fashioned type. They must create a new programme for a country that has suffered so deeply. They will have to broaden their scope and admit into the ranks all those who will work in a great modern movement of regeneration of Spain.

BELGIUM'S NEW POLICY

BY BETTY BARZIN

FOR many years past Belgium had drifted into the background of European politics. No one seemed interested in a country which enjoyed internal peace and whose sole aim in her foreign policy was the closest possible understanding with her Allies of the Great War. Lately, however, Belgium has suddenly come into the limelight for a double reason: the King of the Belgians delivered an address the tenor of which may bring about unexpected changes in the political outlook of Western Europe, and further, an internal movement was set on foot which, to the outside world at any rate, seemed the forerunner of another of those political upheavals characteristic of the Europe of today. Since King Leopold's sensational statement was largely the outcome of internal problems it would seem logical to deal first with Belgian home affairs, and more particularly with the uneasiness caused by the Rexist movement.

Belgian elections took place in May last. The usual dullness of an electioneering campaign fought on the basis of complete proportional representation was relieved by the advent of a new party whose propaganda methods were unexpectedly violent. It was a one-man campaign, and the one man, M. Léon Degrelle, made it clear from the start that he did not personally wish to fight for a seat. For some years, M. Degrelle had headed the Rexist movement, which was originally of a politico-religious nature. "Rex" stood for "Christus-Rex," unconditional purity among Catholic politicians, and total abstention from politics on the part of every member of the Catholic clergy. This in itself was worthy of approval, for it cannot be denied that internal friction in Belgium has often been due to the immixture of religious authorities in politics. In the months which immediately preceded the May elections, M. Degrelle went further. He very cleverly improved the opportunity given him by the

general discontent prevailing in a country where year after year of economic crisis had broken the spirits of many. M. Degrelle claimed that the crisis would have been solved a long time ago had there been no profiteering, no hoarding by unscrupulous bankers working hand in hand with equally unscrupulous politicians; that the Rexists fought for political cleanliness and would rid the country of every form of corruption. Through his own press organ he began a campaign of direct attacks on various leading personalities. These attacks entailed many lawsuits—at the present moment M. Degrelle has roughly two hundred cases to fight!—the most important of which was won by M. Degrelle a few days before the elections. His winning of the case, brought against one of the oldest leaders of the Belgian Catholic Party, was a triumph for M. Degrelle and at the same time a very serious blow to the Catholics. Twenty-one Rexists were returned in the elections, and of the 220,000 votes given to M. Degrelle's friends, the greater majority emanated from Catholic circles, which had voted Catholic since the very existence of independent Belgium.

So much for the first act of the Rexist play. When the curtain rose on the second act, Rex's supporters discovered that their idol had no constructive programme whatsoever. Moreover, the Rexist parliamentarians have no striking personality, and their long-awaited interventions in Parliament, where their electors expected them to work wonders, were utterly insignificant. It became gradually clear that the Rexist movement had fallen from the heights of purity to the lowlands of M. Degrelle's personal ambition, and that the Rexist policy was one of plain opportunism. The Rex party began by slandering the Government and by deliberately misinterpreting every economic achievement of the Van Zeeland Ministry. This particular form of the Rexist "programme" has been maintained to this day.

During the strikes this summer, M. Degrelle did nothing to uphold law and order. On the contrary, he argued that the "banksters" (his nickname for financial and industrial magnates) were, by their greed, undermining the very life of the people of Belgium. Later on, however, when, thanks to active intervention and sound new legislation, the labour conflicts had

- subsided, M. Degrelle, noticing the great fear of Communism prevalent in the country, disclosed a new credo: "Beware of Communism! Follow me! I will save the country from the Communist danger which the Government is unable to avoid." Rex had at last touched upon something very real: the terror of Communism in a country where the lower middle-classes, and even many thousands of workmen, own sufficient wealth to feel determined to fight for it. The Van Zeeland Cabinet consists of a coalition of Catholics, Liberals and Socialists. The latter are particularly well represented. M. Degrelle argues that every Socialist adheres to Marxist theories and is thus a potential factor of Communism; and that consequently any Ministry relying on Socialists must necessarily drive the country to ruin.

In order to find adequate support, M. Degrelle launched his campaign in certain specific directions. First of all he turned to small shopkeepers. When one recalls that in Belgium there is one small shop to every thirty-seven inhabitants, one will understand why the Government has so rapidly agreed to a provisional prohibition of any new chain stores. On that point, Rex has undoubtedly scored, and unless anything unforeseen happens, shopkeepers will remain true to the Rexist creed.

M. Degrelle's next move was to secure support in the Flemish part of the country, where, being a Walloon, he had met with considerable opposition. All he was able to do in that direction was to come to some mysterious understanding with the Belgian *Frontpartij*, a group of sixteen Flemish Nationalists whose origin may be traced to the policy of separatism pursued in Belgium by the German authorities during the Occupation. Needless to say the activities of these Flemish separatists are despised by the major part of the Belgian population, who generally refer to the party plainly as "traitors." M. Degrelle's move upset many good Belgians, not only in the Walloon provinces, but also in Brussels and in the Flemish part of the country, and one cannot help feeling that, had the Government seized this psychological opportunity and not interfered, the Rexists would have lost a great number of adherents. But the Government had embarked upon an anti-extremist crusade and was already moving too swiftly for any brake to act.

It has been rumoured that M. Degrelle is in touch with Nazi

leaders. It has even been asserted that part at any rate of his expensive propaganda is paid for by Berlin. There is no tangible evidence to substantiate such a suggestion. There are many sources from which Rex may draw money. M. Degrelle's numerous public meetings attract enormous audiences. He is an orator of exceptional talent, and the "Rex-Appel" is so strong that many anti-Rexists go to hear him as though they were attending a concert or a theatrical performance and pay for their seats. Hence, every one of his political meetings brings in, instead of costing, money. Furthermore, many of his supporters contribute to the Party Fund. And, last but not least, some of his most bitter opponents take out an insurance policy to safeguard their future (as was done in Italy and Germany also), in the form of financial gifts to a party they fear!

Although no material link between Rex and the Nazis has been traced, certain spiritual ties cannot fail to be noticed. M. Degrelle's very propaganda is carried out on Nazi lines; the meetings are staged with a Nazi *mise en scène*, the very word "dictatorship" is forbidden and replaced by "Leader of the people," "popular movement," etc.; the Flemish Nationalists, the first political group to be approached with a view to common action, happen to be the only group in Belgium which sympathizes with Nazi Germany; and, above all, the outcry against Communism has coincided with the recurrence of the anti-Soviet campaign in Germany. From the point of view of foreign policy, M. Degrelle has repeatedly expressed his deep conviction that Adolf Hitler is out for peace and understanding with Belgium; that the League of Nations, in its present form, should be abandoned by Belgium; that the first act of his Government (for M. Degrelle talks very frequently of his imminent advent to power) shall be the recognition of the annexation of Abyssinia by Italy; that France, in its present form, is a danger to the European community. In other words, he views foreign policy from an angle which is curiously similar to the German standpoint.

An even stronger indication of the fact that the Rexist leader sees eye to eye with Nazi Germany is his repeated reference to a "Union of-regenerated Continental Powers" which should be built on a strong economic and colonial understanding.

Needless to say that the German press views M. Degrelle's activities with considerable favour.

It is difficult to express an opinion as to M. Degrelle's present strength in the country. The Prime Minister certainly appears to consider him dangerous, and has taken the lead in a national campaign against Rex, in line with a struggle against Communism. The policy of the Cabinet is a very simple one: "We have stood this nonsense long enough. We are going to tell the people what we have achieved in the realm of economic revival and social legislation. Moreover, we shall explain to our countrymen why Belgium is unsuitable soil for extremist activities, whether of the Right or of the Left." This very sound policy has been endorsed by numerous leaders of all parties, and present, past and future Cabinet Ministers are touring the country to preach the gospel of National Unity against extremists. It is more than an ordinary political campaign. And every Belgian feels that the issue at stake is the very life of the nation.

A sound observer cannot help wondering why matters have ever reached the present pitch. Belgium has emerged from the world crisis more rapidly than any of its neighbours. The much criticized devaluation of the Belgian franc would have had to be resorted to simultaneously with that of other currencies a few weeks ago, and the fact that it took place in March, 1935, has undoubtedly helped towards the economic recovery of Belgium. Belgian unemployment has been reduced by more than 65 per cent. Belgian agriculture, after being down and out, now boasts of a revenue nearly five times as large as its cost of production. The Government's control over the rise in prices has benefited the purchasing power of the public almost as much as did the increase in wages. Recent history has taught us that Communism or dictatorship is the natural consequence of economic ruin. There is no economic ruin in Belgium, and thus the main reason for the success of any extremist venture is absent.

There is even more to be said: no pauperism exists in Belgium. The Belgian workman is industrious, thrifty, and remarkably sensible. He does not drink, he does not gamble. From early youth he carries the conviction that a decent man should own the house he lives in or the plot of land he works on, and should

give his children a better education than that he received himself. In spite of Communist propaganda, the Belgian working class continues to live up to its ideal, and the Belgian workman, far from being a potential Communist, is a potential bourgeois.

The anti-Communist campaign of the Government, therefore, should prove a comparatively easy one. The Rexist danger, however, may be somewhat more difficult to meet, in view of the fact that M. Degrelle is surrounded by very young men who are living in a strange atmosphere of collective hysteria, and in whom social and political ambitions are growing with dangerous swiftness. These young men will be given a vote within the next two or three years, and unless something drastic is done to bring them round towards sound citizenship, the next election may see some upheavals. Viewed from that angle, the Government campaign is certainly justified. Every friend of Belgium will wish to see its traditional common sense get the upper hand in a struggle which, although mainly due to outside influences, is none the less very serious.

Fear of Communism has not only caused a change in the internal affairs of Belgium, but has also indirectly affected its foreign policy. King Leopold's sensational speech last October took Europe by surprise. Yet, had Europe followed the evolution of Belgian opinion more closely, the King's speech would have seemed nothing but the logical outcome of the succession of events—both national and international—since the War. Belgium had spontaneously and wholeheartedly given up its pre-War neutral status to join the Allied Block. It had full confidence in the Allied promise that all its losses would be made good. It would be useless to dwell here on the succession of disappointments as far as the payment of reparations was concerned. Belgium very sincerely hoped to reach a military agreement with Great Britain. Its hopes in that direction were shattered by Britain's definite refusal to enter into any alliance whatsoever. Belgium fully relied on the Geneva Covenant, but the repeated failures of the League of Nations undermined its confidence. Belgium had trusted the Locarno Treaty. Again its faith was shattered. The reoccupation of the demilitarized Rhineland zone by German troops caused such bitterness in Belgium that

a change of foreign policy became unavoidable. As M. van Zeeland very rightly pointed out at the London Conference in March, the German argument that France, by signing the Soviet Pact, had been the first to break the Locarno Convention had no bearing whatsoever upon the specific position of Belgium. Belgium was no party to the Soviet Treaty, and the German danger on Belgium's Eastern frontier was tangible and immediate, whereas the Russian danger on the German Eastern frontier could scarcely be considered as such.

France and Belgium had, shortly after the War, signed a military agreement, the text of which, though secret, had been registered at Geneva. Since its very conception, this treaty had been distasteful to the Flemings, who fought unceasingly against it. In addition to their dislike of France because of the anti-Catholic trend of the French Republican regime, the Flemings had accumulated a series of grievances of a purely economic nature, among others the continuous harm done to the Flemish port of Antwerp, and, rightly or wrongly, they accuse French cultural propaganda of being responsible for the imaginary crushing of the development of Flemish culture in Belgium. To them, a military alliance with France has always meant political penetration, and they did everything they could to undermine the agreement. They would perhaps never have succeeded, had it not been for the growth of Communism in France. But the fear of Communist contagion is so great in Belgium that even the staunchest supporters of France decided recently that it was time to sever the connection with their southern neighbour. As long as the Locarno Pact stood, however, the total breach with France seemed an utter impossibility. After the German move on March 7th, it became unavoidable.

The break in Franco-Belgian relations has been quite wrongly interpreted as meaning a *rapprochement* with Germany. Belgium remembers the War as no other country does. Its trust in Germany was too severely shaken in 1914 to be recovered for many years to come. That distrust has increased since the advent of the Nazi regime, and although the Führer's crusade against Bolshevism awakens sympathy among many Belgians, an alliance with Germany is utterly unthinkable.

Since an agreement with England seemed unattainable, the

alliance with France dangerous, and an understanding with Germany out of the question, all there remained was to pursue a policy of utter independence. Long before the King's speech, such a policy had been outlined by the Belgian Foreign Minister, and definitely confirmed by M. van Zeeland. But international opinion failed to understand. In Germany, the Belgian official utterances were wilfully misinterpreted, and in France, one writer went as far as to use the word "treachery" when commenting upon King Leopold's speech. It has been suggested that the Royal message meant immediate repudiation of all existing agreements. This is, in fact, M. Degrelle's interpretation. But why accept the Rexist version and overlook the real meaning of the King's words? As has been solemnly stated in the Belgian Parliament, the King's speech is merely an indication of future policy. On the eve of a new Locarno Conference—which may never take place—Belgium wishes to indicate openly the attitude which it will adopt. There are to be no further ties. Belgium is prepared to assume the full defence of its territory. The new policy is not a return to the pre-war neutrality which entitled Belgium to content herself with a limited resistance—Belgium did not avail itself of that privilege and thus earned the respect of the whole world; the new status means unconditional war against any invader of Belgian territory. Such a policy obviously requires adequate military strength. This is where we return to internal affairs.

A mixed military and Parliamentary Commission was entrusted some months ago with the drawing up of a new military status, in anticipation of the adoption of the new foreign policy outlined above. The work of the Commission is finished and the new Army Bill is now before the House and will probably be passed before these lines appear in print. It was known that in Flemish circles the provisions of the Bill were meeting with some adverse criticism, and that the Rexistists were determined to fight against it. There seemed but one way to rally complete support, and that was to proclaim solemnly that the new Army status was destined solely for the protection of Belgium; that Belgium was nobody's friend and nobody's ally. It was further felt that one man only would be listened to with complete confidence on such vital issues: the King. Hence the Royal speech. It was

a wise move, for no Belgian party will ever wish to bear the responsibility of a refusal to defend the country.

Whereas the majority of Belgians agree on the new foreign policy as a whole, there may be some difficulties ahead as to the manner in which it shall be carried out. Until now, the only Belgian frontier which seemed to need defence was the Eastern, i.e., on the German side. Since the new policy proclaims complete frontier defence, certain Flemish mischief-makers, backed by the Rexistists, argue that the Southern frontier, on the French side, cannot be left uncovered. The very notion of an organized defence on the French frontier causes the Walloons to rise in angry protest. Every serious-minded Belgian shares this anger, for the possibility of an aggression by France is too remote to be worth a second's consideration. Nevertheless, the question may arise in a more acute form sooner or later and bring about a heavy, although unnecessary, financial burden, not to speak of further internal difficulties.

King Leopold has made another statement, destined solely for his countrymen, warning them of the danger of internal friction, and calling on all parties to recover the traditional Belgian common sense, to work on lines of national unity, and to avoid every action of an extremist nature. A speech from the Throne is a rare occurrence in Belgium, and such a step has hitherto been resorted to only on an issue of vital importance to the nation. It is to be hoped that the Royal words will bear fruit.

THE EDUCATION OF BAEDEKER

BY FRANCIS WATSON

IN the library of the Alpine Club in Savile Row there is suitably preserved a copy of Karl Baedeker's guide to Switzerland, published at Koblenz in 1844, three years after the first issue of *Punch*. It antedates Edward Whymper's classic *Scrambles Amongst the Alps* by over a quarter of a century, and though the question of Baedeker's debt to John Murray's guides (which Karl himself amiably acknowledged) is still hotly disputed, there can be no doubt that, as far as Switzerland was concerned, the German was in at the start. But whether Baedeker invented Tourism or Tourism invented Baedeker is an academic point unworthy of the attention of the devout traveller.

The Guide to *Switzerland*, though perhaps the most famous, was not the earliest of Baedeker's handbooks. The firm was founded in 1827 in Essen, Karl's birthplace, and shortly moved to Koblenz, where the first publication, the *Rheinreise*, appeared in or about 1830. In date, in title-page, and in tone it proclaims itself a neglected contribution to the Romantic movement, but we cannot here examine it as it deserves. Karl I died in 1859, at the age of fifty-eight, and his son Fritz continued the business on more ambitious lines in Leipzig. Karl's imprint still appeared on the guides, but to the regions which he had chartered with laborious personal attention and strict integrity ("Hotels which cannot be accurately characterized without exposing the editor to the risk of legal proceedings are left unmentioned") were added wider tracts no less carefully covered by a various band of specialists. Greece, the Balkans, Russia, Egypt, India, at last Canada and the U.S.A., were opened up to the observant tourist. Foreign writers were added to the staff (among them Findlay Muirhead, later compiler of the *Blue Guides*), and the plump red books came out in French and English translations.

Karl II, elder brother of Fritz, contracted sunstroke in the selfless discharge of his duties in Egypt, and had to retire. Fritz's son, Karl III, became a Professor at Jena and was killed

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in the early days of the war. Fritz himself survived to see the fortunes of the firm recovering after the four years' interruption to peaceable travel, dying only in 1925. Hans, Ernst and Dietrich, three brothers, continue the Baedeker name and tradition, and they take us now (by air if we prefer it) to Czechoslovakia, to Yugoslavia, to Latvia, countries whose names Karl I had never heard of. His maps have been re-drawn to admit such things as Polish Corridors, and his successors steer one through blocked exchanges as he once unfolded the mysteries of Italian local currency. And yet, for all that, Karl Baedeker remains deathless and indivisible, as secure as Shakespeare and Homer from the theorists who produce "ghosts" and collaborators. Of the mortality of individual investigators we need take no more heed than of the biographies of Chinese potters. It is Sung, it is Baedeker, it is enough.

We may adopt as our portrait of this indestructible figure the authentic likeness of Karl I as it has been preserved for us. Broad-shouldered and commanding of person, he wears a long black coat with silk lapels and a neat black cravat. His upper lip is clean-shaven, but his face is framed in a fringe of dark hair. His glance is bold, though like Ben Jonson he has one eye slightly lower than the other. For the rest we must use our fancy, and first of all it is to be noted that, like Napoleon, he is an insomniac. Far into the night, after a long day's exploration and a minute survey of the hotel's amenities, he must sit in his bedroom filling up his notebooks. But he wakes early to record that the finest view is obtained shortly after sunrise. Even those few hours of sleep are sometimes disturbed and, lighting a candle, he searches diligently for the cause. It is in Southern Italy and he has found a flea, or possibly some yet more fearsome insect. He erases the star which he had formerly awarded to the hostelry and examines the bed. As he had guessed, the frame is of wood. He opens his bag, shakes a little powder over the bed, and sits down to write again before blowing out the candle. No bitterness, no sarcasm, simply this: "Iron bedsteads should if possible be selected, as affording less accommodation to the active class so hostile to repose. Insect-powder (*polvere di Persia* or Keating's) or camphor somewhat repels their advances."

His days are too full to follow, and in any case he prefers to travel alone. Above all, he wants no women about him. Ladies may travel where they wish, and he will advise them as far as delicacy permits upon their outfit. But the special measures required to preserve their moral and physical safety absorb time and trouble that might be better spent. Among the London music-halls, even in 1930, "ladies may visit the better-class establishments without fear," but the public-houses (or taverns) of the capital "may be patronized by the less conventional traveller, but not, of course, by ladies." Baedeker's chivalry is not in question, but frankly he would rather be unaccompanied.

We should recognize him if we met him—turning up the carpet in the Royal Palace at Amsterdam to discover "a representation of the firmament, inlaid in copper"; descending at a happy jog-trot the paved path ("steep and shadeless") to Oronco to engage one of the sixty-five beds in the *Alberghe del Riposo*; turning, a little breathless, from "the exuberant spirit of Rubens" to the "not unpleasant contrast . . . afforded by the refined, almost frigid repose of Van Dyck."

Notice also how open-handed is our guide with his drinks and smokes. "Among the Swiss mountains the judicious traveller knows well when to make the tender of his cigar-case or spirit-flask." He naturally expects in the recipient, however, the attitude of a gentleman, and is compelled to note that in Southern Italy "such manifestations are only calculated to awaken a further spirit of cupidity and discontent." This severity is an essential trait of Baedeker's character. It derives rather from his German pertinacity, his conscientious determination to make straight the way of his readers, than from any crotchety disposition.

In a gentler mood, soothed by his cigar after a pleasant meal in a Belgian restaurant, he will observe that "the waiter's arithmetic is occasionally at fault," and even so mild a reproof is not without its effect. Generations of well-Baedekered travellers, firmly correcting the arithmetic of waiters, have substantially checked the practice of over-charging where it existed. No revivalist has done more than Karl Baedeker to promote honesty of dealing with strangers. In his catalogue of virtues it ranks next to cleanliness, and the intransigence

with which he demanded to be shown the tariff and to examine the sanitation places more timid travellers in his eternal debt.

Yet strength of character and inflexibility of purpose are with Baedeker wedded to a most admirable ability to change his mind. He is never too proud to admit that he has been mistaken in the value of a monument, that taste changes, that the rebel artist of yesterday may be the staid conservative of tomorrow. When the Maria-Theresa memorial was set up in Vienna in 1888, it seemed exciting enough to deserve a star. Thirty years later it has begun to pall, and the star is removed. The mark of distinction is also given in 1896 to the Austrian Army Museum, "erected by Hansen in a rich Romanesque style, with its 'superb vestibule.'" In 1929 it has become a stately building "of a mixed Romano-Byzantine style," and its vestibule, that petrified forest of military effigies, is just a vestibule. 69070

More striking still is Baedeker's reflection of the emergence from disgrace, under the influence of such pioneers as Gurlitt, Wölflinn and Schmarzov, of the baroque and rococo styles of architecture. The Zwinger at Dresden, suspected in 1877 of rococo leanings ("In some of its features the style of the Zwinger is 'rococo,' but in the main it is a baroque edifice, and is one of the most pleasing examples of that style"), reaches its apotheosis in 1925: "Its happy proportions, distribution of bulk, and profusion of figures of Greek deities, fauns, vases, escutcheons and garlands render this building the most brilliant and graceful embodiment of the baroque style in Germany." Ten years later the Amalienburg, near Munich, not even mentioned in 1861, receives the coveted award of two stars as "the most complete expression achieved by the rococo style in the category of princely pleasure-palaces." Schönbrunn in 1896 is already decorated with a star, but in 1929 it has acquired two. Sanssouci is in 1877 "a building of one story," in 1923 "a striking building of one story," and in 1925 "a beautiful rococo building of one story."

Such instances might be multiplied, though of recent years a certain caution has crept into Baedeker's writing, and he is no longer so ready to pass a judgment which he may later have to reverse. Thus Epstein's "Rima" in Hyde Park is characterized simply as "much discussed," a euphemism sufficiently familiar in publishers' announcements, but one which the

earlier Baedeker would have scorned to employ. Nor is this the only change. The delicate reference of 1872 to "the tribe so hostile to repose" has by 1930 been brutalized into: "Fleas (*pulci*) are most troublesome in spring and summer; bed-bugs (*cimici*) are rare."

But though we now make bold to call a flea a flea, we have been taught reticence in other respects. National pride has in many countries become exceedingly sensitive, and we who in the good old days of Palmerston stalked about Europe with calm superiority have learned to respect it. We are very careful, most of us, not to annoy the natives. Vanished is the lofty style wherewith in 1872 Baedeker could declare that "the doubt not unfrequently presents itself to the traveller's mind whether such a thing as honesty is known in Italy." In its place we are warned that "the traveller in a foreign country should do his best to win its respect and friendship for the nation which he represents, by his tact and reserve, and by refraining from noisy behaviour and contemptuous remarks (in public buildings, hotels, etc.), and especially from airing his political views." Even our dress is no longer entirely in our choice. "The Englishman's customary holiday attire of rough tweeds, 'plus fours,' etc., is unsuitable for town wear in Italy." Worse still, "the traveller should refrain from taking photographs of beggars, etc." Half a century of tremendous change sounds in the words.

And now, honest patriot that he is (as many examples could show), he is subject to economic conditions and a political theory that tend alike to be unfavourable to a concern built upon principles of internationalism. It may cost as much as £50,000 to produce a Baedeker guide, and now there is the extra expense of revising the street-plans of German towns, removing the *Judengasse* and marking in the *Adolf-Hitler-Platz* and the *Horst-Wessel-Allee*. Moreover, certain countries in which Karl Baedeker was formerly something of a pioneer, are now best left alone. There has been no new edition of *Russia* since 1914, and no new edition of *Palestine* since 1912. Times change, and it would perhaps be impertinent to investigate too closely the political views of one who has surmounted Alps and custom-rriers with such practised agility.

NEW ZEALAND'S SOCIALIST EXPERIMENT

BY DONALD COWIE

ALMOST exactly a year ago the world learnt that the Dominion of New Zealand, remote in the far Southern Ocean, had elected to office the first Labour Government with full political power in the history of the British Empire. The world paused for a moment, and then, characteristically, passed on to nearer and more pressing matters. Since then there have been occasional newspaper summaries of the legislation passed by the victorious party, but these have occupied obscure positions in columns bursting with more sanguinary things; and there must be remarkably few people in Great Britain who fully appreciate what has been occurring in New Zealand during a momentous year. When I state, therefore, that the New Zealand Labour Party has introduced a political and economic experiment only comparable with that of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, I am open to a charge of deliberate exaggeration by those who have not bothered to keep themselves acquainted with the facts. Yet even an unbeliever will perhaps agree with me, after reading the survey that I propose to make of New Zealand's first year of Labour, that I have not overstated the position, and that recent developments at the Antipodes deserve the serious consideration of every thoughtful person who has the future of the British Commonwealth at heart.

To explain the remarkable victory of the Labour Party at the polls in November, 1935, it is necessary to point out that the Dominion was then smarting under the most rigorous economic discipline that had been applied to her broad agricultural back for years. Prices of primary products during the world slump plumbed the lowest depths of depression. New Zealand depends upon these prices for her prosperity, and New Zealand's national income declined from £150,000,000 in 1928-29 to £90,000,000

in 1932-33. In 1931 a coalition of the Reform and United Parties, roughly Conservative and Liberal, was returned to office under the leadership of Mr. G. W. Forbes, a farmer of the old school, and Mr. J. G. Coates, a farmer of the progressive persuasion.

Faced with the tremendous task of appeasing, on the one hand, an electorate unused to economic hardship, and imposing, on the other, measures of economic retrenchment to meet the fall in income, Messrs. Forbes and Coates did several contradictory and incompatible things. They offered the farmers a bounty by depreciating the New Zealand currency in terms of sterling; but at the same time they increased the farmers' costs by imposing many new forms of, and increasing, taxation. They assisted the farmers by reducing interest rates and suspending mortgages; but they also penalised them by restricting the imports that were the essential corollary of their indispensable export trade.

By November, 1935, Messrs. Forbes and Coates were thoroughly unpopular. They had laid sound plans for New Zealand's economic recovery at such time as export prices should improve, but they had no immediate panacea to offer their smarting electors. A Labour Party that had never held office, but that had had ample opportunity in its years of opposition to organize a deadly electioneering machine, offered an attractive platform. Taxation would be lowered; the exchange rate would be restored to parity with sterling; the farmers would be guaranteed fixed prices for their produce; the workers' lot would be vastly improved; even the manufacturers would have their sop.

The victory was not only the most considerable in the political history of the country; it was final and absolute. Reinforced by a considerable Liberal vote, and by the bulk of the disgruntled farmers, who had hitherto stood behind the Conservatives to a man, the Labour Party secured fifty-three seats in the House of Representatives where before they had occupied only twenty-four. The Coalition's strength was reduced by more than half, and three of its Ministers were unseated. Farmers, business folk, and professional men, but particularly farmers, had evidently joined with artisans and labourers in voting wholeheartedly for a party that promised drastic reorganization of the economic

structure, easy money, and prosperity for all. Everyone pretended that the result was a surprise, but everyone agreed that changes were healthy and it was about time, anyway, that they gave these Labour people a "go."

It is to the credit of the Labour Party, led by a junta of capable and determined, if inexperienced and short-sighted men, that they did not allow themselves to be intimidated by the unprecedented freedom of their mandate. Their reaction to sudden power may be compared with that of the National Government in this country. Without delay they proceeded with their programme. In generous appreciation of their supporters they ordered straightway that £100,000 be distributed in the form of "Christmas bonuses" to the unemployed. Mr. M. J. Savage, the Prime Minister, an Australian by birth, announcing that Ministers of the Crown would in the future share their salaries with private members who could assist them in their work, declared his intention of going on "where Seddon left off." Then, during a short eleven weeks' session, comprising only forty-three actual sitting days, the new Government, hastening procedure by frequent application of the closure, hurried through Parliament no fewer than fifteen public Acts, together with four local Acts empowering municipal bodies to enter upon specified works, and a number of private Acts.

To digest all this legislation in the space of a short article it will be necessary to disregard chronological order. But the most important measure is undoubtedly the Reserve Bank of New Zealand Amendment Act. On the advice of a famous visiting economist Messrs. Forbes and Coates had established the Reserve Bank in 1933 with the object of obtaining better financial accommodation for the Treasury than a semi-private bank, the Bank of New Zealand, had been able to offer. But they had wisely followed the economist's precept to the letter by granting the new institution corporate independence, and by giving it powers, under certain circumstances, to refuse excessive governmental demands. The main effect of the new Labour legislation is to remove this independence and power of veto. Private shareholders are paid off, and the Government is given absolute control of the monetary system. That the Reserve Bank Amendment Act is the keystone of the Labour Government's economic

plan will be apparent when I have completed my review of the remaining legislation.

Next in importance comes the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Amendment Act. Most people will have heard of the New Zealand arbitration system of fixing hours and wages and settling labour disputes by means of written awards, agreed to by employers and employees in each trade in the presence of a legal tribunal. This system worked with varying success until the advent of Messrs. Forbes and Coates, who, finding that it stood in the way of their deflationary programme, quietly procured its emasculation by the simple process of cancelling the clause of the original Act that made arbitration compulsory. In revenge for this the new Labour legislation not only restores the compulsory principle, but provides for the establishment of a basic wage for all workers, the operation of a forty-hour week wherever practicable, and compulsory unionism in all trades and professions, not excluding bank officers, policemen, and domestic servants. In future all New Zealanders are to be trade unionists. Moreover, for many it will be illegal to work on Saturdays, every worker will be paid for his or her holidays, and union officials will have the legal right to search employers' premises. Amendments to the Factories Act and the Shops and Offices Act insure the smooth establishment of the forty-hour week aforementioned, which, as Mr. Savage has proudly remarked, will place New Zealand in the van of every other nation in the British Commonwealth. Special orders provide for all-round increases in wages and rates of overtime. "I will not be satisfied," declared the Minister of Labour, Mr. H. T. Armstrong, "until the workers of this country are living up to the standard of an American millionaire."

The Primary Products Marketing Act must be placed third in importance. State control of marketing, and compulsory commandeering of goods and services are not altogether novelties to our war generation; and for some years New Zealand farmers have entrusted their selling arrangements to privately-controlled companies and State-organized export boards. But the Labour measure is revolutionary and unprecedented in that it involves the periodical purchase by the State of the entire produce of dairy farmers at one fixed price, and the periodical

sale by the State of that produce in the London market at the best price that can be obtained. If the Government does not receive so much as it pays for the produce, it will avail itself of its self-bestowed powers to overdraw the public account at the Reserve Bank. Last year someone asked the Minister for Lands, Mr. Langstone, where the money would come from if the London price consistently failed to meet the guaranteed price. He replied: "We will create it: manufacture it." A feature of the scheme is that the Government will take steps to prevent any speculation in land that may follow its inception. A point to be noted is that the Government has already proclaimed its intention of applying the scheme to other kinds of produce in due course, not excluding imports of manufactured goods. Mr. Savage has said: "Hit or miss methods are not going to obtain any longer. We will have to have some sort of control of our external trade. New Zealand, speaking through Parliament, must say what it needs from abroad, and not leave it to the traders, whose first and main concern is themselves and not New Zealand."

Under a United Wheatgrowers' Act the Government now fixes the prices of wheat, flour, and bread in New Zealand, and measures have been taken to fix many other classes of prices. A Government Railways Amendment Act abolishes the Railways Board set up to rehabilitate the State system and monopoly. One of the most laudable actions of the Coalition was to remove the railways, inefficient, over-capitalised, and unpopular as they were, from direct political control. The new measure restores that control with enhanced powers, while a Transport Act gives a newly-appointed Minister of Transport, Mr. Semple, authority to turn off the roads all motor transport companies that come in direct competition with the railways. Already several well-established businesses have been summarily paid off in this way. The idea is to bolster up what the Government regard as the workers' railways; but road transport has increased so rapidly in recent years that the Government's sentiments must be regarded, to say the least of them, as curiously anachronistic.

Another remarkable piece of legislation—remarkable because it involves unique departures in British experience—is the Broadcasting Act, a measure that places the control of the air

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in the hands of the Prime Minister himself as a newly-created Minister of Broadcasting. Hitherto the New Zealand system following the example of the B.B.C., has not admitted advertising over the air or political broadcasts. The new Act not only admits the possibility of radio advertising in the near future—a move this, to put the newspapers in their place—but makes provision for broadcasts of debates in the House of Representatives. Mr Savage has evidently taken one more leaf from the political handbooks of Messrs. Mussolini, Hitler, and Roosevelt. So far New Zealand listeners have had several opportunities of listening to Parliament in action, and it is to be hoped that they have received instruction as well as amusement from the experience. Who knows but that the new Government's courage in thus exposing their proceedings to the microphone may yet prove their most grievous undoing?

Two important Acts remain. These are the Fair Rents Act and the Distress and Replevin Act, the objects of which, roughly are to prevent landlords from increasing rentals to recoup them for depression losses and the higher costs that are bound to follow the Government's general policy.

To complete this sweeping legislative début the first Budget of the Labour Government was brought in in August, and contrary to expectations, was not markedly different from pre-Labour budgets, save that it involved a measure of increased taxation that must have come as a surprise to those who had listened to election promises and thought that at last the country was going to have some relief from an overbearing fiscal burden. Thanks to the careful husbandry of Messrs. Forbes and Coates—for, despite their many weaknesses, these unfortunate partners allowed themselves to be guided by experts—and in direct response to a rise in export prices, the Budget showed a nominal surplus of £13,000. Provision was made for an increase of nearly two million pounds in income next year by judicious re-grading of the land and income taxes; the defence vote was wisely increased by £250,000; and provision made for increase of new establishments of old age, ex-service men's, deserters' wives', and invalids' pensions, and for an enlarged programme of public works.

Other features of Labour's progress worth mentioning i

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a short summary are Mr. Savage's declaration that his Government, actuated by a belief that the Dominion "is paying more than was intended when the loan contracts were signed," will shortly request London bondholders to reduce interest rates on New Zealand loans; and the reply of Mr. Savage's Government to the request of the Secretary General of the League of Nations for proposals as to League reform. New Zealand—I follow Reuter—is prepared to go "the whole hog;" she insists that the Covenant must be strengthened, not weakened, and favours the creation of an International Force under the control of the League, or "the allocation to the League of a definite proportion of the armed forces of its members—land, sea, and air—up to the extent desired."

The intelligent observer who can think plainly about this mass of legislation will be fain to ask two leading questions. Will the Government and the Civil Service be able to administer the novel laws and curious ordinances? Will the country be able to digest them when they are administered? But it is within the bounds of probability that both the Government, the Civil Service, and the country, with British character, will contrive somehow or other to muddle through. In which case the intelligent observer must turn his attention to the possible effects upon the economy and polity of New Zealand of the new legislation in action.

Prices must rise. Mr. Savage and his colleagues can say what they like, but prices must rise as a direct result of the increased wages and shorter hours policy, of the guaranteed prices for dairy produce policy, of the Reserve Bank policy, of the taxation, exchange, defence, and London loans policies. Most retail prices in the Dominion have indeed already been raised, according to latest advices, and one business man said the other day that additions to his firm's wages list had so far amounted to £23,500 a year. New Zealand will enter a period of rising prices, and so long as the reserves of the Reserve Bank last, New Zealand will have a great time, because there will be no lack of internal money to finance the inflation. But, once the reserves are depleted the Government's only course will be to create money, and that will mean unsupported inflation, and costs will then rise to unprecedented heights.

I am in agreement with Mr. Keynes's new economics to this extent, that I do not think the sequence would be the same if New Zealand were Great Britain. To some extent this country is an economic entity; she can, up to a point, feed upon herself financially, and find work for herself at her own devices. But the Dominion, so far from being an economic entity, is an economic annexe. The standard of living in New Zealand does not depend upon the amount of money in circulation in New Zealand, or upon the internal price level, but upon the prices obtained for New Zealand's produce overseas.

New Zealand's overseas market is all important to her. Prior to 1930 the prices for produce in that market were good, and the workers of New Zealand had the highest standard of living in the world. They were in the fortunate position of a shopkeeper who sells all his goods regularly to one customer at a highly profitable price. During the depression, prices were bad and the workers of New Zealand suffered. Lately prices have been improving, and the standard of living in New Zealand has also improved. The Labour people are aware of this dependence and that is why they have introduced their guaranteed price scheme. They think they can control the national income by placing a judicious finger over the tap.

Now it stands to reason that the experiment can only succeed if prices for export produce rise and continue to rise for the next few years. But a direct result of the guaranteed price scheme may be to curtail the sale of New Zealand produce overseas and to depress the prices for that produce. First because Great Britain may resent having bounty-fed goods heaped upon her; second, because the New Zealand farmers are anxious to sell as much as possible at the certain price, may over-produce and swamp their market; third, because the farmers, no longer forced to maintain a standard to suit Toole Street and the British public, may relax in their efforts to improve the quality of their produce.

New Zealand's first Labour Government is going to have a difficult time, and so is New Zealand. Since, however, the Dominion's future is not hers alone, it is imperative that Great Britain should be cognizant of the facts.

IRELAND UNDER "BLOODY BALFOUR"

Some Personal Reminiscences

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

THE publication of Mrs. Dugdale's *Life of A. J. Balfour* and of the completed *Life of Lord Carson* reminds me vividly of the days I spent in Ireland in 1887, 1888, 1889, and 1890, the years in which "Bloody Balfour" and "Coercion Carson" earned their soubriquets. I went to Ireland with the express object of learning all I could at first hand and from all parties about the "Irish Question"—in its various aspects, political and agrarian. I had, as an undergraduate, been strongly attracted to Irish history and Irish politics; Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy aroused my vehement opposition; and, fledgling though I was, I contested (unsuccessfully) a Radical stronghold at the election of 1886. Having stood entirely on the Irish question, I thought it might be well to add some practical experience to my theoretical knowledge.

Accordingly, in 1887 I visited all parts of the West and South of Ireland, Mayo, Clare, Galway, Kerry, Co. Cork, and Co. Limerick. In 1888 I passed most of my holiday in Ulster; in 1889 I spent a summer holiday in Co. Cork, and in 1890 I visited Co. Donegal. Mr. Timothy Harrington, the Secretary of the National League, had, most courteously, on my first visit, provided me with a sort of passport or *vade mecum* to all the local branches of the League, and this not only got me out of several very tight places, but enabled me to attend Land League meetings in all parts, and to interview parish priests, Catholic curates, and many others who until the advent of "Bloody Balfour" had exercised undisputed sway over their respective localities. I had also, of course, many introductions to leading Unionists: I stayed with landlords, boycotted and tolerated, and was in frequent communication with famous agents, such as Townshend Trench

and S. M. Hussey. I have before me as I write some of the original scrawls received from "Captain Moonlight" by threatened landlords, agents, and magistrates and especially by farmers who were suspected of "land-grabbing" intentions. "Death is certain," runs one, "to any man taking this farm." Another warns any person who "in any way assists that notorious impostor and wretched landgrabber, Denis Lane, the incarcerator of his brother's orphans," that he will "meet his doom; such offenders will be treated by us as if they were serpents or mad dogs," etc., etc.

I had many close shaves, but thanks largely to Tim Harrington's passport, I got through, and acquired a great mass of first-hand information from a great variety of sources. The more I saw of Ireland during those years the more I came to admire the wisdom and courage of Arthur Balfour, the amazing skill and resourcefulness of his "Crown lawyer," Edward Carson, and not least the devotion and bravery of those who as Resident Magistrates, and officers and men of the Royal Irish Constabulary protected the British garrison in Ireland. In that garrison a new spirit and a new hope had lately been born; the man who inspired it was unquestionably the greatest ruler Ireland had known since the days of Castlereagh, perhaps since the long past days of Sir Arthur Chichester, the Deputy of James I. To appreciate the work done for Ireland—and for England—by Arthur Balfour it is necessary, in briefest outline, to recall the situation.

When in March, 1887, Lord Salisbury appointed his nephew to the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, Conservatives were not a little surprised at the choice, and the Irish Nationalists undisguisedly chuckled. The Parnellites imagined that they would soon break this "hot-house flower," this "scented popinjay." It was the "scented popinjay" who broke them. But few people foresaw the development; for, much as Balfour was liked in the House, he was not taken very seriously.

On the formation of Lord Salisbury's first Government (1885), Balfour had been appointed President of the Local Government Board, and in the second (1886), Secretary for Scotland. But what could he do in an Ireland that (with Gladstone's help) had broken "Buckshot Forster," had murdered Lord Frederick

Cavendish, and driven into premature old age Sir George Trevelyan? Gladstone having failed either to coerce Ireland or (by Disestablishment and Land Acts) to conciliate her, had become a convert to Home Rule. But Great Britain declined to follow him, and Lord Salisbury prescribed as an alternative "twenty years of resolute government." At the close of twenty years Mr. Balfour handed over to his successors an Ireland that was more orderly and more prosperous than it had ever been since the Union—perhaps since the days of Charles II.

That end had been achieved by a combination of firmness and wise beneficence. The Parnellites in Parliament soon discovered that no amount of obloquy could disturb the serenity of the new Chief Secretary, and that no threats could deflect him from the path he had chosen to follow. Having armed himself with a new and effective weapon, Balfour pursued his course without haste or flurry, without acerbity, with unfailing good humour and unfaltering determination.

For about eighteen months the battle raged fiercely. The fight was at the hottest in the autumn of 1887. I found myself in the thick of it. Every few yards as I drove about Co. Kerry some spot was pointed out to me, where, quite lately, a foul murder had been committed. The "Plan of Campaign" led to terrible scenes, and from English tourists ignorant of the facts, evoked much sympathy. The "plan" had all the simplicity of genius. The rents reduced under Gladstone's Act of 1881 were further reduced under Balfour's Act of 1887, and leaseholders, excluded from the benefits of the former Act, were admitted to those of the latter. All in vain. The tenants could not, so the Leaguers declared, pay. What they could pay, or chose to pay, was offered to the agents, and if refused (as it almost invariably was) was banked for the League.

The victims were selected very shrewdly. One of the first was Lord Clanricarde. His property was not specially high-rented, but his tenants knew little more than his name. Exceedingly wealthy, he spent nothing in Ireland, which he rarely visited. The "plan" therefore did not at all disturb his lordship. "You will not intimidate me," he declared, "by shooting my agent."

The O'Grady in Co. Limerick was another of the early victims.

The O'Grady was the representative of an ancient Irish race; he was a generous landlord, and his tenants were mostly prosperous dairy-farmers. The plight of the O'Gradys, strictly boycotted at Killballyowen, with police parading the demesne night and day, was truly pitiable. For a few days I shared their unhappy existence, and on at least one occasion when, unguarded but not unarmed, I crept out of the fortress to interview the parish priest, my own situation was decidedly uncomfortable, not to say perilous. Not for the first time, however, I found Tim Harrington's letter a more trusty weapon than my revolver.

Such was the condition of things in Ireland in the earlier days of the Balfour regime. Gradually, however, the law, firmly administered, began to get the upper hand. Agrarian crimes rapidly diminished; malefactors were brought to justice; tenants, deterred from paying rents less by poverty than by terror, were only too glad to pay the reduced rents and be permitted to remain in their holdings; cases of boycotting were soon reduced to a minimum—though the minimum was inconvenient enough, as I was made to feel. In 1889 my family took Glengariff Castle, with a salmon river and some rough shooting. On our arrival we found plenty of fish in the river, but they lay there dead—poisoned wholesale. Not a bird was to be seen on the moors; they had all been sold, in anticipation of our coming, in Bantry market. As for the castle we had "taken", there was plenty of room for us, but we found the "family" encamped in the basement, involving us in the boycott pronounced against them! But amid the exquisite loveliness of Glengariff what mattered such trifles?

Meanwhile, the "Popinjay" had asserted an easy mastery over his critics at Westminster, and put the fear of God into delinquents in Ireland.

To assert the supremacy of the law was, however, only one part of Balfour's work in Ireland. Personal observation had quickly convinced him that economic causes were responsible for much of the political unrest. The premises on which he based his conclusion were only partially sound; but of that more presently. Mr. Balfour believed that he could kill Home Rule partly by firmness, partly by kindness. The kindness was, of course, bound to be closely connected with the land.

Gladstone's land legislation was a hopeless failure. It deserved to be. Framed in opposition to the best Irish opinion, sharply criticized by his own colleague, John Bright, who knew Ireland well, Gladstone's Land Acts sanctified, if they did not create, dual ownership. The fair rents and fixity of tenure were all very well, but when combined with free sale they did little to solve the Irish land problem. As rents went down, the value of the tenant-right went up. New tenants paid more and more by way of interest to the gombeen man who lent them the money to purchase the tenant-right, but paid less and less in rent to the landlord, who was still a partner in the dual ownership of the soil. From the dilemma thus created by Gladstone there was only one way of escape. The Unionists took it. The "Ashbourne" Act of 1885 was the first of a series of Acts by which dual ownership was abolished, the landlords bought out with English money, and the occupying tenants converted into proprietors of the soil they tilled. When the Unionist Party went out of office in 1905 the Irish land question had been solved. Evictions had practically ceased; "fair rents" had been judicially fixed for 480,000 holdings, with an average reduction of 20 per cent, and an aggregate reduction of £6,000,000 a year; 74,000 tenants had become owners.

That was an immense achievement. Nor did it stand alone. Land purchase and rent reductions could do nothing for the poverty-stricken squatters, eking out a miserable existence in the "congested districts." "Congested" they did not look to the naked eye of an English visitor, for the wretched hovels were few and far between. But the inhabitants were more numerous than the bogs could support. To meet their pressing need Balfour set up, under the Act of 1891, the Congested District Board. The Board was endowed with an income of £41,250 from the Irish Church Surplus, increased by subsequent Acts to £231,000 a year. The money was expended on improving the breed of horses, cattle, pigs, and poultry; on measures for preventing potato disease; on improving and even building cottages, constructing light railways, roads, fences, and drains; on the consolidation of "crofter" holdings, too small and too poor to sustain decent life, and the subdivision of untenanted grazing land. Co-operative credit by means of village banks was promoted, and encourage-

ment was given to cottage industries, to knitting, lace and home-spun tweed. Training classes were established for instruction in cookery, laundry work, carpentry and boat building. Piers and boat-slips were constructed to help the fisherfolk; steamer-services were subsidized and other means of transport and communication were improved. Modest as it was in scope this was the sort of work that especially appealed to Arthur Balfour.

Such in rough outline was the work accomplished or initiated for Ireland by Arthur Balfour.

It would, however, be misleading in assessing the measure of his success to omit all references to two dramatic episodes which in different ways had an important bearing upon the situation in Ireland. In both episodes the central figure was Charles Stewart Parnell.

Mr. Gladstone once said of him: "Parnell was the most remarkable man I ever met. I do not say the ablest man; I say the most remarkable and the most interesting. He was an intellectual phenomenon. He was unlike any one I had ever met." The connection between this remarkable man and the Balfour regime in Ireland was close and curious. The Crimes Act of 1887 passed its second reading in the House of Commons on April 18. On that morning *The Times* had published—doubtless with a view of helping the Government and easing the passage of their Bill—the first of a series of articles on "Parnellism and Crime." In that first article the famous Parnell letter was printed in facsimile and created an immense sensation. The letter condoned the murder of Mr. Burke which Parnell had publicly denounced. I happened to be in the House of Commons when Parnell rose to deny the authorship of that and six other letters subsequently printed by *The Times*. Prejudiced as I was against Parnell I was impressed by his apparent sincerity. A few months afterwards I was dining with a friend in Dublin who referred to the letters and asked me whether I supposed that Parnell had written them. I answered carelessly in the affirmative, and my host retorted: "He did not; and I will tell you who did—Richard Piggott." That was some months before Piggott was put into the box at the Parnell Commission, and was exposed, under the merciless cross-examination

of Sir Charles Russell, as the forger of the most incriminating letter. The exposure was a bomb-shell in the Unionist camp, and raised Parnell to a pinnacle of popularity among English home-rulers, from which he was suddenly dislodged by the O'Shea divorce suit in which he was cited as co-respondent. On October 7th, 1891, Parnell died at Brighton. On the same day died Mr. W. H. Smith who, since 1887, had led the House of Commons with a modesty equalled only by his ability.

The Irish Chief Secretaryship had proverbially been the grave of reputations. It made Arthur Balfour's. By the unanimous voice of the party he was called to fill W. H. Smith's place. But his uncle and leader had misgivings about it. He shared them himself; nor were they wholly unjustified. Not until a graver crisis evoked the same qualities he had displayed in Ireland—superb courage, unruffled imperturbability, rare devotion to public interests—not until the dark days of the war did Balfour again reach the level of statesmanship maintained during his Irish régime.

Before his death, however, he had to acknowledge a blunder common to the Unionists he had led and their Gladstonian opponents. Both parties were completely in error as to the character of Irish Nationalism. The Unionists believed it could be killed by kindness; the Gladstonians that it could be fobbed off with Home Rule. "Our Nationalism is not founded upon grievances. We are opposed not to English misgovernment, but to English government in Ireland." So ran the communication of the "Provisional Government of the Irish Republic" to President Wilson. Precisely. Parnell was prepared to accept Gladstonian Home Rule "as an instalment;" he never presumed "to fix a boundary to the march of a nation." Mr. Gladstone did not take Parnell's declaration seriously. Animated by generous impulses, but ignorant of Ireland, he deluded himself and misled his followers. Arthur Balfour and the Unionists held from the first that between Union and Separation there was no half-way house. Whether they were right history will decide.

AUSTRALIA'S TRADE WAR WITH JAPAN

BY MARC T. GREENE

THE Australian determination to check Japanese economic penetration in the South Pacific, so far as it concerns the so-called "dumping" of cheaply produced goods of all sorts into the Commonwealth, calls attention to what is perhaps the most significant of the changing tendencies in this vast area, the replacing of Germany by Japan as an economic factor. This tendency has now become so marked, Japanese commercial aggression so determined and the hold already secured so firm, as greatly to alarm Australians. Many of them insist that a nationalism as perfervid as that of the Japanese will not permit of an indefinite abiding under another political sovereignty where or when they are either commercially or numerically in the ascendant. And a portion of the Australian Press is already suggesting that, as between the Japanese and the Germans, the latter are so much to be preferred as to make desirable their return, even if inducements must be offered in the form of some sort of colonial concessions.

Before the Great War the strongest influence in the South Seas, among the far-reaching island groups and archipelagos that is to say, was the German. This was especially the case in the western islands. Germany held a large part of New Guinea, and most of the adjacent islands except the British Solomons. She also possessed the vast Bismarck Archipelago, part of Samoa, and many single isles and atolls, as well as the present Japanese mandated group of the Marshalls and Carolines.

In the immense territory of New Guinea the German possessions adjoined Australia's colony of Papua. There was considerable trade rivalry here, and it led sometimes to talk of the German "menace" in the South Seas. Nor was competition lacking in other islands where there were Australian commercial interests, such as the Fijis and Tonga. There were Germans in plenty in French Polynesia. Even in Hawaii the largest of

all the great sugar factors was the house of Hackfeld and Company. Such numbers, such economic strength, naturally lent confidence. "Bumptiousness" the Australians often called it. And certainly wherever the Germans were in control German discipline governed whites and natives alike.

The Japanese were few in numbers then and economically negligible. No one anticipated any other position. For what was to bring the Japanese into the South Pacific, either as a trade factor or as a possible political influence? Japan, moreover, was not then of much commercial importance anywhere, hardly a commercial nation at all. And the word "dumping," in its present economic connotation, had no place in the average vocabulary.

Certainly Australia, not altogether satisfied with the position as to German strength all around her, never thought to see the Japanese, either politically or economically, below the Line. True, Japan was a wool purchaser to a considerable extent both in the Commonwealth and in New Zealand. But neither entertained the least suspicion that the exceedingly favourable trade balance upon which they looked so complacently would presently become so distasteful to Japan that she would determine to correct it, and succeed in large measure in doing so.

The Great War brought about a drastic re-orientation of both political and commercial relations in the South Pacific, the significance of which has been largely overlooked by a Europe engrossed in matters nearer home. During the first few months of the war, Australian forces occupied New Guinea, and a New Zealand expedition landed without resistance in German Samoa, whereupon Germany ceased longer to exist so far as the South Pacific was concerned. The "menace," if there had been one, was ended, and Australians breathed more freely for a time. But not for very long, because Japan presently entered the South Pacific scene in her acceptance—deeply resented by Australia—of the mandate over the Marshalls and Carolines.

At about the same time there began Japan's extension of her world trade. In fifteen years that extension has been far-reaching and fraught with much significance, but nowhere, perhaps, more than in the South Pacific. It is clear that from the outset Japan was determined to establish herself economically

in as many of the islands as possible, as well as to rectify the aforesaid unfavourable trade balances with New Zealand and with Australia. The methods by which she has sought that objective are as interesting as they are characteristic.

Japanese economic penetration takes a far more subtle but not less effective form than did German. It is especially careful not to give offence in any of its details nor to lay itself open to a charge of "bumptiousness." Nor does it generally, thus far, at least, include the establishment of Japanese trading-posts, though even that is commencing to happen. But for such establishments the ground is being prepared by the introduction of Japanese low-priced wares into almost every shop in the South Seas by whomsoever owned. The intention is to make Japanese goods so indispensable, by reason of their cost and their value, not only to natives but to Europeans all the way from Apia to Auckland and from Papeete to Perth, that by and by the setting up of Japanese trading-posts and Japanese shops staffed with Japanese will be an easy and logical matter. The economic hold will then be difficult to shake, and its influence may have wide and far-reaching repercussions.

A few years ago Australian commercial interests practically dominated the islands trade. All the independent traders sold British goods—largely Australian—tinned meats, tinned butter, Queensland sugar, products of Australian secondary industries whose very existence was presently to be menaced by Japanese economic penetration below the Line.

The smaller traders were the first to yield to Japanese commercial influence. The case of one in Apia, Western Samoa, is in point. He is an American, in fact, and very influential among the islanders because of his Samoan wife, a woman of high native rank. Outside the large Australian firms he is the most important trader in the Samoan group. Until very recently his stock was all British and American, chiefly the former, and of that mostly Australian. To-day more than eighty per cent. of it is Japanese, and, curiously enough, most of it comes through a *British* commission house in Kobe.

He can sell to the Samoans print cloth for fivepence a yard, the tinned fish which they much prefer to that caught the same day from the coral reef for sixpence a tin, cameras for a shilling,

fountain pens for half that, bicycles for a pound, all made in Japan. Through him and through all the other independent traders in Apia the natives, and gradually the white populace as well, have formed the habit of buying Japanese goods, and they will have no other. Moreover, this has forced the large firms, formerly one of the chief markets for Australian secondary industries, into stocking Japanese wares, lest they lose a large portion of their trade to their small competitors.

The point arises here of the quality of Japanese goods. It is an important one, and there is much misconception about it. In the word "dumping" there is rather more than an implication of inferiority. In Australia, indeed, it is frequently used synonymously with the term "shoddy." The suggestion is that Japanese goods of whatever sort are not worth buying, even at half the cost of the British.

This impression should be corrected. Japanese competition is not to be disposed of in any such fashion, though there would be little to fear from it anywhere if the "shoddy" idea had any basis. It has not, or certainly very little. The Japanese would not be so foolish as to attempt to secure their economic hold in Australia, the South Sea Islands, or anywhere else by distributing goods worth markedly less than they cost. To sell a customer a piece of "shoddy" is clearly to lose his goodwill and his trade, and only economic disaster could follow such a course, whether with a single merchant or with a nation of merchants.

Do not underestimate the strength of Japanese commercial competition here or anywhere by so undervaluing Japanese commercial astuteness. Japanese products are almost always good and fair value. No one, not even they themselves, would contend that a pair of rubber-soled shoes at two-and-six is of quality on a parity with British manufacture at three times as much. The point is that the Japanese product is worth the sum charged for it, and that, moreover, the low price places such an article within the economic range of a large class to which the British article, however superior, is forbidden.

This position holds in every department of Japanese export trade, and that is what really makes Japanese economic competition so great a menace. Were the Japanese selling rubbish

all over the world, there would be no cause for alarm because any such practice would very soon be self-destructive. They are not selling rubbish, however, in Australia or anywhere else. On the contrary, much rubbish *has* been sold in the South Pacific, and some of it has come from European countries as well as from the United States. And that is another thing that has favoured Japanese economic penetration.

A shilling camera has been mentioned. This, like sixpenny fountain pens and numberless other things, is one example of Japanese commercial subtlety. You will conclude that a shilling camera is merely a child's plaything, like the brass watches without works children in the kindergartens delight to wear. Not at all. The Japanese do not operate that way. It is a camera and it will function, not indefinitely perhaps like a twenty-pound Zeiss, but quite long enough to make it a good purchase. Moreover, it includes the equipment for developing and printing.

Yet this is really only what may be called a commercial gesture. That is to say, the Japanese are not counting upon shilling cameras as trade factors. What they are counting upon is that customers everywhere, regarding the article with wonder and not without grudging admiration for its producers, will admit that it is a clever people who can conceive and execute such a thing.

A few years ago Japan launched a determined and well-planned campaign to extend her Australian markets. When the increasing Japanese imports began to alarm Australians, especially among secondary industries, a few years ago, the Japanese sought to allay that alarm somewhat by sending down "goodwill missions." The very energetic *Osaka Mainichi* and *Tokyo Nichi Nichi*, two leading Japanese newspapers, themselves sponsored the first of such missions. Then the great manufacturing city of Nagoya sent one. Others followed. A Japanese naval squadron appeared, even visiting the Australian and New Zealand mandated islands. But all this was really in return for Sir John Latham's "goodwill" visit to Japan, and it is significant that Australia made the overtures.

Nevertheless, neither this nor all the conferences held in the hope of somehow reconciling Japan to a restriction of her exports to Australia and her continuance as Australia's best

wool customer, could avert a break in commercial relations, as a result of which Japan attended the recent early spring wool sales in Australia as an "observer" and not as a buyer. Thus the sales were a failure for the first time since Australia commenced to pull herself out of the slough of the depression of 1931 and 1932. They were a failure because Japan normally purchases from Australia upwards of ten million pounds' worth of wool, and Australian primary producers are greatly disturbed at the position, especially as Japan is a cereal customer to the extent of five million pounds annually and may boycott that market also if the restrictions now placed upon her products are retained.

Including sales of other products than wool and wheat, the Australian balance in respect of Japanese trade has averaged ten million pounds a year. And if as a result of the ban on Japanese exports Australian-Japanese trade is practically wiped out, as well it may be, the primary producers of the Commonwealth will have to bear the sacrifice. Whether they can be persuaded that such a sacrifice is for the country's good, for the sake of the growing secondary industries so greatly needed both here and in New Zealand, remains to be seen. But it is certain that already, following the aforesaid failure of the early wool sales, there is a good deal of grumbling.

Moreover, the position is aggravated by the heavily unfavourable trade balance with America. The latter sells Australia ten million pounds' worth of goods annually and buys next to nothing. As an offset to this the Commonwealth has been selling to Japan some fifteen million pounds' worth of her products annually and purchasing in return less than four millions. This has been chiefly in textiles, especially silks and imitations, fancy goods, oils and paint-making materials, rubber and metal goods, and a great variety of small articles, the production of all of which Australia herself expects to achieve as her secondary industries expand.

Nevertheless, the position is a difficult one at the moment. The Commonwealth requires to meet thirty million pounds yearly of overseas loan obligations, and to do that a large favourable trade balance is essential. The wool trade has been the chief factor in making that possible, and the principal wool customer has been Japan. It is difficult to see, then, how Australia can

bear the sacrifice of the Japanese market, unless she can re-orient her trade relations so drastically as to eliminate the unfavourable balance with America. One answer to that would seem to be to deal with England instead of with the United States. Nor is there apparent any reason why that could not and should not be done; no reason, that is to say, except a marked Australian preference for certain American products and a growing pro-American sentiment in the Commonwealth generally.

Australia, having turned the deficits of previous years into a very satisfying surplus last year with the expectation of repeating that in 1936-37, despite the largest appropriation for armament in the nation's history, nearly nine million pounds, feels herself in a position strong enough to hold Japan at bay economically speaking, not only in the Commonwealth but in the island colonies also. Apprehension has been growing as to the Japanese intention in the latter as Japanese economic penetration has so rapidly expanded throughout the South Seas. In the former German part of New Guinea it is coming to be a brisk contest between the Orientals and the Germans themselves. In the case of Japan, colonization, too, has long since commenced in New Guinea, and many trading posts have been set up. This has extended to the Dutch part of this great island in such measure that the Netherlands Government has sent a commission to investigate it.

Lately the Japanese have become curiously aggressive in another direction and one of which the outside world is quite ignorant, trochus shell fishing. Within the past year several large sampans with crews of from thirty to a hundred Japanese have been captured, not only in Australian waters along the Great Barrier Reef and off the north coast, but also in French territory near New Caledonia. Three months ago a curious incident occurred there. A large sampan was reported in French waters and the colonial government at Noumea sent an aeroplane to investigate. Discovering the sampan illegally at work, the airmen threatened to drop bombs on it unless it followed, under arrest, to Noumea. It started to do so when the aeroplane itself fell into the sea and the airmen would have been drowned had not the Japanese fishermen rescued them. The sampan then went to Noumea, where half the cargo of trochus shell was

retained and the poachers released with the rest. Within the following months two more fishing sampans were captured in French waters. More than seventy up-to-date charts of the South Pacific were found on board them. It was also discovered that they were in frequent touch with a large supply ship which was somewhere in the vicinity.

The Japanese position at the moment is one of watchful waiting as concerns Australian trade, and their presence as "observers," rather than as purchasers, at the recent wool sales is piquantly characteristic of their policy. Clearly they expect Australia to relent presently and to lift the import ban. If she does not they can purchase wool elsewhere, notably in South Africa. Almost certainly they will also boycott the Australian cereal market.

But whatever the trade position with Australia may become, nothing is more certain and definite than Japanese economic progress and expansion in the South Sea Islands. Her hold there is already too strong to be shaken, and it comprehends most of the isles and archipelagos. It has been secured in an unostentatious, almost an imperceptible, fashion. Japanese goods have been made well-nigh indispensable to the natives, who now find much within their means that never was before, under the white man's economic dominance. Europeans in the islands, the fortunes of many at a low ebb following the depression that has swept the South Pacific like a typhoon, gladly patronize Japanese shops or those where Japanese low-priced wares are obtainable.

The fact is, take it for good or for ill, that the day of the white man among the islands is drawing to a close. Planters have been ruined by the depression, communications everywhere have been greatly curtailed, many islands with several hundreds of native populace have been abandoned entirely. The ways of the old days are returning, the South Sea Islanders reverting to type. Here lies every opportunity for Oriental penetration, economic if not political. It constitutes a problem for the white man. Australia is the nearest to it and the most concerned. And her chief concern is centring about the activities of the Japanese, of which, as she feels certain, the economic is only one.

A NATIONAL THEATRE ON TRIAL

BY ALISTAIR COOKE

IN the early spring of 1935, while President Roosevelt was off the Bahamas on one of his renowned fishing trips, a small army of radicals and unemployed paraded in front of the White House with signs which read, "Nero Fiddled While Rome Burned—Roosevelt Fishes While the Unemployed Starve." Columnists throughout the country were bitterly recording that "the number of people on the dole, so far from decreasing as business improved, has increased appallingly until to-day, all records broken, it is admitted twenty-two million—or one-sixth of the nation—are living on relief." In Washington, Congress was rushing through the latest Roosevelt panacea, a relief bill for 4,880,000 dollars. As soon as it was ready for his signature, the President sped north and home and promised in three months that the transfer of unemployed from local dole to Federal relief would be completed, under the working of this new department, the W.P.A.—the Works Progress Administration.

But by that time, though over four hundred and seventy projects had been approved and over four hundred million dollars allotted, there was not yet a single worker employed. The chief difficulty in getting the W.P.A. under way seemed to be that there were not enough worth-while jobs to employ the three and a half million workers who had been promised definite relief, at least not with the maximum provided cost of eleven hundred dollars per worker, including his materials. The President daily announced scores of inconsequent projects which later earned for the policy the nickname of "boon-doggling." But nobody could think of nation-wide projects which would organize a whole profession. The first comprehensive scheme took care of a billion and a quarter dollars and over half a million workers who were set to re-settling rural areas, to the major undertakings of soil-erosion and flood

- control. But the scheme which goes on record as Federal Project No. 1 is that which united, as relief workers like any other, over forty thousand writers, artists, musicians, and theatre workers. To date the most successful of these undertakings is that which is now called simply the W.P.A. Theatre.

This Federal Theatre is in no sense an amateur movement. It is primarily concerned with giving employment to out-of-work actors, designers, directors, stage hands. Organized in the autumn of 1935, it had the good fortune to be given at the start into the hands of Mrs. Hallie Flanagan, a remarkable woman of the theatre, who for many years ran an experimental theatre at Vassar, the women's college, as part of the ordinary college curriculum, a theatre that still bears comparison with some of the most distinguished experimental theatres in Europe. The growth of the Federal Theatre and its increasing importance as a civic force is due chiefly to the economy and imagination she showed at the start.

The theatre was required to budget as little as possible for stage equipment and to employ as many people as possible. And at the start there was a rigid law that ninety per cent. of the allotted money must go to labour costs. The United States is divided into four areas to simplify salary rates, which extend from a maximum for skilled workers at £19 a month down to a minimum for unskilled workers at just over £4 a month. The work is certain, a forty-hour week is stipulated, and all branches of the project are free to organize unions. Already by June, 1936, the Federal Theatre was the most considerable theatrical producer in the United States. Operating in 31 states, the W.P.A. was offering 158 plays, employed eleven thousand people, and was playing to a nightly audience of 500,000 from coast to coast. And this was at the end of the first summer month, when Broadway dims its lights and the repertory theatres in big cities disband and count the season's takings.

It was perhaps a lucky challenge to Mrs. Flanagan's courage that the first continental season should have to be organized and be expected to show a profit during the grilling American summer. A state-aided theatre starting its season in winter would very likely have been organized on a narrower basis and have appealed chiefly to seasoned audiences. But last summer

the W.P.A. Theatre had to make its audience as it went along. There is no branch of theatre entertainment in which it is unrepresented. The director of each area has the right to appoint the kind of unit which is most likely to succeed in his region. The business of creating theatre audiences along the Mississippi is not the same as that of entertaining Chicago's parks or San Francisco's waterfront. In New York City alone there are separate units for vaudeville, marionettes, minstrel shows, the dance, verse plays, a children's theatre, a Negro unit, and a circus which tours hospital lawns. In Tulsa, Oklahoma, the work centres mainly on recreational programmes in community centres. In Muskogee there is an independent project for blind people only, supervised and directed by a blind man.

The Federal Theatre differs from the wilful martyrdom of most art-theatres and advanced repertory in that it does not see itself as a voice in the wilderness; on the contrary, the wilderness decides what voices it would like to hear. At the start, then, it has not attempted to crusade for its own unchangeable wares. It is busy not preserving so much as recreating a practical folk theatre, a theatre, that is, which "the folks" will honestly want to share in. And yet the standard is set by the workers in the theatre and is the best they know in whatever type of entertainment they offer. The initiative of Mrs. Flanagan has never buckled before a problem of recreation which she has always recognized as a distinctively American problem, that is, a continental one. In the summer this means that seven times the number of people inside theatres will sit down to an outdoor entertainment. It meant that there must be a whole series of travelling companies united as the W.P.A. Portable Theatre. To this unit must go the credit for creating an audience and bringing theatrical entertainment to over a million and a half people who had never seen any. In the parks, across three thousand miles of country, over two million people have seen this summer, and paid no admission to, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and a special children's fantasy adapted from Andersen, *The Emperor's New Clothes*. There have been innumerable concerts, puppet shows, dance recitals, and vaudeville performances, as well as regional plays restricted to the areas that wrote them.

The greatest encouragement has been given to racial groups to form their own units. Already six languages other than English are heard in Federal Theatre productions throughout the country. There are five Yiddish companies; two Italian, one German, and one company each of Cuban, Mexican, and Spanish, which are different enough in speech to be classified as three languages. The very successful Negro unit in New York City, which gave the W.P.A. its first real hit in its production of *Macbeth*, has been duplicated in Seattle, Los Angeles, and Chicago, which have already staged *Porgy*, *Walk Together Chillun*, and several new Negro plays written specially for the projects. The Florida Italian group has done an Italian opera; the Cuban group ran a summer revue; the German group is soon to open in *Der Zerbrochene Krug*. Each group is expected not only to perform its own indigenous plays but is encouraged to revive, classical drama with a racial interpretation. The Negro *Macbeth* placed the action in Haiti and used French Haiti costumes, divided the action between "the palace," "the coast" and "the jungle" and gave to the usually hinted barbarism of the witches the full resounding terror of voodoo.

But Mrs. Flanagan is not only providing for every region but for every sort of occupational interest in the theatre that in these times finds itself without employment. There is, for instance, a Radio Division of the Federal Theatre, which not only keeps all the units in instant touch with their news and administration but arranges its own programmes, talks, dramatizations of theatre lives and famous playwrights, to supplement production of their plays. The Federal Theatre has given recently a series of lectures on the theatre and allied arts. It has started its own training ground for actors in a national organization of teacher-director units. At one extreme it offers the most humble utilitarian service to workless women who must support a family: in the poorer sections of Oklahoma City teacher-directors in the wardrobe department of the Federal Theatre are giving professional instruction in sewing to the women of sixteen sewing rooms. Two other teacher-directors are working in the community camps on the outskirts of the city. At the other extreme, it embraces disinterested scholarship, for the Federal Theatre started its own Research Bureau at Los Angeles. From this project already

there have appeared three monographs, on respectively the Shadow plays of Java, the till now overlooked Persian Passion Play, and the Mexican-Hispano Theatre.

There has never before been a State-aided theatre which undertook so much social responsibility and which covered so wide a field of experiment. But all this initiative and resource would still be fathering a doubtful luxury if the limit of Federal Theatre activity was, at one end, humanitarianism, at the other pure scholarship, with a solid intermediate achievement in the performances of classic and regional plays, vaudeville and marionette entertainment for the cheering of hospital patients. The Federal Theatre becomes a contemporary experiment in the strictest sense when it reaches out to unite the education of American children with an interpretation of the world of affairs.

In such contact the W.P.A. has done some of its best work. It is odd that America, which is comparatively behind in the production of what is called "documentary" cinema, should be so ahead in documentary theatre. In New York City there is one separate project, housed in its own theatre, which calls itself the W.P.A.'s "Living Newspaper." It exists solely for the staging of documentary pieces. Thirty-five thousand people saw its fine performance of *Triple A Ploughed Under*, an episodic dramatization of the defeat of the A.A.A. It is hard to think of another existing Government which would offer funds to a company of actors to dramatize, for the amusement and education of its citizens, one of the major blunders of its administration.

Between these two scales, of child education and adult dramatization of affairs, the one academic the other factual, is the controlling pendulum of civics. And there is no more heartening evidence of a new creative Americanism than in the vigilant and un-precious way this central problem has been tackled. The Marionette Unit in Buffalo started this summer by giving performances in the parks dramatizing the dangers of reckless driving. A radio company called the "Safety Musketeers," gave a series of broadcast plays showing the necessary precautions to assure safety in the home, on the highway, in playgrounds, beaches and other places which now take a heavy annual toll of human life. And now in rehearsal by the Dance Project of New York City is *Young Tramps*, a choreographic treatment of the

- wandering youth of America, based on Thomas Minehan's gruesome and moving document of two years ago, *Boy and Girl Tramps of America*.
- Enthusiasm for the Federal Theatre is already strong among the country audiences, in the community centres, and critics from coast to coast who last year regarded it as just another mild repertory theatre are now unanimous that the W.P.A. has offered to America a model for a permanent and vital American Federal Theatre. Whether the Federal Project No. 1 will outlast the present administration is not easy to say. In the beginning, the commercial theatre could afford to ignore it. But when Sinclair Lewis declared his intention to give his own stage version of *It Can't Happen Here*, not to Broadway, but for simultaneous production in twenty W.P.A. theatres, the managers rose in their wrath. However fine the work that the Federal Theatre is doing, it is still tolerated by the commercial theatre, and by Roosevelt's political opponents, because it does not seem to be important enough to dislike, it does not yet touch the knuckle of political issues. With the strengthening and advance of its programme in documentary and in civics, it is likely that before long Broadway and the political bosses will try to come in by the back door. Even in Congress the President can still be reminded with complete respectability that the Federal Theatre is only one of several emergency projects; that its main function is not to improve acting or revive modern drama but to put back into the commercial theatre unemployed theatre workers whose apprenticeship has now been usefully served in a "theatre for relief." At any rate, Mrs. Flanagan has now a theatrical four years' respite, unless before that time Mr. Roosevelt is again unreasonably confronted with those figures which have made him promise an early retraction of spending. Whatever the minority of the U.S. theatre audience may wish, angry U.S. voters, indifferent to the unfairness of this historical comparison, will have to be convinced before long that all that money has been wisely spent.

THE EXAMPLE OF FINLAND

BY J. HAMPDEN JACKSON

IT is fashionable nowadays to look down upon the small nation as a social unit. Economically, according to the current view, small nations are wasteful: the heavy overhead expenses, industrial, diplomatic, administrative and military, for a small state are more than the people should be called upon to bear. Politically they are dangerous and reactionary: a spirit of hothouse nationalism is engendered which must lead to war and to the oppression of national minorities. Culturally they are parochial: the preoccupation with the fruits of local genius spoils their stomach for the real culture of the age, which is international.

How fallacious this view is, Irish, Scottish and even Welsh Nationalists have attempted to demonstrate, but without much success. The real fallacies can be seen only if we look a little farther afield—for instance, at Finland.

Finland, though in area larger than Great Britain, is a small nation of some 3,700,000 souls. For six centuries and a half (1154-1809) she was under Swedish rule. For one century (1809-1917) she was under Russia. Her independence dates only from 1919 and yet, though beginning with finances crippled by the War of Independence and with her best foreign market lost by the severance of the Russian connection, Finland has during these last seventeen years built up a remarkable and enviable prosperity.

The bases of this prosperity are forestry and agriculture. Finland possesses the most valuable forests in Europe. In extent they are larger than those of Sweden and twice as large as those of Germany. Russia has more acres under forest, but Russia's timber is dependent upon a few great waterways for transport, whereas Finland's, thanks to a network of rivers, streams and lakes, is much more accessible. Her export trade

in wood-products, which is as old as the Hanseatic League, has been developed during the last generation by the creation of a number of subsidiary industries; for not only does Finland export building materials, bobbins, matches, and veneers, but she has now mills and factories for the manufacture of plywood, paper and cellulose which are among the most efficient in the world. The demand for wood and wood-products is unceasing and the chief danger is of over-felling and under-planting; but there the Finns have shown themselves wiser in their generation than the Canadians and the Russians: they have a State-controlled scheme of re-forestation which has freed them from all fear of the day when their supply of timber may be inadequate for the demand. The second danger—that of a lack of the fuel necessary to work the sawmills—is equally remote. Finland has no coal and no oil, but she has water-power in abundance, and has harnessed it to the production of electricity so that the "white coal" is plentiful and cheap; and though she imports a great deal of oil she has a potential substitute for it at home in the wood-spirit which at present is being poured away from the mills.

How risky it is to base a nation's economy on a single product Englishmen will be the first to recognize. The Finns, in spite of the boom in cellulose and other wood-products, have realized this from the beginning. They have not ceased to regard themselves as primarily a food-growing State. On agriculture sixty per cent. of the population are dependent for their living. The problem was how best to organize that agriculture, and in solving this the Finns have achieved their most signal success. Between the extremes of collective farming and peasant proprietorship they have found a middle way which has preserved the advantages of both systems.

After the War of Independence the Government assisted tenants to buy the land they farmed. Today half the population live on small holdings. It is often said that small holdings are the most uneconomical method of agriculture, but figures in Finland disprove that: the area of land under cultivation and the value of the agricultural produce have both doubled since 1901. Yet it is true that the Finnish small holding system would not have been such a success but for two extraordinary circum-

stances. The first is that tree-felling provides an alternative seasonal occupation for many agriculturists during the winter months. The second is that the co-operative movement has provided the small holder with a means of buying seed, stock and implements and of marketing his produce to his—and the consumer's—best advantage. So highly developed is this system that over half of the population of the country are co-operators.

No account of the economic condition of a country is worth much unless it estimates the standard of living of the people; but in attempting this in the case of Finland we are up against peculiar difficulties. Industrial wages are low by English standards, but so are rents and food-prices (bread is cheaper in Finland than in any other European country except Estonia). Then it must be remembered that most Finnish industrial workers live in the country, where their families have a holding of some sort. Unemployment, though it reached the formidable figure of 90,000 during the crisis of 1931-2, is practically non-existent today. There were precisely 251 registered unemployed when the present writer was in Finland this summer, and not more than 3,000 were being given employment in public works. The farmers suffered from the crisis as well as the industrial workers; butter-prices fell from 30 Finnish marks in 1922 to 16 F.M. in 1930, and today the farmer gets 24 F.M. of which four come from the Government in the form of a subsidy. This has led to less radio- and telephone-buying on the part of farmers, but it has not meant a serious fall in their standard of living. In the towns the standard is one that many members of the British working class might envy. There is no overcrowding: the average number of people per room in the capital is less than 1.5. There is no under-nourishment; the consumption of margarine, for instance, is virtually *nil* because everyone can afford butter.

But perhaps the best indication of the economic well-being of the Finns is their political attitude towards their Soviet neighbour. On their eastern flank lies the U.S.S.R., and everybody knows what colossal economic reforms that Union has experienced, what miracles of industrial organization, what prodigies of collective farming, what epoch-making improvements in the

standard of living of the people. It might well be expected that the Finns would be anxious to return to the Russian fold now that it is under new shepherds who have shown such care for the least among their flock. The fact is that nowhere can one find such scepticism about the whole Russian experiment as exists in Finland. In the worst years of the crisis some hundreds of Finnish workers made their way across the frontier to settle in Soviet territory. About half of them have since come back, bringing such tales of poverty and oppression that the flickers of Communist faith among Finnish workers have been extinguished. And it is believed that the other half would come back if they could.

Meanwhile what of the political perils to which we referred at the beginning of this article? What of the warlike spirit and the oppression of minorities which are said to be unavoidable in small nations? There is compulsory military service in Finland; there is an expensive army and a navy; there is no organized pacifism. At the same time there is a clear realization that Finland could never be strong enough to win a war, and therefore could never wish to make one. The aim of her armaments is to convince the Soviet Union (for example) that to attack Finland would be a costly business. The hope is that, in the event of attack, Finland would be able to hold out until the League of Nations—by which Northern people usually mean Great Britain—could come to her rescue.

The problem of national minorities exists in an acute form in Finland. The legacy of the centuries of Swedish rule is the presence in Finland of some 350,000 people of Swedish descent. Though they compose but 10 per cent. of the population these Swedes are of a high level of civilization and are disproportionately prominent in the commercial and professional ranks. The Finns are jealous of them, but so far from persecuting the Swedish minority they have allowed them privileges out of all proportion to their numbers. Swedish and Finnish are both official languages. One in every five secondary schools and one of the three universities are for Swedish-speaking scholars. There is an untrammelled and intransigent Swedish press.

There remains the question of the cultural standard of Finland. The Englishman will at once think of the Irish parallel,

for Finland is to Sweden very much as Ireland is to England. Are the Finns sacrificing their acquired culture to the traditions of a *Gaeltacht*? The truth is that in all their centuries as a subject-people the Finns never really lost their independence. Under Sweden in the seventeenth and eighteenth they enjoyed a higher degree of self-government than any other people in Europe; under Russia in the nineteenth century they remained a Grand Duchy with their own parliament, and the Tsar, though an autocrat in Russia, was but a limited monarch in Finland. The Finnish language never died; Swedish culture grafted itself naturally and healthily on to the Finnish stem. The result when Finland at last became an independent State was that there was no need to stimulate a cultural revival: renaissance had come spontaneously. If you require a monument you have only to look round Helsinki (Helsingfors). Modern architecture has nowhere found such happy expression, unless it be in Stockholm. The magnificent railway station, though the work of a Finnish architect in Finnish stone, is in a tradition which we associate with contemporary Sweden. Or take music: one may associate Sibelius's most popular piece, *Finlandia*, with nationalist sentiment, but his symphonies transcend nationalism.

There is a sense in which all culture is regional—or national, if you will—and in that sense Finnish culture is national. But it cannot be said that the culture of this new state is nationalist, if by that we mean that it is distorted by political motives. There is only one obvious case of such distortion and that is the new emphasis which is laid on English instead of German as the foreign language to be taught in schools. The Finns have no love for Germany, therefore they refuse to learn her language, although German is and must continue to be the *lingua franca* of the Baltic. They admire England and look forward to ever closer commercial relations with us—look forward, too, to our military help in the day of trouble—and therefore they learn our language. Culturally it is a questionable reform, but it puts Englishmen under the obligation of ceasing to ignore the example of Finland as one of the most successful of all the new societies which have grown out of the post-war "settlement" of Europe.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE dictatorships have been giving tongue: Mussolini, after his invariable use, in person; Herr Hitler, by a frequent mouthpiece, General Göring, who represents completely, perhaps even emphasises, one side of that Nordic Mahdi. Meanwhile across the Atlantic one of the freest of free peoples has created something like a dictatorship—although in the present disposition of the United States this matters little to Europe, for help or hindrance. However that be, Mr. Roosevelt has had great power for the last four years: for the next period it will be greatly augmented. Even the Republican opposition appears to recognize that the people has spoken, and what is more notable, recognizes it willingly. There is a desire among the democracies for leadership and for strong administration.

Great Britain led the way in this so far back as 1931, and the last general election confirmed the situation—though without any such resounding emphasis as in the United States. France last spring went further than Republican France had ever gone in the same direction, and these last weeks seem to indicate that, against much augury, M. Blum's position strengthens rather than is threatened.

The English scene is curious. Less than a year ago the English people were ready—morally, that is, for it never occurs to them that they may be materially unready—to face the only crusade on which it would be possible to launch them. The notion of a crusade for the powerful organization of peace, asserting law between nations, excited and even elated them; it meant more than a decisive test match, and the feeling knew no boundary of parties. Then it turned out that neither the English government nor that of the other great free country in Europe, was prepared for the

hazard. A cold douche came. There was no upset, for the government was in reality so far national that no alternative administration was in sight which could carry the country with it. The young man on whom the country had set its heart (regarding him dimly, I think, as expressing the more active side of Mr Baldwin's nature) remained in office, while his colleague, who had represented the older and more cautious Mr. Baldwin, went out.

Today it is still Mr. Eden who speaks for England on foreign affairs—and, it is plain, speaks acceptably. Since there is to be no crusade, since England's policy cannot be expressed in active support of the League of Nations, since we must begin again and work underground like the mole, for the moment England's role in Europe is to keep the temperature down, and Mr. Eden appears as the perfectly well-bred Englishman, excellent for the purpose. Both Germans and Italians have publicly courted England with a view to an effusive reconciliation, expressing their desire for a harmonious concert of Europe, in which England should be allowed a leading part. But both have conveyed, the Italians more adroitly, that harmony can only be attained by the exclusion of Russia from this civilized combination. To all this Mr. Eden makes answer quietly that Great Britain will not enter into any combination directed against any particular power. Further, he replies to Italy that the Mediterranean is not merely a convenient short cut for British transport, but a vital channel of communication which will be kept open if necessary by British power; and to Germany that the financial stringency of which General Göring complains certainly does not arise because Germany was robbed by England, since England lent to Germany more than the equivalent of what Germany paid to England in compensation for damage done.

When the spokesman of a government takes so firm a line, he must have support both moral and material; and the House of Commons at large clearly supported Mr. Eden. There is a general sense that the dictatorships are inclined to dictate outside their own boundaries, and this is resented. Some time ago an article on "The Price of Peace" was published in this REVIEW, and many beside

Labour's Indecision

the writer would at that time have been inclined to consider what concessions could be made to the "Have-Nots." But since then, one of them has carved out an "Empire," in defiance of all pledges, at the expense of a fellow member of the League, and the other, in defiance of agreements not only accepted at Versailles but renewed of free will at Locarno, has upset what seemed the stabilization of Western Europe—as Belgium's recent action proves; and both have done their best to defeat and wipe out that inchoate organization by which it was hoped to establish a reign of peace and law. Very few now, certainly not the writer of that article, think this a time for concessions which would have much the appearance of paying blackmail. Just because there are threats even to the strong, even the strong must prepare defence; and it is here that public opinion in England, as expressed in the House of Commons, stops short of resolute support.

The Opposition are quite clear that resistance should be offered to any further encroachment attempted by the dictatorships; indeed they go further than the Government and apparently are for resisting aggression by force, no matter in what quarter of Europe it occurs. But they cannot decide to back the Government in making good admitted deficiencies in armament. "We ourselves," they say, "should trust ourselves to do this, if we were in power; we cannot trust you." Since that ambiguous attitude towards a national need is more likely than anything else to keep Labour out of power, Labour's help cannot be counted on.

Yet the situation is grave for all free countries in Europe. Sweden, which was strongly affected by German sympathies, is now alarmed by the Nazi developments and stands on the defensive. Denmark, always very close to England in sympathy, and having a man from the peasant class for Prime Minister, has disarmed, and now finds itself flooded by Nazi propaganda and experiencing gradual infiltration of German settlement into that part of Schleswig-Holstein which a plebiscite restored to Danish allegiance. Where there are German settlers there are, under the Danish system, German schools, and each becomes a centre of

Dilemma of the Unarmed

Nazi teaching. Conservatives and Socialists in Denmark alike are uneasy, but the sense of a superior force behind this propaganda makes them doubt whether it is not necessary to accept some kind of absorption into the German system as inevitable. They read Belgium's new attitude as meaning that, in Belgian opinion, even France and Britain together do not offer an unchallengeable protection.

Holland and Switzerland show their view of the situation by accepting new burdens for armament, most uncongenial to quiet countries. Of the two greater Powers, France does not conceal its apprehensiveness, and the pacifist M. Blum is spending as Poincaré or Clemenceau might have done. England also decides to rearm, and spends to rearm, but here a difference is at once manifest. France cannot draw more widely on man power than she already has done; the obligation is universal. She can only increase her readiness by taking a larger slice out of each man's civilian existence. In England, the number of soldiers, trained, half-trained, or even not quarter trained, is considerably less than in the early summer of 1914. And although the need to rearm is admitted by all parties, the guns may be ordered but the men to man the guns do not present themselves. This is a danger to the peace of Europe, and European war would once more bring in an England unprepared—which is murder for many thousands of Englishmen.

One must give up the idea of conscription, because of the extraordinary fact that universal obligation to military service, which in France is taken for the hall-mark of democracy, is regarded in England as a badge of servitude. But in a democracy compulsory service must be universal, and English opinion would regard a levy so far beyond the immediate military need as a declaration of militarism. The English think the French militarist because if war comes every man has to serve, and must learn to serve in peace time. They prefer that soldiering should be a profession or a pastime; here volunteers or men in the Territorials seem to be regarded much as if they devoted their leisure to football—though they do not get the admiration which a footballer enjoys.

As to the professional soldier in the ranks, he accepts a trade which is not highly thought of in England—and in many households is counted a disgrace.

Everybody knows all this, but nobody has a remedy. Various devices are proposed to attract recruits by new inducements, but nobody expects more than at the very most a five per cent increase through any one of them. The War Office can do nothing effective about it, for the problem is in its essence political. It means changing the whole attitude of the country towards soldiering, and though the Government can pass a law, it cannot change men's dispositions. The whole question needs to be lifted out of party politics—as it is in France, and to be treated as a national necessity—as it was in the War. But if war comes again, it should begin with conscription, not only because nothing else is efficient but because nothing else is fair.

Is it impossible to attach to the War Office an advisory council, with the duty of making public recommendations on the means by which conscription in peace time can be avoided? Such a council must be as well able to speak for the trade unions as for the employers, since either of these forces is potent to determine whether after a period of soldiering a man can get back to his job, or can get a job that is a trade. Organized capital and organized labour, just because they are organized, both have a heavy responsibility for the difficulty that Great Britain experiences in getting men to man its defences.

For the British Commonwealth a long-service professional army is needed, as it is needed by no other Power, since a great part of the professional service must be done overseas. That has its attractions, but has also its heavy drawbacks, and the worst drawback is the difficulty of return to civil life. A test case is offered by the reservists who were called out to go to Palestine. Nothing could help recruiting for the regular army more than that the War Office should watch over the return of every one of these men into civil life; if there is hindrance to any one of them getting back to the job he had, or its equivalent, the War Office should let the public know of it, and spare no one in fixing the

blame where it lies. But, of course, such a task would belong more rightly to, and be executed with more authority by, such a permanent council as I suggest.

The core of the trouble lies in the British conception of a soldier as a man separate from the community at large. Nobody in France or Germany says, as is constantly said in England, that a man who has been a soldier is unfitted for ordinary civilian life; for, if so, everybody in France and Germany would be unfit. Yet the case of the professional soldier does present a difficulty, though it may probably be lessened as the professional army is more fully mechanized and becomes more, like the navy or air force, a skilled trade. It should be possible to arrange not only that a man during service should get some technical training, but, what is even more important, that he should easily find his place in organized labour. If organized labour can be taught to realize that the man who takes service in the regular army or the territorials is doing of free will a job which every man in other countries is obliged to do, and that if volunteers are not forthcoming in England also, every man will be obliged to do that job, then the soldier may have the way made easy for him in returning to civil life. And organized labour is so much more powerful politically than organized capital that employers, even if reluctant, will have to follow the Trade Unions' lead in this matter.

The trouble is complex and goes deep. England has not the feeling towards its professional soldiers which existed towards all soldiers in time of war. History has never constrained the people of these islands to regard the duty of preparing for national defence as a universal obligation. Considered as a trade, the soldier's trade is disapproved, partly because it is not a paying one, but more, I think, because the average man dislikes the idea of submission to complete discipline—which in British countries is only accepted exceptionally. Over and above all this, since 1918 there has been a widespread revulsion against the brutality of war, and a widespread feeling that the infantry in particular were wastefully and stupidly used. Mr. Lloyd George, in endeavouring to make sure that there shall never again be such attempts at battering through, has done much to make recruiting difficult. There was waste in all armies, perhaps

more in the British than in the French or German because the men were less trained, and the case needed to be stated, and stated forcibly. It is a pity that the statement has been spoilt by attribution of mean motives. If Haig was ruthless in his will to victory, that was no more due to vanity in him than it was in Mr. Lloyd George. But as a result of all that has come and gone, no young man is ashamed to say, I would never serve as a soldier. It is not recognized, as it should be recognized by all, that there must be an army, and an adequate army.

The employment of the army is for the government of the day to control, and like all other government functions this is a matter for party criticism. But the provision of an army is a subject which can and should be lifted out of party politics; and I see no way to this except by the creation of a permanent civilian Board representing all classes in the nation. It is a danger to the nation that in such a matter organized labour can be, as at present, only represented in the Opposition to Government.

Madrid's fate is being decided, but cannot decide the destiny of Spain. Many in these countries think that all will be well if the Right succeeds. But a quiet Englishman of high reputation just back from living in Spain put a very different view when I asked him: "Is there any chance that Franco's people will not win?" "There would be, if there was a God," he said; and the violence of that expression gave me pause. Bad is the best that can be expected. Spain kept out of the European war, but could not stand clear of the organized ideas and emotions which that war generated throughout Europe. Yet Holland, Switzerland, all Scandinavia, were neutral states no less exposed to these influences, and their order has remained stable. One cannot but feel that Spain needed reconstruction.

It will get it: whether for better or no. The eleventh volume of the *Cambridge Ancient History* just published throws odd lights on the problem. Always, it seems, even before the beginning of the Roman Empire, Spain was a country of miners—strong industrial groups, hardest and not the most tractable of mankind. Always, too, even though Roman rule gave it unity, "it was a country divided into regions varying in climate and products,

very much shut off from one another—a series of compartments each living its own life, and each at a different stage of civilization." Looking at it from outside, one is disposed to think that the way of wisdom would be to allow much local autonomy, such as the Basques have recently received in stress of civil war. What stands against this is the prestige of national unity—such as dominates the mind of Ireland, and dominated a great part of Great Britain while the legislative union lasted. Differences almost as great existed in France before the Revolution and were then ironed out; but in that case revolution had full play, and its work was completed and systematized by the ablest of all military dictators. Spain's revolution has been too promptly checked by counter-revolution, and we cannot suppose that General Franco is Napoleon. If the Bourbons had come at once instead of after twenty years of Napoleon's empire, France today would be—heaven knows what.

Yet the chapter in this volume's new instalment of closely packed knowledge from Cambridge which is devoted to Gaul in days of the "Imperial Peace" shows already many features of the social organization that modern France preserves. France is still a country "where the relations between country and town are not so much an affair of dependence and supremacy as of a combination between the two on equal terms." Then as now, the region of the olive was limited to the Mediterranean province, where Greek influence as well as Latin was felt; though the vine, then as now, spread far into regions where butter takes the place of oil. Race remained Celtic, but speech was largely Latinized. In fact, the whole country was by the second century an organic part of the Roman world, and the base for spreading Roman rule, commerce, and culture into the German lands where institutions were as yet not at all so stable. Indeed, what the book has to tell us about Germany is mostly a catalogue of names and facts; anything that gives a substantial picture comes from Tacitus. "To warn and enlighten his fellow countrymen, and to some extent also for the purpose of their self examination, he published in A.D. 98 . . . his book about the vigorous, brave, and moral but rapacious and bellicose people who inhabited the wide countries of free Germanita." Here also there surely is continuity.

It is not too late for expression of gratitude to the Anglo-French Art and Travel Society, who organized the exhibition of Nineteenth Century French Painting at the Burlington Gallery, which was so manageable in size. Only seventeen painters were represented and only 123 canvases shown. Several artists were not seen at all at their best; Ingres may have been at his most characteristic, but certainly was at his most academic, in the examples of him; there was no first-rate Monet, and this painter, who specially needs to be seen far off, was chiefly shown in a tiny corridor. On the other hand, there was a great deal of Corot in all his moods and manners, and of Renoir, whom Mr. Clive Bell (in a Foreword to the catalogue) inclines to think "the loveliest" of them all. Well, I would give all the Renoirs that ever were for Manet's picture of the small boy with a basket exchanging language of the eye with a most endearing dog; or for his picture of Berthé Morisot in fur with a muff—the perfect expression of a Frenchwoman's elegance and intellectual charm. Face and figure alike suggested swift appreciation of either wit or beauty. His great picture of the bull-fight, too, was a new revelation of this painter's genius. Delacroix's group of stallions rearing as they came out of their bath in the tide made me begin to understand why the painter was so admired by the Romantics—and why Ingres did his best to keep him out of recognition. There was a great deal of Cézanne, of Gauguin, and of Van Gogh, the three who seem to dominate the mind of modern artists; and certainly Van Gogh's "Arlésienne" is vivid enough in its presentment of a personality. Heaven help the one who had to oppose that lady, or to bargain with her! There is a picture, also by him, of the public garden at Arles with a couple of figures walking under the shade of a big palm: you can almost hear the metallic rattle of its leaves. I do not know whether this is proper praise nowadays to give a painter: Mr. Clive Bell says, "Daumier was not a painter," yet there in his study of two chess players was the very image of concentration—wrought into a double pattern of balanced forms and light and shade. Possibly he means that Daumier could have got the thing in black and white, which is conceivable; it is not conceivable about Van Gogh's "Arlésienne," with her glossy black hair and vivid points of red.

But the picture which threw most light on the development of painting was Courbet's big landscape, "Le Ruisseau, dans la Forêt." It seems to me drawn with an academic thoroughness that Ingres could not have surpassed, and yet rendered nature with an unconventional representation of colour which broke clean away from all eighteenth century tradition of "brown shades." The reflections in Cézanne's "Le Lac Bleu" are not more fully studied. Monet, coming later, saw half tones which Courbet did not distinguish, and subtilized the painting of light; but this thing is a work of a man who set down with extraordinary fidelity of observation and skill of craftsmanship what was before him in the open air. Another canvas of his interested me for very different reasons: it represents a trout, and few anglers at a first glance would recognize it for one. But if they look again, they will see that it is a big bottom-feeding fish, whose gross habits have deprived it of all a trout's elegance until at last it was betrayed into gorging a worm; the line is shown leading right down into its gullet; and the heavy fish is seen as it was finally lugged out, beaten and exhausted. The odds are that Courbet either caught or assisted at the capture of this veteran among trout.

Mr. Clive Bell rightly asks us to observe how far from exhaustive is this representation of French art during the last century; and he strings out a list of over a score of painters whose work is absent. Even in that list Daubigny and Diaz, Harpignies and Besnard, are omitted or forgotten. Yet no doubt the actual chiefs were there to be seen and the Impressionists at least had their full right.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE DEMOCRATIC OUTLOOK

BY LORD LOTHIAN

THE FAITH OF AN ENGLISHMAN,
by Sir Edward Grigg. Macmillans.
10s. 6d.

IN the present confusion of policy both on the domestic and the international front, any clear statement of political faith is of value. Sir Edward Grigg has had a lifetime of experience of politics and business throughout the British Empire and the Continent of Europe as well as at home. He was Mr. Lloyd George's Secretary for a time after the War. Though now a member of the Conservative Party, he has a keen and sympathetic understanding both of the Liberal and Labour point of view. His book, therefore, is in no sense a restatement of the traditional Tory creed. It is a sincere attempt to define a true basis for a British national policy, though admittedly one which is meant to appeal to his own Party rather than to the theorists of the Left.

He begins by traversing briefly the fundamental course of events in Europe from the date when the rejection of the League of Nations by the United States launched Europe on a career quite different from that contemplated by the framers of the Paris Settlement. He sees that, so far as Europe was concerned, the Locarno period was the only real attempt to apply to Europe the principles of the Covenant of the League of Nations; though he does not seem to see that it could only have been a beginning because it was based on the maintenance

of the fundamental discriminations against Germany implied in unilateral disarmament and the demilitarization of the Rhineland. He has some exceptionally interesting pages to show how the Covenant of the League of Nations became the easy faith of Great Britain and how it helped to bring into being the new concept of the British Commonwealth embodied in the Imperial Conference Report of 1926 and the Statute of Westminster of 1930. But perhaps the most valuable part of his book is the analysis of the way in which, long after League principles had lost their validity in other parts of the world and the League had become a system for maintaining the repression of Germany in the hope of giving security to its members through the military ascendancy of France, Great Britain and the British Empire clung to the original theory of the League of Nations. That is why they never understood why France resisted disarmament unless Great Britain armed, and lacked understanding of the significance of the failure in Manchuria, and why the League itself was impotent to stop economic nationalism—the greatest single cause of poverty and social unrest in the post-War world. Hence the enthusiasm with which they backed collective action against Italy over Abyssinia, without realising that it would be ineffective unless they were prepared for war and the extent of the subsequent disillusionment as they came to realize

that in a world of sovereign states dissatisfied with the *status quo* which it could not alter, the Covenant, so far from being the means for the preservation of peace, had become an instrument for waging war.

The book then proceeds to consider the contemporary world. It contains an interesting judgment of the strength and weakness both of Communism and Fascism and proclaims its fidelity to the free institutions which underlie the Constitution of Great Britain and of the British Commonwealth as the only sure foundation for human progress. He is convinced that these cannot be preserved if we cling to the League policy of entanglement in the affairs of a Europe maddened by nationalism, Communism and Fascism, but only through adequate re-armament and a foreign policy related

to our real strength in the world. But what perhaps interests Sir Edward Grigg most is the discovery of the driving forces which will convert the confusion; the divisions, and the uncertainties of contemporary opinion in Britain into a unity of faith and conviction comparable to that which now animates the great dictatorships of the Right and of the Left. He sees that it can only be reached through leadership amid the free play of democratic institutions. He sees the basis of the new leadership in the ancient instinct of patriotism—a patriotism not narrow in the old insular sense but reflecting the zeal to perpetuate and defend British Institutions and free institutions generally throughout the length and breadth of the British Commonwealth without attempting to impose them by force on nations which do not desire them. He has some shrewd observations on the duty of the modern British patriot, towards defence and armaments, towards the Empire and towards the great countries of the contemporary world. He recognises that true patriotism must have a progressive internal policy no less than an external policy—a policy which must include a considerable dose of what used to be called Socialism and deals with such matters as nutrition and physical training and the union of the classes through some system of universal compulsory labour service. He regards the public school spirit as containing in itself an essential core of truth but as requiring far-reaching adaptation if it is to continue to lead in the conditions of the post-War world.

Altogether Sir Edward has rendered a notable service in clearing his own ideas and helping others to clear theirs. The book is perhaps somewhat long, but it is full of brilliant writing and of sage reflections on men and things. It will make for healthy thinking and resolute action at a very dangerous moment in our national affairs. Let us hope it will have a wide circle of readers.

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A SOUL'S TRAGEDY

By H. W. NEVINSON

THE KAISER AND ENGLISH RELATIONS, by E. F. Benson. Longmans Green. 16s.

TO those who are old enough to have followed the history of Europe during the last fifty years this is a work of absorbing interest; for it treats of all the great events of the age up to the end of the Great War. It is a tragic story—the tragedy of a vital and energetic soul, fatally influenced by a tragedy of the body. Our Princess Royal, Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, was married when she was only just over seventeen to Frederick William of Prussia, a courageous, estimable, and liberal-minded man, but during the cruelly hard delivery of their first baby its left shoulder was wrenched from its socket, leaving the whole of the arm almost helpless for life. It is hardly too much to say that the careless disablement of the child in the hope of saving the mother's life led to repeated danger in Europe and ultimately to the death of ten million young men in war. As the child grew up, that semi-paralysed arm induced a miserable sense of inferiority. Endowed with an unusually active and versatile brain, and a body otherwise strong and energetic, he felt that he was not equal to the others whom he saw around him, and the knowledge drove him to violent self-assertion and conceit, while at the same time he remained timid, suspicious and distrustful. Boastful to excess, and glorying in his high position he was always haunted by fears, and sought to maintain his sense of power by cunning intrigues and shifty deceptions.

One lamentable effect of his misfortune at birth was his contempt for his father and his dislike of his mother—a dislike which she seemed to return. He justly regarded them both as liberal reformers, opposed to the autocracy which was his own ideal. "There is only one law, and that is my will. I am the instrument of the Most High," he announced soon after his accession. Bismarck, who was recalled from Paris in the first year of William I's reign, and directed the fortunes of Germany and indeed of Europe, for nearly thirty years, agreed with the youth in his indifference to his parents. "If I had been Chancellor then," he used to say, "I should never have admitted *die Englische Krankheit* [German for the rickets] into the royal family," and after the brief reign of Frederick William and his torturing death from a cancerous growth in the throat, the life of the widowed Empress was indeed deplorable. Her one consolation lay in pouring out to her mother, Queen Victoria, the records of her son's errors, insolence, and neglect. The whole aim and purpose of her life had perished. As Mr. Benson says, with sympathetic insight:—

It was impossible for an active-minded and restless woman, only just fifty years old, to obliterate the political interests which had engrossed her so long, or patiently to see her son, whose ideas and ideals were so utterly opposed to hers, in possession of all that, but for her husband's premature death, she would have shared with him.

Only two years after his accession the Kaiser dismissed Bismarck. He

"dropped the pilot," and felt himself master of his Empire, or of the world. He had some notion of carrying on Bismarck's open policy, but his only idea of diplomacy was filling suspected opponents with suspicions of each other. Secretly to abuse England and France to the Tsar, and at the same time to abuse Russia to the other two, was his method of preventing that "encirclement" which always filled his timid nature with apprehensions, while on every occasion he was displaying his overwhelming army and, latterly, his powerful fleet. For his grandmother Queen Victoria he certainly felt deep respect and admiration, in spite of her frequent reproaches and admonitions about his reckless behaviour, as in the case of the Kruger telegram. Nothing delighted him more than her presents of Highland kilts or the "Nelson uniform," and he always welcomed an invitation to Osborne, even when he was not welcome. His uncle, as Prince of Wales and Edward VII, he cordially detested, and the feeling was heartily reciprocated, especially when he sent reproving letters about his uncle's indiscretions, as after the Tranby Croft gambling affair.

Towards England as a whole his sentiments were interestingly mixed. He loved and hated her. "*Odi et amo*," said Catullus of his mistress, and the paradox fits the Kaiser's feelings well. He envied the English adventurous spirit, and especially our seamanship, for he always longed to be a fine sailor. He even designed a superbattleship, and submitted the plans to Admiral Brin, the Italian Minister of Marine, who courteously replied with the highest commendation of the vessel's design as the mightiest, most terrible, and also the loveliest battleship ever seen, but added, "This wonderful vessel has only one fault: if she were put on the water she would

sink like a lump of lead." That may sound discouraging, but the Kaiser was never discouraged about his own genius. He lectured his Naval and Military Staffs upon the science of war; he sent strategical advices to his uncle Edward about the Boer War, and a similar document to the Tsar when the Russian fleet was sunk in the war with Japan. In an evil hour, during the Boxer Rising, he addressed his detachment of troops from a high scaffolding at Bremenhaven thus:

There will be no quarter; no prisoners will be taken. As a thousand years ago the Huns under King Attila gained for themselves a name which still stands for a terror in tradition and story, so may the name of Germany be impressed by you for a thousand years on China.

He designed allegorical pictures of the defeat of the "Yellow Peril." He composed music. He cultivated cattle-breeding. He set up a porcelain factory that collapsed. He excavated antiques at Corfu. He was a successful commercial traveller for his country. He denounced the Jews. On one occasion he showed great courage for, when the doctors detected a growth in his throat that threatened him with his father's fate, he seemed to pay no attention to it, but continued his course of life and work as usual. If only he had displayed equal courage at the end of the fatal war; if only he had stood in his "shining armour" on the top of a trench while his army was melting away, and cried, "Here I stand, the glorious victim of destiny and the foul conspiracy of my foes," he would have saved his reputation and his dynasty. But just after he had fled, I saw a lifesize caricature of him hanging from a tree at his headquarters in Spa. As Mr. Benson says, he had always caricatured himself, and this was the end.

This fascinating book will not be popular in Doorn.

CONFLICT IN THE FAR EAST

By E. M. GULL

THE FAR EAST IN FERMENT, by Guenther Stein. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

THE FAR EAST COMES NEARER, by Hessel Tiltman. Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.

MILITARISM AND FOREIGN POLICY IN JAPAN, by E. E. N. Causton. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

It is anticipated that shortly before the publication of this issue the Japanese Premier, Mr. Hirota, will have made a public statement defining his Government's attitude towards Constitutional Reform. The anticipation expressed by Reuter's Tokyo correspondent on November 7, rests upon facts which constitute the chief elements in Far Eastern questions, the dominant question being, as in Europe, whether there is to be peace or war.

That so vital a matter should be directly connected with Constitutional Reform must to English readers seem astonishing. In England it is almost impossible to think of such reform in military terms. That was not the case at one period of our history, but Cromwell's regime was so specially conditioned, and is so remote from our modern conceptions, that to recall it helps us little in making the mental adjustment which Japanese circumstances require. The term "dictatorship," with which events in Europe have made us so familiar, helps a good deal, and is the one we should employ in relation to an increase of military authority at the expense of Parliament. Yet though that is the process which Constitutional Reform in Japan involves, it is not there thought of in terms of dictatorship, but of a restoration to the Emperor of powers deemed constitutionally to belong to him and latterly to have been infringed upon

by Ministers and Parties. This, it is thought, has been dangerous both to the internal and external welfare of Japan, more particularly the latter, which is conceived of negatively in terms of grave risks and positively in those of brilliant opportunities. Amongst the risks are Soviet Russia and Communism, amongst the opportunities North China; the measures required, in the Army's view, to protect Japan against the former being also necessary to seize the chances presented by the latter. On the other hand, as Russia disclaims any ambitions threatening to Japan, but has a long frontier conterminous with the Japanese Army's recent creation, Manchoukyo, she feels obliged to arm in self-defence, and as China thinks of herself and her future as something bigger and better than Japan's opportunity she is doing the same, simultaneously trying to organize and re-organize in many other ways.

Such in brief is the subject matter of these books. The circumstances just described are in themselves sufficient to explain the title of Mr. Stein's survey, which, like his previous volume, *Made in Japan*, is characterized by admirable lucidity. Indeed, here and there, there is a tendency to over simplification, as on an early page when, in introducing the main elements of Far Eastern ferment, he describes Chiang Kai-shek's modern army as gradually crystallizing "in the crowded plains of Central China out of eternal chaos and internecine strife"—though in fact the term chaotic is inapplicable to many centuries of Chinese history; and later in the book when, in describing the difficulties of the Japanese script, those of romanization are left un-

explained. Such faults, however, are small in relation to the success with which, in a short book intended for the general reader, he deals with his subject as a whole.

We are given a clear-cut picture of the ways in which Westernization has worked out in Japan both politically and economically. As regards the latter, we are shown the "pyramid of wealth," represented at its apex by some twenty families paying income tax on incomes higher than a million yen (about £60,000); a small middle class, about 370,000 families, with incomes of from £300 to £600 a year (equivalent in purchasing power, like the bigger sum just quoted, to twice that amount) and some 12,000,000 households (out of a total of 12,800,000) whose average income (allowing about five persons per household) is £33 a year, free of income tax, but not from much heavier indirect taxes.

There is no way [says Mr. Stein] of looking behind the veil of this average and finding out about the numbers and categories of families down the different grades of the scale, in the main an agricultural one, many of which descend to the depths of sheer misery. (Other recently published figures are more detailed than Mr. Stein's).

We are also shown the immense pressure upon industrial employment which these circumstances, combined with an increasing population, exert: the constantly increasing effort of industry to meet the pressure and the intensifying quest both for markets and raw materials which the effort involves.

Partly because the Army is mainly recruited from the "Have-Not" classes, partly because the quest for, and creation of, markets on the Asiatic mainland have become inextricably associated through Manchuria with strategic considerations, the Army is directly interested in economic conditions and therefore in government and policy, all of which, it thinks, have suffered from

a degree of Westernization harmful to the national polity. Thus, side by side with conditions productive of economic ferment, have been created agitating problems of moral and political reconstruction.

Not only [says Mr. Stein] is loyalty to the Emperor to be fostered—undiminished though it is—but all those interpretations of the country's constitution on Western lines which seem to take away from the absolute character of the monarchy are to be uprooted and a new and vigorous enthusiasm created—

an enthusiasm which, in the Army's view, justifies heavier and heavier expenditure on military preparedness, methods and schemes reaching beyond Manchuria (which "is too small to make good Japan's deficiencies in raw materials") into Mongolia and China and therefore threatening conflict both with the latter and Russia.

In *The Far East Comes Nearer*, Mr. Tiltman surveys very much the same ground, going, however, further afield than Mr. Stein in respect of American and British interests and policy in the Far East. Moreover, he links up the situation there with the situation in Europe, showing the interdependence of the two, whence his title. Taken as a whole, his book, which is admirably illustrated, is a useful addition to accounts of recent events, of some of which, notably the attempted *coup d'état* in Tokyo last February, he was an eye witness. It has, however, serious inaccuracies. The demilitarized zone in North China, for instance, is defined as "comprising about a quarter of the province of Hopei lying northward of the Great Wall"—which is very much like saying that Yorkshire lies north of the Tweed. Again, on pages 230 and 242, in connection with smuggling, the reader is told that the tariff applicable in the territory controlled by General Sung is one-eighth of the official Customs Tariff, and on page 234, that the

"revenues of the six northern ports were withheld entirely from the Central Government, thereby creating a situation in which even the service of British loans secured on Customs revenue was imperilled." Neither of these statements is correct, though as a consequence of continued Japanese pressure they may become so. Nor is it as yet true to describe North China as having "gone West." Nanking, as shown by Sung's abandonment of the proposal to reduce the tariff to the figure quoted by Mr. Tiltman, still exercises a considerable degree of control. The statement that "the state of the Chinese millions could not be more wretched under Japanese-inspired rule and would probably be better" (page 297) ignores several elements in the situation, not the least important of which is Chinese hatred of the Japanese.

In *Militarism and Foreign Policy in Japan*, Mr. Causton gives us a refreshingly scholarly and careful survey of the position of the Army in relation to the State. This book is in one respect the most useful of the three, in that it reveals what may be described as the organic nature of militarism in Japan. It does this by sketching the historical background of military authority and prestige, describing the defects of Japanese democracy and the position of the military under the Constitution, and thereafter tracing the influence of the military upon events from the Restoration down to the re-organization of administration in Manchuria in 1934. The author's treatment of his theme is throughout objective and detached, and though here and there he relies upon authorities which some may feel disposed to question, he never fails to give chapter and verse. The result is a documented study of permanent value, all the more welcome because it helps us to judge to what extent Japan's foreign policy is likely to retain its present military characteristics.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by G. K. Chesterton. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

No man can have the last word about his own life and character; but his best possible protection against future misprision and misrepresentation is to leave behind him an honest, a really honest autobiography; and G. K. Chesterton in his untimely death was at least fortunate in that he had found time to complete an autobiography impeccably honest, characteristic and revealing. If ever the book was the man, this book is entirely and exhaustively the elusive, provocative and fascinating, reconciliation of irreconcilables that was known to the world as "G. K. C." So far as a man can know himself, he knew and enjoyed his multiple personality; he saw his life as a consistent, reasonable evolution in a universally evolutionary age; he saw his friends, like the cardboard figures in a toy theatre, grouping themselves round him in appreciation of his own self-consciousness; he saw his education, his fancies, his arguments, and his battles on behalf of liberty, struggling towards their final realization in his apparently irrational submission to the superstitions, the sophistries, and the dogmatic authority of a Papist's faith. If it is objected that such self-concentration is bound to narrow itself down to a hide-bound egotism, the proof to the contrary lies in the autobiography itself. Never was there a life-story richer in altruistic impulse, in the joys of friendship, in the recognition of social obligations, in broad, humane interest in the lives and sufferings of other people. But at the core of every honest autobiography must lie hidden the inevitable knowledge that what matters most to every man is his capacity for fostering his own character, for realising his own possibility, for turning his talent into ten, and rendering it again to the Giver with interest. It will be the task of others to judge how far Gilbert Chesterton

succeeded in completing the pattern of the life which he believed to be his destiny; in the meanwhile he has traced with a wonderfully intimate and penetrating judgment the impulses which moved him, and the uses to which he turned them. Loving from childhood "the boundary line that brings one thing sharply against another," he looks back upon the drama of life through the framework of a proscenium, and the proscenium, of course, is his own temperament. "I will maintain," he says, "that the largest wilderness looks larger seen through a window," but his wilderness is full of life; a cavalcade of travelling figures, a pilgrimage of doubt and hope crosses it from verge to verge. For the psychologist the *Autobiography* offers the study of an enthralling personality; for the historian it abounds in portraiture, keen, interpretative and memorable. There is something for everyone in its pages; and every reader will esteem it from a different standpoint.

Honesty, first and last, is its distinctive virtue; and, after honesty, humour. If G. K. C. believed in "taking things with gratitude, and not for granted," he believed even more in taking them with a sense of humour, even the things that the average Englishman is wont to invest with a rather pompous air of solemnity. He can laugh consumedly at himself, but he can also laugh at the things and the people that he loved better than himself. He can even play with the ideas for which he would fight to the last ditch. There are innumerable stories in the book illustrating the humours of the Victorian, Edwardian and Georgian scenes; and it is not difficult to imagine the sudden explosion of laughter with which their narrator would have greeted the uncertain smiles of his audience. The solid Kensington family circle, the cluster of Common Room at St. Paul's School, the bustling competition of Fleet Street, the subterranean intrigue of party politics,

FROM RICHARDSON TO PINERO. SOME INNOVATORS AND IDEALISTS, by F. S. Boas. John Murray. 8s. 6d.

the corruption of the money-market, the horror and the tragedy of war, he faces them all with an indomitable capacity for winnowing the grain from the husks; even in the fell clutch of the Dark Angel, he will not let it go until it bless him. He begins his story with a laugh; but ends it with a sermon. Taking things with gratitude and not for granted, he "preserved out of childhood a certain romance of receptiveness which was not killed by sin or even by sorrow;" he was thankful for the gift of life, and sworn to the service of justice; he believed, above all things, in man's inalienable right to that true liberty whose truest name is Human Dignity. The first romantic figure to take captive his imagination was a stage puppet crossing a bridge, and carrying in his hand a key. With characteristic play of symbolism he transforms that figure into the patron saint of his religious faith, carrying the key which can unlock all doors.

There, as in a nutshell, you have the essential Chesterton. His imagination may be foolishness to one reader; his dogmatism a stumbling-block to another. But of his sincerity, his forcefulness, and his downright, incorruptible honesty there can be no dispute; and such qualities made a great man of him, and will hand on a great memory for the criticism of the future to confirm.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THIS book is a collection of essays and centenary addresses by Professor Boas. In the introduction Professor Boas writes: "When I began to revise them . . . I found that . . . their subjects were so far linked in that they manifested some form of innovation, independence, or idealism." The same might be said of any book consisting of essays on well-known writers, and the reader will do well to read each essay for its intrinsic interest, and not rack his mind to detect the missing link. Among the subjects with which Professor Boas deals are Richardson's Novels and their influence; Thackeray on the Eighteenth Century Humorist as Hero; William Wordsworth's Patriotic Poems and their significance to-day; Edmund Kean in his heroic parts; Elizabeth, Barrett Browning; A. H. Hallam and "In Memoriam"; Tennyson and the Arthurian Legend; and Matthew Arnold in his lyric verse. Prof. Boas is a benignant critic with a lucid and agreeable style. He conveys information without being tedious, and that is the chief merit of his work. His insight, however, is not penetrating. Speaking of Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humorists, he says that it is impossible not to be struck by the resemblance of Thackeray's "method of approach" to that of Carlyle, especially in his Heroes and Hero-Worship. Thackeray was influenced by Carlyle, and certainly approached his humorists with a resolve to beat the heroic drum. But his achievements as a hero-worshipper were forced, and gimcrack, and must have confirmed Carlyle in his opinion that "Thackeray despises himself for his work." Professor Boas quotes with approval Thackeray's "I should like to have been Shakespeare's boot-black, just to have lived in his house, just to have

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worshipped him, . . . and seen that sweet serene face." Apart from the fact that Shakespeare's face would soon have lost its serenity, had he been pestered by the adoration of a bootblack domiciled on the premises, Thackeray—but it is unnecessary to continue.

Professor Boas shares Wordsworth's high opinion of Wordsworth's patriotic verse. "It is sometimes forgotten," he says, "that the lyric of the Daffodils and the Daisy . . . could turn, with equal success of poetic intuition, to the causes that make or mar the greatness of kingdoms and of peoples." The poet sees the world in a grain of sand, and Heaven in a wild flower, and when he turns from the particular to the general, from the concrete object in front of him to those jangling abstractions dignified by the titles of kingdoms and empires, he ceases to be a poet and becomes a rhetorician. Wordsworth is sublime in his invocation to the cuckoo, an empty voice when he exclaims:

Advance, come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
Dear Liberty . . .

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, about whose political verse Professor Boas writes with warm sympathy, had an ardent belief in Louis Napoleon as a liberator. This fact should be impressed on every poet who feels himself called upon to vaticinate about politics. She looked to Napoleon to liberate Italy, and when his efforts in this direction ended in Nice and Savoy being filched from Italy and annexed to France, Mrs. Browning's dream of a liberated Italy was, Professor Boas wistfully remarks, "shattered."

The best essay in this volume is on Matthew Arnold's lyric poetry. In his verse Arnold expressed simply and movingly the melancholy of a nature too profound to accept the materialism of his times, but not profound enough to find a belief in his own intuitions.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

MORE POEMS, by A. E. Housman. Cape. 5s.

A. E. HOUSMAN. A SKETCH, by A. S. F. Gow. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

THIS man, whose personality was so incisive and single that it is rapidly crystallizing into a legend, left a will to prevent his occasional papers and sketches from being published: so that the public is unlikely to have more from him than is contained in these two small books; the one, a handful of verses rejected by the author during his lifetime; the other a reticent sketch by an academic colleague, with a guide for those people interested enough to want to read the scholar's contributions to the learned periodicals.

But the portrait that emerges is clear enough. Housman may be likened to a quince: a hard, astringent fruit, with a concentrated flavour, somewhat restricted in appeal. In some respects, no English poet has had less to say than Housman. His verses are an outcry of pain that man is a creature "whose name is written in water." His pagan mind saw only one chance of immortality; the immortality of work left behind as a record through time. And he knew that time must always triumph.

He shrank from the bitter realization; reserving himself from love and friendship, and casing himself about with a husk of controversial ferocity so that none should penetrate his defences.

It is easy to attack such an attitude and such a restricted activity. The modern critic, sociologically and economically enraged, will point out that Housman was after all a protected darling of the gods living in a pedant's paradise; his reclusiveness a condition that is no longer possible. But the irritating thing about Housman is that he always forestalled criticism (another example of his pagan spiritual pride). His restriction, his austerity, the monotony of theme in his verse, are all self-

recognized in these words with which he declined the post of Public Orator at Cambridge. "You none of you have any notion what a slow and barren mind I have, nor what a trouble composition is to me (in prose I mean: poetry is either easy or impossible)."

Whether that barrenness was due to the rejections and disciplines of overweening pride, or to some deeper mystery of personality, one would hesitate to assert; but it is obvious that a man who refuses public honours because "you should be welcome to praise me, if you did not praise one another," demands a standard of isolated perfection which he could hardly dare to allow even himself to claim.

It is said that we become like that thing we contemplate. Housman saw the universe as a vast nettle-bed; and himself acquired the sting.

Thus protected, he found poetry

"either easy or impossible," another example of the waywardness and unfairness of life. He knew, as Wordsworth did not, that a man who tries to make a career out of those rare and inexplicable moments of creative vision is doomed to exhaustion and disappointment. He turned to something concrete, that could be both attenuated and controlled; a semi-scientific activity, into which he imported the moral demands which poetry neither heeds nor requires, at least in its making. He expiated the shame of self-indulgence that lurks in the heart of every creative genius, by heaping denunciations on the heads of scholars for their little peccadilloes of pedantry. But beneath all these thunders, he knew that even criticism has its source in the same moods of irresponsible insight as go to the making of poetry.

RICHARD CHURCH.

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DESERT ENCOUNTER, by Knud Holmboe. Harrap. 9s.

WHEN a young Danish journalist, on his way south to Mecca, was murdered a few years ago by Hijazi Bedouin, little notice was taken except by the *cognoscenti*. It was thought that yet another European was attempting to penetrate in disguise to the Holy Cities of Islam, and, since this feat had already been achieved with comparative frequency, the incident passed soon forgotten. Now, however, recommended by the Book Society, and prefaced with highly laudatory words from the expert pen of Mr. J. H. Driberg, a book appears, a translation of a work that was published in Denmark five years ago, from this same young journalist. It is winning abundant plaudits. Is this praise justified?

I cannot believe it. Let it be granted at once, that Mr. Holmboe had the supreme gift of physical courage. To have travelled in North Africa in 1930, when the independence of the Arabs was by no means wholly extinguished, when, indeed, the repressive measures of the present Governor of Abyssinia, General Graziani, were being enforced on the stubborn Muslims of the interior of Italian Libya, was no mean feat. This journey called for qualities not only of endurance but also of faith. But the author's faith was the Muslim faith. He had renounced the Christianity of his native land in favour of an apparently loose form of Islam—at any rate, it was a not very well-informed kind of Islam. Yet his conversion seems to have been genuine enough, and not temporarily indulged in for the purposes of journalistic "stories." There are those who will think none the less of him for such conversion, but to those who know Muslim lands, the fact of it is bound to detract from the merits of his narrative. For a Muslim, whether he come from Denmark or London or China or even from the New World, is, to another

Muslim, a brother, one to whom hospitality and asylum must be offered, and, if he know more of Islamic precept and saying, deference also. Mr. Holmboe knew by heart many *suras* of the Koran, and carried, and could read aloud, that Holy Book. He was, *other things being equal*, in safe keeping with other Muslims, whether civilized or of the desert. Hence it was that most of his troubles—and they were numerous—derived from the Italians, *who*, individuals apart, saw little merit in the African exponents of Islam, and thought suspicious one who sympathized with their claims, so soon afterwards to be eradicated, to lead an independent existence.

Mr. Holmboe set out from Ceuta, in Spanish Morocco, in an antique Chevrolet, thinking to tour westwards to Egypt. For a time all went well, leaving out of consideration the physical obstacles to such a journey. But his ignorance was as astonishing as his resourcefulness. He knew nothing, for instance, of the oasis of Kufra (which the Italians have since occupied) even though in the 'seventies of last century the German explorer, Rohlf, had made it known, and, since the War, the Egyptian explorer, Sir Ahmed Hussein, had delved intimately into it. He had not even heard of the Senussi, that brotherhood in Africa which, under the leadership of the late Jafar Pasha, caused intense anxiety during the War to the British authorities in Egypt, and which most non-Muslim students of the East have long known as closely associated with the tenets of Arabian Wahhabism. It is amazing, indeed, that the author sees fit to give so much space to these comparatively public matters.

Yet this narrative, illustrated by faded, pathetic, but revealing photographs, was a considerable one. It is also affecting. Mr. Holmboe did not conceal his sympathies for the wretched Muslims who in his time were bowing,

and later had completely to bow, to the aeroplane, the armoured car, and the machine gun of the Italians; but he did not let those sympathies run away with his pen. He was too honest a journalist not to chronicle his encounters with Italian officers who believed that if a policy of moderation, of compassion with and understanding of, the untutored or recalcitrant hinterland of the Senussi lay the best chance of founding on firm ground a Fascist Empire in North Africa. By the side of sickening accounts of Bedouin executed by the Italians, of merciless deeds that drove inoffensive men to the hills to resist as well as they could the conquering Rumi, it is good to read of more enlightened Italians who felt that in acts rather of assistance to the poverty-stricken tribesmen than of

outraging their most cherished sentiments lay the prospect of a mightier Rome in North Africa. Mr. Holmboe's frankness did him infinite credit. He could not examine evidence, which inevitably was magnified in the Islamic world, and, equally inevitably, minimised in Italy: he simply set down what he saw and heard.

It is a tale gruesome enough. And after his departure from that region—by land he got only to Benghazi, where the Italians threw him, a prisoner, into a foul ship—those gruesome tales have increased, culminating with the execution of the unseen "hero" of the book, Ahmar Muktar, whose eventual fate rent the hearts of crowds in mosques from Fez to Baghdad.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

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GLADSTONE TO HIS WIFE. Edited by A. Tilney-Bassett. *Methuen*. 15s.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S dislike of Mr. Gladstone was not dependent upon his Liberalism. She wrote to Lord Rosebery, when he became Prime Minister, that she did not "object to liberal measures" which were "not revolutionary." Her consistent frustration of Mr. Gladstone's policy must have gone deeper than politics for her to say to one of her ladies, when he died, "How can I say that I am sorry when I am not?"

No other scene in the long relationship between the patriarch of Liberalism, his wife and their sovereign was as pathetic and revealing as that of the last day when Mr. Gladstone went down to Windsor with his resignation. This was in March of 1894. There was no relenting and little tenderness. "He is growing blind and is already deaf," she had written, "so that his decision is not to be wondered at." Mrs. Gladstone had travelled down to Windsor earlier in the day to beg the Queen, through tears, to believe that "whatever his errors might have been," her husband's "devotion" to the Queen and to the Crown "were very great." The Queen wrote in her Journal afterwards, "I am convinced it is the case, though at times his actions might have made it difficult to believe."

When Mr. Gladstone arrived, after his wife had pleaded for him, the Queen still withheld the gentleness with which she might have eased his resignation. She went to her desk when he had gone and, without consulting Minister or friend, she wrote to Lord Rosebery, "urging him to accept the Premiership if even only for a short time, for the good of the country."

Any book which helps us to understand the relationship between the sovereign, her Liberal Prime Minister and his wife is important to us, and we turn to Mr. Tilney Bassett's *Gladstone to his Wife* with lively interest. Glad-

stone is not an attractive figure to the twentieth century. He seems priggish and pompous, and we understand the alarm of the Queen's Ladies when he embarrassed them by mumbling grace as they sat down to luncheon. But we know also, from older people, that he was a fascinating talker; we know also that he and his wife were drawn together by forces of character and good nature which Gladstone did not always use in his public life. The book of letters seems to tell us that this noble story of domestic confidence depended upon Mrs. Gladstone's saintliness; her willingness to give her husband the sustenance which great leaders seldom seem to find. One searches into these letters willing to discover a more gentle, less censorious, less austere Gladstone. The correspondence stretches over seventy-three years, from when Gladstone was at Eton, in 1821 he wrote to his father: "I have not been flogged, or even had my first fault." Seven months afterwards he got his Remove. His success, he wrote, "far exceeded the most sanguine expectations" which he "ever entertained." The virtuous and gifted boy became the fighting politician. He wrote to his father, from the Clinton Arms, in December of 1832: "At night I spoke briefly from the Inn window—it was dark, and a few fellows yelled . . . one . . . flung a stone at me, which came within twelve inches of my head. . . ."

We move into the interesting correspondence in the early 'forties when Gladstone was able to pour out his confession, in perfect safety, upon his young wife. One letter seems to say all there is to say of his attitude towards marriage. With him, it was an additional interest in his life. "The devotion of my time to public purposes will render it imperative on me to be more than heretofore a recluse in my own house," he wrote to his wife. And then: "I do

not mean as to you and the boy, nor as to Lady Glynne . . . I am anxious that you should not suffer loneliness because of my absorption—but absorbed I must be. . . ."

Mrs. Gladstone accepted this divided love on the strength of her own unselfishness. The closing scene between the Queen and Gladstone, in 1894, is sharply different from the first, when he dined at Buckingham Palace. Then "the whole machinery" was "perfect" and "the Queen's demeanour admirable." Then comes a phrase which is a key to all the differences that came in the future; all the antagonism and incapacity to understand and appreciate. He wrote: "One cannot but lament the absence of a Chaplain, or even grace, at Palace dinners. . . . Even in the eternal sense Majesty never can be perfect, never can put on its most august aspect, without religion." Mr. Gladstone did not believe in prayers unless he could hear them.

It is fascinating to trace the differences all the way through the book. Despite the title, it is the relationship with the Queen which is tantalising as it unfolds itself. How little Queen Victoria, extravagant and self-indulgent over expenditure, would understand a man who went to "a great rifle man" and who was "almost tempted to order one," but who resisted temptation and got away "satisfied" because he had not been guilty of an "unwarrantable piece of selfishness." In July of 1856, he went to Buckingham Palace for a party, but he was distressed because every time he tried to bow to the Queen, "she would always go the wrong way." In 1862, when Mr. Gladstone had his first interview with the Queen, after the death of the Prince Consort, there was an attempt at gentleness. He was bewildered when he saw her, but "all that vanished" when she held his hand for a moment and said: "The nation has

been good to me in my sorrow," and then: "I earnestly pray it may be long before you are parted from one another."

But they had to meet as sovereign and Prime Minister in so many conflicts in the years that followed, that these secrets of understanding lost their strength. The story moves on to the "formal and menacing" audience of 1893. It was then that he wrote: "a painful sense of unreality pervades these conversations."

In the background is the figure of Mrs. Gladstone. She emerges slowly as one pursues the confidences in her husband's letters. At the end, one feels that one has come very close to an autocratic sovereign, a fiercely conscientious statesman and a saintly woman. The impression is greatly helped by the skilful and sensitive work of the editor.

HECTOR BOLITHO.

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ANTIGUA PENNY PUCE, by Robert Graves. *Seizin-Constable*. 7s. 6d.
EGGS AND BAKER, by John Masefield. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

HIGH spirits have changed, during my life-time, from being, like measles, one of the things the young are expected to have, into a matter for anxiety, growing more serious every year. It is now hoped that the sufferer will recover, with time, whereas it used to be taken for granted. So that to charge any considerable, under-forty-ish writer like Mr. Robert Graves with high spirits, on the strength of *Antigua Penny Puce*, is to give an impression that something pretty dangerous has attacked the hand that wrote *Goodbye to All That* and the two fine Claudius books. Yet what can be said of this unexpected novel but that its main effect is one of perfectly terrific high spirits? I am sure, though, that they are temporary.

It is a lark; and what a lark! And if like all larks, to my mind, it seems to go on too long, that is partly, no doubt, because I am not good at them, nor at high spirits, and I stiffly resent all attempts on the part of a writer to establish an unwarrantably friendly relationship with the reader. I hope, all the same, that most people will not be put off the fun of this novel by the author's assertion that "You will now be wondering why—" before he explains a particularly intricate piece of the plot, which must long before that point have stunned the reader into complete credulity or left him coldly inquisitive. (The story turns upon the range fate of a valuable stamp and its possessors and "covettors.") or in that case they may not strongly object to the introduction of a minor character as one "whom we have not hitherto had occasion to notice particularly." And if they can stand that they will not be too much offended to read on, as I was very nearly, by Mr. Graves' personal interruption, half way

through the book, "By this time every one knows Oliver well enough to be able to guess with fair accuracy what he was thinking," in spite of the obstinate dimness and unreality of all the chief characters, Oliver among them. They are not human nor even animal enough to do any credible thinking. But the minor characters, almost without exception, are brilliant. And it is to the reader's advantage if he can bear with Mr. Graves' mannerisms, for how the man can write when he forgets his plot, his protagonists and particularly himself, and describes a village football match from the point of view of a wretched half-back playing in someone else's boots. The blessed thing is that Mr. Graves' high spirits cannot be called "inexhaustible," and when they quieten, how delightful *Antigua Penny Puce* immediately becomes.

In spite of all that the title may suggest, Mr. Masefield keeps down his high spirits to the end of *Eggs and Baker*, when they burst up, under force as it were, compressed. But they only expand over five pages, and the rest of the book is a calm, beautifully written dramatization of that usually undramatic quality, sheer goodness. I enjoyed it very much, particularly the boys' long efforts to make the neighbour's bull behave conventionally in an improvised bull-fight.

The local baker writes letters to the local paper about the local slums, and the local gentry do not like it; that is all. It would be a refreshing book anyway: it is doubly so after the involutions of Mr. Graves' stamp collecting.

They are not very good letters (we have a heart-rending sample) and they do no good: the awful conditions continue, and the baker's family is ruined. He throws an egg at an unjust judge in court to protest against the sentence on a product of the slums, and so goes to prison. But what a noble, pitiful, heart-lifting egg it is.

E. ARNOT ROBERTSON.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

BALLET SHOES, by Noel Streatfield. Illustrated by Ruth Gervis. *Dent*. 6s.
A PONY FOR JEAN, by Joanna Cannan. Illustrated by Anne Bullen. *The Bodley Head*. 8s. 6d.
AUGUST ADVENTURE, by M. E. Atkinson. Illustrated by Harold Jones. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.
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PIGEON POST, by Arthur Ransome. Illustrated. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.
THE MUSICAL BOX, by Clare Leighton. *Gollancz*. 6s.
THE MODERN STRUWWELPETER, by Jan Struther and Ernest Shepard. *Methuen*. 5s.

It is perhaps a good augury for the recipients of the Christmas stocking or its modern equivalent that the room devoted to children's books at the recent *Sunday Times* Exhibition was one of the most crowded in the building. The quality of output now reaches such a high standard, both as regards text and format, that it is almost impossible in a short review to attempt anything but a general survey.

One thing to be noted is the prevalence of what might be called "continuation books," that is, stories in which the characters have appeared in many previous adventures and which have endeared themselves to their young readers. Babar the famous elephant, the sturdy Swallows and Amazons, and the tart but lovable Mary Poppins, with one foot in the nursery and the other describing arabesques among the stars, are all welcome figures in the year 1936.

A new book that is worth noting is

Ballet Shoes, by Noel Streatfield. Here are related the adventures of three children who are training for a theatrical career. Their vicissitudes in a famous school of dancing and their promotion to the glories of a pantomime production have a topical interest which no doubt was not absent from the author's mind. Though Miss Streatfield evidently knows her *mise en scène*, one could wish that her illustrator had an equal knowledge of the technique of the ballet.

Another book for which there will probably be a steady demand is *A Pony for Jean*, by Joanna Cannan. The pony naturally bulks largely in the story, and the progress of Jean from an ignominious tumble on first acquaintance to a triumph in the Pony Club gymkhana should inspire many a small girl to similar exploits—at least in imagination. *August Adventure*, the story of five children in a caravan, also combines satisfying thrills with a decent regard for probability.

Older children will probably enjoy *Two Boys Go Sailing*, or, better still, *Henry Against the Gang*, a good attempt at detective fiction with the unusual setting of the Norwegian fjords. In Mr. Arthur Ransome's *Pigeon Post* the familiar Swallows and Amazons join forces once more—this time in search for gold.

Space must be found for a mention of Miss Clare Leighton's *Musical Box*, a piece of decorative art such as can only be achieved by a happy collaboration between artist and printer, a collaboration that is unfortunately lacking in the coloured reproduction of Mr. Ernest Shepard's delightful line illustrations to Miss Jan Struther's *Modern Struwwelpeter*.

E. B.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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Lord Eiton, who is a fairly frequent contributor to the *Fortnightly*, as little needs introduction as André Siegfried. It is worth recalling here that the first book that the distinguished French economist wrote over thirty years ago was on Canada. He has made the British Commonwealth a subject of life-long study, and spent six months in the Dominion this year.

Only last month the latest of many books which J. A. Spender has devoted to national and international affairs was reviewed in these pages. No one who was in politics during the time of the Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith governments will be unaware of the great influence he wielded as editor of the old green *Westminster Gazette*; he was indeed the mouthpiece of the Liberal Government. Then, as later, leading statesmen sought his advice, just as they have now relied on his ripe experience and sane outlook in the inquiry into the private manufacture of armaments.

The name of Dr. Walter Starkie will always be associated with his engaging book about the gypsies of Spain—*Raggle Taggle*. Like other writers on the Spanish tragedy in these pages, on both sides of the argument, his sympathies are hot and he makes no attempt to disguise them. Spain is also very well known to Marguerite Steen, one of its chief charms for her being that, in her own words, "I can indulge there most easily my favourite amusement of doing nothing."

Betty Barzin, Brussels correspondent of the *Observer*, is the English

wife of the professor of logic at Brussels University. She served at the Ministry of Information during the War, and until this year was Acting ~~First~~ Attaché at the British Embassy in Brussels.

Francis Watson was the author of *The Life and Times of Catherine de Medici*, published in 1934, which was a best seller in America and has been translated into several European languages. He is working on another historical biography, and a new novel of his is to appear next month.

Donald Cowie, who wrote the article "Defenceless New Zealand" in our August number, recently returned to England after seven years in that country.

Marc T. Greene has been all over the world as a special representative of the *Christian Science Monitor*. He is also a foreign correspondent of another leading American paper, the *Baltimore Sun*. Having lived in many of the South Sea groups and travelled extensively throughout the southern hemisphere, he has had peculiar opportunities of observing the extent and methods of Japanese penetration in the area.

Alistair Cooke, who broadcasts regularly on films, did research in dramatic criticism at Yale and two years was American theatre correspondent of a London newspaper.

J. Hampden Jackson studied Finnish affairs on two visits to the country in 1914 and this year, and has written a couple of books on post-war politics.