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THE FORTNIGHTLY

January, 1936

OMENS OF *1936*

By D. W. Brogan

THREE or four years ago there appeared in a London paper a story over which most of the readers must have laughed or at least smiled. It told of a little boy whose mother noted, approvingly, that he raised his cap as their bus passed the Cenotaph, but was startled into comment as he again raised it when passing the Crimea memorial outside Westminster School. "But that's a war memorial too", said the puzzled little boy. What the pessimistic and bitterly acute thought three or four years ago is now beginning to be thought by all but the most cynical. The little boy was right and the laugh was on us, not on him. Our illusions about the last war, above all the illusion that it was the *last* war, have worn very thin indeed, and the children born during or after the war, and now attaining an age which makes them admirable material for use in war have, as is most natural, less interest in the great struggle that coloured the lives of all their elders than in the slow or rapid approach of a new great war that will colour all their own lives —and end the lives of thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of young men now planning their futures—and allowing, more or less consciously, for the impact of war on even the most reasonable and modest plans. We all stand in the shadow of a great fear, and if the angel of death is not yet abroad in the land, we can hear the beating of his wings—and see them too, filling our old familiar sky.

It is against or below that background of apprehension that the past year and the future must be considered. All plans and hopes of government and opposition are conditioned by the maintenance of peace and, indeed, by a diminution of tension.

If Europe remains in its present state, re-arming feverishly, looking around for alliances, calculating the cost of a concession here against a possibly greater concession there, the life of every people which may reasonably fear to be involved will be more and more deeply coloured by the ordeal which they fear they may soon have to undergo.

Such feelings played a great part in the general election, as they have played a great part in the politics of the past two years. With the Nazi revolution, the realization that war was again a possibility, perhaps more than a possibility, began to penetrate all levels of British opinion. True, there were some observers immune from common opinions and proud of their inside information who laboured, and not entirely in vain, to assure us that Germany was no more a menace to peace than anyone else, that they had asked eminent authorities in that country if they planned to make war on Britain, and that they had been assured that nothing of the kind was intended. Despite the eminent authority of that deep student of international affairs, Lord Mottistone, public opinion was not re-assured. It is true that after the first wave of indignation over Nazi atrocities had ebbed, ebbed partly through boredom and partly through the slow but effective suction of propaganda, public opinion ceased to be indignant about Hitlerian Germany. The desperate gambler's throw feared in the early part of 1933 had not occurred: whatever Germany planned it was not that. But I doubt very much whether any number of football matches, any number of Olympic Games, even with a few hand-picked non-Aryan athletes to pacify the sporting conscience of the world, will in any way diminish the feeling that peace is endangered in some fashion by the re-appearance of a powerfully armed Germany ruled by a group whose living faith is in arms, whose criterion of morals (and of the good life in its widest sense) is nationalist.

Nationalism in its modern degenerate pathological sense is the great disease of the moment, and may be the death of the civilized world in the near future. One centre of that disease is Germany, and if nothing else is certain about that country this is; the critical spirit which alone can temper that fever is not merely not encouraged (that could be said of most countries) it is suppressed, rooted out, made the great sin for which there is no forgiveness.

I think the man in the street realizes this. It does not make him angry with the Germans; he is perhaps only too willing to put the blame for that condition somewhere else, above all on France; but no amount of ingenious diagnosis will persuade him that the prognosis of the disease is unimportant. When typhoid broke out among carefully inoculated troops in the late war, laymen smiled a little at the doctors' verdict that it was not the real thing but para-typhoid. The great and highly contagious disease of the world is nationalism; what Germany has may be only para-nationalism, but that is a matter of interest to the political bacteriologist, not to the layman. What he wants from his political doctors is some form of panacea; but not the old inoculation which has been tried but found wanting.

The first British party to perceive this was the Labour Party. This is not to reduce their reaction to a mere consideration of tactics; it was spontaneous—and also profitable. The man in the street who had seen the war menace take shape under his puzzled and then alarmed eyes was not disposed to ignore the possibility that British foreign policy had had something to do with it. He may have been unjust in this. The campaign against Sir John Simon probably overshot the mark. The hyper-critical Londoner coldly analysing Sir John's able speeches, the Parliament man with his dislike of political lawyers, the journalist aware of the unfortunate impression made by Sir John's sweet reasonableness abroad, probably exaggerated his unpopularity. The man in the street never saw him except in a news reel, and may have liked that smile which has reminded other persons of O'Connell's description of Peel's smile: "like a silver plate on a coffin". But somehow the impression got around that Sir John was too able in finding an excuse for any course of action; the country did not want to be assured that it would always have a first-class brief ready when war broke out, or even while the elaborate structure of agreements and reservations out of which war comes was being built up. Sir John gave too much the impression of the *virtuoso*: he was never anything but sweetly reasonable, and his slight contempt for mere sentimentality may have been justified; but these are virtues out of place in war or in discussions of war.

It is in this feeling that the heart of the opposition to the

private manufacture of arms is to be found. All the able demonstrations that this is the wise, prudent, cheap way of preparing for war ; all the stout denials that armament firms benefit from war (even were it conceivable that the gentlemen who rule them would ever let interest interfere with their golden hearts' first promptings), all are irrelevant. Their very reasonableness is out of place, for war is not reasonable. It is in vain to prove to a future infantryman that the fact that the captured Turkish gun on the village green was made by a British firm is unimportant ; that for one gun sold to the Turks the firm was able to sell ten to Britain, while without foreign orders the firm would have collapsed. The man who can see this argument is capable of working out for himself the economics of going through the Somme, Passchendaele, and Arras for the mediocre pay of a private—and of deciding to stay at home in work of national importance. However odd such sentiments may seem to eminent lawyers, they are widespread in classes less accustomed to fine distinctions. The Englishman who really doesn't mind being killed by a Vicker's tank of the kind advertised in the German Press, any more than being killed by a home-made product is too keen-witted to be swept off his feet by appeals to fight for King and Country.

If Sir John Simon appreciated this point of view he kept the fact dark. It was the strength of the Labour Party that they did. It has since been the strength of the National Government that it came to appreciate the depth of popular feeling on the peace question. The East Fulham by-election was one danger signal ; the Peace Ballot of the League of Nations Union was another. It is amusing to reflect that this enterprise, sneered at by many Conservatives, denounced by others, has proved of great value to the Government. But for the Peace Ballot it is not too uncharitable to suggest that it might have been harder for Mr. Baldwin to keep some of his supporters quiet. The Conservative Party suffers from its associations with the Colonel Blimps of this world, and the straightforward " patriotic " stunt has paid so well in the past that, but for the ballot, it might have been harder to keep the old-fashioned army and navy Tory in his place—which is more prominent in Bournemouth and, indeed, in the House of Commons, than it is in the country. But

for the ballot these truths might have been hidden from a government which seemed to have at least the usual allowance of complacency. If they had continued to be hidden, the Labour Party could hardly have avoided profiting nationally (as it did locally) from a belief that the Government took the risks of war and the whole mentality in which war, if the *ultima ratio* is still the *ratio* of states, as natural phenomena.

It was a government in which the members who felt with the alarmed conscience revealed by the ballot had on the whole the upper hand that faced the Abyssinian crisis. Admirably complete cases can be made out for either side in the dispute. All the old white man's burden arguments can be brought forth : slavery, barbarism, need for development of raw materials, etc., etc. It is even possible to lay down general lines of settlement, as has been done by Mr. Garvin (with a generous air of letting these barbarians have more than is good for them) and, given the premises, point with pride to the conclusion. It is true that captious critics might demur to the possible extensions of a policy based on the internal wickedness of Abyssinia, and might even wonder whether, if a Trades Union Congress is to be condemned for being the new tailors of Tooley Street, at how many tailors of Fleet Street we must estimate Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere, Lady Houston and Mr. Garvin. It is also possible to confine oneself to the written word, to point to covenants and pacts which Italy is manifestly infringing. Both points of view have been put to the country and the country has, I think, disregarded most of those arguments. The invasion of Abyssinia has been regarded not merely or mainly as a breach of plighted faith, but as a sign that the symptoms of madness in Europe have not been deceptive, that the end of preaching and preparing for war has been war, that trust in the statesmanlike qualities of the Duce has been unjustified, and that movements whose great emotional drive has come from militarist feeling and nationalist hysteria will, sooner or later, result in deeds as well as words.

Unless the admirers of shining swords can be taught one conclusive lesson, the game is up ; we can only prepare for war, either to isolate ourselves or if, as is drearily probable, we cannot do that, for a war in which not merely victory but speedy victory is possible. The rallying of the country round the

League policy was a last gesture of hope. If the League fails now, then the men who died in the late war were betrayed. Would-be hard-boiled persons have told us that nearly a million men died for King and Country. In a sense they did, but it was for a King and Country which would not ask such a sacrifice again. Jaurès, as readers of M. Romains may remember, asked a pre-war audience if the peoples of Europe under their burden of armaments were fearing war or the ghost of war. Since 1918 men have hoped that it was the ghost of war. If that ghost walks again, it will be hard indeed even for a former Secretary of State for War to get his team to play the return match in the sporting spirit which Lord Mottistone so admires.

The average man is uneasy; he is aware of formidable forces being unchained, and he has taken refuge, in 1935 as in 1931, in the arms of people who seem both to know their own mind and to be willing to accept responsibility. Where the Labour Party did know its own mind it was the same kind of mind as the Government professed to have. Where the Government and the Opposition differed, the Opposition suffered, in 1935 as in 1931, from the most hampering of all suspicions—the all-pervading belief that not only did it not expect to win, but that it did not want to win. In the grey state of the present world, the average elector felt that this was not good enough.

This suspicion of the fighting spirit of the Labour Opposition, however unjustified, was widespread, and the country showed its opinion of such tactics by giving the Govermnent a far bigger majority than they expected, or possibly than all members of the Government altogether liked. When all allowances are made for the younger men who held so many seats despaired of too easily, the bulk of the Government majority consists of ordinary Conservative members naturally prone to under-estimate those sections of the voters who are not represented by the best clubs or by those often odd bodies, the local Conservative associations. The country has not voted so much for any definite policy as for the hope of *some* policy, and, far more than for any policy, it has voted for a man. In the dangerous moment in which we live, Mr. Baldwin has seemed to the country not merely safe, but sound. On the great issue of peace he has managed to give the impression that he wants peace and is willing to pay the rather high price at

which that commodity is now offered. Mr. Baldwin, in his time, has made indiscreet remarks, but they have not been of the completely disastrous kind. He has never dropped bricks of the size and weight of that dropped by Lord Londonderry. He is not suspected of lingering sentimental views about Germany (such as are attributed rightly or wrongly to Mr. MacDonald), or of a love for France passing prudence, such as Sir Austen Chamberlain once boasted.

The degree to which Mr. Baldwin has been the recipient of something like plebiscitary authority has already been pointed out by the Opposition, but it is not likely to be ignored by the average National M.P. The effect of a destruction of trust in leadership has been made plain by Labour disasters. Electors will not vote merely for a programme, still less for two or more programmes: they vote for men or a group of men. At the moment the only person in politics on either side who commands anything like widespread popular support is the Prime Minister.

What does the country expect of Mr. Baldwin? In a sense, not a great deal. The electorate turned down "safety first" in 1929, but they will be content with that (if they can get it) in 1936. The last delusions about easy progress, about quick solutions of our problems seem to have evaporated. It is quite plain now that the man in the street is as far away from Socialism as ever, or further, and that when a real crisis comes he will try the old remedies rather than the new. It may be that this involves being resigned to stabilization at progressively lower levels as capitalism endures crisis after crisis. It may be that Marx was right on this point, but he was wrong on another. Capitalism has not isolated a small exploiting class from a vast exploited class or, if so, the fact is so hidden that the worker does not see it. He may have nothing to lose but his chains, but he does not think so and, politically, that is what matters. The electoral conversion of the English working man to real belief in Socialism seems far away. Time was when the Communists could have said "I told you so", and recruited disillusioned gradualists. But today the Communists have become discreet for many reasons, and two are powerful. Russia needs peace even at the cost of postponing revolution in the West —and in any case the lesson that revolution is a game that two

can play at, and the bourgeoisie better than the workers, has at last been learned.

The bearings of this situation on the position of the National Government are plain. Mr. Baldwin has to face an Opposition which, however it may dress its shop-window, is depressed by the knowledge that it has missed the tide and is not at all sure that the next tide will carry it much further on. The Labour Party is bound, for some years to come, to play a moderate role. Mr. Morrison has not been elected leader, but when he told the Sorbonne that in Great Britain " the general practice had been not to do the right thing straightaway, even though we knew what was the right thing to do ", he was saying a mouthful, as the Labour Party does not even know to its own satisfaction what is the right thing to do! Such an Opposition is not a menace to a government which plays its cards even moderately well.

Much depends on general economic conditions. If trade improves the government will get the credit. If revenue is elastic, money will be there to spend and the National Government will have to spend it. The beet sugar subsidy and the various means elaborated by Mr. Elliot for turning taxes over to what used to be called the landed interest have shown the way. The government having, to its own and everyone else's surprise, done amazingly well in the depressed areas, seems resolved to do something dramatic in those areas which, it is to be remembered, were depressed long before 1929. If all else fails money will have to be poured into these regions on the same plausible ground that it has been poured into less needy regions.

One aspect of the Government's policy will help the depressed areas, or some of them, for old-fashioned armaments mean ships and armour plate. Even if the Government have not the courage to remove such an excellent target as Woolwich Arsenal to some less open spot in the West, naval shipbuilding will help the Clyde and the Tyne and Barrow if it leaves South Wales still in the cold. There is a danger that this aspect of the question may be given too much weight, that the depressed areas may get nothing but the help that armaments orders may give—and that the whole re-arming policy may be complicated by extraneous questions.

Though it may seem an odd thing to say, it is in the field of

efficient re-armament that the practical disappearance of the Liberal Party is most to be lamented. A predominantly Conservative government is not fitted by nature for such a task. Of course if it were possible to give all the Services all they asked for, there might not be much trouble. But it is not possible. There must be some allocation of resources between the Services and within the Services. If battleships are to be provided on the scale one school might like, there must be fewer destroyers. If the School of Equitation or the bearskin department of the Guards are to be given all they want, we cannot have so many tanks, so many mechanized batteries. If the Navy and the Army are to have their old predominance, the Royal Air Force will not have all the resources it may well need. Why should Conservative governments be less fit to deal with such questions than Liberal governments? No party has " the interests of the Services " so much at heart. True, but that is the difficulty. The " interests of the Services " as interpreted by the Services, by the Service clubs or naval and military backbenchers, may not be the real interests of the service of defence. There must have been some readers of Mr. Duff Cooper's *Haig* who wondered whether the respect for hierarchy displayed in that book, the reverence for the opinion of the Cavalry Club, revealed a man who could be trusted to put his foot down and to decide among the claims of various departments without too much regard for tradition or for vested interests. What is needed is a Haldane or a Cardwell or a Lloyd George: all of them, it will be observed, Liberals.

Nor will it do to " trust the Admirals ". First of all, what Admirals? What is now the far from silent service has revealed such profound differences of opinion in the pre-war navy and, if some forcible witnesses may be trusted, such penalizing of independence of thought by Fisher, that the old blind trust in " the British navy, Albion's boast ", has gone. Lastly, there is the Air Force, whose rise is naturally annoying to " blue-water " admirals and *arme blanche* generals. The R.A.F. cannot be wholly ignored, yet it has few active representatives in the best clubs and cannot, in the nature of things, have many magnificoes who have climbed their way to the top and acquired the authority of (expensive) experience.

The late war is fresh enough in the minds of thousands for blind respect for expert opinion to be scarce. "Muddling through", which was a tribute to the soundness of character of the Briton which made him so much superior to foreign officers who "went to the front in trains" (to quote Mr. Kipling from memory), was less attractive by 1917. Whether the money for re-armament is raised by loan or taxation or by more or less obvious saving on other types of expenditure, the time will not be very remote when it will be politically profitable to accuse the Government of prodigality; and when that time comes no weight of approval by veteran leaders of the late war will make inaudible the still small voice of scepticism of the wisdom of paying too much attention even to so worthy a class as the orthodox soldier and sailor. But it will require remarkable strength of will for a Conservative Prime Minister to disregard the views of a section of supporters numerous, vocal, and powerful. Even after the lesson of the War of 1870, the abolition of purchase was fought desperately by the party which professed to have, if not the monopoly, the first claim on patriotism. If such efforts were made for purchase, what will not be done to save formal drill, musical rides, slow marching and all the other essentials of soldiering, now defended with all the fervour and many of the arguments once used for compulsory Greek?

It may seem an odd procedure to ignore general economic questions, but I am only following the electorate which is not, at the moment, convinced that there is much to be done about the sad state of the business world. The Government can, apparently, get along without any real unemployment policy, even without making up its mind what to do about relief, and the implications of the general policy of subsidy and tariff have not yet become apparent to the man in the street. It is significant that Lord Nuffield's protest against the raising of prices by the steel manufacturers, now buttressed by the tariff, was not received with the merry or sour laughter which would greet it in a country used to the paradoxes of protection. The selfishness of interests which want a share of the high prices made possible by protection has been a theme of lamentations of interests which were themselves beneficiaries for sixty years in America. There such plaints are greeted with derision. We are still in that innocent

first stage in which "Cobdenism" shouted as a term of abuse is enough to stop thought.

The time will come, however, when the first charms of the protectionist drug will begin to wear off, when Greenock will want compensation for the losses it suffers through the beet sugar system, when the Treasury veto on British shipping doing good business, even at the risk of hurting the prospects of paying the bill of the *Queen Mary*, will require some defending in Liverpool. Here again the absence of a Liberal Party will be dearly paid for, since the Labour Party has no general grounds of criticism of such antics short of a complete Socialist reconstruction which is far enough off.

Lastly, it will be necessary to think hard over the problem of the Colonial Empire. If preferences are going to shut out the rest of the world from the Colonial Empire, the moral effect of indignation about Abyssinia will have to stand a lot of hard wear and tear. More than that, if the Italians get anything out of a final settlement that they could not have got last September *without* war, the lesson that war pays (in the crude arithmetic that does duty in a nationalist world) will be learned. Then the question of the German colonies will have to be faced in earnest. It may prove expensive to keep a market open for Lancashire at the cost of heavy armaments and an increasing pressure that may break the dykes at any moment. It is no use being convinced that no empire is worth fighting to win if you are obviously convinced it is worth fighting to keep. It is no use hoping that Dictators will say that war is too great a risk. The time may come when there is only one card left to play: the card of brilliant foreign successes. It may be a bluff, but it is a bluff that the Dictator cannot afford to allow to be called.

For it must be remembered that a dictatorial regime has already burnt its boats. The apologists for Signor Mussolini continually tell us that in hardly veiled words. The French Republic, if not M. Delcassé, could survive the "greatest humiliation in history". If the Liberal Party paid for the death of Gordon, the constitution survived and so did Mr. Gladstone. But a crushing defeat for Mussolini might well be the Mexican affair leading to Sedan, and every Dictator, like Napoleon I and Napoleon III, must be a gambler. Ten "Thirtieths of June" are cheap prices to

pay for European peace, but they are not indefinitely repeatable.

Within the year we should know whether the risks of war have been made palpable to the rulers of Germany and of Italy in so decisive a fashion as to chill their enthusiasm for a dangerously brilliant foreign policy. If that lesson is not made obvious, then we are on the way to a new world war, to be avoided only by a boldness and courage which will make an immense claim on Mr. Baldwin, on his party, and on the country. We shall be told, of course, that such a war is unthinkable, but unthinkable by whom? By us perhaps, by France, by the saturated Powers; but why unthinkable by governments which are continually thinking of it, which feed their peoples with the illusion that all their ills are due to defeat, or rather to internal and external treachery or to the diplomatic faults of a rotten regime? If Signor Mussolini is able to convince the Italian people that he has succeeded where Signor Orlando failed, how long will it be before Herr Hitler will try to undo the work of the "November traitors"?

It is under such ominous signs—and largely because of them—that Mr. Baldwin has been given such a vote of confidence, a vote of confidence in his honesty and adroitness, but which must always be interpreted as a vote of fear as well as of hope. In the next year we shall see if the last word lies with the Powers which not merely have, but know that they have nothing to gain by war. If that truth seems to be disproved by the outcome of the Abyssinian affair, the final decision will not be made in London or Paris, but elsewhere. The country will come to realize that, for, despite the opposition of various classes of pacifists, most people still agree with Mr. Dooley. He remarked that you could refuse a man most things, but that if he wanted a fight you had to oblige him. A year from now we may be able to judge whether this joke has become too relevant to be bearable. If it has, the country will judge harshly a government and a leader whose honesty has proved so inadequate to a situation calling for intellectual as well as the easier moral virtues.

THE FRENCH REGIME IN PERIL

By Sisley Huddleston

IN these days when Parliamentarism has been tried and found wanting in a number of European countries, and is obviously passing through a crisis which may be fatal in France, it would be well to examine the causes of an apparent failure which fills with dismay many of us who had been taught that good government could only be exercised under popular control. It is, of course, no condemnation of a system of government to say that it has worked badly in any particular country. If the most perfect piece of machinery is manipulated by inexpert hands it may produce disastrous results. So before we begin to generalize about the Parliamentary regime, we must ascertain in what conditions it has been operated.

In the three principal European states where Parliamentarism, as understood by the British, has been rejected, it may properly be affirmed that it has never been applied; and, moreover, the different forms of dictatorship which have been established in Germany, Italy, and Russia have certainly not proved their superiority, except for limited purposes. There are, indeed, few European nations which conform to the Parliamentary principles of Great Britain, and even in Great Britain there exists some challenge to the old conceptions. It may be taken that if Parliamentarism is to survive as an acceptable theory of government, it must be re-examined in the light of experience, its defects clearly pointed out, and its thorough reform fearlessly undertaken. Parliamentarism, it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, is not the only expression of democracy; and if one chose to be paradoxical, it would not be difficult to argue that Hitlerism, for example, based, as it is, not only on mob discipline, but on mob mysticism, is far more democratic than French Republicanism. It may even be held to be the *reductio ad absurdum* of democracy. Perhaps the real danger with which the world

is confronted in periods of exceptional excitability, when methods of propaganda have been multiplied a thousandfold and violence is not excluded from political ideology, is the facility with which masses of ignorant men and women can be stirred to passionate endorsement of false doctrines.

It has for some time been apparent to me that Parliamentarism as practised in France is doomed unless it can, without long delay, put its house in order. In the *Temps*, the semi-official organ of the Republic, Professor Joseph Barthélemy, the eminent and orthodox jurist, wrote the other day: " The Parliamentarians have so acted that Parliamentarism can no longer function except in the absence of Parliament ". Naturally the Royalist newspaper *L'Action Française*, seized on this confession gleefully—though it should be made clear that while there is a constantly growing sentiment in France against Parliament, there is a total absence of any positive enthusiasm for Monarchy, constitutional or otherwise, and there is no love for its own sake of what it has become the fashion to call Fascism. No sooner did Parliament meet after five months' vacation, during which the country was relatively calm, than there was agitation and the beginning of financial panic; and milliards of francs' worth of gold—at once the heaviest and the most volatile of metals—flowed from the Banque de France.

It will be remembered that after the riots of February 6th, 1934, caused by the public consciousness of official and semi-official incompetence, complaisance, and complicity in the scandalous Stavisky swindles, there was a moment when the fate of the regime trembled in the balance. Gaston Doumergue, the venerable ex-President, saved the situation by accepting the Premiership. The forces of the Left, which were particularly, though by no means exclusively, implicated, permitted him to carry on, as they had allowed Raymond Poincairé to carry on in other circumstances, despite the fact that they possessed a Parliamentary majority. The financial difficulties were temporarily overcome, but M. Doumergue was not energetic enough either to insist on the speedy execution of justice or to put through essential reforms. After a convenient lapse of time he was dismissed, and Pierre-Etienne Flandin replaced him. André Tardieu, emphatically asserting that he would never again accept

office without power in present conditions, declined to serve in the Flandin Cabinet, and, like Achilles, has since sulked in his tent. Or, perhaps, foreseeing the inevitability of drastic changes, he prefers to remain aloof from politics, and, as the French say, to *refaire une virginité*—to qualify, as it were, as the man of tomorrow. The reforms were postponed, and the Flandin Cabinet came to grief on the recurrent problem of finance. The search for a Prime Minister was arduous. Nobody was anxious to assume responsibilities which he could not fulfil, and it appeared that, as in 1926, there would be a succession of short-lived Ministries.

Finally, against his will, Pierre Laval was persuaded to take the direction of affairs. The Chamber, alarmed at the public reactions and the possibility of the fall of the franc, gave him power to govern by decree-laws. His position was unenviable. As Foreign Minister in the gravest international crisis since the war, he was compelled to pass much of his time at Geneva, while preparing or authorizing hundreds of decrees which, though immediately applicable, were, illogically enough, subject to the retrospective approval of Parliament. His position was unenviable, but it would have been impossible had Parliament not gone into recess, thus making him a provisional dictator. As soon as the Chamber reassembled at the end of November the troubles began again. He was attacked on every hand. The leader of the Socialist Party, Léon Blum, cried: " Had you been able to do so you would have promulgated the budget of 1936 by decree-law, and would not have convoked the Chambers in extraordinary session ". The reproach, in a Parliament jealous of its prerogatives, might be expected to have a decisive effect. But M. Laval met it without flinching. " Yes ", he quietly replied, " I should have done so ".

Those of us who for many years have followed the French Parliamentary debates know that a few years ago such a confession would immediately have brought down the daring Prime Minister. Jean Jaurès, before the War, would have made the most of the admission. He would have declared that his party had nothing more to say to a Minister who could thus insult the Deputies, and he would have retired indignantly, followed by the whole opposition. But times have changed. The Deputies meekly

submitted to this deadly criticism, and accorded him a substantial majority. He is by no means the first, nor doubtless will he be the last, Minister to tell the Chamber that they are an obstacle to good government. But the retort will be remembered, and M. Laval, essentially a man of the Left will, like Aristide Briand, also a man of the Left, who proclaimed in 1909, on the occasion of the railwaymen's strike, that he was ready to resort to illegality if necessary in the interest of the country, be suspect for some time to come in the eyes of good Republicans and Parliamentarians.

Equally significant, in a subsequent debate, were the explanations of the democratic Deputy Thellier. He would vote for the Government merely to show that every contact of the Parliament and the Government did not automatically mean the overthrow of the Government. " We are ", he said, " going towards the tenth Ministry of the present Parliament, in contrast with the unity of British, German, Russian, and Italian politics. If a majority of the Front Populaire overthrows M. Laval, who can say that a Cabinet of the Front Populaire will take office ? Has not M. Herriot announced that he will not be the successor of the Government to which he belongs ? And if the Front Populaire cannot, or will not, take power, why run the risk of unstable Cabinets when the regime and the money of the country are menaced ? Let us not put the country in a state of legitimate defence against Parliament ".

It would not be easy to put the opposition of the country and the Parliament in fewer words. Charles Maurras has, however, drawn the distinction between the *pays légal* and the *pays réel*—the legal representatives of the country and the country itself. Is it, then, true that Parliament and People are divorced from each other ? Is it true that the People may conceivably find itself in a state of " legitimate defence " against its Parliament ? That is a hard saying which requires exposition. For, after all, it is the People which elects its Parliament, and there is every reason to believe that at the elections, whether in their due season next May, or, by exception, as now appears possible, somewhat earlier, the People will choose very much the same sort of Parliament, possibly even more to the Left.

That is because, while political passions always appear to

be aroused by unrealities—empty phrases, solemn pretences, hollow traditions—the professional politician becomes the representative of local interests and appetites. They crystallize around him. He is the dispenser, actual or potential, of favours. The administrative system of removable prefects with political ties is designed to help the predominant groups. A well-known French Minister, the late Louis Loucheur, once said to me with the permissible exaggeration of epigram, that every Ministerial crisis is, at bottom, a question of prefects. There is an astonishingly high percentage of the population in some degree dependent on the State—a percentage much greater than the figures which could be quoted suggest. The political affiliations run through all ranks and affect all the services. As for the " mystic " which animates this body of State dependents, and which works upon the masses, it is the worship of a nebulous thing called the Left. Precisely what Left means it would be impossible to define ; but all except the frankest of reactionaries describe themselves as of the Left. " There are no enemies on the left ", has become a sound political motto ; so that the Radical who is most bourgeois and conservative at heart is afraid of putting himself in opposition to the most revolutionary Communist. That is what has made possible the astonishing spectacle of a political union of Radicals, Socialists, and Communists. It would seem to be an unnatural alliance—and so, indeed, it is. But the Radicals, who have long been the principal party in the Republic, controlling all the positions that matter in the Government, find themselves torn by intrigues and left without adequate leadership. They are willing enough to work with the Moderates in office, since it is thus that they can retain office for themselves ; but it is the help of the Socialists that they chiefly seek in the constituencies and in the electoral colleges, and such help is given them rather disdainfully on condition that they serve Socialist ends. The Socialists in their turn, the second largest party in the Republic, and likely to become the most important party, do not wish to be thought less advanced than the Communists, to whom they extend their hand on condition that the Communists support them. In recent years this strange coalition has been consolidated. It called itself first the Common Front, and is now known as the Popular Front.

There are curious anomalies. Radical Ministers, completely bourgeois in temperament, sit in every Cabinet, and a section of the Radicals usually votes to save the Government. But another section of the Radicals votes with the Socialists and Communists to bring the Government down. In the party congresses, the most vital question always seems to be whether the Government, in which sit the leaders of the Radical party, shall be overthrown or reprieved.

The Prime Minister, then, whoever he may be, is looked upon as Public Enemy No. I. He is there on sufferance, because it is deemed inexpedient to replace him at the moment. But he is always fighting for his life. Even the divided Moderate groups are liable to vote against him at any time, for among the Moderate groups there is always a number of group leaders who are anxious to enjoy the brief prestige of being Public Enemy No. I. Generally speaking, the forces of the Left can overwhelm him whenever they please ; and, of course, the Radical Ministers can bring him down by resigning themselves. For the most part they are content, except during the electoral period, before and after, to leave nominal responsibility to a Moderate, for they are aware that public confidence is shaken and public opinion may turn against the Left if it ostensibly governs. The situation of the Prime Minister is therefore exceedingly precarious. He has rarely, if ever, a homogeneous majority on which he can rely, and he has perpetually to walk a tight-rope, balancing himself from Right to Left. His life, short as it may be, is made unbearable by the constant attacks in the Chamber and by the unceasing cross-examination of the Parliamentary Commissions before which he must appear. It is almost a miracle that, harassed as they are, Ministers can find time to fulfil their departmental duties. They cannot develop a policy ; they cannot hope to reap the fruits of the seeds they have sown. In the criss-cross of shifting combinations of numerous groups, in the welter of contending ambitions, governmental stability cannot be expected. The problem is to continue to exist from day to day. In these circumstances it is surprising that government is as good and as continuous as it is in France.

The Front Populaire is apparently not eager to seize office immediately. France is passing through troublous days ; the

public finances are menaced, as they have been for years ; and if there is to be a crash it is better that the blame should fall on the Moderates. There must therefore be no precipitation. It is to be observed that the Communists took the initiative of forming the Front Populaire : they are the spearhead of the movement. But the Socialists are, in theory, scarcely to be distinguished from the Communists. In a document published by the *Populaire* which purported to be the basis of the understanding of Communists and Socialists, it is affirmed that there is no veritable difference between Collectivism and Communism. " The unique party of the proletariat, while pursuing the realization of immediate reforms demanded by the working classes, is not a party of reform, but a party of class-war and of revolution. Even when it utilizes for the benefit of the workers the secondary conflicts of the possessing classes, or when it combines its action with that of a political party for the defence of the rights and interests of the proletariat, it remains always a party of opposition, fundamental and irreducible, against the whole of the bourgeoisie and of the State, which is the instrument of that class ". It is laid down that the conquest of power must be achieved against the bourgeoisie, and then the proletarian State will exercise a working-class dictatorship as long as is necessary.

It is regarded as good taste to minimize the practical consequences of this programme, and the Radicals, concerned with their electoral interests, choose to remain ignorant of the operation which they are facilitating. Doubtless the leaders of the Radical party vaguely suppose that it is not necessary to treat these declarations seriously ; they believe that at the proper moment they can detach themselves from their auxiliaries of the Left and join up with the Right. Whether one's sympathies are with this offensive or not, it is impossible to understand the French political situation without clearly realizing that it is dominated by the conjunction of Radicals, Socialists, and Communists.

Now the tactics of the Left parties consist in accusing their opponents of not being true Republicans. When their opponents organize they are dubbed " Fascists ". The word has become a simple term of abuse. It does not in the least matter whether the organizations have a platform which resembles the Fascist

platform. It does not in the least matter whether, for example, they aim at the institution of a dictatorship. It is taken as axiomatic that the Left can organize to its heart's content, and and that it can boldly aim at a dictatorship of the Left; but organization to resist the Left is condemned as illegitimate. Personally, I confess that I do not know whether the so-called Fascist leagues will establish a dictatorship if they have the opportunity. It is probable that they will, for if there is a clash circumstances will doubtless oblige them to do so. But I believe it is not the purpose of these leagues to establish a dictatorship. Their purpose is purely defensive. They are composed of ex-service men and ordinary citizens who consider that the triumph of the Front Populaire will be a calamity. They are, in a positive sense, hardly political. Yet the result of their triumphant reaction to the Front Populaire might, roughly speaking, be the same as though they were, in fact, Fascist.

It is against the Croix de Feu, which is growing rapidly and is said to have nearly a million adherents (the figures are doubtless inflated), and against its chief, Colonel de la Rocque, that the anger of the Front Populaire is mainly turned. When the Left proposed to overturn the Laval Ministry, it demanded the dissolution of the leagues, by which is principally intended the Croix de Feu. Now that organization can be, and is, criticized on many grounds. It certainly should not be considered necessary for citizens to band themselves together in this way for the preservation of liberties which they supposed to be threatened. They are usurping the functions of government. Moreover, even though it be shown to be necessary to effect such a counter-organization, the attitude of Colonel de la Rocque has unquestionably been enigmatic. The Royalists bluntly accuse him of holding back these civic energies, of canalizing them innocuously. That would seem to prove that he has no positive plan, but is dubiously negative. Lately, rather than provoke unfortunate collisions, he has assembled his troops on private property. It was on the occasion of one of these assemblies at Limoges that there was, nevertheless, an attack which resulted in casualties. Thereupon the Left cried louder than ever for the disbanding of the Croix de Feu, and put the Laval Ministry in a dilemma. It is difficult to say that citizens shall not meet together unless

it is evident that they have subversive designs. Besides, what government can affirm that it may not hereafter have need of the leagues which proclaim their desire for order in a combat against other leagues of the Left which may create disorder? In the interpellation in the Chamber, the Communist Deputy Ramette elaborated the thesis that the Croix de Feu was in a permanent state of mobilization, and that the *émeute* of February 6th, 1934, was premeditated. He therefore denounced the Croix de Feu, the Jeunesses Patriotes, and other groups as irregular armed forces, and asserted that the country was faced with the prospect of civil war.

In an interview Colonel de la Rocque defends himself against the charge of being anti-Parliamentarian. "We are in revolt against the degeneracy of Parliamentarism, but we wish to see a healthy Parliamentarism, with a real separation of powers, with clearly defined functions, with rules which will guarantee it against temptations, and rid it of the prevalence of recommendations by which Deputies and Senators cheapen their authority and become the greatest corrupters of the public service. Our movement stands outside political divergencies, opposition of class, differences of origin—it seeks only to unite those who consecrate themselves to the love of their country." Were they to indulge in violence, he said, they would become agitators, would appear to be place-seekers, and would throw the country into the arms of the Marxists. They would avoid that blunder, and would wait for the Marxists to take action. Then the Croix de Feu would act against them and would, when they were routed, rejuvenate French institutions.

It may be so; but it is impossible to blind oneself to the danger which must arise when two sides, both of them ready to abandon legality, confront each other. The success of either would be perilous. Parliamentarism would suffer and perhaps be destroyed. Yet if things drift on as they are, Parliamentarism would totter, for it is increasingly discredited in France. In the meantime, a grave political crisis would be calculated to produce a flight from the franc. Technically, the franc is strong, and were there a period of tranquillity it could be stabilized until such time as an international agreement for the alignment of currencies could be reached. The difficulties are budgetary and Treasury

difficulties caused by the recurrent political perturbations and the temptation to indulge in collective bribery for electoral advantages.

It should be remembered that the franc has already lost four-fifths of its value, whereas the pound and the dollar have lost only two-fifths. Logically, therefore, it should be unnecessary to amputate the franc still further. But despite repeated efforts, cuts in expenditure, attempts at deflation, there remains a deficit on revenue estimates. Time after time we are told that the budget is balanced on paper, but time after time the balance is upset. Treasury funds are perpetually sinking to a low ebb, trade is falling off. There is a general decline. It is obvious that, apart from the external causes, recovery is impeded by the political uncertainty, and it is equally obvious that the economic difficulties increase the political uncertainty. It is not surprising that men like Paul Reynaud, who advocate further devaluation as a stimulant to commerce, are listened to with greater interest every month. In spite of the drastic depreciation of the franc, the subsequent depreciation of the pound, it is claimed, caused the franc to be over-valued. The paradox is easily explained. Although the twenty-sou franc of other days, and the four-sou franc of today, bear the same name, they are in reality two entirely different pieces of money. Good observers are inclined to think that the new piece of money, masquerading as the franc, must eventually be devalued to the extent of fifteen to twenty-five per cent. The question is, in what conditions will the operation be performed? If it is done calmly there is a chance of French recuperation. But if there are political crises and conflicts on the extra-Parliamentary plane the consequences can only be disastrous.

The problems of the French Republic are thus increasing instead of diminishing in acuteness, and the regime itself is involved. The Chamber is perched on a volcano that may become active at any moment. Yet if Parliamentarians are wise, it is perhaps not too late to save the situation. Drastic reforms are urgently needed; Parliamentarism in France cannot afford to lose the last opportunities of vindicating itself.

BRITISH INTERESTS AND ITALIAN AMBITIONS

By Major Lawrence Athill

THE illuminating article by "Pertinax" which appeared in the December issue of The Fortnightly goes far towards answering the poet's prayer "to see ourselves as ithers see us", for in it that shrewd and at no time over-flattering commentator gives us a very clear picture of English policy as seen through French eyes in connection with Geneva and the Abyssinian imbroglio. Once more, it would seem, we have been bewildering our neighbours by the exercise of our amazing faculty of self-deception.

France, says "Pertinax", has been shocked and horrified by the persistence with which Sir Samuel Hoare claims for our policy at Geneva a complete disinterestedness. That any nation should be ready to sacrifice an old friendship and upset a carefully conceived diplomatic combination purely in defence of a quixotic ideal was mad and bad enough; that France should be dragged at the cart-tail of British quixotism was to most Frenchmen a fantastic and distressing notion. But when, to use his own words, which may perhaps contain an element of exaggeration, Great Britain "put the whole world in presence of the accomplished fact of a huge naval mobilization", it became obvious that a vital British interest was at stake, and the affair assumed a different complexion in the eyes of our loyal friends in France. Why, then, asks "Pertinax" by implication, make such a parade of disinterestedness? Let us see to what extent the parade is justified.

There is, I think, one factor which our continental critics are inclined to overlook. It is the strength of the Englishman's sympathy for the underdog, which is in no way connected with self-interest or political reasoning. The idea of bombing aeroplanes, poison gas, and all the most modern and terrible engines of destruction being used against a people which, whatever its shortcomings may be, is at least as brave and patriotic

as it is inadequately equipped for resistance, stirs him to keen indignation. It is perfectly certain that British policy, in so far as it is based on these sentiments, is absolutely disinterested.

No one, however, will claim that the inspiration of our policy was drawn from this source alone or, in the first instance, to any very large extent. But quite definitely it was framed in clear defence of the principle of collective security, and the vital interest of Great Britain in this principle is so self-evident that no pronouncement by Sir Samuel Hoare or any other British statesman could intelligently be construed to disavow it. To the smaller states the principle of collective security appeals as a guarantee of their very existence. To the British voter it holds out a promise of reduced expenditure on home defence and on the protection of long and vulnerable lines of communication. With this small distinction the interest is a common one, and therefore, if Sir Samuel Hoare's repeated assertion of our disinterestedness calls for any modification to meet the cavilling of hair-splitters, it is both true and sufficient to say that the interest which inspired and still inspires British policy is one which is shared by every member-nation of the League.

So far, so good. But history reveals a surprising number of instances in which the policy of Great Britain, avowedly based upon the most high-souled and altruistic motives, has achieved results of preponderating if not exclusive benefit to herself. It is naturally beyond the power of our critics to believe that the motives were genuine or that the benefits were fortuitous or unforeseen. Hence the international reputation for hypocrisy and finesse for which, even if undeserved, we have been compensated by the grudging admiration of our neighbours and in some cases by material gain. Are there in the present complex situation features which, when unveiled by time, will prove our policy to have been consciously or unconsciously designed to further or protect interests, territorial, commercial, or strategic, which are exclusively our own ?

In one sense the answer is an emphatic negative. We covet none of Italy's declared objectives. Contrary to Signor Gayda's allegations, we have no territorial ambitions in Ethiopia. What we do want there is an orderly government of the provinces which march with British Somaliland, Kenya, and the Sudan.

We want the waters of Lake Tsana brought under control for the benefit of the Sudan and Egypt. We, in common with the Emperor of Ethiopia and the whole civilized world, want to see an end put to the barbarous practice of slavery. And we should doubtless be glad to increase the volume of our trade in a region where it is almost negligible today.

The annexation of Ethiopia by Italy would probably advance the first three of these objects, although the extirpation of slavery which took us thirty years to complete in the Sudan is not likely to be effected in a very much shorter time even by the Duce. The lion's share of increased trade would justly go to Italy, but the little that we are now doing would certainly not be lessened and might quite probably be increased. Therefore, as far as these direct interests are concerned, the arguments favour giving Italy a free hand rather than the reverse. But it is necessary to look into the future beyond the Duce's immediate and avowed objectives, and to visualise the position after these may have been attained.

To do this we must first jump one large and very blind fence, for we must assume that Italy, even with the blessing of the League, can realize her African ambitions without coming a complete financial cropper. That the League, in trying to stop the war, is being cruel only to be kind is also a possibility, but one which no Italian would admit even if an inkling of it had penetrated some of the more cautious and less impassioned minds. That, however, is by the way, and we will assume that she has cleared the obstacle successfully.

This, then, is the picture which we must visualize: Italy triumphant over the forces not only of Ethiopia, but of the League as well ; solvent and enthroned upon the Ethiopian plateau which she has peopled with tens or even hundreds of thousands of her peasantry ; her armies strengthened by the potential recruitment of half a million warlike Africans ; and her memories of ancient and Imperial Rome no less vivid and compelling than on the day when she first set out upon her Ethiopian adventure. It is a picture which may well dazzle the eyes of a dictator. It is one on which we, too, may well look long and thoughtfully.

The neutrality of the Suez Canal is pledged by international convention. In the letter at least we have always honoured that

pledge, for even during the Great War any ship which could enter the Canal zone was in theory safe from molestation, as long as it remained within it. But our faith in it has never taken us to the length of removing our troops from a commanding position within reach of the canal banks. Our interests in that strip of water are too vital.

Italy, on the other hand, has had little interest in the control of the Canal. Her possessions East and South of Suez have contributed something perhaps to her sense of colonial dignity, but little towards her essential needs. With the acquisition of Ethiopia all that is changed. A teeming colonial population of her own race will—if our picture come true—be connected with or separated from the land of their origin by that strip of water. Minerals, cereals, cotton, oil—all the raw materials on which she will rely for economic independence—must pass along it. Her need and her right to guard its banks will in her eyes be as imperative as our own.

Egypt is, of course, the key to the Canal. It is not only a key, but in itself a very desirable possession or zone of influence for any Power with Mediterranean ambitions, such as Italy quite openly proclaims. It and the Sudan are important producers of cotton, which Italy most urgently requires. It offers a valuable market for Italy's exports, a market at all times open to her but one of which the value would be enormously enhanced by any preferential arrangement based either on ownership or economic alliance.

The Italian population in Egypt is already considerable. It is not on the whole a wealthy or individually influential one. but racially it is more penetrative than are the foreign elements of Nordic stock. The Italian, especially the poor Italian, adapts himself readily to Egyptian conditions, and is not divided from the indigenous population by any very marked line of cleavage between their respective tasks, modes of living or general outlook. The Egyptian climate is not uncongenial to him. All these are valuable assets for a policy of infiltration, and they are backed up by an organization for propaganda which is startling in its scope and efficiency. Such an organization is costly, and the fact that it is maintained proves, if proof be needed, that quite apart from the question of the Canal, Italy's interest in the future foreign

relationships of Egypt is a very active one. Without wishing to emulate Signor Gayda and to see ghosts where no ghosts are, it is hard to read of the present violent anti-British agitation in Egypt among a population naturally pro-Ethiopian in sympathy without wondering whether that agitation was of purely indigenous origin.

Again, there is the strategic point of view. It must be remembered that, in our picture, the restraining influence of the League has approached vanishing point, and that strategic considerations, which the idealist may have helped, in the presence of a strong League, to relegate to comparative unimportance, have regained or increased their ominous urgency. Italy, whose leader proclaims her to be not only a military, but a militaristic nation, is very much alive to them. A glance at the map shows what the mastery of Egypt or a predominating influence there has to offer her. It would be no less than the control of more than half the Northern Coast of Africa, from the Western boundary of Libya to the frontier of Palestine, and of over two-thirds of the Western littoral of the Red Sea. Nor probably would she consider it beyond her power in the event of war to turn that two-thirds into the whole, with all the man power, Italian and native, of her new colony to help her do it, and with the railway line from Gedaref to Port Sudan and Suakim running conveniently close to her Eritrean frontier.

It is a startling project—no less than the annexation of a solid block comprising the whole North-Eastern corner of the African continent—but is it too startling for the Duce, and be it remembered, the Duce triumphant and scornful of restraint?

And now for the means. If, in our picture, the acquisition of all or part of Abyssinia has created a new need—the safeguarding of the Suez Canal for Italian communication with her East African empire—and if it has fostered a wider ambition, what means other than increased man-power and material resources has it contributed towards the fulfilment of that need and ambition? The answer to that question hangs upon the control of Lake Tsana.

The idea that the owner of the lake can hold a pistol at the head of Egypt and can at will withhold her water supply by the turning of a tap is as old as it is fallacious. The catchment area of the lake receives each year a rainfall of immense volume,

the only outlet for which is down the gorge of the Blue Nile to the Sudan and thence to Egypt. I believe that no engineer will seriously contend that the flow of this water can be diverted in any other direction. But whereas the season of this flow is now dictated solely by nature, and its volume is such that the barrages in Egypt and the Sudan are inadequate to prevent a large portion of it going to waste, a barrage at the exit of the Nile from the lake would enable a very great quantity to be conserved and released at the most beneficial moments. The power to allow or to deny the construction of this barrage and to control its operation if constructed lies in the hands of the owner of the lake.

With the lake in Abyssinian hands nothing has been done, though much has been planned and talked of. The reason for this procrastination has been no animosity against Egypt, but purely the ingrained conservatism of the Abyssinian and his not unwarranted suspicion of all foreign projects. Meanwhile Egypt has not died of thirst. She had indeed flourished exceedingly, and successive irrigation works have added year by year to the acreage of what was once desert sand, but now, thanks to the rich silt carried and distributed by the waters of the Nile, is fertile and fruitful soil. The limits of usefulness of these irrigation works has almost been reached, and Egypt, still a thirsty land, turns eyes of increasing longing towards the uncontrolled waters of Lake Tsana.

Imagine Egypt, then, attacked from the North by a subtle and intensive propaganda, conscious in the South not of a threat, but of a potential benefit of great value which may be granted or withheld at the discretion of the self-same propagandist, a propagandist whose prestige, if the Abyssinian venture be crowned with success, will stand higher than ever it has since the days of Imperial Rome. Remember that past benefits are soon forgotten, and that Egypt's absorbing interests are the fertility of her soil and the intricacies of her own internal politics. And decide for yourself what means, short of actual war, would be left to Great Britain with which to oppose the supplanting of British interests in Egypt by Italian interests, and of British custody of the Canal by a custody controlled in fact if not in form by the power of Rome.

At the moment when these words are being written policies would seem to be once more in the melting pot. The proposed terms of settlement, do not, include the cession of the Tsana region to Italy. But whatever the event prove to be, it is as well to envisage their results not only in terms of an escape from present embarrassment, but as possibly affecting in the future the whole structure of international politics and in particular the essential and exclusive interests of our own Empire.

Before dismissing the subject there is one aspect, more psychological than material, which cannot be ignored. It is common ground that, whatever the result of Italy's action may be, the effect upon the coloured races must be bad. On the one hand, if she fails either through military weakness or through the intervention of the League, her failure will lessen the respect of the more ignorant African and Asiatic peoples for the armed power of the European. If, on the other hand, she succeeds, by an aggression which has been condemned as unjust by her peers in Europe and to a far greater extent by the watching millions in Africa and Asia, in annexing part or all of Abyssinia, the claim of the white man, and especially of our nation, to stand for justice will be utterly demolished in the eyes of the coloured peoples.

It is a choice of evils. Mr. Bernard Shaw, a very clever man, is reported to have said that this is a war of white *versus* black, and that we must come in on the side of the white. Those who agree with him would seem to rank a reputation for strength as mightier than one for justice. Others, and I believe I am right in naming General Smuts among them, consider that nothing can weaken the hold of the white man over the African and the Asiatic more than the loss of his reputation for justice. Whichever view is the right one, one thing is sure. We, more than any nation in the world, are affected by the attitude of the coloured races. Therefore, although our policy at Geneva may rest on many grounds which have rightly been declared to be entirely disinterested, it would be both wrong and hypocritical to ignore other grounds in which we are intensely interested and of which we have no reason to be ashamed.

THE DISTRUST OF GERMANY

By Dr. Rudolf Kircher

[As the doubts felt about a re-armed Germany have been an important factor in the Abyssinian crisis, we have asked Dr. Kircher, who is editor of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," for a frank statement on this subject.]

DISTRUST of Germany is a feeling not unfamiliar to British politicians, as I had occasion to observe myself during a recent visit to London. It seems to be nourished by French comments on the international situation, as readers of the FORTNIGHTLY may have realized from the article by "Pertinax" in the last issue of this REVIEW. Unfortunately such a feeling is apt to develop into an obsession if not checked in time. There is small chance of any sound European policy as long as distrust of Germany is the governing outlook. The past has proved it.

No doubt every single English politician is inclined to ask, "What will Germany do when she has become strong again?" Is she aiming at war? Or is she out for peace? And what are her national demands? The reason why these questions are asked is distrust, or at least an alarming degree of uncertainty, enhanced by the fact that the German nation is developing an astounding amount of energy in various ways. But may I not remind English readers that practically the same questions were asked when Germany was disarmed as no modern nation amid heavily armed neighbours has ever been disarmed before? It would seem that the distrust exists whether Germany be weak or strong, whether she be governed by parliamentary government or by a National socialist regime, whether the outside world approves of her *Weltanschauung* or not.

If this be so, the reason of the distrust of Germany must come from a particular source; it cannot be altogether dependent upon what is called "Hitlerism" or the National Socialist system. Indeed, I admit there is a particular reason. I shall try to

explain it presently. But first let us see what are the complaints made against Germany in her new National Socialist guise from the point of view of foreign politics.

The Hitler Government is re-arming Germany. This, of course, is being done very effectively. It is being done on the basis of compulsory military service, which as a matter of fact is very popular with the German people, not least because of its educational value. It cannot be difficult for an English student of politics to appreciate that the educational methods and aims of the post-war German army are of an unapproachably high standard of *morale* and discipline. The German soldier is taught that he has to be a brave, clean, and God-fearing fellow. But he is not taught that he should become an Imperialist or a jingo. From a technical point of view it is true that the new German Army will be provided with the best possible means of defence. The German Army, therefore, will be a very good and a very strong army. Not a single German could have dreamt of such a re-arming and strengthening of Germany because none of us had expected our partners to a military convention, such as was considered and practically agreed upon between England, Italy, and Germany early in 1935, would fail to conclude a treaty of armaments at all. The well-thought-out convention, negotiated under the auspices of the League of Nations, provided Europe with a solution far more favourable to the heavily armed nations, and far more to the disadvantage of Germany, than the present position. The French Government, as is well known, rejected that convention because France preferred some sort of alliance with the Soviet Union to even a moderate disarmament. This clearly was not Germany's fault.

Re-arming being unavoidable and being accepted as such, has the Hitler Goverment *done* anything that was out of order or offensive to other nations? Certainly not. Just the reverse is true. The Führer of the Reich, it is quite natural, did everything to strengthen the self-respect and self-confidence of the German nation. He relieved the German people from that inferiority complex which was the consequence of the lost war and the moral breakdown that followed. But in doing so he not only avoided every kind of imperialist or chauvinist speech and thought, but he told the German nation that war is a ghastly thing, as he

had experienced himself during those horrible years in the trenches. He told them over and over again that there is only one single purpose : an honourable peace. He wants Germany to be well armed because he wants her to be safe and able to insist on her right of equality with all other nations and in all possible respects.

Can he be blamed for that ? Is he wrong in thinking that only a strong Germany will guarantee a fair deal ? Of course, nobody could expect Germany to agree to the theory, supported even in England, that peace would be best assured with Germany helpless and her neighbours armed to the teeth. We have seen that in such conditions Germany was not able to make any move in the international field. A solution so one-sided naturally could not be lasting. From the day of Versailles there was for us Germans this predominant problem : how can Germany get back to the level of the victor states ? Either they had to come down to our level or we had to work ourselves up slowly to theirs. The decision as to which of these two solutions was to be aimed at rested not with the vanquished in the Great War, but with the victors. It was manifest that the first decade after the Great War could only be a transitory stage. In England this problem had been quite clearly set forth, and its people were disposed, in the prudent fashion which is a part of their political traditions, to steer a middle course. There was consequently a readiness to agree to a gradual strengthening of Germany, and, on the other hand, a readiness to do something in the field of disarmament. But, as I said before, the French policy made this impossible. Then, on April 17th, 1935, M. Barthou uttered his definite " No " !

Be that as it may, Adolf Hitler's speeches and actions in the field of foreign policy appealed to the German mind, and his words rang true and honest to German ears. The nation watched the line of his actions in the foreign field very closely and found it entirely in harmony with his speeches. So it happened that Adolf Hitler received the approval of the whole nation so far as his foreign policy is concerned. Naturally the feelings of the German people at the present stage of their national life are varied. The new, and in many respects not anticipated, development has provoked an unprecedented volume of enthusiasm on

the one side, while in other quarters tears and dismay have accompanied the triumphal march of National Socialism. But in one point the nation to a man is united ; that is on the foreign policy of the Führer of the Reich. This is so for two reasons : first, because it promises to help Germany to a position of power in Europe corresponding to her true national strength, and then because we are convinced that Herr Hitler desires peace not only for this resurgence, but because he loves peace for the sake of the life of his people.

It is frequently said in England that a regime like the Fascist or National Socialist is bound to find itself confronted sooner or later with the necessity of war as the only way out of a hopeless situation. It is even said that war in itself is desirable in such a country. To prove this in the German case people point to the Italian example. But this is a grave mistake. Italian Fascism and German National Socialism naturally resemble each other in many respects, but they also differ fundamentally ; for Adolf Hitler is not Mussolini and the Germans are not Italians.

With an imperialist policy one could certainly arouse enthusiasm in Germany among a crowd of small bourgeois, just as it was possible to do so in pre-war time. But quite certainly there is no enthusiasm for it among the great working mass of the population. It is important to realize that the National Socialist regime by no means hovers in the air, but indeed is based to a great extent upon a democratic principle, namely, public feeling. The German people are interested in foreign policy and know something about it. Never would the opposition have been greater among the working masses had Adolf Hitler entertained imperialist aims which could not be reached by peaceful means but were bound to bring Germany into the same position as Italy finds herself in today. The absence of chauvinism and the lack of every desire to glorify the war spirit is very much appreciated amongst the masses of our people. There is an immense difference between readiness to bear arms and the bellicose spirit of conquest. National Socialism has a very marked ideology. Without it and without the idealism associated with it the National Socialist party would not have reached its dominant position. The ideology is largely formed by the

Führer's speeches. Thus his idea that war is a ghastly thing has become a part of the party ideology.

The foreign policy of the Hitler Government, however, was not confined to peaceful speeches. Look at the facts. Adolf Hitler started with a policy of friendly negotiations with Poland, leading to a treaty which was always dreamed of and never achieved during the period of Parliamentarism and democracy. The Hitler Government added new pacts of arbitration and non-aggression to those already existing. They can be counted by the dozen. Adolf Hitler confirmed not only the Locarno Pact, with its very important and even one-sided concessions to France, but also to all the paragraphs of the Versailles Treaty which are not repugnant to the German right of equality. In his speech of May 21st he made important suggestions with regard to Germany's collaboration within a collective system, adding quite definite proposals on disarmament. In the same speech he agreed to the superiority of the British Navy and recognized the predominance of Great Britain as a world Power. A thing that would have been inconceivable before the Great War has now been carried out: an Anglo-German naval agreement that once and for all lays down and recognizes the numerical superiority of the British Navy. This naval agreement is designed to form the basis for Adolf Hitler's foreign policy. To agree to that would have been difficult without a real feeling of friendliness towards Great Britain on the part of the German people.

One thing, however, Adolf Hitler did not do: he did not stretch out his hands to the Soviets—nor have the Bolsheviks made any such gesture. Neither the friendly reception of the Soviet representatives at Geneva nor the pact or alliance which France has concluded with Russia have resulted in changing the views of National Socialism in respect of Bolshevism! The German attitude has not met with the approval of all our neighbours; it has even been misrepresented, and certainly misunderstood. The truth is that the deeply rooted enmity of National Socialism towards all things Communist has not been softened by the prospect of a military agreement between France and the Soviet Union. If this is not convincing to British readers I may be permitted to refer to the German attitude during the Abyssinian crisis. Those who expected and foretold all

kinds of selfish German action on this occasion have been sadly disappointed. Nothing of the kind has happened. The German attitude has met with approval even in high British quarters. Has it succeeded in dispelling the distrust I have spoken of? I am afraid nothing will dispel this distrust: certainly no signature, no pact, not even Germany's return, if this could be realized, to the League of Nations. Nothing, probably, will achieve it but the fact that month by month, year by year, Germany will disappoint those who distrust her, just as she disappoints them at the present moment. If people distrust Germany because they simply cannot help distrusting her or because the pretended German danger is an indispensable argument for their own policy, nothing will stop them but the experience that their malignant forecast is never realized.

But is this a wise attitude? Certainly not, because there is little time to be lost in re-establishing Europe on the basis of true peace and sound conditions. This brings me back to my point. The real reason why so many people distrust us is not the German attitude, nor the danger of German aims and German mentality, but the conditions created in Europe through the Peace Treaty. Some of them have been revised, others are unchanged. Some terms can be improved, other questions are of such an intricate nature that nobody can say what is to be done. The fact that political and economic conditions, particularly in Eastern Europe, are very unsound is the true source of unrest. It is not so much the fear that Germany will attack anyone that troubles Europe—how could she possibly do so with the slightest chance of success?—but the fear that "something" may happen by itself: the breakdown of some new but somewhat hastily created state or the desire of another to decide on its own future without consulting some "patron". If Eastern Europe should prove to be unsafe it is unsafe because these parts of the world are badly constructed, or because they are "managed" by alien interests. But this is not Germany's fault. It would be asking too much to expect the German Government to guarantee the work of the peacemakers of Versailles in those cases where they blundered. Germany will not demolish it by force. But there is no reason why we should take part in formally perpetuating the *status quo* in the East. This attitude can certainly not be

identified with what is called a *Drang nach dem Osten*, which as a serious political idea in authoritative quarters does not exist.

When Sir Samuel Hoare made his very remarkable speech in Geneva indicating that Great Britain is aware of the necessity of providing the world with a suitable policy and instrument " for adjusting the natural play of international forces ", and when he drew attention to the all-importance of the principle of " modification by peaceful means of international conditions whose continuance might endanger peace ", he pointed in the right direction, because the application of the principle of Article 19 of the Covenant* is the best way to diminish the distrust which is created not by the German attitude, but by the unsatisfactory conditions of Europe, both politically and economically. Sir Samuel mentioned the problem of raw materials and the deep anxiety of the " have-nots ", not perhaps to become " haves ", but to have an equal chance. In the light of the Foreign Secretary's speech the policy of the British Government might take on a different appearance for the German onlooker if these good words were followed by useful deeds.

The famous British " test case " does not appeal overmuch to the German mind, and this for two reasons. First of all because the idea of the League has suffered greatly from the German point of view owing to unfortunate experiences. The League of Nations is unpopular with the average German because of the policy emanating from Geneva. The second reason is that we think it is not so important for the League to fight the aggressor, however important that may be, as to fight the possible causes of war and fight them in time. In other words, our attitude necessarily is that of the " have-nots ". The average German is not in sympathy with the Italian way of action in Abyssinia, but he is not unsympathetic towards the complaint of Mussolini that a wise and sound League would have prevented this unhappy struggle by " adjusting the natural play of forces " and granting Italy what may be her due by former obligations. Instead the League failed to do its duty before the Italians took the wrong step. Therefore the problem of reforming the League, its policy

* Article 19 provides for the reconsideration of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.

and, in so far as this should be found necessary, its constitution is present in every German mind when the question of returning to the League is placed before him.

It is not much good wasting many words on the past, but as regards the future what Germany feels is that all who wish to preserve the League and to secure the adhesion of the Powers now standing aside will have to consider what has to be done to organize the life of the nations one with the other in such a fashion that they may associate themselves willingly and gladly in a community of nations ; and above all there should be no sudden explosions like the present one in Abyssinia.

Whoever thinks it desirable that Germany should take part again in a collective system will therefore have to ask himself what are the chances for the reform of the League and its politics. Will it really be possible to reform the League of Nations in such a way that it is no longer an instrument for the preservation of antiquated and dangerous conditions, but becomes instead an instrument for the shaping and development of our international life ? Growth and transformation are the laws of this life. With those who deem the terms of the League Covenant to be more important it will be impossible to agree, no matter what the real reason of their attitude may be. But should it be possible to make the principle of organic growth and development the outstanding principle of the League, then much would have been gained from the standpoint of those who want the League to fulfil the eminent tasks referred to by Sir Samuel Hoare in Geneva, and on other occasions, and also by the British Prime Minister.

As far as Germany is concerned, the principles laid down in Sir Samuel Hoare's speeches at Geneva and in the House of Commons are to a large extent in full agreement with the statement of the Führer of the Reich, when in May last he revealed the Thirteen Points of his programme. Why has this speech passed into oblivion outside Germany ? Not only because at that time all kinds of new pacts were in the minds of many diplomats, but primarily because the Abyssinian conflict forced all other diplomatic considerations into the background. Is it not time to recall those Thirteen Points ? Collective co-operation, and particularly disarmament, occupy such an important place

in them that they cannot be neglected when the question whether or not Germany can be trusted is asked. The German Government declared that it would be ready to take part in a collective system if the "law of eternal development" was taken into account and the possibility of treaty revision by peaceful means was admitted. By this was not meant, as the remainder of Herr Hitler's speech proved, that Germany would formulate an endless series of new demands, but the *emphasis* of the League of Nations should not be placed on the *status quo* as it has been hitherto. But in one point Hitler was quite definite: the principle of equal rights for all members of the League must be carried out to the full. Without the separation of the League of Nations statute from the Versailles Treaty and without the repudiation of those Articles of the Treaty which still discriminate against Germany, the German Government cannot and will not be a party to a collective system. If it is recalled that those Thirteen Points contained also the fundamental exposition of Germany's attitude towards pact proposals like the Air Pact and a programme of disarmament, and even the abolition of certain arms and practices, one cannot be surprised that German public opinion has not become more favourable to the League of Nations. For the German people have not overlooked the fact that these really very notable suggestions of their government found but a feeble echo in other countries. Must they not believe that the interest of other nations in the rigidity of the policy hitherto inspired behind the scenes at Geneva is greater than their interest in any serious reform, and with such reform the return of Germany to the League?

It is not enough to speak and write of the German danger and what is called the distrust of Germany. Has it never occurred to English readers that the Germans may be justified in reversing the question and asking whether the German nation has not sometimes grounds to distrust her neighbours, a distrust which is contributed to even by those speeches of British origin which refer to the Rhine as the real frontier between Germany and Great Britain? Sometimes we are inclined to ask ourselves what the policy and the aims of our partners in Europe really are; what good purpose is served, in these days of collective co-operation, by alliances and particularly military arrangements between one

nation and another. We never could understand how they could be in harmony with the principles of the League of Nations, unless the supporters of the League are merely paying lip-service to those principles. No wonder that the British lead in Geneva in September and the comment on it in the speeches of British statesmen made a deep impression on public opinion in Germany. But we do not yet see what it really amounts to.

Sir Samuel Hoare has indicated that the reform of the League's policy should not be confined to political questions, but should also include the economic conditions, the readjustment of which may be of still greater importance than those in the political field. All complaints of the "have-nots" and their desire for what is called expansion are largely connected with their economic requirements. When I was in Paris the other day a prominent Frenchman asked me what Germany will do if, when the limitation of armaments is achieved or the process of re-arming is complete, a large part of her population cannot live any longer on the income of war industries. The natural answer is that we hope that Germany in the meantime will be able to provide more work by developing her internal trade on the lines of self-sufficiency which have been forced upon us, or that the readjustment of international trade and the restoration of normal conditions of international finance and industry will enable her to augment her share in world trade.

In other words, in whatever direction we look we find that to dispel the distrust of Germany means to change some of the conditions in which Germany, and not Germany alone, has been forced to live. To get rid of the terrible feeling of distrust and to prevent its becoming a dangerous obsession means that action must be taken in the most efficacious way. This appeal in favour of an atmosphere free from distrust ought to penetrate the minds of all those who believe in Europe as an entity, and more particularly of all those who are determined that Europe should have a League.

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF STILTON

By Osbert Burdett

THE public spirited proposal of M. Theodore Rousseau that a statue should be erected to the maker of Stilton cheese has produced a controversy which, in the usual manner of public debates, is obscuring the real issue. Instead of concentrating on the great business how our English local cheeses are to be saved, correspondents rush in to argue the rival claims of the precise woman to whom the statue should be erected.

Let us consider this minor matter before returning to our French visitor's proposal, and the service that it would render to the genius of some Englishwoman and so, since this is the object of such monuments, to the preservation and renown of one of England's glories : her cheese.

According to tradition the cheese known as Stilton is attributed to the genius of Mrs. Paulet, of Wymondham, in Leicestershire, whose kinsman, Cooper Thornhill, sold it at the village of Stilton in Huntingdonshire, outside his coaching inn, the Bell. It was this lady, mentioned in my *Little Book of Cheese*, and put forward by Sir John Squire in support of M. Rousseau's proposal, who has generally been credited with the first making of Stilton. Her claim, however, was challenged by Miss Florence White, the founder of the English Folk Cookery Association, in favour of Mrs. Orton (*née* Elizabeth Scarbrow), housekeeper at Quenby Hall, who used the recipe of Lady Beaumont. Her product was first known as Quenby cheese ; and Mrs. Orton herself is believed to have been Mrs. Paulet's mother. Thus the balance of opinion lies between the mother and the daughter. A third name need not detain us, for this (Mrs. Pick) is also that of a " daughter of the original maker of Stilton " ; but obviously the name wanted is that by which the famous cheese first became a national possession. Now, with every respect for the plea for

accuracy advanced by Miss Florence White in *The Times*, it is clear that the honour of " Stilton " belongs to Mrs. Paulet, though Elizabeth Scarbrow (Mrs. Orton) is entitled to the honour of making " Quenby " cheese. The connection between Mrs. Paulet and the *village* of Stilton is the decisive fact ; and, since our local cheeses, being humane products utterly superior to the soulless uniformity and inferior quality of factory stuffs, rejoice in variety, any difference there may be in Quenby, or any quality peculiar to the recipe of Lady Beaumont, should be separately signalized.

Some miserable people who confuse culture, a word of agricultural origin, with reading books, and instruction with education, may wonder why English Cheese should be honoured at all. They do not know that a few years ago the French raised a statue to Madame Harel at Camembert in honour of the cheese which has made its place of origin famous all over the world. They do not know that every English county once had its own cheese, and that, apart from Stilton altogether, Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, Leicestershire, Gloucestershire, Somerset, and Dorset, still do so. To them, in their hopeless ignorance, cheese is cheese, or rather is anything offered to them under a few different names and colours by factories cynically indifferent to the names they use. To what Mr. David Garnett has called " the supine ignorance of mankind ", our great local cheeses are being sacrificed with stupid indifference.

The question, therefore, is how best to save them. A statue to the most famous and secure would focus public attention as well as honour the genius of an Englishwoman whom foreigners at any rate respect. Mr. T. S. Eliot made an alternative proposal : that a Society for the Preservation of Ancient Cheeses should be formed. To this M. Rousseau wittily retorted that cheeses were made to be eaten rather than preserved. Would, therefore, a statue or a society be more likely to arouse cheese-eaters to demand local cheeses, to distinguish between the real and the faked, and to recognize at sight, for example, Double Gloucester, Wensleydale, Lancashire, Leicester, and the rest ? My own contribution was an illustrated *Little Book*, since the better appreciation of cheese is the first essential ; and Miss Pauline Baumann's drawings are as valuable as any description. It would be a great

mistake if either of these proposals should be thought to conflict. To arouse public interest to the danger we all hope to avert is the main thing. A statue to focus the gaze of the many, and a society to combine our scattered enthusiasts into a body that the grocers would have to respect, would be equally welcome. The enemy is apathy and ignorance: the end is patriotic—a service to a famous English industry and to English culture at the same time.

Every man of liberal education knows that Wine and Scholarship support each other, and that English literature has a great tradition in which the praise of poetry and gastronomy have gone hand in hand. Thackerary, Peacock, Meredith, Galsworthy, George Saintsbury, have handed it on to our own day; and it is therefore natural that, in the present discussion, Sir John Squire, Mr. T. S. Eliot, and Mr. David Garnett, should be found on the same side in this great matter. All good things are connected. Help one, and you help all. Abandon one, all suffer. English cheese is a part of English civilization; and it is much wiser to protect it by showing our appreciation of it while we still have it, than, once we have allowed it to perish, to compile a record of a departed glory.

A famous cheese, like a great poem, is the proof of genius, and demands the same degree of appreciation in us all.

Since this was written, Mr. A. J. A. Symons has accepted the post of secretary to the fund for raising a statue at Stilton, and subscriptions may be sent to him at 6, Little Russell Street, W.C.1. Where the poets and men of letters have led the way, I hope that your readers will follow so that an immortal memory may at last be honoured, and our local English cheeses have the support that is their due.

THE TOURIST AND TRADE

By George Soloveytchik

THE difference between a noble stranger and an undesirable alien is a bank balance. But what is a tourist? "A person who makes a tour", says the *Oxford Dictionary*. That seems clear enough; but what is a tour? According to the same infallible authority it is a "journey through a country from place to place"; it is also a rambling excursion, a short journey, and a walk. Here, however, our difficulties begin again. Is it correct to describe with the same word a duke who takes his palatial yacht, full of guests, to distant seas and the modest hiker who goes walking with a rucksack? Is the American millionaire who comes over with a stableful of polo ponies to be classed in the same human species as the University student on vacation who travels steerage or actually works his passage over, and then spends a European holiday visiting museums, or more often sitting in cafés?

And why do people travel? Even if you exclude those who travel on business—and this means not only merchants, financiers, and industrialists, but also diplomats, foreign correspondents, and many others—there is a variety of reasons that actuate those who travel ostensibly for pleasure. Some do it because they like a change of atmosphere and find it a relaxation or a stimulus, as the case may be; others because it has been prescribed to them for reasons of health. Some travel because they are interested in seeing new places and meeting new people, because, in fact, they wish to widen their intellectual horizon. That does not necessarily mean travelling for purposes of study, which in itself is also a powerful stimulus. Many people travel because they can engage in certain particular pursuits only at definite places; big game shooting, or winter sports, or basking in the sun, for instance, and—at the other extreme—attending musical or other festivals, seeing exhibitions, visiting theatres,

concerts and museums, all of which is by no means synonymous with just sight-seeing. That, too, of course is a reason. Finally, some travel out of boredom, to get away from themselves or others, and many travel out of snobbishness. In most of the world's famous places you meet lots of people who come there not because they are really interested, but because they fancy it is the thing to do. Also because they meet a lot of folk they know, or hope to meet some they would like to know. A striking illustration of the latter consideration determining people's travels will be found in the fact that during the recent era of international conferences there were certain habitués who followed the world's ambulant statesmen all over Europe, merely to stay at the same hotel, or to be able to say they, too, had been there, not to mention the good luck of having actually exchanged a few words.

The interesting thing, however, that has been only recently recognized is that the peculiar state of mind or body that induces people to travel has resulted in creating an industry of considerable political, social, and economic importance, both from a national and international point of view. The industry is not new; people have been travelling from time immemorial, although undoubtedly the habit has of late become increasingly popular and has affected classes of people in almost every country who would formerly not want to travel abroad. But what is new is the discovery of the national and international significance of tourism, and this discovery is not unlike that of M. Jourdain, who had been talking prose all the time without actually knowing it.

Individual trades, of course, have always known what foreign visitors mean to them. Hotel keepers and restaurateurs; entertainment and pleasure merchants; dressmakers, milliners, hosiers, furriers, jewellers, *et hoc genus omne*; and last, but by no means least, railway and shipping companies and travelling agencies (one need only mention such world-famous institutions as Thomas Cook's or the Wagon-Lits Company) have been familiar with the requirements and idiosyncrasies of their ambulant and polyglot clients for many generations. But it does not seem to have occurred to anybody until quite recently that all these things are but the particles of one

large whole, and that the sum total of them represents something so intricate and valuable that it requires careful study and understanding. This in its turn led to the realization of the fact that tourism, as the French call it, can, and in the case of many countries does, represent a most important item of a nation's balance of payments, and that it is worth considerable exertion on the part of any government to take a hand in the building up, maintaining, or increasing of the value of this item which used to be included in the portmanteau expression "invisible exports".

There can be little doubt that in the past France was the greatest beneficiary of tourist traffic. She seemed to attract innumerable visitors from all over the world and took it more or less for granted. A few other countries were practically in the same position, although perhaps not quite to the same extent—Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and Austria, to mention the most conspicuous. Possibly a few more. But on the other hand, there were many countries where the tourist never went at all, and whose foreign visitors consisted almost entirely of people who had to go there on business. That, too, was more or less taken for granted. In this category of countries England is a striking example, and she must therefore be considered as a novice in the pursuit of a tourist clientele. There are good reasons for this, with which I shall deal later, but it is important to note that there is hardly a place, either in the Old World or in the New, that is not energetically appealing to would-be visitors, soliciting their custom. In every country certain official and semi-official bodies have been created for the purpose of conducting this tourist propaganda, and they have all been displaying great activity during the last few years. Special information offices of every conceivable nationality have been opened in all the capitals and big cities.

In this country most of the work is carried out by the "Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland". The Prince of Wales is its patron and Lord Derby its president; it has a most imposing executive Committee consisting of representatives of all the interests concerned, i.e., government and municipal authorities, hoteliers, caterers, merchants, industrialists, and of course, the press. This association describes itself as a "non-trading organization formed with

government support to carry out national publicity overseas, to increase the tourist traffic to the British Isles, to stimulate the demand for British goods and services, and the establishment of new industries. The semi-official status of the association, together with the combined strength of all its supporters, results in a national effort which no individual organization can achieve ". The programme, it must be admitted, is fairly ambitious and comprehensive. For financial support the association has to rely on a small (and ridiculously inadequate !) government grant, and on contributions from railway and shipping companies, hotels, local authorities, and other interests.

Its activities have been very largely concentrated in sponsoring the " Come to Britain " movement, and in this connection it is only logical to ask why people did not come to Britain before, or what inducement there is for them to do so now. The question also arises of the value of those who do come, expressed in hard cash. Professor F. W. Ogilvie some months ago published a most interesting article in *The Times* in which he attempted to answer the latter question. It is worth while to quote him at some length. This is what he says :

> In the country's official Balance of Payments, a jejune document, tourist traffic is lumped together with film royalties, the trade in second-hand ships, emigrants' and immigrants' remittances, diplomatic services and other items to form the omnibus group " Miscellaneous Receipts", which for 1934 was put at a net credit of £10,000,000—a *net* figure, without any indication of the gross figures of debit and credit—whether they were, say, £10,000,000 and £20,000,000 respectively or £95,000,000 and £105,000,000. Latterly, however, the Board of Trade has begun to analyze parts of this tourist traffic, so that with the help of the Home Office returns of aliens and certain other material it is now possible to make at least an approximate estimate of this lively and important element in the country's oversea trade. The simplest and most obvious part of the traffic is that of foreign visitors, who totalled 380,424 in 1933, and not far from 400,000 last year. . . . The highest total previously was 451,659 in 1929.

According to Professor Ogilvie's estimate, these people spent in the United Kingdom £9,010,000 in 1933, and £9,841,000 in 1934. Thus foreigners have been spending nearly ten million pounds per annum in this country during the last two years, and the figures for 1935—the Jubilee Year—should be even more impressive. Yet no proper statistical record is kept. But as Professor Ogilvie quite rightly observes, the tourist traffic to these shores is not limited to foreigners only. British residents

overseas who visit this country undoubtedly come under the heading of tourists as well. England's receipt from these " Oversea-British tourists " are computed at £15,029,000 in 1933 and £15,732,000 in 1934. England's total income from foreign and British visitors therefore amounted to £24,039,000 in 1933, and £25,573,000 in 1934. In a letter commenting on Professor Ogilvie's article Lord Derby, in his capacity of President of the Travel Association, drew attention to the following facts : thanks to its tourist visitors, England has an invisible export worth £25,000,000 annually, " not far below the £28,000,000 which our woollen exports bring to us, or even the £31,000,000 received from our overseas sales of coal ".

It might be argued that these imposing figures show the complete and unqualified success of the " Come to Britain " campaign. But do they ? There is little doubt that a great deal has been accomplished in a remarkably short time. Indeed, the greatest credit is due to the Travel Association, which has done excellent work despite its numerous handicaps. To appreciate the position and the possibilities of the tourist industry in this country, however, it is essential to compare England's efforts with those of other countries.

In the first place, there are certain general conditions that apply to all countries. Foremost among these is the quantitative and qualitative transformation of tourism. The world crisis, coupled with an ever-growing political and economic nationalism, has created endless difficulties in the normal intercourse between the nations. It has played havoc with foreign exchanges, has created striking disparities of prices, has brought about all sorts of government regulations prohibiting the export of capital, has forced the erection of trade barriers and has resulted in a wholesale diminution of national and personal incomes. Simultaneously with this, and partly as a result of it, we have seen the democratization of travelling. It has ceased to be the prerogative of the leisured classes and, as I said before, is attracting and has become accessible to people of many strata of society who, in the past, would never have dreamed of going abroad.

Furthermore, while the volume of travellers or tourists has shrunk, the component parts have changed, not only socially, but also nationally. The old division of the world into countries

that exported tourists: England, America, and the Russian Empire, and those that imported them: France, Switzerland, or Germany, has gone. Today most countries can be said to be doing both, and indeed it has become a fundamental axiom of the tourist industry that it can only function if it is multi-lateral; a purely one-way arrangement, exporting and not importing, or vice versa, is in this respect just as hopelessly impracticable a proposition as in foreign trade.

This development, however, has resulted in the tourist having a much wider selection of travelling possibilities, for all countries are competing for his patronage, and each tries to offer some special inducement. But it is wrong to assume that the eloquence of those in charge of tourist propaganda, or the extent of their financial resources devoted to it, or their publicity methods—however brilliant—are sufficient to canalize the much desired current of foreigners to a particular country. The countries that are today most favoured by foreign visitors are those which know how to provide them with the best amenities in all senses of the word. A characteristic detail in this respect is the influence that the development of motoring has had on tourism; the countries that offer the motorist the best facilities can rely on an ever-increasing number of foreign holiday-makers. People who travel wish to have their money's worth. In other words, they wish the maximum of pleasures and comforts and the minimum of discomforts and vexations. During the last few years, these considerations have diverted foreign visitors from many a country to another one, and international competition for the tourist's favour makes that all the more easy.

Think of the "Come to Britain" movement from that angle. There are few, if any, countries where an individual can lead a pleasanter life than in England after he has settled down, and, so to speak, entered into a certain charmed circle. But this only happens *after* he has adapted himself to the English modes of living; it requires time and personal contacts. Think, however, of the foreign visitor to these shores who has neither. To start with, he has to conquer the prejudices in which he has been brought up and for which England herself is partly responsible. He firmly believes that our climate is impossible, indeed that we have fogs, dampness and rain all the year round; he believes

that England is one great mass of over-populated, dark, and industrial cities; that her people are cold, inhospitable, and arrogant; and that life here is both dull and monstrously expensive. Having, however, conquered some of these initial prejudices (partly caused by the behaviour of certain English people abroad), having in fact allowed himself to be persuaded that this "Green Island in the Silver Sea" has a countryside among the loveliest in the world, that its people are human, and that its climate is no worse than in many other places, our tourist actually decides to come to Britain.

His first contact with England is his examination by the Immigration Officer. A more futile and humiliating thing it would be hard to imagine. It is not the fault of these officials, who, after all, are only carrying out instructions. Their purpose is ostensibly to keep out international crooks, political and other undesirables, and to prevent foreigners from smuggling themselves into England to seek employment. But the obvious answer to this is that no crook or propagandist would be stupid enough to travel undisguised, and that he would know how to provide himself with a false passport. As to safeguarding the British labour market, the law provides for that by requiring foreigners to obtain special permits to work here. This cross-examination of the foreign visitor—who, mark you, is solicited to "Come to England"—is as stupid as it is useless. But there is many a person who is an important and respected citizen in his or her own country, who will not put up more than once with being treated like a criminal, and who after such an experience prefers to go and spend his or her money in other countries. The word "alien", the official designation of the foreign visitor, is not likely to appeal to him either, and it automatically classes an archduke, a professor, or an artist in one class with a Cypriot dishwasher.

However, having successfully jumped this obnoxious first fence of British officialdom—happily it is also the last, for after that he is left alone, provided always that he behaves himself—our foreign visitor is allowed to proceed. Unless he happens to know somebody, or have the good luck to carry letters of introduction, in which case he will meet with the most cordial and generous of welcomes—far more so in fact than in most other

countries—he is not likely to have a very enjoyable time. I do not speak of the class of traveller who goes to a luxury hotel. A Ritz or a Carlton is pretty much the same wherever you go. Although even here the foreign visitor may find that he is not treated quite in the way that he is accustomed to in similar establishments on the Continent. It is not within the scope of this article to discuss at any length the merits and demerits of the British hotel and catering trade. Things are certainly better than they used to be. But can anybody honestly say that, with a few notable exceptions, our hotels and restaurants offer the foreigner good accommodation and good food at a reasonable price? I know: there is the Cumberland. Is it not absurd that in such a huge city as London, there should not be more places of this kind? And the provinces? Just think of the tourist who lands in an English provincial town, and especially on a Sunday!

The foreign visitor is told to go to our lovely sea-resorts, to look at some of our picturesque and quaint old cities, to spend some time in the country. But can any of these places, however, attractive in themselves, make up for the acute discomfort and the high prices he is likely to find in most of them? How can you account to a foreigner for the fact that in a bar or pub on one side of a London street he is not allowed to have a drink after a certain hour, but that if he chooses to cross the street to a place opposite (which happens to be under somebody else's jurisdiction) he is given an extra half-hour's grace? How can you explain to him that if he is staying at an hotel he may have a drink after a certain hour, but that if you happen to be calling on him you may not? And that in the afternoon no drinks are allowed at all? The fact that we are all affected by a legislation that seems to be chiefly concerned in making a careful study of what the public likes and then preventing it from having it does not really concern or console the tourist. There is not even a café where he can just sit and watch the world go by. In fact, if he is not sufficiently important—and not many tourists are—to be made a temporary member of some club (social, sporting, bridge, dancing, or otherwise) there is not very much he can do when he has responded to the exhortation that he should come to Britain.

These examples of the petty annoyances which the foreign

visitor has to put up with, and which he cannot understand, could be multiplied *ad infinitum*. It might be argued, of course, that he is not singled out for that sort of treatment because he is a foreigner, but that we are all in fact victims of obsolete legislation. Or it might be said that if he does not like all this he can go somewhere else. But that is hardly the point. If we do not want any foreign visitors, then the money spent on British tourist propaganda is wasted. If we do want them, however, we have got to face the fact that these visitors wish to be treated with respect and deference, and that we must provide them with the amenities, comforts, and recreations they are entitled to demand for the money they are spending here.

After all, we expect it from other countries when we travel abroad, and we usually get it. If we do not, we stop going and betake ourselves somewhere else. For years the British have supplied by far the largest proportion of tourists, and wherever they have gone they have set the fashion. On the Riviera or in Biarritz, in Salzburg or in Capri, in German spas or distant Scandinavia, they have introduced their style of living. Tea-rooms, golf clubs, cocktail bars, and whatever else they (and the Americans) happen to require is provided for them. And because in all these places they are given what they want they go there again and again, deserting their own country whenever they get the opportunity.

Who would go to Brighton or Scarborough when he can go to Deauville or Le Touquet? Even the most distant parts of Europe—the Scandinavian countries, Finland, Poland, Estonia, or Hungary, Portugal and Yuogslavia are attracting an ever-growing number of British visitors. Sweden has been particularly successful, and there is much we could learn from the way she handles both her tourist propaganda and her foreign visitors once they have arrived. All these countries have grasped the advantages of attracting tourists, and act accordingly. Not only do they all spend far larger sums on their propaganda than Great Britain, with her £4,000 a year government grant, but they go out of their way to please. And what happens in the case of a country that upsets its foreign visitors? There is no more striking example than that of France. The French have managed to irritate tourists so much in recent years by charging extortionate

prices and inflicting innumerable petty annoyances on them that foreigners began to avoid France. Their number fell from several million in 1927 to barely 750,000 last year, and the income France derives from them has fallen from 12 milliards of francs in 1927 to 2 milliards in 1934* .Part of this is undoubtedly due to the world crisis, but the principal cause was that people began to realize that they did not get their money's worth and elected to transfer their custom elsewhere. The lamentable effects of this on France's national economy—a country particularly dependent on a large income from tourism—can be readily understood. Now she is making a great effort to recover her tourist trade—not an easy thing under the present circumstances.

It would be easy to comment on the various other economic aspects of tourism apart from its importance as a big item in the national balance sheet of a country. There is, for instance, an interesting relationship between tourism and foreign trade. Again, its political, social, and cultural importance cannot be sufficiently emphasized. But I have merely tried to raise one or two points which are worth further study and discussion. For the tourist is not just the objectionable fellow who crowds out a boat and collars all the best deck chairs, or stands about in groups in front of that picture at the Uffizi, or does all the other things that annoy us when we travel abroad, and whose claim to be considered our equal or a customer worth serving is profoundly abhorrent to Mrs. Grundy and Colonel Blimp. The tourist today is essentially a factor of peace and prosperity, and as such deserves every support and encouragement.

* At present rates from £161,000,000 in 1927 to under £27,000,000 in 1934.

PAGE AND MONARCH

By V. S. Pritchett

TEN days before Christmas, Schneider went. His departures like his arrivals were orgiastic, and between them was a three months orgy of work. All day between Schneider House and his suite at the hotel, the messengers, the secretaries, the managers, the legal and advertising men went. Jewellers, picture dealers, stockbrokers, women sailed up to his suite in the hushed warm lifts. There were nights in restaurants, theatres and night clubs. Telephone bells rang in Manchester, Paris, Rome and New York calling people to the eager guttural splutter of Schneider's voice. Up to the last moment he was working and playing at once, flopping like a sea lion in his chair. A cigar was in his mouth, a bottle of champagne was on his desk, a pen was in his hand signing letters and contracts, while he talked to Lippott who was behind him, his three secretaries, to people more remote in the blue haze of cigar smoke ; and all the time into the telephone he was gurgling thick, sentimental nonsense to Lola in the bedroom next door who was sitting like a cross bird of paradise at her dressing-table. He had been up till four the night before, dancing. And now, while the cars waited below and the heavy luggage was being loaded, he was rolling in his chair. His black hair curled over the astrakhan collar of his overcoat. The smiles that sent ripples into the bay of sallow baldness in the head, seemed to flow from his voracious lips all over his body. His very arms smiled when he smiled, his whole body grunted when he grunted.

Then when all was done he and his court sailed down in the lifts and he walked out of the hotel to his car like a squat prince in horn-rimmed spectacles, still giving orders, shaking hands, bowed to by the manager and the staff ; and two cars followed the Rolls with the luggage. Lippott, as was fitting in the man who was closer to Schneider than any man, knowing more than

his mistresses, more than his directors, knowing more about his money, his clothes, his very underclothes, more about his tempers, his tricks, his swindles, his schemes—Lippott, who was as vital to him as the braces which held up his trousers—was the last to speak to him through the car window.

" And a merry Christmas ! " Lippott said in a voice which was like the icing on a small cake.

" Vot's that, Lippott ? "

" A merry Christmas. Compliments of the season."

Lippott, though he was stiff and clever with other people, wriggled like a confused girl when he spoke to Schneider.

" Oh ha ! ha ! " came the roar of Schneider's laugh from the car. " Merry compliments. No. "

Schneider had a lifelong difficulty with English greetings. And so, like a cat, the car went off taking Schneider to Italy. Schneider House would not be disturbed for another two or three months.

After the departure of Schneider came the departure of Lippott : a liner is launched and after it comes an outboard, methodically chugging and drawn out with deceptive speed into the immense swell. Lippott went back with the manager into the hotel, and the servants that were left bowed. In a more practical way there was a similar if smaller deference to Lippott. Lippott arranged about bills and tips. Lippott scrutinized, organized and paid. Lippott was Schneider's shadow. Schneider was a dream, a fantasy like an enormous electric sign on the front of a building ; but Lippott, the exact man in the bowler hat, the restrained expensive clothes, and the small culture-pearl laugh, was the reality. He was the code book. There was a deference to the man who paid in hundreds or in thousands on behalf of Schneider and after he had received his deference he left. No car waited for him.

" Good day, Mr. Lippott ", from three, not ten servants, and a look from bowler brim to rubber tipped heels after he passed. Lippott walked.

He walked because he was a frugal man and because he was a free man now Schneider had gone, and also because it took hours, after these launchings, for the swell of departure to die down. One was borne along and out with Schneider on a wave

that rose and dived like a dolphin. Then at last the wave weakened and the pace lagged ; gradually Schneider got away and Lippott was left bumping about in the wake of Schneider, to the long musing row back to familiar waters.

But the wave was not weakening yet and Schneider was in sight. Continually, as he walked back to the office, as he sat drinking coffee and eating a sandwich there, as lunch time passed and the afternoon began, Lippott was seeing Schneider on the boat, the Schneider cabins, the Schneider lunch at Calais, the Schneider nights in Paris, the Schneider villas. (Lippott had done it all more than once with Schneider.) He was filled with Schneider and the sensation was like being filled with Schneider's champagne. In this state of intoxication, Lippott could not settle to his work. He had never been able to work on the days when Schneider left.

" Oh, Miss Anderson " (Lippott was speaking into an instrument on his desk. His, " Oh, Miss Anderson " always sounded like the restive appeal of a man being tickled), " I am going out ", he said.

He put on his hat and coat and left his office.

" I am sorry there is no reply from the secretary's room ", the operators said. " Schneiders. Schneiders ", the voices chimed in the telephone exchange. " The secretary is out ".

Lippott went down by the stairs. Now Schneider must be racing down the long march of poplars to Abbeville. The chalk dust would be fainter in the winter. If it were raining the cars would arrive white with mud in Paris. Lippott preferred the stairs to the lift because he liked no one to see what he was doing. Schneider was the voluptuary of lifts ; on the stairs, the ascetic Lippott. He was the private, confidential man, the secretary of the company—the one who came round corners surprising people, noting who they are, pleased that they stop talking. They were afraid, in spite of their large Public School voices, of the busy Board School Lippott. Even the directors were cautious with the unobtrusive, omnipresent secretary with the shaky accent.

He went through the swing doors that seemed to flash messages of the wealth and cleverness of Schneider into the City. He went into the street. In the approaching dusk a short man like

Schneider, but lean, and, for the rest, no more than a sedate dark coat, smart dark trousers, a bowler hat, a collar and a tie and pair of boots, with a face placed in precisely the right place among them. He had tired, well-fed creases in the skin of his face, the London pallor. He had a quick but an easy walk and his eyes, sharpened by work, had the false brilliance of new teeth.

If he looked pleased as he walked past the shops it was from no personal vanity. He had leisure because trade was slack; it was slack at Christmas because the shops had filled up with Schneider materials in the late autumn. Now the crowds in the streets were looking at them in the shop windows. Whenever he saw lights of shop windows he partook of the pleasure of being attached to the brilliance of Schneider.

The afternoon was closing. After the morning fog there had been a few hours of grey daylight mourning over the roofs and then at three the street lamps were lit and the lamps of cars and buses. The shops threw out weak fans of light from their shining windows. There was a hoarse evanescent tenderness in the air which makes many people think of the winters of their childhood, and they look into the shop windows as they used in those days to look into the fire, the light in their faces. There was the sound of thousands of footsteps, the sea-roar of engines. Many people were going home. The lights of the cars moved smoothly like pairs of cat's eyes out of the slowly sinking fog. As he crossed the side streets he could see the moist, horn-coloured vapour, with its core of weak pink or lilac light if arc lamps were hanging there. The corners of buildings were smudged and broken off in the upper air and, in the lower, the fog was like a damp sand, the vapour of a million individual breaths. Gaiety was in the air, as if this too were the orgiastic wake of Schneider and the traffic were his music. Lippott stepped out. Schneider was in the air. And Lippott was the shadow of Schneider.

Lippott had three thousand a year now, and his shares; and there were all those private speculations where, if Schneider had put ten thousand, a hundred thousand or half a million, Lippott had followed with his occasional hundreds, a mouse nibbling where a rat had gnawed. He belonged to two clubs

now, he had his clothes made at the tailors which Schneider had found too cheap ten years before. His signet ring was from Schneider and so was his cigarette case. Schneider had bought him his house and given him his Daimler. Once—this was one of the earliest presents and Lippott had refused it because he had seen at once it might put sand into the oil of their intimacy—Schneider had offered him a mistress he was tired of. Women for Lippott were items of Schneider's accountancy; a new pair of eyes, a new account.

Lippott stepped well dressed through the crowd looking at the windows. There was the restaurant where Schneider dined. There was the shop where Schneider had bought Lippott his Daimler. There Schneider bought his orchids, his wine, his cigars, his perfumes—the smell of the Schneider women—the street was rich and dazzling with the folly of Schneider.

What was the folly of Schneider? Lippott stopped beside the window of a piano shop. He had not been thinking of Schneider at all. He had been thinking of Lola, sitting beside him racing through the chalk dust of the road to Abbeville, the value of whose shoes he knew, the price of whose fur coat and diamonds he knew, the rent of whose villa he paid; and of her voice which was like the tinkling of wine glasses. He had stopped.

The piano shop was graver than the other shops in the street and its lights were dimmer. In dull pools they were reflected on the level tops of the instruments. The shop was as solemn as an undertaker's, the dreamy luxury of a mausoleum. Chinese urns had indeed been placed in the windows and the ivory keyboards were like the long teeth of the dead. Lippott looked through the window and under the strong low light of an inner room he could see the grey, waved hair of a woman. Younger women stood idle at the counters. Lippott stood in the shadow watching her and as he watched her, he felt himself deepen in voice and grow in height and stoutness. He felt his hair curl at the back and his small hands grow thicker. The sensation grew as he approached the door. It was opened by a man with a chest of medals. Lippott, on the impulse, was Schneider. This was the woman Schneider had offered him. Schneider gone, he had come out to look at her.

" I want to speak to Mrs. Cambery ", he said. He lowered his dark eyelids as he said the name and then looked up and began whistling softly. Still he was Schneider. He saw her rise from her desk and come out to him, a tall faded woman taking small steps towards him and her smile gleaming like a chilled wine.

" It's a long time since you've been in here, Mr. Lippott ", she said in a high voice like the voice of Schneider's Lola, but an older and harder voice. " Have you come to wish me a Happy Christmas? How nice of you." She looked down upon him, trying to guess his errand.

And he was Schneider no more. Of course he had not come to wish her a Happy Christmas. He had taken off his hat and he could see his short straight black hair shining in the dreary gilded mirror which accentuated his leanness. His voice was rapid and polite, a thin gleam of voice, the voice of the secretary of the company, being charming to a one-time client.

" I came in ", he said, " to buy a gramophone ".

He looked at her. She was taller than he. Like all the women in the shops in this part of London she was expensively dressed. She was a woman in her late forties and her grace had stiffened and quickened with an exaggerated animation, her beauty remaining in her long cold eyes.

" Little Lippott ", she thought. " Money. Still with Schneider. Out-lasted me with Schneider. What's he after ? "

" They are making some lovely things nowadays ", she said, glancing at him, to read what he wanted. He saw this. Lippott never missed a look of this kind. She, like the rest, had to be careful of Lippott. But her talk seemed to him like the crisp, clean petalled, forced flowers in the florist's where Schneider bought his roses, his bouquets, his orchids. She was the woman Schneider had offered him, one of the earliest women of the days when Schneider was emerging from the period of East End fires and dubious liquidations. Lippott watched her as she walked to a gramophone. He smiled to think she did not know that Schneider had offered her to him.

" It is in walnut ", she said. " The grain is like smoke."

" Holy smoke ", he had his little joke, " if I know anything about the price ".

" It gives a richness to the tone which I don't think any other wood gives." The voice went on skilfully arranging its words like flowers about every object.

He listened to her heels on the polished floor. He noted her sharp orders to the assistants, the swing of her earrings.

" She's a good saleswoman ", Lippott thought. " And she's done well for herself. He put her in this shop ; and she has her money, her flat. An ordinary girl from Kentish Town who sold programmes in the theatre. She has got on. Schneider's doing, but even Schneider could not have given her her chance if she hadn't had talent. It was the same with me. She had brains and Schneider spotted them ".

He knew all about her. She was not Mrs. Cambery, of course. Edwards was her real name. Like him she had risen from nothing, absolutely nothing. They had worked their way up. They had travelled far, so far that no one would have known that she was a Board School girl and he was a Board school boy, both of them from a slum. There was the bond of Schneider between them. Lippott warmed.

This was in his mind all the time she was showing him the gramophones, pretending she did not know the prices and asking her assistants in a drawling voice. That pleased him. And yet there was one difference between them. Schneider had offered her to him and she did not know it. She did not know he was thinking, " I could have had this woman ".

Could he have had her ? Of course. Schneider had said so. Everything belonged to Schneider, that was the wonderful thing about him. Yet one had to *be* Schneider to have everything Schneider offered. And Lippott knew as he saw her long, slender back arch over the instruments, and the earrings swing, that he could not be Schneider. She did not move to him as she would have moved instinctively had Schneider come into the shop, but she had stepped back, she had stopped, she had exclaimed and he had seen in her eyes the look he was used to seeing in the eyes of everyone . " What's he up to ! What is Schneider doing ? "

Music was playing. She went to the instruments, raising the lids, putting on records, making music.

" Listen to this ", she said.

" What is it ? "

" A carol. One never tires of them, does one ? "

A lid was closed, there was the faint hiss of a record. Lippott sat down. He was already thinking he must get back. He placed his umbrella between his knees and stared at the carpet. For many years he had seen carpets and heard music together. Music meant hotels and restaurants, business lunches, evenings with Schneider's parties when he looked through the glass door after his own meal alone to see Schneider with his guests. The sound of music meant to him the spending of money. One could reckon the price per bar, bill totals by the top notes. There was an instant association of a five-pound bill with the figure of the orchestra leader moving forward to the tables. The music waiter. There were orchestras whose music brought to the mind the price of champagne ; there were Italian operas like the increment on private investments, with that sparkling beauty.

But the music which came from this gramophone had no financial context. Without warning men stood up. Their voices were loud, sudden and deep. They seemed to leap upon his breast and tear his shirt front open, going straight for his heart.

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp and even.

He saw the snow.

" They're good ", said Mrs. Cambery. " Don't you think ? "

He nodded.

Brightly shone the moon that night
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

He was at the Abbey Road School. The class was singing. He was working for his scholarship. The poor man gathering the fuel was Charles Lippott. He was very sorry for him. He was stirred by the memory of his miserable origins. In his childhood most of the days had been dark, he thought. There used to be continual fog. Then suddenly Schneider appeared.

Bring me flesh and bring me wine.

and

Thou and I shall see him dine.

And dine they had. He would never forget the first time he had been taken to dine by Schneider. He knew he was going up in the world then. He knew it had paid him to obliterate everything for Schneider. He had saved money on his own dinner that night and had drunk wine for the first time. Tears of pride were concealed in Lippott's eyes. He was an errand boy in a shop. He had worked at evening classes and he had become a clerk. He went earlier to the office than everyone and he left latest. He worked till his eyes ached. At night he studied for his accountancy examinations. Slowly he advanced, eating no more than a bar of chocolate every day, never smoking, never drinking, never going to football matches or cinemas, never seeing girls. He worked. He saved. His mother was left £50 and he re-invested it for her ; he saw to it that money was put by for the funerals of his parents. He thought of everything. There were steps : from 27s. 6d. a week to 30s. a week, from 30s. a week to 35s., a sudden spring to £2 5s., a leap to four pounds. Then Schneider had appeared and there was a jump to £300 a year. That was the real beginning. For ten years he had had no holiday and had worked three Sundays out of four. And now he knew the truth of the last verse, Schneider triumphant, Lippott as close as the glove of his right hand.

Page and Monarch forth they went
Forth they went together.

It took a full male choir to sound like the reverberant voice of Schneider, hoarse and loud, a choir not a man.

" What do I get—three months ? Any discount for thirty days ? " he said to Mrs. Cambery.

" Makes one think of old times ", she said, "doesn't it ? Do you think we'll have snow ? "

" No ", he laughed mildly. " There is never any snow. We only get slush ".

He left the shop. The roar of the street was sudden like the voices of the singers. He felt tired and irritable. In an obscure way he knew what was happening because he had known it before. It had gone four o'clock. The Schneider wave had passed. He had been borne out and now he floundered. Schneider must be near Paris now, but Lippott could not even imagine him there. The air was cold and rough to the throat, the pavements were

chilled. Schneider had gone and there was the long row back. Lippott did not mind that he had paid 120 guineas for a gramophone, indeed he was proud of that. He knew, after a few yards, that Schneider working through the art of Mrs. Cambery had seduced him into spending this money, and he liked that. There was the pleasure of being secretly seduced by Mrs. Cambery, of sharing her in this way with Schneider. Where Schneider went, Lippott went, where Schneider had paid his thousands, Lippott had pushed his little one hundred and twenty less discount. He was satisfied as he walked. But there was the Schneider who lived and the Schneider who had to be paid for. As he walked back to his office, through the caves of shop light that had become more dramatic and dazzling with the closing of the darkness, he felt himself the private custodian, the accountant of life and folly. His department went beyond Schneider into the world at large.

It was the end of the year and the accounts were being made up. It was the time of the year when, at last, Lippott used to think, we have got down to bedrock, to the real thing. He was happiest at this time. Everyone who came to his office brought him long sheets of foolscap covered with figures. He turned the corner and came down into the square where the Schneider House stood. The bare trees hung a net of branches faintly laced against the lilac glow of the darkness, and dripped on to the cab rank. Through the branches, like lanterns hanging among them, were the windows of the offices opposite. There was a building there like a cage of light floating over the earth. All the light of paradise, all the Schneider in the world had to be paid for.

He passed the Trade Entrance. The loading bay was empty. There were dim vacant cones of light over the empty loading platform. The goods lifts were stationary and in the hollow of the fog were the figures of men in brown overalls. There were five of them, young men with cigarettes in their ears, and they were talking, doing nothing. By the entrance was the machine which punched their time tickets and in the wall was a small office where the yard foreman sat. It was like a signal box and a green shaded lamp was shining on the man's bald head bent over his book. (Mrs. Cambery, under another light, did not know that Schneider had offered her to him.)

No one knew what Schneider offered him. The workmen looked as they saw Lippott pass. He paused and glanced at them and then went by towards the swing doors of the main entrance. They did not know who he was. It was ten days before Christmas, the slack time. One hundred and twenty-four pounds. Schneider must be paid for.

He nodded to the commissionaire and went up the stairs. Typists were laughing on the first landing. Quickly they ran away when they saw him. He went through glass doors and down past the frosted windows of corridors. An office door was open and he saw a pipe on a desk but no one there. Schneider must be paid for. He went along to his own office. On his desk were the foolscap sheets. He drew in his lips as if he were sipping tea, pleased by the sight of these papers. He knew the cost of everything, everything in the world.

In half an hour the building knew that he was the man who knew the cost of everything.

" Some people ", he was saying in his office to one of the younger managers, " have got the wrong idea about this firm. They think it's just a milch cow to be milked dry. They don't know what work means. They think earning their living is an amusement. I don't care if it's a week before Christmas. I don't care if it's the Day of Judgment ".

The bell rang in the timekeeper's office. He was a heavy man who wrote with difficulty in a small hand.

" Yeah ", he said. Then he was sitting bolt upright in his chair. " Yes, sir. Yes, sir ", he said.

A voice made neat by the telephone said, " How many men have you got on the lifts ? "

" Five, sir ".

" Sack three ", the voice said.

" Now, sir ? This week, sir ? I mean to say Christmas week, sir ? Right, sir. I'll bring the names ".

He put down the receiver and stared at the telephone. He closed up his delivery book, got down from his stool and went out, first of all, to have a look at the fog. Lippott, up above, was looking at the fog as well.

TWO SUCCESSFUL MEN

By Hector Bolitho

DURING the past five years I have studied the lives of two so-called successful men: Lord Melchett and Lord Inchcape. The mountains of papers which accumulated about both of them were made available to me, and I was admitted to the confidence of their friends. To a biographer for whom tranquillity on five hundred pounds a year is more dear than the fuss of triumph on ten thousand both these men provide an interesting contrast. Neither of them began at the bottom of the ladder. Lord Melchett died leaving a smaller fortune than that which he had inherited from his gifted father, Ludwig Mond. But this is not the basis of my comparison. Lord Inchcape continued the career of the well-fired rocket to the end. Lord Melchett was the more interesting man of the two from the biographer's point of view, because he was the victim of tangled motives and because he was menaced at every point by the Jew's natural love for the æsthetic. He collected ivories and bronzes and pictures. He wrote poetry and he muddled the mercenary objects of his life with his dreams. He was too restless to be merely happy. He would have enjoyed tranquillity if it had come to him, but never at the expense of excitement and change. T. E. Lawrence tells us that the "common base of all the Semitic creeds" was "the ever present idea of world-worthlessness". At the end of his career Lord Melchett was willing to give up *all*, settle in a villa on the shores of Galilee and give his talents and his purse to the cause of the Jews in Palestine.

Lord Inchcape was apparently free from such turmoils. He had begun his life in the respectable, orderly, uncomplicated machine of a small house in Scotland. This life was enlarged and enriched for him, but it never changed its character. Lord Melchett was haunted by the two thousand years of Jewish

history: he was the prey of his inheritance. He acted and thought in the light of history. Lord Inchcape's interests were confined within the four edges of his calendar. He cared nothing for history, yet, within this limitation, he grew into a giant. Lord Inchcape did not pause on the way home to buy a picture from Agnew, or to take tea with a young sculptor, or to listen to some whimsical plan for a new magazine. These were Lord Melchett's excitements. The complicated intellectual Jew gave hours to reading Spencer, and he knew the stones and treasures of Rome as well as Lord Inchcape knew the pens upon his table. Lord Melchett listened to too many voices. Lord Inchcape heard only one.

The Ten Commandments would have been forgotten long ago if it were not for man's ability to break them, and it is true, if shocking, that the men who *do* break them are more welcome subjects to the biographer than those who keep them. Engaging as virtue and prosperity are in themselves, they make dull reading unless they are relieved by the further record of the anxieties, the frustrations and the temptations which have been met on the way. The record of the late Lord Inchcape leaves one bewildered and incredulous. Until he was seventy, he knew neither frustrations, unhappiness, nor ill-health. His story works out like a well-constructed play. The patrons, the friends, the opportunities and the situations all appeared exactly when he needed them. More than this, they contributed to the plot and plan of his life, exactly *what* he needed of them. None of his contemporaries compares with him, for almost every great man of his time had to pay dearly for success through the sacrifice of health, personal contentment, or public trust. Lord Inchcape's first eminent patron, Lord Lansdowne, lost his Sovereign's favour from some cause which has never been fully explained. Lord Northcliffe's life ended with a dismal chapter, Mr. Lloyd George lost his hold on public imagination when he took off the trappings of war. Many of the war-time millionaires have suffered bitterly. Lord Inchcape began bravely and he ended splendidly. His was the career of which youths dream when they first slide on to an office stool.

At the age of eleven, James Mackay kicked and beat his

schoolmaster for having punished him undeservedly. The incident was significant. Mackay was determined, uncompromising, energetic, scrupulous as to the code of integrity which he formulated, and he was unhampered by any interests save those of family life and success. If these are virtues, then his story might be entitled " James Mackay, First Earl of Inchcape: or Virtue Rewarded ".

Certain conventional legends grow up about the names of eminent men. If they become peers, it is common knowledge that they began in the gutter. In turn, every pavement artist must be a prince in disguise. Newspaper boys became millionaires in the last century, but nowadays we draw our Titans of commerce from a different sphere. Most of them seem to be the sons of clergymen and school teachers. James Mackay did not escape the conventional legend. It was generally supposed, and often written, that he had been born at the foot of the ladder. His origin was solid Scottish middle-class, which meant that, being a Scotsman, he did not have a middle-class mind. His father was a prosperous captain who owned two barques which traded out of Arbroath. They brought flax from the Baltic, and sometimes went as far as Newfoundland, whence Captain Mackay brought his bride, James Mackay's mother, to live in Arbroath. The first smells in the boy's nostrils were of the sea, and his love for it never faded to the end of his life. He died on his yacht in the Mediterranean. James Mackay's first work was in a lawyer's office as a scrivener. He confessed himself more in love with " boats than books ", but ambition was strong in him and he stuck to his desk. Captain Mackay and his wife both died before James was twelve years old, and the boy was left with a patrimony of one hundred pounds a year and a share in the barques which his father had owned—a tidy fortune for such a lad in the eighteen sixties. Once fired by ambition, the rocket soared to the heavens. " He's a damned sicht over ambitious ", complained Mackay's second employer. James Mackay went on.

When he was an old man, Lord Inchcape returned to Arbroath and spoke to the young. He advised them to leave Scotland and go to the cities and lands of opportunity. He advised them to follow in his own footsteps. When he was nineteen, he left

Arbroath for London and worked in a shipping office. After a few years, an assistant was needed for the Bombay office of the firm. Three names leapt to the manager's mind and James Mackay's was one, but the last of them. The first lad was sent for. Yes, he could go to India, but he would like to have his summer holidays first. The second one was equally willing to go, but he wished to consult his parents. When James Mackay was asked, he answered, " Yes, I can go to-night ". The course of the rocket was set by this decision. He left for India and made his fortune.

Wealth and power as a merchant fell into James Mackay's hands through accident as well as design. The two most illustrious and profitable appointments of his commercial career came to him because he was chosen by older men who were without direct or qualified heirs. He was the choice of Sir William Mackinnon to be chief of the vast Indian trading concern, and of Sir Thomas Sutherland to be head of the P. & O. Company. But these were only part of his success.

When a new member of the Viceroy's Council was needed to represent the commercial interests of Calcutta, James Mackay was chosen. Here was good fortune, for the Viceroy happened to be Lord Lansdowne, who soon detected talents for greater things than merchantry in his new, young councillor. They became friends. Mackay became " My Dear Mackay," and Lord Lansdowne soon encouraged him to lift his eyes beyond the four walls of his office and review the fields of government and diplomacy. The pupil was apt. In 1892, Lord Lansdowne sent Mackay to England to give evidence on Indian currency before Lord Herschell's Committee. Now the permanent officials of the India Office noticed the young merchant. (They had already been informed of his talents in letters from the Viceroy.) When he came home from India finally, in 1893, he was soon made a member of the India Council, and so brilliantly did he serve in this office, with his shrewd advice on finance, that when his term ended Lord Morley and Lord Kilbracken were almost too humble in their entreaties that he remain for another term. He served on the Council for fifteen years—an unusually long term—and when he retired he was given a peerage.

Lord Lansdowne was also back in England, and he had not been allowed to retire among his trees and pigs at Bowood as he wished. He was at the Foreign Office and concerned with the problems following the Boxer Rising. The shambles was passing, and the Foreign Office needed a plenipotentiary to send to China to make a new commercial treaty. Lord Lansdowne shook the traditions of the Foreign Office by arming James Mackay with the necessary powers and sending him to China at the head of the mission. After a year of deliberation, the treaty was signed. It was immediately ineffectual because the other Powers would not fall in with Great Britain's design. James Mackay, nevertheless, returned to England in great glory, and the Foreign Office, the India Office, and the press were lavish with praise. The next stage was India again. He went out as head of the Axe Committee which made it possible for India to balance its budget for the first time for five years. This mission revealed the full flood of Lord Inchcape's talents as an arbitrator and as a diplomat. The main cuts in Indian expenditure affected the army, and instead of making an enemy of Lord Rawlinson, the Commander-in-Chief, he made a friend with whom he shot, talked, and joked to the end of his life.

Lord Inchcape created the P. & O. Bank and, more important, he designed and carried out the amalgamation between the P. & O. and the British India companies. One of the most spectacular achievements in his career came at the end of the War when he disposed of the standard ships built by the government and the millions of tons of captured enemy shipping at a cost to the country of a few thousand pounds. If they had been sunk instead, the shipbuilding yards of Great Britain might not be the cemeteries they are today. But that is another matter. It was not likely that a man even of Lord Inchcape's talents could see as far as that. The list of his achievements could be extended to the length of dullness. They never offer any variation from the one defined line of success.

Now and again we read in the newspapers the elaborate theories of prominent men who try to define success. We have been brought up to the sober legend of *Early hours*, *Abstemious habits* and *Quick decision*. The pursuit of this state, called *Success*, inspires text-books, lectures, and even special schools in which

the young are taught how to become prosperous and celebrated. (I draw some comfort, when I reject all this advice, from the example of a friend who is an acknowledged writer on finance, yet who is so poor that he has been forced to sell his motor-car.) It is nevertheless true that there are many thousands of young men who are deeply troubled by the pursuit of success. They should find some hints in the story of a man who began life in a small Scottish town with one hundred pounds a year, and ended it as the doyen of shipping and a millionaire. When a reporter asked Lord Inchcape for the key to success, he answered that he always kept his word and always left his desk clear at night. We are not satisfied by this. The men who keep their word are legion, and many of us are conscientious and tidy-minded enough to answer our letters and pay our bills. These simple laws do not explain enough, and we must seek deeper than Lord Inchcape's own analysis for his secret. The secret is not very elusive. He succeeded because he never allowed himself to be wooed from the central purpose of his career. One of the bewildering aspects of his talent was his capacity to notice details. He decided the positions of the fire extinguishers in his ships and he went down on his hands and knees to see if the carpet beneath a sofa fitted as it should. He reprimanded an agent in India for using too much sealing wax on his envelopes and then, in a second, he turned to the dangerous task of wrestling with millions of pounds.

Lord Melchett was, in every way, a different man. He stumbled on from one majestic notion to the next and died bewildered as he began, yet in touch with infinite problems which Lord Inchcape would have been too impatient to understand. They were like two men standing back-to-back. One looked forward into a vision of British security in which the moving objects were bigger ships, faster trains, harnessed rivers . . . every force of nature turned into an exquisite machine. Lord Melchett looked back. He too had seen the vision of the future. He had followed at the heels of the word *Rationalization* and he had drawn great industries together in a company so vast that the stamp upon its charter cost a million pounds. But it was in the other direction that he turned in the end. The centuries behind him were too strong. They dragged him into the past,

and when the sights and sounds of Palestine first came to him, it is said that he stood upon a hill, looking down upon a little Jewish settlement and said, " These are my people, this is my electorate ". The declaration was odd in a man who had said, as a lad sitting on the piano stool of his uncle's house in Cologne, that his ambition was to be Prime Minister of England.

No picture of him is more pathetic than one taken from the story of his life at school. His grandfather had been a Jew in Cassel. His father was a great chemist, too great in his season of riches and fame to bother about being anything more than a chemist. But Alfred Mond wished to be an Englishman. He was found, trying to correct the clumsiness of his limbs, kicking a football in a field, night after night, when his lessons were ended. He began by being the son of a German Jew, but he wished to become an Englishman. He became a Minister of the Crown and he collected, meantime, his pictures and bronzes. Then he turned, still once more, and built a little villa on the earth over which our Lord walked towards Capernaum, and called it his *home*. Therein lay the key to his worldly failure. The Semite in him was too fierce and too used to conflict to see life as one straight road. And therein lay Lord Inchcape's blessing. He made a plan when he was a boy in his 'teens, and neither the breadth of the world nor the length of his days saw him deviate from it. The prospect of such doggedness and single-minded endeavour may be frightening to those of us who still have a taste for lotus-eating. But for those who seek to live safely and to walk in the public view, Lord Inchcape could be quoted as the perfect example of a great and good citizen who had more than merely the touch of Midas, for he served the State as well as himself, and he could feel the satisfaction of knowing that the honours his Sovereign bestowed upon him were well earned.

CANADA'S PRIME MINISTER

By H. Carl Goldenberg

On October 14th the electors of Canada voted in favour of a change of government. The Conservatives, who, under the leadership of Mr. R. B. Bennett, had been in power since 1930, were completely routed; they barely succeeded in electing forty out of the 245 members of the House of Commons. The Liberals, under Mr. Mackenzie King, their leader for the past sixteen years, won a decisive victory; its majority of over one hundred is the largest since Confederation. The new Prime Minister has thereby reversed a two-fold trend of post-War politics—the tendency to reject liberalism as an outworn doctrine of the nineteenth century and to select new national leaders to cope with modern problems.

Mr. King opened his recent election campaign with a declaration that Canada was facing the issue of democracy *versus* dictatorship. His opponents ridiculed this assertion. Mr. Bennett, the potential " dictator ", countered with the accusation that the Liberals were raising sham arguments in order to evade a discussion of basic problems. Mr. King, however, remained unmoved. In defending the constitutional rights of Parliament he was true to his inherited political tradition, for he is a grandson of William Lyon Mackenzie, the leader of the rebellion of 1837-38 in Upper Canada. Mackenzie led an armed uprising against the Crown in his efforts to bring about the establishment of responsible government. He suffered imprisonment and exile. It was in exile that his youngest daughter, the mother of Mackenzie King, was born. We shall see how her son's outlook and career have been influenced by his background.

Mackenzie King is the idealist in politics, but he is by no means divorced from a sense of reality. He is moreover endowed with great political sagacity and sincerity, as he proved in the recent campaign. In the face of a growing economic nationalism

he urged freer trade as the only sound basis for recovery. While his opponents were promising all things to all men, he refused to make promises which could not be fulfilled. He was attacked as an exponent of an outworn creed of *laisser faire* and, as such, unfit to contend with the problems of modern industrialism. Even some of his supporters urged him to advocate more "constructive" measures. In reply, Mr. King pointed to Italy and to Germany as countries which had introduced new methods for dealing with economic and social problems, and in each case the abandonment of liberalism had led to Fascism. He saw a similar trend in Canada. He vigorously condemned the economic planning which involves the grant of extensive powers of control over the production and prices of commodities to private occupational groups which are not responsible to Parliament. He likewise condemned the centralization of power in the Cabinet at the expense of Parliament. "For my part", he said, "I propose to stand or fall upholding, in all things, the parliamentary method of government. I intend to test all policies and all measures by the simple method of asking whither they tend. If they tend in the direction of monopoly, if they mean more in the way of compulsion, and above all, if they are not susceptible of the parliamentary method, and thereby imply dictatorship, I shall feel that the presumption is overwhelmingly against them".

His sincere attachment to the principles of democracy is responsible for Mackenzie King's great faith in the collective wisdom of the people. In his political speeches to them he is neither a lecturer nor a spell-binder. He speaks at great length; his form is explanatory; he details his process of reasoning; he presents a case which he hopes will be acceptable to his hearers. He is a student and not a demagogue; he is therefore cautious and not reckless in his statements. If he sometimes appears to be indefinite, it is because he believes that there is no finality in the affairs of a nation. He is a conciliator, and therefore believes in compromise. He understands the mass of the people, as the election results indicate.

Mackenzie King's democratic views apply equally to his relations with his Ministry. As Prime Minister, he does not dictate to his Cabinet. "One-man" government is a thing

he abhors, citing the Book of Proverbs to the effect that "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety". He consults with his colleagues at all times and expects each to perform his duties with a full sense of responsibility. During the Parliamentary session it is a rare thing for him to be absent from the House. At other times he is very frequently alone. He shuns publicity. He grants few interviews and seldom poses for photographs. He believes that a man requires privacy for reading and meditation in order to gain a clear perspective of events. At the age of sixty-one he is still the student and the teacher in politics.

Canada's Prime Minister graduated from the University of Toronto in political science and law in 1895. At one stage he figured prominently in a students' strike against certain staff appointments. His main interests were centred upon the social sciences. In the course of post-graduate studies in the United States and in Europe he took up residence in social settlements, such as Hull House in Chicago and the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London. His examination of industrial conditions led him to draw the attention of the Postmaster-General of Canada to the sweated conditions under which letter-carriers' uniforms were being manufactured. He was instructed to investigate and to report upon government clothing contracts, and the result was the introduction in Parliament of the "Fair Wages Resolution" regulating the payment of work under government contracts. It also led to Mr. King's entry into the government service.

William Mulock, the Postmaster-General, became interested in the young man who had reported on the manufacture of postmen's uniforms. He offered him an appointment as Canada's first Deputy Minister of Labour. Mackenzie King was hesitant. He had under consideration an instructorship in political economy in Harvard University. He was persuaded, however, to enter the civil service, and at the age of twenty-five he accepted the task of organizing and administering the newly-created Department of Labour. Here he was successful. The student became an earnest and energetic executive. He founded and edited the *Labour Gazette*, and was a conciliator and mediator in more than forty industrial disputes. He represented the British Government

on the International Opium Commission which met at Shanghai in 1908. He gained a wealth of practical experience in industrial problems on the basis of which he drafted new social legislation. The best known of his measures is the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act of 1907, which, without outlawing the right to strike, aims at the settlement of disputes by a compulsory investigation into their causes. The Act has served as a model for legislation in other countries.

In 1908 Mr. King resigned from the civil service in order to enter the House of Commons. Shortly afterwards, at the age of thirty-four, he was sworn in as Minister of Labour in the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His activities in his new sphere forecast legislation of recent years regulating labour conditions. Having studied the effects of industrial concentrations he drafted the Combines Investigation Act to curb the evils of combines, mergers, and trusts operating in restraint of trade. As in the case of industrial disputes, he believed that investigation and publicity would remedy abuses. His views are reiterated in present Liberal policy, which seeks "to end artificial price control and agreements in restraint of trade". But his term of office was relatively short. It ended with the defeat of the Laurier Government at the polls in 1911 on the issue of trade reciprocity with the United States. The Liberal Party went into the shades of Opposition for ten years.

From the time of the "Reciprocity" election to 1919 Mr. Mackenzie King was out of Parliament. He returned, therefore, to his studies of social problems in the office of Director of Industrial Research of the Rockefeller Foundation. Called upon to act as mediator in a number of major industrial conflicts during the War period, particularly in industries providing war supplies, he was able to find a settlement on the basis of plans for joint representation of employers and employees in industrial relations. The results of his research and practical experience were embodied in a book entitled *Industry and Humanity*. In this book he recommends that adequate representation of the four parties to industry, namely, capital, labour, management, and the community, be made the basis of government in industry. Together with effective social legislation, it is the road to industrial reconstruction.

Although absorbed in social problems, Mr. King did not lose interest in public affairs. Political tension was high in Canada during the war years. Bitter feelings were aroused. There was the question of military conscription. There was the War-time Elections Act enfranchising some and disfranchising other citizens. The issues transcended party lines. Sir Wilfrid Laurier opposed these measures; he objected to compulsion and to arbitrary disfranchisement. He refused to join the Union Government. But though a number of his principal associates parted company with him, Mackenzie King remained faithful to his chief. He was defeated as a Laurier candidate in the War-time election of 1917, and the Unionists under Sir Robert Borden were returned to power.

Two years later Sir Wilfrid Laurier died. He had been the Liberal leader for over thirty years. A national convention of the party met to elect his successor and the choice fell upon Mackenzie King. He was the first leader of a party in Canada to be elected by a representative convention. Re-entering Parliament at a by-election, after an absence of eight years, he assumed the post of leader of the Opposition.

Mackenzie King now entered upon the second principal stage of his career. He led his party to victory in the election of December, 1921, and became Prime Minister of Canada for almost a decade. But the political situation was unusual; it required all his tact and ingenuity to control it. There had arisen a new party—the Progressives—advocating very low tariffs and even free trade. It had swept the West and elected sixty-five members to Parliament, relegating the Conservatives to third place. There were also three Labour members elected. Since the government was in a minority of one as against the combined opposition, it depended upon the support of some of the members of these groups. Mr. King offered to appoint a number of Progressives to his Cabinet. They declined, but at the same time announced that they would support the new government in the carrying out of Liberal and Progressive policies. They did, and were ultimately absorbed by the Liberal Party.

The complex Parliamentary situation continued to the end of Mr. King's term of office. It required all the skill of diplomacy and statesmanship to govern Canada. The Administration faced

a host of economic, financial, and political problems, which were either inherent in the Canadian economy or consequent upon participation in the War. It approached them in a spirit of reconciliation of the conflicting demands of divergent economic interests. Mackenzie King was once again the great conciliator and circumstances favoured him. Economic prosperity facilitated reductions in debt and taxation. It also made possible certain tariff reductions, though the principle of moderate Protection was retained. Old age pensions were enacted on a basis of co-operation with the provinces. The publicly-owned Canadian National Railways were re-organized and co-ordinated under the direction of Sir Henry Thornton.

These were also years of change in Canada's status in the Empire and in the community of nations. The developments offered wide scope to Mr. King's inherited interest in constitutional problems and to his convictions on Canadian autonomy. In 1922 there occurred the Chanak incident. Mr. Lloyd George asked the Dominions whether they would co-operate in resisting Turkish aggression in Europe; the situation was urgent. Mr. King refused to act hastily. He replied that a Canadian contingent could not be sent without the authorization of Parliament, and that he required more facts before he would summon a special session. The matter ended there. Mr. King again asserted Canadian autonomy in 1923 by insisting that a Treaty with the United States for the protection of halibut fisheries, being a matter of interest to the Dominions alone, be negotiated and signed by the Canadian delegate without the intervention of the British Ambassador. His procedure was confirmed by the Imperial Conference of the same year.

General elections were held in 1925, but the results were indecisive. The Conservatives returned the largest group, but they were outnumbered by the Liberals and the Progressives together. In these circumstances Mr. King refused to resign. He asserted the constitutional right of Parliament to determine which party is to govern; and the House of Commons sustained the Liberal Administration. The session of 1926 offered great excitement. Mr. Harry Stevens, a former Conservative Minister, alleged grave irregularities in the administration of the Customs Department. His charges were referred to a

special committee of the House. When the committee's report was submitted to Parliament the attitude of a number of Progressive and Independent members became uncertain and effective government was impossible. Mr. King thereupon advised the Governor-General to dissolve Parliament. His request was refused, and a constitutional crisis was precipitated.

The King Government resigned office immediately. Mr. Arthur Meighen, the Conservative leader, was invited to form a Cabinet. In order to safeguard his possible majority, Mr. Meighen decided to avoid the necessity of his Ministers vacating their seats and seeking re-election by appointing a Cabinet of acting Ministers. The constitutional propriety of this procedure was questionable. The "shadow Cabinet" was defeated within three days of its formation, and Mr. Meighen was granted the dissolution which had been refused to the Liberals. In the ensuing election the "Customs scandals" were relegated to the background. The issue was Responsible Government, and Mr. King conducted a masterly campaign in defence of his inherited principles. The united Liberal and Progressive victory which ensued was mainly the result of his political sagacity. Thus he returned to office after an absence of only three months and was able to attend the Imperial Conference of 1926 and to participate in the formal recognition of the equality of status of Great Britain and the Dominions. It was the logical conclusion of the struggle for responsible government.

The economic circumstances which had favoured the Liberal Administration gave way to depression in 1930. In the election of that year the King Government was defeated, and Mr. R. B. Bennett became Prime Minister. He attempted "to end unemployment" by raising tariffs and "blasting a way" into the markets of the world, but he could not succeed. The Ottawa Agreements of 1932 were negotiated at the expense of higher tariffs against non-Empire countries. Mr. King, as Leader of the opposition, attacked the increasing barriers to trade, and also government by orders-in-council. The popularity of the Government began to wane as the depression grew. Mr. Bennett then in a series of radio speeches dramatically announced a "New Deal". He proposed broad measures of social legislation and industrial regulation. He hoped to provoke the Liberals

into opposition and to place them on the defensive. But the event proved that he did not understand the Liberal leader.

Mackenzie King is not only an advocate of social legislation, he is also a master of the art of political strategy. When Parliament met he did not oppose the New Deal. Taking the offensive, he challenged the Administration to introduce the projected measures immediately. He offered his co-operation to facilitate their enactment, contending that they had been copied from the Liberal platform. The measures then became law, but as an anti-climax to the original announcement. The Liberals were at no time on the defensive. Notwithstanding the New Deal they were returned to power in 1935.

Mr. Mackenzie King now faces all the difficult problems arising from five years of trade depression. He believes that sound recovery must be based upon an expansion of foreign trade. The Liberal Administration therefore proposes the negotiation of trade agreements and the reduction of tariff barriers. It seeks to promote the development of the primary industries by reductions in costs of production, expansion of markets, and abolition of monopolistic agreements in restraint of trade. To deal with unemployment a national commission is planned which will draft a long-range scheme of national development, to be proceeded with or discontinued from time to time as prevailing conditions may require. In all, it is a liberal and democratic programme.

At the time of writing the new Government has been in power for four weeks, but Mr. King has already baffled his critics. He is no longer dependent upon the support of minority groups, and therefore has a free hand. With a Cabinet composed of very able men, he has introduced a policy of retrenchment. He has summoned a Dominion-Provincial Conference to formulate policies on matters relating to finance and unemployment, and he has initiated or resumed trade negotiations with foreign countries.

Above all, he has succeeded in completing a reciprocal trade agreement with the United States—the aim of both political parties in Canada since 1866. It is a major achievement—a victory over the force of economic nationalism. Even his opponents admit that Mackenzie King is now " a man of action ".

NATIONALIST JAPAN SPEAKS OUT

By Günther Stein

THE doings of the Japanese Army in North China give a special significance to the remarkable ideas about the destiny of Japan which animate its extreme nationalists. The boundless ambitions which they disclose may surprise Western readers, but it would be well if they endeavoured to grasp them. For although Europe is at present so much engrossed with the Abyssinian conflict and all that it portends, the latest developments in the Far East seem to be just as fateful and important.

It was a General on active service who confronted me for the first time with the scope of this Imperialist philosophy. This was nearly four years ago, shortly after the Manchurian " incident ". A retired officer of the General Staff, anxious to convey to the foreigner some authoritative idea of the mentality which was then beginning to take control of Japan's policy, invited me to dinner with the General in a fashionable Tokyo restaurant. For four hours we knelt on the soft straw matting, while three girls in beautiful kimonos ceremoniously served an infinite sequence of dishes accompanied by hot *saké*. The host and myself wore dinner jackets, but the General, characteristically, had come in a modest office suit. We had, of course, all left our shoes at the entrance.

The General, to this day one of the leaders of the movement popularly called the " Young Officers ", was a strong, vivacious man of about fifty. His round, strong-boned Asiatic face expressed, still clearly separable, two types of character: that of the professional staff officer approaching to the Prussian model and that of the Buddhist sage. From the firm, broad mouth with its snow-white rows of teeth there poured a strange combination of learning and meditation, of rational argument and mystic faith, of efficiency and controlled passion. The jet-black

eyes glanced mysteriously, though not unkindly, out of an ascetic, shaved head. Vivid gestures of the slim, almost womanlike hands accompanied the General's speech, which was frank, quick, and to the point.

We discussed Japan's great mission in the Far East; the historic sins and present weaknesses of the Western Powers; the dangers threatening Japan; the domestic reforms needed to face the coming crisis. We talked of economics and religion; of strategics, diplomacy, and politics. I had given my word not to reveal either the name or the words of the General. And when, later on, I tried to describe in my own words the new mental world which I had seen during those four hours, I found the task hopeless. It was as if I had sought to put into rational terms the naïve religious feelings of a little-known people. I was restrained partly by the thought of certain incredulity on the part of my readers, and partly by uncertainty whether the words of my warlike Buddha were really representative of any important section of this sober, businesslike people.

In the intervening years I have met many other spokesmen of what the Japanese call nationalist radicalism. I have met army officers, civil servants, Shinto priests, and men in the street. I have talked to people in uniform, kimono, or morning dress. Some of them spoke with sincere conviction, others with the uncertainty that breeds conceit. I am now fairly certain that the ideas of the "Young Officers" are shared, or at least echoed, by a large section of the politically interested population of Japan. I can almost see these ideas struggling against the outlook of the West which has taken root only in a small class. Yet I still find it impossible to translate Japanese nationalism into sober report and argument. To escape the dilemma, I have gathered a number of typical utterances of the kind which inspire the hectic progress of Japan's territorial expansion. Leaving aside the more naïve provocations with which current Japanese literature abounds, I quote only from published statements of responsible writers.

One of the most deep-rooted, as well as most irritating, convictions of the nationalists is the belief that Japan's present foreign policy is actuated by religious and philosophical motives. The following is a characteristic specimen of this belief, taken from

the book of the influential publicist Chikao Fujisawa, *Japanese and Oriental Political Philosophy*.

> As long as a moral conversion of humanity is not effected, the sinister incubus of a second world war will overshadow international relations. Only the realization that the one and absolute sovereignty is vested in Heaven, and that, on behalf of Heaven, a certain nation shall be entrusted with the performance of this sovereignty for the benefit of all mankind, can pave the way to final world peace and international co-operation. I am persuaded that this new orientation of world politics is possible on the principle of the "Sage-King Government".

Mr. Fujisawa, not unnaturally, holds that the Emperor of Japan is the personification of his ideal.

> The Emperor cherishes the people like a great treasure, while the people worship the Emperor as their father and serve him with the utmost loyalty: hence the Emperor, as the Sage-King, would think it his sacred duty to love and protect not only the people of this land, but also those alien peoples who are suffering from misgovernment and privation. . . Should any unlawful elements dare to obstruct the noble activities of the Sage-King, he would be permitted to appeal to force; but this may be justified only when he acts strictly on behalf of Heaven. It is utterly inconceivable that he should depart from the Right Way and stray into shameful Imperialism, because he embodies in himself the eternal Divine Way itself.
>
> Thus the sacred intervention to be carried out by the Sage-King is fundamentally different from the mere pursuit of exploitative Imperialism. It was this firm belief in our holy mission which moved Japan to assist Mr. H. Pu-Yi to found the new State of Manchoukuo, which will faithfully follow the Way of the Sage-King.

Another quotation from the same writer may serve to show that the Japanese nationalists find their faith in being chosen rulers of the world perfectly compatible with an exceedingly strong sense of frustration, and even persecution.

> A long time ago the bewildered people crucified Jesus Christ, who stood alone for the true cause of humanity. They were not enlightened enough to grasp the meaning of the noble words and acts of the Saviour of Mankind. Now, it is just the same case with Japan, which stands dauntless before the erring judgment of the whole world. She strives patiently to rectify it. Before long humanity will realize the righteousness of Japan and turn accusation into sincere gratitude.

Turning to the foremost realists of Japan, the leaders of the Imperial Army, we find the following pregnant declaration contained in the last of the famous series of pamphlets published by the News Department of the War Office. By way of profane comment it may be remarked that the pamphlet appeared on the

day, last September, when Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, the British Government's economic adviser, arrived in Tokyo.

For the purpose of bringing about peace in the world, a hundred Leagues of Nations, a thousand peace pacts, non-aggression treaties, or disarmament agreements are useless—unless the nations correct the injustices and irrationalities which are at the root of present international unrest. There are nations with vast territorial possessions and abundant resources who enjoy prosperity not by dint of their own labour, but by exploiting the sweat of weaker races. On the other hand, we see some capable and deserving nations which, for lack of territory and resources, can barely subsist in spite of the greatest thrift and industry. Again, there are countries which, enchained by obsolete treaty obligations, cannot exist as independent states worthy of the name.

Consequently the peace of the world should be founded upon a rational re-distribution of territories, resources, and population; upon the restraint, on the part of the stronger nations, of the desire to make conquests for selfish purposes; and upon equal opportunities for all peoples.

The human race, thanks to the fallacies of Liberalism, is now approaching an all-round stalemate in civilization. And certain nations, failing to appreciate that fact, are still bent only on promoting their own selfish ends in pursuance of Imperialism and the expansionist policy of bygone days. These are the common foe of all mankind.

What, then, is the situation in the Far East? Who is the mistress of Asia? For many centuries the continent has been made the object of Imperialist policies by the great occidental nations. To-day Asia, with the exception of Japan, China, and Siam, is divided up into colonies of European or American Powers. Of the three that remain free, Japan is the only one who is strictly independent and in a position to assume leadership.

China, so long subjected by the Powers, is even now unaware of her fate. She struggles to keep up the pretence of independence by playing up one nation against the other. Actually, China is on the verge of being turned into a dependency of other countries, or of being placed under international control.

Asia is the home of the Asiatics. It is life and death to them. To the European races it is not of vital importance. Thus there is no reason why we should leave Asia to the exploitation of other races at the cost of our own existence. We support the principle of equal opportunity if applied to the whole world. But we do not admit the justice of that principle as it is championed today by a certain Great Power which desires to enforce the "open door" only in Asia but refuses to apply it to her own continent.

Such is, with some loss of vividness inevitable in the translation from the Japanese, the view of world affairs as distributed by the War Office to millions of people in all walks of life. Without question it reflects in some measure the sincere conviction of the forward section of the officers' corps which, in spite of the recent "purge", still dominates at least the Kwantung Army (the Japanese Army in China).

The Japanese Navy is not in the habit of declaring its views in public. But the following statement by one of the leading naval writers may be taken as typical of current opinion. It is taken from an article by Captain Gumpei Sekine, published in the periodical *Dai Asia Shugi.*

In the past, Japan has been working for the progress of the Continent. But we have not done so for the sake of profit. We have undertaken the task in the spirit of maintaining peace in the Far East and the welfare of the Far Eastern peoples. In other words, our past work has been the result of the characteristic chivalry of the Japanese nation. We hope that, with that spirit in mind, the Japanese will make further advances into the Continent.

At the same time, we must not neglect maritime advancement, which serves the same purposes. Naval expansion is the historical mission of the Japanese Empire. Naval strength is the life of Japan.

The immediate purpose of "maritime advancement" is, in the unanimous opinion of naval publicists, the expansion of Japanese influence in the Southern Pacific. Even as the Army is scheming for continental power, the Navy is dreaming of the South Seas. Thus Mr. Chuji Machida, the present Minister of Trade and Industry:

The Pacific islands are of the greatest importance to Japan both from the economic and military point of view. Only when Japan has established close economic co-operation with Manchoukuo, China, and the Pacific islands will her industries be able to develop without importing raw materials from the West. Then the Japanese nation can pursue such powerful trade policy as to force all other countries to abandon their present irrational commercial policies. Again: only by pushing Southward can Japan claim the prominent place in world trade which is due to her!

Another aspect of the same problem is frankly discussed by Commander Tamemoto, the Paymaster-General of the Navy, in an article on "The Naval Budget and its Use", in the October number of *Toho Keizai:*

. . . Those who complain of the shortage of Japan's natural resources are short-sighted. They should consider that there exist immense resources in East Asia and the South Sea islands, all of which are within our economic reach.

Considered thus, Japan is richer in natural wealth than Britain or the United States. In order to obtain the benefit of those enormous resources, however, it is of vital importance for us to possess a navy powerful enough to command the seas.

Still further to the South, the limits of Japanese vision are being expanded to include the Kingdom of Siam. Valiant

efforts are being made, not entirely without success, to foster friendly relations between Japan and Siam. A typical utterance is that of Mr. Chonosuke Yada, the chairman of the Japanese Siam Society :

> Japan's future national policy is often described by the phrase : defence in the North, advance in the South. Economic development in the North, with Manchoukuo, and farther afield, Siberia, is of supreme importance. But if she desires true economic maturity, Japan must follow her policy of Southward expansion with even greater enthusiasm.
>
> In the North, Japan must make a large outlay of capital for many years to come ; but development in the South can be immediately productive. And in the path of her southward expansion there lies Siam, as large as Germany and France taken together, and possessing an abundance of raw materials.
>
> The world situation is constantly changing. It is highly questionable whether Holland can retain much longer her East Indian possessions, which are more than sixty times as large as her home land. It is uncertain, too, how long India will remain a British possession. If these facts are taken into consideration, it will be clear that Japan must make her way southward, and make it at once, for there is no time to be lost.
>
> Since the formation of the new government in Siam, the attitude of the country towards Japan has become exceedingly friendly. Siam had always been favourably disposed towards Japan, but was unable to manifest her friendship because of British and French influence, which prevailed during the past thirty or forty years. The new government is anti-British and anti-French. The King who renounced the throne is now in London.
>
> Great Britain has been deeply interested in this political change. As the new government are well aware that Britain desires a restoration of the old regime, they are convinced of the advisability of depending upon Japan. That is the chief reason for the sudden *rapprochement* between Japan and Siam.

The quaint discrimination between benevolent and Imperialistic expansion is being played for all it is worth in Japanese comments upon the Italo-Abyssinian war. The following quotation from a magazine article by Mr. Yasaburo Shimonaka reflects a view which is widely held today.

> Our activities in Manchuria were calculated to protect our neighbour from the White Imperialist encroachment, while the Italian action in Abyssinia represents the pressure of White Imperialism upon the coloured races of the world.
>
> Some intelligent Europeans have begun to realize the inevitability of the downfall of European civilization and the consequent rise of Asia. They have come to realize that the material civilization of Europe is one-sided, and that true civilization is accomplished only when mechanical progress is combined with the spiritual civilization of the East.

An important part of the nationalist programme, particularly in military circles, is a radical scheme for domestic reform. It is actuated in part by considerations of national defence ; but it arises also from the religious conviction that Japan's world-wide mission is contingent upon her own righteousness. A brief sketch of the now famous domestic outlook of the political wing of the Army may be quoted from an essay by Mr. Sumio Kobayashi, a leading publicist in close touch with military opinion :

> The reason why the army has decided to concern itself with political, economic, and social affairs is that the present deadlock in all branches of national affairs would, if allowed to continue, undermine the existence of the army itself.
>
> The army is dissatisfied with the unevenness of profit distribution ; with the widespread unemployment of the masses ; with the decline of the small industries and agriculture ; and with the weakness of national control.
>
> There is no room for doubt that the army is opposed to capitalist economics. It is opposed to a system governed by considerations of profit-making instead of by the national interest.

Most of the problems that dominate Japanese thought at the present time are touched upon in one or the other of the preceding quotations. If they are vexingly inconclusive, that again is characteristic. It is quite impossible to say, even for a resident of Japan, where faith ends and self-deception begins. But so it has always been in the early stages of a nation's career. No historian has yet been able to decide convincingly whether a certain faith or philosophy was the cause of historic action, or merely its afterthought and justification. The ideology of Japanese nationalism appears to be, at this juncture, an insoluble mixture of the two. One thing only is clear : it is no longer possible for Japan to turn back. That, too, is well known to thinking Japanese. As a final quotation, here is a prophetic statement by Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, who, as Japan's chief delegate at Geneva at the time of the Manchurian " incident ", was a leading protagonist of expansionist policy. Before taking over his new post as President of the South Manchuria Railway, Mr. Matsuoka wrote in the *Chuo Koron* :

> I have a foreboding that Japan's activities now in progress may, in the face of developments in Soviet Russia and conditions in China, precipitate the greatest crisis Japan has ever met with in her national career. And she will be in a position from which she cannot withdraw, no matter how

great the crisis, when once it begins. Such is inevitable fate. It will determine Japan's destiny in the world.

It is possible to question the inevitability of the conflicts which Mr. Matsuoka, in common with many other extremists, predicts. But there can be no doubt about the extent and depth of the crisis which they would produce in Japan.

[*Tokyo, November*, 1935.

DAWN

Strange to leave the secret joy
And light a candle in the dark,
To grope toward the door, and stay
In fear before a world frost-grey,
While thoughts of sullen duty lurk
Behind the tremor and touch of sleep,
And memory of a whispered gift.
Was it this made Psyche weep,
And Eros linger as he left ?

RICHARD CHURCH.

CROWNED DEMOCRACY IN GREECE

BY MICHAEL P. A. LANGLEY

IT has been said that the million and a half Greeks who voted in favour of King George II during the plebiscite of November 3rd did so because they dared not risk the consequences of taking a red republican voting slip from booth tables presided over by Royalist clerks and armed soldiers. It would be equally true to say that the Greeks have grown tired of a recurrence of political upheavals and have demanded the return of their King because they see in George II the pacifying and unifying force which will give stability to the country. But in Greece individualist interests count for much more than in countries where society has hardened into distinctive classes. The social order has greater flexibility, so that when an influential section of the community needs a change, that change, or revolution, can usually be effected if it carries with it a wide and direct personal appeal. And the appeal of the Royalists has been largely to the emotions of a people who can easily be brought to focus a nationalist fervour on a conception of kingship as represented in the cherished memory of the present monarch's father, King Constantine.

In the better perspective in which Greek politics may be viewed today, the last two decades of republican rule stand out as a period which essentially belonged to M. Venizelos. By supporting the Allies during the Great War he seized a chance which brought him external respect and, more important, the help of industrialists, shipowners and wealthy merchants, all of whom owe their enrichment to the discernment of the anti-monarchist Cretan. Then with the abortive revolution of last March it was seen that liberal tendencies which owed their strength to the War and its immediate after-effects had, as in so many countries, petered out. The machine contrived by Venizelos gave a last splutter and drifted back downstream to

the 1914 mark, or, if one prefers a less ominous date, to 1834, when Otho, first king in modern Greece, rode into Athens, entering by the Arch of Hadrian, adorned for that occasion with a wreath bearing the inscription: "This is Athens, the city of Theseus and of Hadrian, now of Otho". With George II the cycle may be said to be complete and monarchy again assured of an innings so long as it can keep on the right side of the army, navy and air force.

Like King George, who returned to his country on the Greek cruiser *Helli* on November 25th last, Otho, the Bavarian prince, also came by sea. He was brought to Nauplia, then capital of Greece, by the British frigate *Madagascar*, commanded by Sir Edmund Lyons, second British Minister in Greece. But not everything that is washed in from the sea stays long upon the shore, and within barely ten years a particularly disagreeable wave broke over Otho, almost carrying him off in the autumn of 1843. He had ruled as an autocrat; his German father having insisted that no other form of monarchy was worth the name. The Greeks thought differently. Then, as now, they wanted a constitutional king. They would not be dictated to in matters such as the Cretan question, already, as Palmerston had in 1830 predicted, developing into the problem which it remained until in 1913 Crete was finally ceded to Greece by the Treaty of London, which concluded the first Balkan War.

Otho agreed to the demands for a constitution. Britain and Russia, both "interested Powers," supported the claim and, as has ever since been the case in Greek revolutions, the army were to prove a deciding factor, only willing to obey when, with the rest of the nation, they could cry: "Long live the Constitutional King". Otho could do nothing but accept this interpretation which the people had put upon his power. Henceforward he was to be less lonely, sharing troubles with Ministers as well as with a childless Queen, Amalia, brought also on a British frigate from Germany. The name of this princess is commemorated in the gardens, laid out largely to her design, a place of top-heavy pines, palms, shrubs and labyrinthine paths in which the modern Athenian delights during lunch and evening hours.

Though King Otho proved a most conscientious worker in

the cause of Greece, his conversational ability, as visitors found, was limited to "Have you seen the Parthenon?" . . . "Did you climb the Acropolis?" . . . And the Greeks did not like this. They regarded him as "lean-witted and dull". He was indecisive and his wife "an Amazon who rides miles before breakfast to bathe, puts court ladies of whom she is jealous on to dangerous steeds, and rules the roost and the man who ought to rule Greece". In a different light Amalia appeared as a woman of "queenly deportment" whose head, neck and shoulders were ablaze with diamonds and flowers; a fine sight when at a ball she was led out to dance the polonaise with a gentlemanly and graceful boy. "But", adds this contemporary, "the Queen attracted less attention than the boy." For her partner was Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, who, partly because of the impression he made when visiting Athens in 1861, was voted King of the Greeks by a majority as overwhelming as was given to King George II in the plebiscite last November.

At that court ball Queen Amalia could hardly have thought this young midshipman would have the opportunity to usurp her husband's place, yet in the very next year the King was gone and the Greeks were searching, as always, for an honest administrator who might make "a model kingdom of the country". Queen Victoria would not allow her second son to rule from so uncertain a throne; but in return for the compliment paid to her family she presented the Ionian Islands to Greece. And it is interesting to recall that at the time this gift was regarded as a bait thrown out to bring the Morea, Athens and the whole Greek world under the protection of the British flag. Today Greek wiseheads consider that Britain will be satisfied with the annexation of two or, perhaps, three ports as new naval bases for having sheltered their King!

It need hardly be said that a revolution accounted for Otho, one of the usual bloodless *coups d'État*, achieved in this instance while the King was yachting off the coast of the Peloponnese. After failing to procure Prince Alfred, the Greeks found as a successor a son of the Danish King Christian, Prince William of Sonderburg-Glücksburg, brother of the late Queen Alexandra, who at eighteen acceded to the throne as George I, King of the Greeks. George I was probably the greatest success of any

monarch in Greece. He was a democratic king and, like William IV, who used often to stroll unattended in the St. James's district, he would walk the streets of Athens conversing with shopkeepers and occasionally turning into a *taverna* to eat. During constant tours through the country, then bandit-ridden and difficult to travel in, he won his people just as did his son who, while leading the army against the Turks, conducted at the same time what amounted to a crusade against his own officers. " We shall eat neither better nor worse than our men ", King Constantine is said angrily to have declared when shown into a staff tent sumptuously prepared for his reception.

Half a century after his accession, King George I had not ceased to take active interest and part in the welfare of his people. Within a very few months of his jubilee anniversary he was, in fact, at Salonika, a town fermenting with the excitement of Balkan War victories which almost doubled the area and population of Greek territory. And then one day in March, 1913, shots were fired from an assassin's gun. Without uttering a word King George I died, and the irony of this democratic king's fate was that he was killed while taking an afternoon walk, chatting as he went with friends and to those who, in the best Greek custom, demand an audience with their kings and ministers of state.

Constantine's lot was perhaps harder than his father's. He died in exile ; his brother, Alexander, succumbed to a monkey bite in October, 1920. A new political cycle began, to end a few days ago when a policeman, whom I saw standing in an Athens square, seized the revolver of a monarchist demonstrating in favour of George II and himself fired it off into the air, thus sounding the starting gun on a new marathon, withal an obstacle race.

What hazards the returned King is likely to encounter during the course of this new lease of the Greek throne possibly neither he nor his closest counsellers, such as M. Streit, would care from one week to another to predict. But George II has shown himself firm from the start. He feels, perhaps, that it is useless to rule as a constitutional king before composing those elements which might remain an open and lasting sore in the body politic. And so, against the wishes of his sponsor, General Kondylis,

King George has signed an amnesty pardoning civilians and government officials concerned in the revolt of March last.

The King's leniency could hardly be expected to gain the approval of those who formed the Cabinet at the time of the arrival of George II. General Kondylis and his military junta, which included Generals Papagos and Reppas and Vice-Admiral Oeconomou, may feel a little uncomfortable at the thought of the reappearance of opponents whom they bitterly denounced during the plebiscite. Kondylis's position was indeed unenviable when some weeks before the King's return a certain Monarchist paper began to publish scandalous episodes in the " King-maker's " career during the Macedonian campaign. As Regent, General Kondylis at once ordered that reference to incidents in Greek history between 1916 and 1929 cease to be made in the daily press. But no amount of suppression of this kind could hush up the fact that Kondylis used always to be a declared republican, his example itself being an encouragement to Greek political careerists, whether attached to the Tsaldaris, Metaxas or Theotokis factions, all scrambling for power at the time of the return of King George II.

None of these professional politicians has found a place in the new Ministry formed by the King. They have to wait for the elections in the New Year when, under freer conditions than those prevailing at the plebiscite, certain of them may return to high office. Meanwhile the affairs of Greece have been entrusted to a group of non-party men under the leadership of M. Demerdjis. The task of this Cabinet is to act as a stopgap while excitement subsides and the air is cleared for elections which may provide a more accurate indication of Greek political sympathies than did the plebiscite. Acquainted with the methods of constitutional government in Britain, King George II wishes his people to be given this chance to express their true political views. In doing so he is placing himself in a non-party and politically disinterested position such as is enjoyed by King George V. At the same time the peculiar circumstances which characterise Greek politics do not allow the comparison to go farther. In England no serious doubts as to the loyalty of the army can be said to have arisen in modern times. But the ruling powers in Greece find it very necessary to cultivate the favour

of the armed forces. Ever since General Kallerges demanded constitutional rights from Otho in 1843 until last autumn, when General Kondylis poured ridicule on the Republicans, the Greek army has shown a downright spirit, turning, as a rule, on some personality whose only concern has been one of political ambition. It is true that the armed forces swore allegiance to King George II in the Athens Stadium shortly after the decision to call upon him to return. But the King will know that the support of his army does not depend upon an oath or a succession of oaths, but rather upon the popularity of the monarch with officers and his success in avoiding the alienation of so shrewd a personage as General Kondylis. In lesser degree the same is true of the rank and file; but the peasant conscript, like his parents at home, is usually Royalist. Monarchy, he feels, he can understand. Republican government, as it has been practised in Greece, he rightly regards as the framework for the chaotic movements of sharp-tongued politicians who arouse suspicion and resentment in his simpler nature. Moreover, this renewed interest of the countryfolk in whatever is afoot in Athens has its very real issue in the plans for decentralization which are attracting wide interest in Greece. The object is to retard the flow from rural districts into the capital, to give a greater measure of local authority to the governors of six newly delimited provinces and, by the encouragement of farming, to balance agricultural development with the industrial and mercantile activities which centre around Piræus, Salonika and Patras.

It is possible, then, that during the next few years a programme of social reconstruction, based on a certain national stability, will divert attention from the vast coffee-house quibble which for twenty years, at least, has shaken Greece. For the Hellenes are a people who will never submit for long to a dictatorship; who are best served by a flexible constitution such as King George II is attempting to evolve. They want peace and an opportunity for orderly development. They want stable conditions which will give fuller scope for attention to business affairs, held in high respect in Athens, where the social and commercial fabric would now seem to be fairly proof against political upheavals.

RHODES AND CYPRUS

By Stanley Casson

It is astonishing how soon a romantic place loses its halo of romance. In the Middle Ages, and to some extent in Greek and Roman times, the lovely island of Cyprus was a byword of poets, an enchanted isle more lovely than Aea, woven into a hundred tales and sagas, always on men's lips. But a couple of generations of Venetian incompetence and three hundred years of Turkish suffocation have pushed it into oblivion. In 1878 it was leased to Great Britain by Turkey, and in 1914 formally annexed. Yet for all those years during which British rule has controlled the island hardly anyone has even hinted at the fact that here, in this small Crown colony, we possess one of the most famous islands in the world, the prize of a hundred expeditions from the days of the forefathers of Agamemnon down to the rich and grasping times of Venetian imperialism. For nearly three thousand years men have looked on Cyprus as some quiet seagirt paradise, and with that as their creed have striven to get there and stay there and die there. Yet the same island falls unnoticed into our Imperial basket almost without a sound, and we still do not realize that there, hidden by more obvious or more luscious fruit, is the Scarlet Apple that once half the world was seeking for—the Kizil Elmas of Turkish legend, which some took to mean the great City of Byzantium, others Rome, but which in reality was probably just an oriental alternative for Eldorado.

Here, anyhow, is our Golden Apple, and we seem hardly aware of it. The paradox that an island famed for thousands of years for its loveliness and its romance should have faded in memory, so that to the average Englishman today it is little more than a half-forgotten derelict island suspected to be both exceedingly arid and probably malarial, can only be explained on the ground that the island as a geographical entity has broken loose

in ordinary recollection from its literary and historical associations.

The average man associates Cyprus vaguely with Aphrodite, knows that in the Middle Ages certain French kings ruled it and built their castles there, and that it was inhabited by Greeks, Phœnicians and Persians. But there the average man's information stops. What he does know, however, thanks to an untiring tourist propaganda, is that the neighbouring island of Rhodes is a gem set in an azure sea, incomparable in its quiet charm, adorned, not by mossy ruins, but by an almost perfect mediæval fortress-town of the Knights, with walls, gates and hostels intact, one of the wonders of the Levant. For countless cruising-liners visit Rhodes, drop anchor off its sea-walls and discharge a thousand tourists a week in the summer months, to see how perfectly managed is this small Italian possession. The tourists duly admire the ancient fortress, are led by the Italian guides to see what is so picturesquely called " the Ghetto ", a name given by the Italians to all that part of Rhodes not inhabited by Italian officials, and return to their ship convinced that the Italians have made a perfect beauty spot out of the island, that they have provided a new pleasure resort in the Mediterranean, and that their administration of Rhodes is a model of broadminded and paternal control, under which the native Greeks flourish as they never have in Greece itself.

Alas, this pretty picture is false in almost every detail. But it serves Italy well. The same tourists then proceed in their ship, coast past the tawny shores of Cyprus, and reflect sadly that here is a poor, neglected island where the ancient castles crumble into ruins under our rule, forgotten and unappreciated, where the poverty-stricken native Greeks groan in despair, envious of their more fortunate brothers of the Dodecanese.

The facts are far otherwise. Rhodes is an island about one-fifth the size of Cyprus. It has two ancient towns only, Rhodes itself and Lindos. Lindos is, for the most part, an ancient Greek site of great beauty and importance, which was scrupulously and admirably excavated by a Swedish expedition. To the ancient buildings of Rhodes itself the Italians have devoted a vast amount of money and time in restoration. They have done this partly out of sound archæological appreciation and partly in the belief that it is wise to emphasize the fact that once in

the past Italian knights held the island against Turkey, for that original Italian domination may convince tourists and the less critical that Italy holds what Italy held (even if history is distorted a little). To create that impression will be useful, for there are some who believe that the Italian claims to occupy the purely Greek islands of the Dodecanese are as fictitious as they are dishonest. The tourist, landing at Rhodes, would indeed find it hard to detect that the island was inhabited by Greeks. On the quay he is met by Italian carabinieri, his luggage is seized by men wearing Italian uniform, who speak no word of Greek, although they are Greeks, and he is then hustled into one of two hotels which perfectly duplicate the whole atmosphere of the Lido. Indeed, by the building of these atrocious buildings the Italians have effectually counteracted all that they have done to beautify the old part of the city.

Penetrating into the " Ghetto " one at last discovers that there really are Greeks on the island, who speak Greek. But they are pushed back into the background, and you will hear little enough Greek spoken in those parts near the harbour to which tourists usually go. At intervals, to emphasize still more that they are Greek only on sufferance, you will observe the Italian gendarmes encouraging, quite firmly, the natives to give the Fascist salute as the tourists pass.

As for the Greek Orthodox church, you simply do not notice it at all. Indeed, it might not exist, although the Greek inhabitants are firmly and immovably devoted to it and fundamentally hostile to the church of Rome. Up on the hills behind Rhodes town is the Abbey of Filaremo. Few would think that this pretty Italianate name hides the true and ancient Greek name of Philerimo, " Lover of wilderness ", named probably after some Byzantine hermit. Still less would they think that the lovely abbey of Italian Gothic that now stands on the heights, golden and mellow and ancient, was not there five years ago! True there were some foundations and ancient ruinous walls; from them, with the aid of ancient drawings and copperplate illustrations was reconstructed the whole lovely abbey as one sees it today. Nor is it quite finished yet. And full praise must be given to the architects who have done this very lovely reconstruction. As in Rhodes town, the restorers of the ancient

buildings of the island have exhibited a perfect genius. In England we have no architects who can restore with such fidelity, or who can recreate the feeling and colour of an ancient building, so that one is hard put to it to say whether it was built yesterday or six hundred years ago.

I will not touch on those measures of repression, often brutal and savage, which the Italian authorities have employed from time to time to suppress the native outbreaks that periodically occur. These risings are in nearly every case due to suppression of religious privileges or to over-taxation. The Italian forces invariably use firearms on such demonstrators and there are always fatal casualties. But true information is very hard to obtain, for news about such risings is always suppressed.

What is the nature of the taxation imposed on the natives I do not know. But the restoration of the ancient monuments of Rhodes and the rebuilding of places like Filaremo must be costly. What I do know is that the tourist is unmercifully taxed. Any tourist who is so charmed by Rhodes that he decides to leave his tourist ship and spend a week or two in this Mecca of tourists will be called upon to pay no less than eight pounds sterling for the privilege of landing, in harbour fees and charges.

Landing at Cyprus is a pleasant process. A pinnace runs to your ship to inspect passports. At the stern of the pinnace floats the Blue Ensign, with the two scarlet lions of Cœur de Lion on the field, the flag of the island. Up the gangway come men in British uniform, but they are all Greeks. The passport officials and the customs officials are alike Greek, and you see no Englishman at all at the port, except by chance. Here is a profound contrast with Rhodes. In Cyprus the Greeks at once appear, freely talking their own language, obviously content and perfectly happy to be serving an alien empire. In place of the strutting carabinieri from Rome and Naples you will see the smart sergeants and constables of the Cypriote police, all native born. In a word, the Cypriots run their own island. As you proceed inland you will not see, indeed you will probably not expect to see, the Byzantine churches displaced by nice new churches of the Church of England! There is one such at Nicosia for the use of the English, and a hideous building it is. But I saw no others.

Landing in Cyprus one notices at once that one is here in a place which was of great importance in the Early Middle Ages. At Rhodes almost all the buildings which are not of classical Greek or Roman date are of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. In Cyprus the great age of romance and kingship, after the Greek and Roman periods, was the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. And wandering round Cyprus, from Nicosia to Cyrenia or Famagusta, one sees countless mediæval churches, castles, abbeys and cathedrals, many almost perfect, none over-restored, some ruinous, but all of the highest quality of architecture. And at once one realizes that, whereas at Rhodes the Italians have one small city in which there is only one large building—the Infirmary of the Knights—in Cyprus the British administration has under its control fifty or sixty French mediæval churches, two cathedrals as large as, say, the cathedral of Wells, three immense castles on mountain peaks—Hilarion, Kantara and Buffavento—one complete or almost complete abbey — Bellapais — with cloisters, refectory, church and dormitory, and as well sixty-seven large Byzantine monasteries and several thousand Byzantine churches, ranging in date from the ninth to the fourteenth century and in size from mere chapels large enough for a score of people to quite large buildings.

And so to gape with admiration at Rhodes and to ask " why do not the British authorities do as much for Cyprus " is to ask them to do a task twenty times as arduous and expensive. And the trouble is that Cyprus, never a rich island except in antiquity, could not conceivably raise the money for the restoration of all these ancient monuments at once. As it is, the administration is doing its best to deal with the situation and a good deal of expert restoration is being done by officials, who are aided by expert masons sent out by the Office of Works. But the task is immense.

It is not my purpose to give a description of the great mediæval buildings of Cyprus. To see Gothic arches in the setting in which one has usually seen Doric temples is a strange experience, the more strange since in Cyprus the blue of the sea and the grey hills and hot yellow plain are to Englishmen or Frenchmen an unusual background for Gothic architecture. I am convinced that it was Richard Cœur de Lion who first started the vogue for

Cyprus in the Middle Ages. He was, I imagine, sufficiently well acquainted with the classics to remember the Cyprian goddess of Paphos. Probably that determined him to marry Berengaria of Navarre, who landed on the south coast of the island, near Limassol, almost at the same time as Richard. But his honeymoon was a quick business. He married on May 12th, 1191, and on June 5th was again off to the wars *en route* for Acre. But during that brief honeymoon he contrived to capture, or have captured for him, the Byzantine fortresses of Cyrenia and Kantara, to imprison the Byzantine king Isaac and to organize the island under an English Justice and Sheriff. Evidently Richard had not too much time to spare for romance, although he was sensible to it.

Certainly the Lusignans who succeeded the English domination were more deeply moved by its romantic character. Without considering their history one can tell from the nature of their castles that here, more than anywhere in the world, mediæval romantics found their heaven. The royal rooms of the queens who stayed in Hilarion look over what is one of the incomparable views of the world. The bastions and towers of the castle now, as then, rise from the midst of pine forests : from the northern and eastern windows the residents saw a view like that seen by an eagle. Straight below the windows is a sheer fall of a thousand feet : below that is the lovely coastal plain, patterned with fields and olive groves and bordered by a white-edged sea of ultramarine. Hilarion is the only castle in the world that exactly resembles the dream-castle of fairy tales.

But Cyprus had an earlier age of chivalry of which we now learn only from the most recent research. It was a famous centre of the knights and chivalry of Homeric times. It has long been known that the Cypriots were deeply affected by the culture of Crete and Mycenæ, and that Mycenæan life in the island was rich and prolonged. But only in the last few years has it become known, as a consequence of the translation of the Hittite records found in Asia Minor, that Cyprus was a rallying point for Mycenæan imperialism, a concentration centre for the great move against the east of Mycenæan raiders. From Cyprus, Mycenæans raided Pamphylia and Cilicia opposite and caused alarm to the Hittite kings of the fourteenth century before Christ.

From Cyprus also must have set forth the commerce or raids that established Mycenæans as far east as the Gulf of Alexandretta, where in the last few years their remains have been found. Our views of Homeric Greece now have to be enlarged. Homeric chivalry was not solely concerned with the Aegean and the plain of Troy. From Cyprus set out many an expedition as serious as that to Troy. Egypt as well as Asia Minor were raided. The story of the raid of Odysseus on the Delta, preserved in the Odyssey, gives a picture of the kind of raid that must frequently have descended from the shores of Cyprus.

Our enlarged knowledge of the status of Cyprus in Homeric days suggests that in this island may be found the clues to many obscurities in Aegean pre-history. Perhaps the hitherto undeciphered Minoan script may yield its secrets to the persuasions of Cypriot discovery. For Cyprus is the only place in the Mediterranean where the Minoan script seems to have survived into Hellenic times. During the Mycenæan period inscriptions in a version of the Cnossian script are found cut on many objects of art or use. The script employed corresponds closely with Minoan and is apparently a provincial version of the Cretan. After the fall and disappearance of the Mycenæan world and the establishment of Hellenism proper, a script closely connected with this early Mycenæan script reappears. Perhaps it had lain dormant and been preserved by priests and bards during the troubled times that intervened between the fall of Mycenæ and the resettlement of the Greeks. However this may be, we find that during the sixth century a script was in use that bore no relation at all either to Greek letters or to any other current script of the ancient world. It is used by Cypriot kings for the superscriptions of their coinage, for dedications on stone and for inscriptions on metal. It was as currently in use in the island as Greek down to as late a date as 300 B.C. The only parallel that I can suggest is the current use side by side in some parts of Romanized Britain of ordinary Roman script and the native Ogham. No difference of race is implied, and the parallel of the contemporary use of Greek and Hebrew in Palestine would not be a good one, for there Greeks employed the one and Jews the other. In Cyprus a homogeneous population had two alternative means of writing, one inherited from ancient Crete,

the other given by the later arrivals from mainland Greece. But the Cypriots had been Greeks from Homeric times. In Cyprus, then, we may expect, if not a clue to the decipherment of the Cretan script, at least an enrichment of our knowledge of Aegean writing. Indeed, the whole question of the position of Cyprus in Homeric times is one which increased excavation in the island can solve.

Rhodes, like Cyprus, was a secondary centre of the Mycenæan expansion. But in antiquity the histories of the two islands are vastly different. Cyprus maintained herself aloof from excessive contact with Greece and retained her character more than Rhodes. The individualism of Cypriots and their adherence to tradition are astonishing. Cypriot peasants of today have changed their life but little since the early Bronze Age in the third millenium B.C. In any village you will still see the potter making large, gourd-like vases, without bases, of the same texture, shape and colour as the Bronze Age vases of so long ago. The typical Cypriot water-jug of today is made on a "tumbler" basis. It will only stand still if placed in a box, for its base is globular. Transport of jars of water on mules is done by placing these vessels in rectangular frames or boxes. Cypriot village-houses are today built of sun-dried bricks of exactly the same dimensions as the bricks employed in buildings of the sixth century B.C. Votive figures in churchs are still made out of clay, identical with the votive dolls found in a hundred Cypriot Greek shrines. The strong and virile Greek stock of the island eradicates from age to age what is unessential. In the faces of the modern Cypriots you will now see little to remind you of the French, the English or the Italians who passed over its stage for a few fleeting moments. The bluest and oldest blood that runs in their veins, and perhaps the most persistent, is that of the old Achæans.

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EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

A Monthly Commentary

In this disordered world it is pleasant to note some sign of rational endeavour finding popular support, and the restored monarchy in Greece looks as if example would be given there—not in the easiest field. Faction is the curse of democracy, and Athens, where democracy got its name, if not also its origin, has always been the nursing ground of faction. Yet in Athens, a king, not new to kingship, has courageously determined to override the violence of faction, and his people, with the army, are backing him. Few outside of Greece itself can have followed with understanding the play of Greek political forces; but all Europe can see the significance when the most famous of Greek republican leaders welcomes the monarchy back because of the spirit in which it is exercised. The remarkable article contributed by "Pertinax" to this Review's last number disclosed, what was unknown to the mass even of political students in England, the part played in the present crisis of the League of Nations by two statesmen delegated from Rumania and Czechoslovakia. "Such", he wrote, "are the prestige and authority which attach to great political intellects even when they are enlisted in the service of secondary states". If Europe is to be in some measure a commonwealth—and to make it so is the true purpose of the League—none of us can be indifferent to an amnesty which brings M. Venizelos back into public life, since all Europe recognizes in him a great political intellect. It may be that the day for his direct effective activity is past, as it appears to be past for Mr. Lloyd George; but the insight, the knowledge and the experience of such men can never be without influence while they are within the political framework of their country. That influence may be exercised through the activity of others;

The Greek Restoration

and in Greece the King has decided that there shall be no proscriptions. Whatever intellect there is in Greece is to be available for the service of Greece, and possibly of Europe. That is the antithesis of faction, which always wants to put its opponent down and out for ever.

Mr. Baldwin's Authority

In England proscriptions are proscribed, though the attitude of the Labour Party to Mr. MacDonald and his son show that the desire for them is not extinct; Mr. Greenwood in the debate on the Address made an ugly speech, cheered with the same ugly vindictiveness by the benches behind him. These manifestations were much out of harmony with the temper of the new House of Commons, which appears admirably and typically English. Colonel Wedgwood, in an address to the Historical and Literary Circle of the Devonshire Club on December 6th, spoke of the History of Parliament on which he and others are engaged. It was to be

> a monument to those tens of thousands of men who had gone to build up Great Britain, our Constitution, our good name, and who had created the British character as it was today. It was just as well they should show a pride in the freedom of their institutions and put a stop to the miserable attacks of stupid people upon them. It was about time that England itself said their institutions were better than any others in the world.

That is valiant talk; and it comes at a moment when the world at large would be more disposed to accept it than at any time since Queen Victoria's second Jubilee. It is also a moment when, in this freedom and through this freedom, one Englishman wields more authority than any Prime Minister has possessed within the memory even of those members of Parliament who sat with Mr. Gladstone; and in all that list of Prime Ministers none has been so typically an Englishman. Three were Scots, one a Welshman; Mr. Asquith was too strongly marked with the impress of the law to be a normal type; and neither Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, or Lord Rosebery was much more like the average Englishman than Lord Beaconsfield, who also comes into living memory. No one of these men had Mr. Baldwin's gift for the easy-going good humoured conduct of business which is England's speciality; just as it is conspicuously lacking among the brilliant endowments of French genius. With it goes, however, a certain—the unkind call it laziness: a desire to take time for digestion; a cheery don't-bid-the-devil-goodmorrow-till-you-meet-him disposition: a lack of that thorough preparation for contingencies in which the Germans shine. All these characteristics carry elements of danger, and Mr. Baldwin has them all. But if a leader of this character commands the confidence of his country, he is the type of man under whom a national government is most practicable for a democracy, even in peace time (when it is hardest), because his good humour is an antidote to faction, keeping temperatures moderate.

The Face of Parliament

No doubt as this Parliament proceeds, discussion will be a good deal livelier than in the last. The Speaker in his observations after re-election noted and deprecated a tendency to deliver set speeches instead of the impromptu cut and thrust which make real debate; but that was a natural growth in so lop-sided an assembly as the last, and is likely to disappear when the opposition can muster more than a third of the House, and is more of a piece than it was. England is steadily working back to the old two-party system, in which a change-over is possible without any violent upheaval, as it used to be. For the present, that assurance is not clearly in sight, and this fact is seen in the election results. A National Government goes out, after four years, and is sent back with a majority still undeniably too large, if it were to be the government of a party, but none too big if it is to mark security against a threatened crisis. Thousands of men and women in all constituencies, who would certainly vote against a government headed by Sir Henry Page Croft, voted for Mr. Baldwin's candidate. They might perhaps feel that Mr. Clynes, for instance, represented their desires better than the Baldwin combination; but they do not feel sure that Mr. Clynes could limit the enterprise of his allies, who might alter English society out of all recognition; whereas Mr. Baldwin will keep on moving towards many of the ends which Mr. Clynes also desires. For this reason Mr. Baldwin and a National Government get a new lease of power. But also, the tendency to give it them was certainly strengthened by a feeling throughout the electorate that this was a bad moment to change horses. Even in France, where faction has been

running riot, the disposition to draw together in face of external danger has made itself perceived.

The War

For it is a danger to put the curb on the warlike operation of a great Power whose blood is up ; and that is what the nations in the League are doing. Reports reach one that Italy has lost interest in the Abyssinian war, and is concentrated solely on its struggle against the League. The war was bound to be tedious. Soldiers who knew the ground calculated that to complete a conquest of Abyssinia would be a task of three years, assuming that the contest was only between Italy and Abyssinia. So far at least the Abyssinians appear to have realized fully how to make the task most difficult and neutralize the effect of all the modern machinery which Italy has and they have not. The longer the war lasts, the greater the financial strain ; and now Italy finds itself hampered by measures to restrain its trade, and consequently to cripple its finances. But a new factor is in sight which threatens to cut off the most essential of all supplies for a highly mechanized expedition. If there is any right in the world, nations possessing oil have a right to refuse to sell it for purposes which they condemn. Yet such a refusal is what would have always been termed between nations an unfriendly act. How can Italy resent or resist the unfriendly act of between forty and fifty nations acting together under a Covenant which Italy herself has signed ? The obvious answer is, by allying herself with those Powers which stand outside of the Covenant, and possibly with those which have refused to put the Covenant into operation against war. That calls up the picture of a very ugly situation, and it is probably the contemplation of it which put a sudden stay on faction in France.

Will M. Laval Prevail ?

M. Laval does not personally command in France anything approaching the confidence which Mr. Baldwin receives in Great Britain, and throughout the British Dominions. Nor indeed does any French politician. But M. Herriot, probably the most respected and certainly one of the ablest, who stands a little further to the Left than M. Laval, has made it plain that he will take no hand in

changing the control at such a time. We could not be certain about France while a financial crisis made a great part of the democracy frightened of Communism, and this part of the people prepared to resist by force any government allied to the Communist wing. An armed and disciplined organization of ex-service men appeals to many sympathies ; but if it is outside the control of government, the stronger and more competent it is, the greater the danger to the very principles of a democratic state. The Left demanded, and were justified in demanding, that the various leagues should be put down ; it seemed probable that M. Laval must lose support either to the Right or Left of the Centre. Then, almost incredibly, the leagues themselves recognized the central truth that privately controlled armed organizations are the mark of an imperfect civilization. They agreed, no doubt in private negotiation, to hand in their arms, provided the disarming applied all round. From the Croix de Feu came the first offer, answered by the Socialist and Communist representatives : M. Laval seized the opportunity which he had created and rushed in measures embodying the compact. Unhappily the relief was only momentary : faction reasserted itself, and before the measures could be passed the Left departed from the spirit of them. Yet the odds are that M. Laval will prevail, for the public reception of the first news made it plain that France was behind him.

No Check upon Japan

How far the principle of co-operation between states, greater and lesser, for the ends of a common civilization can be carried is a question for the future, but we certainly do not lack reminders of the need. Japan has moved again, encroaching upon China. If the United States were not by its own choice isolated from the rest of European civilization, Japan would not move so confidently, and might be restrained if she moved. As things are, there is little prospect of any check but what may be imposed by a sense of her own interests. In Japan there is no trace of the idealism which leads the League of Nations to resist war of aggression because it is war ; there is exuberance of the idealism which glorifies war of conquest, and has always glorified it—an idealism still vigorous in at least two great European powers. Further, over and above

the military difficulties of offering resistance to Japan's forward movements, there is the fatal weakness of China's situation: a vast territory claims to be one nation, claims to be protected by the League as one nation, and yet has no government that can exercise control over the whole. In the abstract, there is a strong case for allowing this unwieldy bulk to be split into manageable portions. Japan has cut off one fraction, and now proposes to detach another—in the name of autonomy. Setting aside the modern principle which condemns conquest by force, who can be sure that civilization is not advanced, that human beings will not be better off, in consequence of these operations? But there is no prospect that even if North China, with Peking for its centre, comes under Japanese influence, like Manchuria, this will satisfy Japan's desire for expansion. It will indeed give her a secure and perhaps exclusive market for the products of her industry, but not an outlet for her population. These lands are already too full. Western civilization must be combined and organized, as it is not today, if a check is to be imposed on the will and energy of these formidable Easterns.

Support for the Miners

In short, there are external problems enough before British statesmen and the new Parliament to which they have to answer. Not less urgent are the internal ones. Mr. Baldwin, speaking for the first time after the electoral victory, tempered his cheerfulness when he pointed to the black spots in Great Britain. He insisted that these should not only get support in their old trades but also have their share of the new industries which an organized system of Protection has fostered. Since then has come the announcement that three-quarters of a million is allotted to finance approved schemes for new works in South Wales, and that other schemes for as much more were well advanced. Yet these are sops, though substantial ones, and through all the mining industry runs the angry growl of discontent; and in the fourth day of debate on the Address, Unionists as well as Labour men indicated support for the miners' view of the case against the coal owners. The average wage paid was stated to be barely over two pounds a week: the increase asked for would leave it well under three pounds—raising the average from £115 to £140 a

year; and it was urged by Mr. Jenkins, the Labour member for Pontypool, that the price paid at the pithead did not represent the coal's real selling value, since in effect the mine-owners sold much of it to themselves for supply to the consumers through some subsidiary undertaking. In general, both sides of the House showed discontent with the present distribution of the results of labour—in agriculture no less than in mining. An old Tory, perhaps still more an old Liberal, would have held that rank Socialism was talked from start to finish, and that Lord Eustace Percy, who summed up for the Government, was little better than the rest of them.

Mr. Herbert's Crusade

But assuredly times have changed when the University of Oxford returns a member who stands as an Independent, and whose chief interest is to make divorce more cheaply attainable. Noting Mr. A. P. Herbert's candidature, and remembering what had befallen Prof. Gilbert Murray in the same constituency (not to mention another case close to my heart), I plumped for him, thinking that it would go to prevent the forfeiture of his deposit. My surprise on learning that Mr. Herbert was returned as Lord Hugh Cecil's colleague was great, but nothing to what I experienced when, on going in to look at the new House on the second day of its sitting, I found Mr. Herbert already on his feet and in full career when proceedings had hardly opened. He had jumped with most unconventional celerity at a chance which a new member could hardly have been expected to perceive, and was opposing the motion to take away the Fridays of this month from private members. Using this as a pretext he told the House all that he, as a private member, wanted to say about divorce. He got applause and much laughter, but he also got sympathy. The Liberal leader who followed him spoke of a "witty and weighty speech"; an old member with whom I was renewing memories said to me that it was original and was sincere; that members liked that combination and Mr. Herbert would in time to be able to fill the House "as Tim Healy used to do". But it will be interesting when the two members for the University speak on Mr. Herbert's bill, if he gets the chance to introduce it; for it is not likely that Lord Hugh Cecil

will allow the voice of Oxford to be given entirely for making divorce easier; and when Lord Hugh is aroused there is no sharper spear in debate.

The Return of Barchester

I have just been reading a book which disposes, and is meant to dispose us, towards reflection on these phenomena of changes, among which Mr. Herbert's election is notable. Father Ronald Knox, as everyone knows, is not an Anglican divine, yet was brought up in most clerical Anglican surroundings; and in those surroundings the novels of Anthony Trollope were much esteemed, especially that long series which centred about the imaginary cathedral city of Barchester. It has amused Father Knox to continue the history of Barchester and its society by a series of episodes in which the characters are supposed to be descendants of the personages whom Trollope created some eighty or ninety years ago; and he assumed in writing them not only the style, but the mind of that writer whom he considers to be "*the* novelist of the Victorian era". This feat he has accomplished with extraordinary skill, giving us, of course, his own reactions to the traits of manners and of character and to the social changes which he studies, but giving them in such a way that they seem to flow from the nature of that bluff, hearty Englishman who had so much of the Conservative in him and so much also of the rough common-sense Radical. Those who know their Trollope (and such people should not be so scarce as Father Knox suggests in his preface, for there was a sort of Trollope revival ten or fifteen years ago) will find the book diverting, even if excessively genealogical. They will also value the homage implied to a notable example of artistic creation.

Trollope was a clumsy writer, clumsier even than Scott at his worst, and lacking wholly in that poetic quality without which no novelist attains to greatness. But he had the quality which a writer exquisitely accomplished and shot through with poetry, Miss Rose Macaulay (in her *Personal Pleasures*), speaks of as denied to herself. He could create people so real to him that they live with him. The proof of it is that they live with us. This is nowhere else quite so evident as in his Barchester novels, and the extraordinary fact is that Trollope evolved Barchester out of his inner consciousness. He was not, like Father Knox, born and bred among rectors, deans, and bishops, and when he wrote *The Warden*, first and in some ways best of the series, he was a Post Office official discharging his duties strenuously in an Irish district where they could be combined with a deal of fox-hunting. The first novels that he published dealt with the life that surrounded him; it offered exciting material, and he knew it in a sense intimately. A famous Irish politician once said to me that *The MacDermots of Ballycloran* was the best Irish novel; meaning, I think, that it gave the best account of Ireland in the days of the Ribbon Lodges. *Castle Richmond*, written several years later, is a fully documented study of the Irish famine, seen through the eyes of a government official. Yet neither of these works nor *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* comes to life.

Old Friends from Trollope

But while Trollope's life was still lived in Ireland as it had been for ten years, re-organization of postal districts needed a new survey; he was sent over to finish another man's work in the West of England, and so chanced to pass a few days in Salisbury. The contrast to all that he had lived among, in Banagher and such like places, was well fitted to set a man's mind working; and when he went back to the wild and ultra-Irish, it was of this sheltered life, peaceful and well provided among long transmitted beauties and pieties, that he began to write. Instinctively, in that part of the British Isles spiritually, politically, temperamentally, historically most remote from England, he set to imagining the society which might exist, which must exist, in such a place as Salisbury, and the motives and characters which would in such a place come into play. Now his pen worked under a genial impulse: it gave life. He could not have documented any of his Barchester novels, but they held more truth than a hundred blue books. There are no villains in these stories; but there is ambition, and at least what approaches to being intrigue in clerical circles; there is generosity and there is meanness; there are gentlemen and there are cads; there is not heroism perhaps, but sacrifices are made for conscience' sake; there are promptings, reasonable and even beyond reason, of honest pride. If there was one thing

with which Trollope had special sympathy, it was the pride of those who, by the world's measure, cannot afford to be proud. Whether it is an Englishman's pride or an Englishwoman's, his heart goes out to it. And in all his works, but specially in these, whatever quality may manifest itself in an action described by him, it is always unmistakably an English manifestation. Mrs. Proudie could no more be anything but an Englishwoman than Archdeacon Grantley anything but an English gentleman. Yet the central figure in the opening book Mr. Harding the Warden, shy, sensitive, musician to his finger tips, ill-equipped for any combat such as his son-in-law the Archdeacon welcomes, is just as much as the other an expression of England and of Barchester. These people are old friends, living today for Father Knox and for many besides him—perhaps even more alive than Major Pendennis or Colonel Dobbin, because Trollope has created for them a background with which they are of a piece; to which they belong, as not even Becky Sharp belongs to her time and setting.

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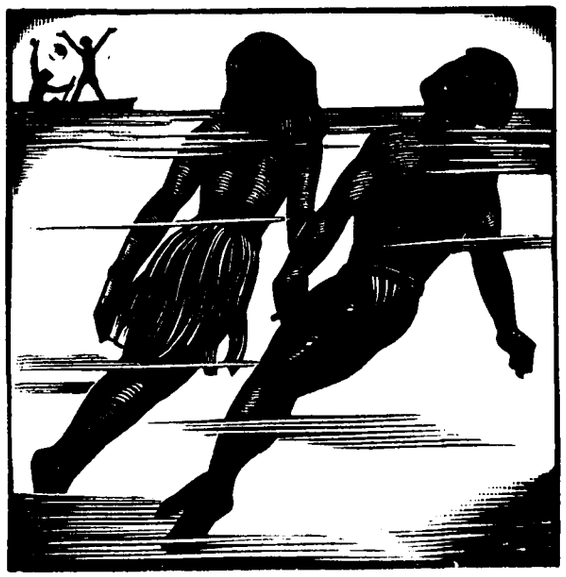
THE NEW ARCHITECTURE, by Walter Gropius. With Photographs. *Faber.* 6*s*.

THE HOUSE. A MACHINE FOR LIVING IN, by Anthony Bertram. Illustrated by A. G. Wise. *A. & C. Black.* 5*s*.

The most sumptuous of these books is *Le Morte Darthur*, produced by the Shakespeare Head. This is a collector's book and a contribution to scholarship, since it makes accessible the text and woodcuts of Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1498 which came between Caxton's edition of 1485 (fifteen years after Malory's text) and Wynkyn de Worde's second text of 1529. There is dual appeal also in *The Wreck of the Whale-Ship Essex*—an elegant book (except for what seems to me an inexcusably cheap and nasty binding); the destruction of *The Essex* by a malignant whale, and the sufferings of the survivors are here described in accounts given by the ship's mates and the captain—accounts used, it is said, by Herman Melville for *Moby Dick*. The engravings in this book and in *A True Tale of Love in Tonga* reveal the artist's vigour, originality, and wit. *Heartsease and Honesty* has some historical importance since it contains Miss Simpson's translation of letters and poems by the Sieur de Gramont, steward to the Duc de Richelieu (great-nephew of the Cardinal) and, as a collector's piece it comes in charming form—black type with red ornaments, and a red flowered paper on the cover. *Reading in the Picture, Primeval Gods,* and *The Painted Cup* are collectors' pieces, the last two ornamented with wood engravings in the

Leon Underwood tradition and the first (which breaks from time to time into apple-green type) with drawings that lack decorative significance though they render the nineteenth-century romantic spirit of the poem.

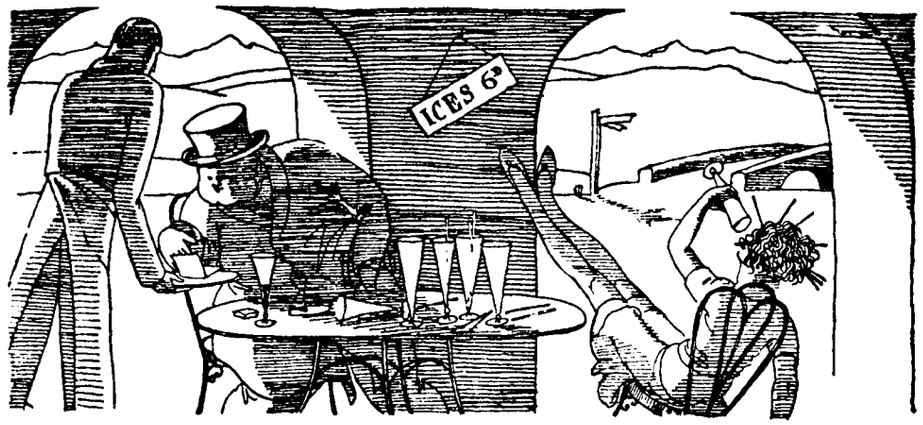
I am, I confess, a little tired of the silhouette effect in contemporary book decoration, and I enjoyed, as a change, the pen drawings by Edward Carrick (Gordon Craig's son) in *So Far So Glad*. These drawings are in excellent accord with the silvery effect of the Bruce Rogers Centaur type, and Mr. Carrick should be much in demand hereafter as an illustrator of gay and imaginative books. I regret that he was not selected for one of the illustrated editions of Hans Andersen produced this year to mark the centenary of the first tales. For Mrs. Raverat's woodcuts (which depict the Princess on *one* mattress!) are too Germanic for my taste, and Rex Whistler's work (in what may prove the standard popular edition for some time to come) seems to me depressingly Victorian. It is arguable, of course, that the illustrator in such cases should throw his mind back to the period and recapture the author's images. But can this be done without resorting to *pastiche?* I prefer the system adopted by M. Alexeieff, who has used one of the idioms of our day in his delicate aquatints for Gogol's *Diary of a Madman*.



LOVE IN TONGO.

Frank Medworth, however, might have a word to say on Alexeieff's rendering of horses and dogs, because in *Animal Drawing*—an intelligently written and most interesting book—he would have the artist study the bones and muscles of each species, and how the hair grows, and he would have him know, as Ruskin desired to know, not only the structure of the lachrymatory glands of rattlesnakes but also the occasions which move rattlesnakes to tears and the consolations under which they are induced to dry them. Mr. Medworth, himself remarkably omniscient in these matters, writes of bears, birds, horned animals, horses, dogs and the cat tribe, adding numerous diagrams and drawings. Horace Brodzky, on the other hand, implies the case for the subjective comment in his *Forty Drawings*. He is not mainly concerned to acquire objective knowledge and record it; he is concerned to apprehend, vividly and in his own way, some fragment of life that seems to him emotive, and to comment on that experience by means of a linear symbol which he seeks to make as single and instantaneous as the experience itself. His drawings from the nude consist for this reason of single sensitive outlines which serve as *ad hoc* moulds for the happenings which occasioned them.

No photographs could give the subjective comment contained in Mr. Brodzky's drawings. But the camera, placed close enough to small objects, can prove an admirable illustrator—witness the photographs which Madame Thorbecke, wife of the former Netherlands Minister to China, has used to illustrate her *People in China*. This book has a poorly drawn Chinese face on the cover, and a title drawn in "Chinatown" lettering; but it does not live down, fortunately, to the level of this exterior. Madame Thorbecke writes informed and sympathetic word pictures of modern Chinese types—(the rich Industrialist, the perplexed Student, the Child Bride, the Peasant, the Sing Song Girl, the Rickshaw Coolie, the Aristocrat, etc.)—and adds in each case a large, close-up, unfiddled-about-with photograph, which is credible because untouched. The engravings in Claire Leighton's charmingly written and enthralling *Four Hedges* are so good in their descriptive aspect that they make me long for the still better descriptions of small objects which the camera can give. Miss Leighton, as an artist, has pluck, industry and originality. But she tries (it seems to me) to give her work the quality of a wood engraving, plus the quality of a black on white silhouette, plus suggestions of specific colour, plus complete descriptions of specific forms in a particular light and shade, plus suggestions of the spirit of English gardening, plus echoes of the *Good Words* and *Once a Week* tradition in English art. She uses every tin in her larder for the flavouring of every dish—and the flavours often cancel one another so that none comes to us in a superlative degree.



SO FAR SO GLAD.

The camera is much used in books and publications about modern architecture and interior appointments. But for this work it has its limitations. Photographs of buildings tend in fact to be unsatisfactory because they show us not the building but only the effect of the building from one angle and in one particular light. Such photographs serve more to whet our interest in the building than to inform us of its nature as a whole. Mr. Bertram in *The House*

—*a Machine for Living In* has fallen back on line drawings to illustrate the progress of interior appointments from "ye olde times" to the present day. And there is also a good deal to be said for isometric and axonometric drawings as a means of explaining the contemporary style in architecture. Mr. Bertram's book and *The New Architecture* are both useful as introductions to that style. Dr. Gropius in happier days was director of the Dessau Bauhaus. Mr. Bertram gives a bibliography for those who want to go further.

HANS ANDERSEN. FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS.

BEDDOES

By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, Edited with an Introduction by H. W. Donner. *Oxford University Press.* 25*s.*

THE BROWNING BOX, Edited with an Introduction by H. W. Donner. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES: The Making of a Poet, by H. W. Donner. *Oxford: Basil Blackwell.* 18*s.*

WITH these three volumes, the achievement, and, let us hope, the reputation, of Thomas Lovell Beddoes may be considered to be at last securely and solidly —very solidly—established. After close on a century of comparative neglect, Beddoes now suddenly assumes the status of a poet who is the subject of a weighty and scholarly literature. That is the work of Dr. Donner. It is his exact and learned and sensitive industry that has enriched English studies with this remarkable mass of Beddoes literature. Thereby Oxford does noble though tardy justice to one of the strangest, and most profound and brilliant, of her sons: the work was done there; vital material, by private piety and good fortune, was there preserved; and there were the publishers (and what can a scholar do for letters without publishers?) willing to substantiate Dr. Donner's efforts to put Beddoes at last in his rightful place in the process of English poetry. Quite literally, these three volumes must enormously outweigh everything that has hitherto been printed of Beddoes' work, or about Beddoes: and physical weight in this case is certainly an index of importance.

It cannot be said, however, that Beddoes up to now has been altogether neglected. Ever since in 1850, the year after his death, his friend, Kelsall, published a version of his masterpiece, *Death's Jest Book*, and followed it in the next year with a miscellaneous collection, Beddoes has been at least a name; and anthologies have kept his name alive, and given it a peculiarly individual savour. Browning's admiration was well known; Gosse justified it by his two-volume edition of *Poetical Works* in 1890, and by the delightful *Letters* in 1894 (the poet was one of the best letter-writers of last century). Above all, Ramsay Colles added Beddoes to *The Muses' Library*; a cheap one-volume edition, almost as complete and textually quite as good as it could be at that time, which made generally accessible the amazing wealth of Beddoes' genius. Nor were the critics silent; and from the best and the most scrupulous of them all, Oliver Elton, came the strongest testimony to Beddoes' singular virtues. Yet for all that, common consent has not yet accorded him anything like the reputation he deserves. Moreover, for the best part of his work, the text could not be regarded as satisfactory; and from the first his biography had been tainted by mystification and inaccuracy. All this has now been set right by Dr. Donner; the rest should follow.

In the first two volumes, Dr. Donner appears as an editor; they are both model specimens of the editor's art, and deserve the highest possible praise.

The *Works* are as reliable and probably as complete a collection of Beddoes' writings as we shall ever have: in every sense, this is the definitive edition. Serious students of Beddoes will be hardly less grateful for *The Browning Box*, which contains the biographical material bequeathed by Kelsall to Browning, used by Gosse, and lost by (apparently) Browning's son: fortunately a transcript had been made by Dykes Campell, whom Browning had infected with the Beddoes-virus. This transcript Dr. Donner has scientifically edited with an invaluable introduction, an astonishingly exhaustive compendium of information. But its appeal to the general reader will not, perhaps, be very strong. The most startling thing in it is the "grotesque likeness" of Beddoes drawn by Kelsall's ten-year-old son. The poet, by a sort of spiritual caricature, is figured as a skeleton: how did the boy come to divine what Dr. Donner calls the "skeleton complex" in his father's friend?

Dr. Donner's life of Beddoes cannot be so unreservedly praised. He has missed a great opportunity here, by forgetting that "the half is greater than the whole". What was wanted was a portrait of Beddoes' fascinating mind and a clear account of his extraordinary life. Certainly the life of a poet must continually refer to his poetry; but that should always be governed by biographical purpose. No doubt there was room also for a minute and learned critical examination of Beddoes' poetry; but surely as a separate publication. Dr. Donner has mixed up two quite different kinds of work in one formidable volume, into which he has poured everything he knows and thinks about Beddoes; and in the result he has swamped the biography rather disastrously. But at any rate, taking the three books together, we now have all the available facts complete and undistorted, and all the available poetry complete and uncontaminated. English studies owe Dr. Donner a very large debt of gratitude. As an example of the new riches Dr. Donner's edition adds to English poetry, the following exquisite lines may be extracted from *An Unfinished Draft*; they should be in every future anthology:

A thousand birds are breaking
Their prisons silently;
A thousand birds are making
Their nests in leafy tree;
A thousand babes are waking
On woman's breast today. . . .
Whence come ye, babes of flowers, and,
Children, whence come we?
The snow falls by thousands into the sea.

. . . . .

A thousand flowers are shedding
Their leaves all dead and dry;
A thousand birds are threading
Their passage through the sky;
A thousand mourners treading
The tearful churchyard way
In funeral array:
Birds, whither fly ye?—whither, dead,
pass ye?
The snow falls by thousands into the sea.

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STATIONERY

FACING TWO WAYS, by Baroness Shidzué Ishimoto. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

By opening a birth control clinic in Tokyo, in March 1934, Baroness Ishimoto achieved some part of the work which she had set herself as a Japanese modernist. Whether her limited objective will prove to be the means of her wider influence, it is impossible to conjecture usefully; and she concludes the autobiography now appearing without making any claim beyond the establishment of the clinic. The reader can hardly accompany her through her story without wishing her endeavours all the fortune that should befriend a personality so courageous, definite and philanthropic. At the same time, present circumstances in Japan do not seem over favourable to her campaign. Baroness Ishimoto admits that: "The issue of Manchuria . . . changed the entire social and political situation in the country. Even liberal citizens were hushed by the rise of militarism. The feminist movement suffered a great setback."

Reformer as she is, inspired and instructed by Western example, Baroness Ishimoto represents all that has been so generally admired in the women of Japan; and the title of her book perhaps does not imply a crisis so much as a compromise. She describes with great patience, knowing her foreign reader, the ceremonious traditions which have been a part of her life; she is by no means inclined to disregard their value. Flower arrangement, for example, is here, and the tea ceremony. Of the former art she says:

"Finally the flower instructor's degree was given to me with an esoteric manuscript in which forty-five secrets of handling flowers were written by the master's own hand, and a name—a flower name, so to speak—was also bestowed upon me. . . . So this old master still comes to my mother's house and I escape once in a while from all the arguments and mundane vexations of my hurried modern life into the silent beauty and peace of the flower philosophy."

Upon her marriage Baroness Ishimoto went with her husband to live at the Miike Colliery in Kyushu; for three years they shared the conditions of the miners there. This experience was soon followed by a visit to America, where the Baroness equipped herself for secretarial employment, and met Mrs. Sanger. The meeting aroused in her the idea of her own "mission" in Japan. She lost no time when she was again in her own country, but her path was not the smoothest: "I could not hope for sympathy from friends whose eternal moral code was feminine sacrifice." Another tour abroad convinced her that "the American women held the most enviable position of all women." She returned to organize a women's suffrage movement, but the petition presented to the government in 1927 was not welcomed. By 1930 a "Bill for the granting of civic rights to women" made better progress, but the House of Peers threw it out. "Thus encouraged, the feminist organizations redoubled their zeal, and this was their most flourishing time"—but then came the Manchuria excitement.

Since that interruption, Baroness Ishimoto has made a lecture tour in America. She describes her position in a vivid contrast: visiting friends who had collected a great many fine examples of Japanese art, she "found it possible to rest, and for a time forget the changing world," she "was just a daughter of a samurai again." But, she proceeds, "I came sharply up against the present through my renewed association with Margaret Sanger the Invincible. In her clinic I studied intently the latest methods of birth control." The tour has helped her to meet her difficulties in Tokyo with new spiritual and practical energy, of which this autobiography and its narrative of a social purpose is attractive evidence.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

DIPLOMACY AND PEACE, by R. B. Mowat. *Williams & Norgate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"DIPLOMACY" is one of those words corrupted by popular usage into a travesty of the thing itself. It conjures up in the mind of the unthinking multitude a picture of dilettante aristocrats devoting to good living and social amenities, spiced with intrigue, time and talents that should be spent in concerted efforts to eliminate war. Persons of keen intelligence and wide culture, too, may be heard reviling "the old diplomacy that brought about the War", and calling for replacement of the diplomats by untainted tribunes of the people. But that is to confuse policy with negotiation. It is the business of the statesman to frame a policy which is in accordance with the interests of the nation: the role of the diplomat is to operate that policy and adjust it with the policies of other "sovereign" States. That this calling for which a certain type of civil servant is required should be associated with Society and the high-born is, after all, the accident of history which fashioned the monarchical State as the European norm. There is nothing—except a solid barrier of tradition—to prevent diplomacy becoming a career open to all the talents. The impact of democracy is visible in the blurring of the line of demarcation between policy and negotition since 1919. But

> "the essential fact about the diplomatist still is that he represents his sovereign. It is [in Harold Nicolson's phrase] the incidence of sovereignty which has shifted from the monarch to the people."

Professor Mowat is rather coy about this democratic intrusion. He sees clearly the danger of the State representative, because of his class and wealth, being out of touch with his public and suggests that one remedy would be the obligation to supply more information about the day-to-day business instead of the pointless agreed communiqué which has become nowadays the *obbligato* accompaniment of international conferences. But it is quite clear that the esoteric traditions of this profession, its formalized code of behaviour and style of language, which to the plain man are a source of irritation or quiet amusement, exercise upon the author's mellow eighteenth-century mind an irresistible fascination.

In his title Professor Mowat is really pandering to the popular delusion. He even goes so far as to affirm that, because in war-time diplomats are sent packing, "war is the negation of diplomacy, which means contact without arms"—an adroit piece of special pleading contrasting oddly with Frederick the Great's statement that "diplomacy without arms is like music without instruments". Nor does he fail to repeat the trite claim that the diplomatists, while serving the interests of their State, pursue a general interest, namely, peace and international "comity".

Actually, of course, diplomacy—"the art of representing States and conducting negotiations"—has in essence nothing to do with peace. Ethical considerations simply do not enter into it. They are, as the French say, *d'un autre ordre.* Hence the disillusionment that has now set in for those who expected the use by Foreign Ministers of Geneva as a convenient meeting-place, instead of the pleasant watering-places which were in vogue in the nineteenth century—the author includes, by the way, a sprightly chapter on "Spa Diplomacy"—to bring about a magical change in the time-dishonoured practice of power-politics and its fatal consequences.

Professor Mowat echoes Mr. Harold Nicolson in testifying that the supposed contrast between the old and the new diplomacy is moonshine—how the latter phrase bears the stamp of the wistful optimism of 1918–19, when the world was assumed to be making a fresh start! What he fails to see is that today the representation of sovereignty is itself an anachronism, now that, through the impact of Science and Propaganda, the political problem has become essentially one of saving the world *from* democracy.

Several chapters display a certain charming erudition. But as a book it is bogus and unsatisfactory, because of that fundamental confusion of primary and secondary values evinced in the title. The price of peace—which has an ethical colour and context—is the supersession of power-politics. That is a task for statesmen embodying the will to peace of the inarticulate millions and providing, outside the diplomatic sphere, the necessary peace-making and peace-keeping institutions of an impartial, international character. It cannot be shirked because one of its effects will be increasing unemployment in the diplomatic profession.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

THE RETURN OF THE DARK INVADER, by Captain von Rintelen. *Lovat Dickson & Thompson.* 9*s.*

AMONG the waifs and strays of the Great War there is no more picturesque figure than Franz von Rintelen. The story of his sabotage and other exploits as a German Admiralty agent in "neutral" America in 1915, and its aftermath, his capture by the wiles of the British Secret Service, followed by four years' "hard" in the penitentiary at Atlanta, U.S.A., has already been told—and well told. *The Dark Invader* was an uncommonly interesting document. And not the least piquant feature was the revelation of the warm regard in which the author of so much mischief came to be held by Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, Chief of our Admiralty Intelligence Service, and other enemy chiefs. The present volume, by contrast, shows the ingratitude of his own Fatherland where, partly for reasons of state and partly from petty personal motives, this ex-naval officer—as patriotic and loyal a German as ever there was, for all his cosmopolitan connections—has been consistently slighted and cold-shouldered.

From the early summer of 1921, when the knight-errant of Imperial Germany returned to a drab, dispirited and morally disrupted Reich, up to the present period of mob-rule tempered by military discipline, Captain von Rintelen has been regarded by the authorities in Germany as "the man who knew too much"—and treated accordingly. His attempt to re-open the enquiry by the Reichstag Committee into the events of 1915 in order to rebut imputations contained in the evidence of Count Bernstorff, former Ambassador in Washington, and his Military Attaché, Herr von Papen, was foredoomed to failure; likewise the ill-timed criminal charge of "perjury and treason in time of war" which was promptly suppressed when von Papen became Chancellor. We read here of a prolonged tussle with bureaucracy for arrears of payment due, of the quiet intervention of governmental agents, first with the famous publishing house of Ullstein, then with another well-known house in Munich, to prevent publication of the German edition of the author's life-story, etc. The exposure of Herr von Papen and others is accompanied by an illuminating conversation with the egregious Dr. Schacht in 1921, who, in an excess of democratic zeal, said to the author, "Don't talk of patriotism and patriotic duty—they belong to a past which we all hope will never come back"! But the material is really a little thin for another book and, apart from the questionable taste of washing dirty linen in public, this record of *querelles allemandes* soon becomes somewhat tedious. B. W.

CONTACTS, by D. F. Radford. *Shakespeare Head Press.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

HARLEM, AND OTHER POEMS, by William Rose Benét. *Methuen.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

THREE DAWNS AGO, by John Thompson. *Methuen.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

PEOPLE who want always to be entertained by a full orchestra are too expensive in their taste, and they are apt to lose a pleasure that is more easily obtainable, the pleasure of minor poetry. One of its special delights is that it comes unexpectedly, and with a certain modesty that adds to its charm. Such modesty I find in the verses of D. F. Radford. I remember a previous book by this author. A certain cool clarity and purity of line has left in my mind quite definite recollections, and I have turned to this second volume of verses with expectation that has not been cheated. Here is a poet with a sense of poetic cadence, that consciousness of structure underlying the more immediately tangible effects of rhythm. This cadence is difficult to define. It might be called the intellectual rhythm, the equivalent in verse to the paragraph in prose. It shows the mental grip, the architectural foresight of the poet, and it is more satisfying than mere sensuousness and the too-easy warmth of phrase and syllable. I can give an example of this fine sense of structure. Here is the last wave, or paragraph, from a poem called *The Quarrel.* Notice the good use of the short line, its contrast with the tumbled rhythm of the long line, and the creation by this contrast of long and significant pauses (what Coventry Patmore called " bars' rest " as in music).

" Fury redoubled ;
Infinite woe ;
Pain's dragging ache,
Anger dulled to an ashen glow ;
Then wanly as winter-warped dawn
Coherence creeps over the ravaged waste;
Mind with torn mind converges, repieces
The whole fragmented by fury of hate ;
And calm broods
Like the wide emptiness of snow.
Peace is re-won,
But only the bruised mind knows
With what regret
For hideous depths laid bare ;
For beauty branded with the beast's mark,
For beauty remembering ever and ever
The beast's lair."

This quality, and the careful choice of rhyme, and the delicate use of assonance, show that Miss Radford has taken the trouble to learn the craft of versification. Her success in filling the well-made vessel shows that the gods have looked favourably on her labour.

Both Mr. Benét and Mr. Thompson are quiet writers who are content to express the more domestic and social emotions in verse nicely suited to the subject. The coat being cut according to the cloth, the reader is left with a sense of pleasure. Each is an artist with good taste, aware of his own capabilities. Here is Mr. Benét's confession.

" I, they say, am sane, but no key of mine unlocks
One lock of one gate wherethrough Heaven's glory is freed.
And I stand and I hold my breath, day-long, yearlong,
Out of comfort and easy dreaming ever-more starting awake—
Yearning beyond all sanity for some echo of that Song
Of Songs that was sung to the soul of the madman, Blake ! "

And here is Mr. Thompson's.

" Today, when walking in the street,
I looked right down each trousered leg
To the big pendulums of my feet,
And suddenly to myself I said
How strange it is that I should need
All this belly and bone to hold
A pinch of brain so frail and small
And a web of nerves so thinly spread."

RICHARD CHURCH.

WILLIAM PITT, by Sir Charles Petrie, Bt. (Great Lives.) *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

PALMERSTON, by E. F. Malcolm-Smith (Great Lives.) *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

BY a happy chance these two aristocrats and statesmen appear together in this more than handy series ; the one, Pitt, statesman first of all, and aloof ; the other, an aristocrat, and great-hearted, who happened rather than was set upon politics and the Premiership. Palmerston will always be loved by the biographers who are not scandalised by his apparent irresponsibility : he is a good subject in which his politics (other than Court politics) need not play the dominant part. The statesmanship of the younger Pitt is still debated. The question : Was he really a great statesman or not, is one on which the verdict of our historians, especially our Whig historians, does not wholly convince the critical.

Sir Charles Petrie, a monarchist, and therefore the happy antithesis of an earwhig, is both good and balanced on this issue. While he knows that these eighteenth century statesmen were usually made out to be much greater men than they were, because their privileged position lent its dignity of office sometimes to quite small fry among the few eligible to receive it, he affirms :

> Pitt looked at the progress of events in France from the point of view of a British statesman, and to the very last he hoped that it would not be necessary for him to interfere. . . . Pitt proceeded cautiously, with his eyes firmly fixed on the interests of his own country. . . .

What a relief this sane definition is after the wearisome exaggerations of Whiggish encomiasts ! Patriotism has been called " the religion of the English", and the younger Pitt was a fine exemplar of its truth. His economies at the Exchequer were remarkable at a time when Ministers were expected to rifle the public purse without shame or secrecy, but decency rather than greatness explains them ; and honour in public life ought not to receive our wonder, even if it be rare. The life and the achievement are well balanced in this book, perhaps the best of its author's shorter works, and of permanent value to this series. It required more than a gift for personal biography to have it summarised in this convenient compass so well.

Palmerston, popular with the spirited half of England, remains anathema to the nonconformist conscience and the pacifist party ; and Mr. Malcolm-Smith does well to remind us that the latter school of sentiment, which succeeded the epoch of Palmerston, has encouraged less than justice to a memory that is an easy target for the provincial type of mind. He substantially endorses Shaftesbury's verdict that Palmerston's two objects were :

> the institution of a true and vigorous policy abroad suited to the honour and position of England, and the extinction of the slave trade, and that both were founded, not only on his personal intense love of freedom, but on his deep and unalterable conviction that civil liberty all over the world would be good for the human race. To those objects may be added the maintenance of peace in Europe.

" A daring pilot in extremity " was equally true of him in private life : a story impossible to fumble, and well told, too, here. Could we still breed another such ? OSBERT BURDETT.

THE ARYAN PATH

PRINCIPAL JANUARY CONTENTS

LITERATURE AS A MORAL FORCE :
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ECONOMICS AND FINANCE :
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THE HERESY OF SEPARATENESS J. D. Beresford
SHAKESPEARE'S DREAM J. Middleton Murry
A NOBLE CALL TO ACTION - H. I. 'A. Fausset

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AMERICANS IN ENGLAND, by Prof. R. B. Mowat. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THIS puzzling book is the result of a devotion to the cause of Anglo-American friendship and is in the main a catalogue, with commentary, of those celebrated Americans who have visited England and left some mark upon English social, intellectual and political life. To Englishmen it is gratifying that so many distinguished men like Franklin, Emerson, Irving and James (to mention no others from Professor Mowat's extensive list) have liked England; to Americans brought up in the veneration of English tradition, the reception and mark of their countrymen will be equally pleasing. But why a Who's Who? Have we not read our Hawthorne, our Irving, our Emerson, and our James? Is there not an unfortunate valedictory suggestion in the recovery of these sentimental journeys? Of course, where sentiment for England exists, it is undoubtedly most demonstrative among Americans. Their affection for Stratford, the Temple, Dickensian Bloomsbury and the period villages of the Cotswolds is genuine. If they happen to like the English character they surprise even the self-sufficient Englishman by the classic solidity of their eulogies; and the tart-minded or self-deprecatory among us are unfailingly abashed. Yet, in recent years, we have had the impression that there is a new American who has not the traditions of these pious *littérateurs* and warm-hearted diplomats, and that Professor Mowat's book is a bit of a "Good-bye" to the good old times.

In Professor Mowat's favour it must be said that English and American relationships have so much in them that is taken for granted, that one is inclined to dwell on the dissimilar trifles rather than on the fundamental sympathies. Like the dull coal fire which a friend of Hawthorne's found the novelist miserably poking, they want a good poke now and then:

> Bennoch seized the poker and with vigorous thrusts brought forth "a rustling luxuriance of brilliant flame." "That's the way to get warmth out of an English fire," cried Mr. Bennoch, "and that's the way to get the warmth out of an English heart too. Treat us like that, my dear sir, and you'll find us all good fellows."

Mr. Bennoch was right. The generosity and dignity with which George III received the first American Ambassador illustrates the point; and it was the same monarch who, in the midst of the War of Independence, reproved an English nobleman for taunting the American painter West because of an American defeat. West had replied vigorously, in the King's presence, that he could "never rejoice at the misfortunes of my countrymen" and George III replied, "Sir, that answer does you honour." In the War of Independence the New England coffee house in the City was never closed; and both West and Copley were painting their celebrated historical pictures in London, West under royal patronage.

It will be noted that Prof. Mowat's celebrities naturally arrived sooner or later into the best society, an achievement always gratifying to the travellers of any nation. James knew everyone. Page was awed on his first journey across the Atlantic by the ease with which the ennobled Englishmen with whom he happened to be travelling assumed the care of the world, had everything and knew everything, apparently without effort. He was led on to the conviction "that the only alert people are the aristocracy." He was seeing a selected and privileged group who had "the high art of living." Page was seduced by a certain glamour in English snobbery, but there is evidently something impressive in the airs of good English society; a function which I suspect is now partly fulfilled by the B.B.C., for I have seen the most patriotic users and upholders of Mr. Mencken's "American slanguage," in all attitudes of veneration before that new English peculiarity; the announcer's more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger accent, as he intones the first news bulletin.

One is sorry that there is no record of humbler travellers and humble receptions; the Rhodes Scholars are all in a heap—and there is no really contemporary record. Is it too early to begin on Mr. Sinclair Lewis or Mr. Mencken? Or an Aimée Macpherson? And what about the scores of American wives? Long residence gives them the right to speak. Pocahontas is Prof. Mowat's only one. The earlier travellers apparently with one accord left their wives behind. There ought to have been some ladies in the book and there ought to have been some complaints to enliven the eulogies. V. S. PRITCHETT.

WE EUROPEANS, by Julian S. Huxley and A. C. Haddon. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

IT must have required great courage on the part of men of science to write this book, for it consists largely of confessions of ignorance and reproaches to the general body of science for its treatment of the problems of race. It is true that the latter are far less severe than the strictures passed upon popular fallacies, but the confession that the laws of inheritance discovered by Mendel are only now beginning to be taken into account in the study of human inheritance must have been a hard one for anyone concerned with anthropology. Apart from a rambling and rather fragmentary account of the racial elements contained in the various nations of western civilization, this book consists of an exposition of the consequences of Mendel's discoveries and their effect, mainly destructive, upon popular and quasi-scientific theories of race and inheritance in human beings. Here we can do nothing more than indicate some of the more immediately important of these consequences.

First then we must abandon the conception, which lies at the root of many theories whose authors imagine themselves to have escaped from scriptural influences, of a common ancestor for all men. It is, we are told, exceedingly unlikely that there has ever, at any rate since the evolution of *homo sapiens*, been anything corresponding in any way to a primal type or stock of men from which later types have diverged. Rather there have always been many types which have again always inter-bred fairly freely, so that not merely is there no race which can be described today as pure, but there never has been any. Mixture has always occurred, and owing to the fact that even recessive genes continue to be transmitted wherever they have once joined company with dominants, it is impossible ever to breed back to a pure type. Different "re-combinations" of genes will continue to occur in each generation in the same proportion as in the last. It should be hardly necessary to refer to the fallacies of the Nazi Aryan theories, but as things are, it is well to see it repeated once again that there is no such thing as a Aryan race, since the name refers to a group of languages spoken by peoples of very diverse characteristics from a biological point of view. Nordics, moreover, are nowhere, not even in Scandinavia, and certainly not in Germany, found in a state of purity any more than any other type or sub-species is so found.

These conclusions are negative, and so is most of the book, and such positive statements as there are are cautious and incomplete. They must necessarily be so in the present state of our knowledge. But besides great courage, this book also displays welcome evidence that men of science are at last awakening to a sense of responsibility for the social consequences not merely of their statements, but of their silences. A. W.

I HAVE BEEN YOUNG, being the autobiography of Mrs. H. M. Swanwick, with an introduction by Lord Ponsonby. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

LIFE ERRANT, by Cicely Hamilton. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

WOMEN have taught men much in the past half century. Among other salutary lessons they have taught us that we are not the sole repositories of political wisdom, particularly in regard to international problems, and that we have no monopoly of calm detachment, sense of justice or clear thinking. During and since the War there have been occasions when elderly statesmen have behaved " like hysterical women ", and certain women—among them the authors of these admirable autobiographies—have kept their heads and preserved their mental balance unimpaired. A quality which Mrs. Swanwick and Miss Hamilton share in common is their detestation of the partisan. It was developed in both of them during the suffrage agitation, in which both played an active part. Mrs. Swanwick writes, in this connection, " The pure partisan bores me to extinction, because she is intellectually dead. . . . The deadly monotony of a partisan paper is almost criminal; its fundamental untruthfulness is quite criminal ".

The circumstances of Mrs. Swanwick's birth and upbringing could hardly fail to give her an international outlook and no doubt did much to shape the course of her subsequent political activities. She was born in Munich, in the sixties. Her father, Oswald Adalbert Sickert, a painter and musician, was a Dane of Slesvig and had become a German citizen by conquest. Her mother was the offspring of a romantic union between an Irish dancer and a Cambridge don. When she was four years old, the family removed to England as Oswald Sickert did not wish his sons to be conscripted into the German army. Among the many friends of her youth were the four daughters of Richard Cobden, Margaret Burne-Jones, Jennie and May Morris, Oscar Wilde and Ellen Terry.

She first met Oscar Wilde when she was a child of fourteen and he a resplendent figure just down from Oxford, after winning the Newdigate.

> " To my mother" [she writes]," Oscar was considerate and affectionate and rather courtly in manner. She was always fond of him and enjoyed his visits. Me, aged fourteen and accustomed to the unflattering frankness of brothers and the whiplash of a father's caustic tongue, he treated as a young woman. . . ."

When her father died in 1885 her mother nearly went mad with grief and refused to see anyone. Mrs. Swanwick's description of Wilde's unselfish kindness and sympathy, on this occasion, reveals an aspect of his character which has been too little appreciated.

Shortly after leaving Cambridge she married Frederick Swanwick, who had become a lecturer on mathematics at Owen's College, and went to live in Manchester, where she became a close friend of C. P. Scott and gained journalistic experience on the *Manchester Guardian*. She was drawn into the suffrage movement when it started, rejected militancy, like Miss Hamilton, and became the editor of the best suffrage paper, *The Common Cause.*

When the War broke out she devoted her energies to the Women's International League and the Union of Democratic Control, speaking at meetings in favour of peace by negotiation. These activities brought her into a close contact with E. D. Morel, which ended only with his tragic death in 1924. She succeeded Morel as editor of *Foreign Affairs* and conducted the paper with brilliance until she was forced into resignation by what a colleague described as " that intolerable committee ". H. W. Nevinson's comment on this event was, " I think you are the fifth editor who has been ' shot under me ', for being too good for the job".

After much useful work at Geneva, in connection with the League of Nations, Mrs. Swanwick now lives in retirement at Maidenhead, cultivating her garden. She has had a long career of devoted and unselfish public service which has brought her much spiritual, if no material, reward. And, at least, she is able to conclude this absorbing record of it by saying: " I have had a happy life, much work, many friends."

Miss Cicely Hamilton's existence has been nothing if not varied. She was the daughter of a soldier and had to begin earning her living at an early age. In turns she has been an actress, a journalist, a novelist, a successful but inadequately rewarded playwright—she made a poor contract for her memorable play, " Diana of Dobson's"—a suffragist, a student of conditions in post-war Europe and an advocate of birth control. Her life has been packed with " interests " rather than devoted to " causes ", although " causes " have claimed a good deal of her time and energy. She is too much of an individualist, too Tory in her tastes, too disinclined to regard political opponents as, of necessity, fools and blackguards to have made a successful propagandist. She did a good deal of writing and speaking for the suffrage movement, but distrusted the blind *Führer* worship of the W.S.P.U. and in retrospect regards Emmeline Pankhurst as a forerunner of Hitler and Mussolini, on a smaller scale. During the War she was attached, as a nurse, to the Scottish Women's Hospital.

Although, like every other intelligent person, she is a convinced pacifist, her reserves of judgment made her suspect in the pacifist camp. If you refuse to do evil that good may come you must be prepared to condone it. Pacifists cannot be crusaders, to defend the weak against oppression by the strong. " Associated Pacifists ", as she points out, " like other associated human beings, have a preference for comfortable, orthodox views, and a corresponding objection to the views of the heretic ". The truth of this few can know better than myself. This book is short, as autobiographies go; and, although it is illustrated, it contains no index. Miss Hamilton is an artist, and has been, for that reason, selective. But in praising *Life Errant*, on literary grounds, I must not seem to cast reflections on the long, well-indexed, and extremely important work of Mrs. Swanwick. Both these books will be read largely by women. It is essential that they should also be read by intelligent men.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

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SELECTED FICTION

OUT FOR A MILLION, by V. Krymov. Translated by Malcolm Burr. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
HUBERT'S ARTHUR, by Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
DELINA DELANEY, by Amanda M. Ros. *Chatto & Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THREE more dissimilar books it would be hard to imagine. They can only be taken separately, and liking one will probably mean being unfair to the others.

Out for a Million is a story of the Old Believers in pre-War Russia. It begins with dissipations on the imperial scale: the familiar scenes, officers, students, actresses in Gipsy restaurants; then we are taken back to the childhood of one of the characters for a long digression. At this point most readers will be inclined to put the book down. Later on it opens out unexpectedly into an amusing comedy of a millionaire in search of a bride. Whether it is worth reading for the laugh in the second part, however, I rather doubt. The book is interesting for its descriptions of Old Believers (not unlike the fundamentalists of the Middle West), for its picture of a Russian childhood, but these have too little to do with the story.

Hubert's Arthur will attract Corvo fans; personally I find the Baron sometimes better to read about than to read. This historical romance, an embellished imitation of old chronicles, describes what might have happened if Arthur, Duke of Brittany, had escaped being murdered by King John, and had recaptured Jerusalem from the Saracens. It is worth reading for its prose, the flavour of heraldry, the occasionally compelling digressions of the narrator.

Hubert's Arthur did not fascinate me, but Mrs. Amanda Ros's *Delina Delaney*, I confess, did. No other living novelist writes paragraphs like this:

"Continuing, he said:

Lady Mattie (heaven knows who died, or if anyone died and legacied her the title) is one of those willowy-washy figures who keeps rushing into this room, that room, and the other room, wherever the deuce she finds a mirror to throw her image back to her in flattered fashion. She stands almost a six-footer, with her treadles thrust into shoes you'd swear once long ago belonged to a Chinese mad-man; her long, thin, wallopy legs enveloped in silken hose, with birds, fish, fowl, cabbage leaves, ay by Jove, with every species of animal, vegetable and mineral rainbowed in coloured fashion over their flimsy fronts.

"Then her garters! Ah! ha!

"How I remember one fine day finding a lost one that at a time had fastened itself, I presume, above or below the knee, and, thirsting probably for a dash of fresh air, broke loose, and there it lay. That garter! Composed of every colour, resembling the amethyst, opal, emerald, jasper, onyx, pearl and sapphire, terminating in a cat's face studded with diamonds."

Lord Gifford (this is one of his outbursts) prefers, of course, the love of a peasant girl; and Delina, "my darling virgin", wanders about an Irish countryside, where "the glorious rays of a tropical sun clasped Nature in their silvery and cheerful arms", between her mother's humble roof and the splendours of Columba Castle. She drops a half-sovereign in the road: "the golden coin had kissed the gutter". We see her first as a handsome young girl "fast approaching her sixteenth birthday". Her adventures, with Lord Gifford and Madam-de-Maine ("it was through her alone that I fell so far from virtue's path"), among "society-movers" and in prison, in London as well as Ireland, should not be missed. Those who liked *Young England* will enjoy Old Ireland.

G. W. STONIER.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Denis W. Brogan, who contributes the first article this month, is the author of *The American Political System*, a book which, when it was first published in America under the title of *Government of the People* (Harpers), was described by H. L. Mencken as the best work on the American political system which had appeared since Bryce's classic. His recent monograph, *Abraham Lincoln*, published in Duckworth's series, will be remembered. But though his special subject is American government and politics, these are far from exhausting a very lively interest in affairs, as his articles in the *Fortnightly* attest. He is a Fellow of Corpus Christi College and lectures on American and French politics.

Few English journalists have known France so well as **Sisley Huddleston.** A prolific writer, he has with easy urbanity interpreted its politics, its history and the life of its people in many books and articles for Anglo-Saxon readers. He was for some years the Paris correspondent of the *Observer* and afterwards of *The Times*. Then he was caught up in other occupations, mostly American, and his writing activities in the British press were interrupted. Readers of the *Fortnightly* will welcome the return to its pages of one who was formerly a regular contributor.

Major Lawrence Athill made his first contact with the Abyssinians in investigating one of the numerous affrays that occur on the borders of this warlike people's territory. For nineteen years he was a gunner, but retired in 1925. He is now much engaged in organizing a British ambulance service for Abyssinia.

Dr. Rudolf Kircher is editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which has a long tradition of liberal journalism and remains one of the most influential of German newspapers. As a former correspondent for some years for his paper in London he knows England well, and recently returned here to lecture and to interpret English opinion to Germany.

Osbert Burdett's book on the pleasant subject of cheese was reviewed in these columns last month. It has since been the theme of a lively and erudite correspondence in the daily press.

George Soloveytchik, who is the son and grandson of Russian bankers, sought refuge from the Bolsheviks in England in 1919 and by the age of twenty had graduated at Oxford. He has been foreign manager for a City firm, travelling much on the Continent, and constantly writing articles and books.

Since he travelled with the Prince of Wales in New Zealand in 1920 and wrote a book about it, **Hector Bolitho** has wandered much in the pleasant paths of biography. He is now engaged on the life of the first Lord Inchcape.

Carl Goldenberg is a barrister and a lecturer in economics at McGill University. This young Montrealer had the special advantage, in writing of Canada's new Prime Minister and his tariff policy, of having been economic adviser to the Liberal Party in the recent election.

Günther Stein was assistant editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* until the Nazi revolution, after having served his paper as correspondent in many capitals; is now a correspondent of English newspapers in Tokyo,.

Michael Langley, the youngest of our contributors, was born in 1911. He is fond of unconventional travel in cargo boats and on foot, and is engaged on a book on the Middle East.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

FEBRUARY, 1936

KING GEORGE THE FIFTH

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

AT the passing of King George the Fifth, mourning knew no boundaries in Europe, for no statesman and no state regarded him as an adversary. King Edward was admired by many Germans who none the less felt that his death removed a powerful enemy of their country: but it was known—what matters more, it was felt—everywhere that King George's whole effort was given to appeasement, and that no effort within his power would be spared. Europe had seen with amazement the British throne grow daily more secure, while almost every other dynasty was shaken, and many crashed into ruin.

But it is of King George as head of the British Commonwealth, and head of the British Empire that one has to write. All on whom that task falls have surely had the same feeling that nothing comes into the mind which must be kept back. There is no need for reticence. Exaggeration of praise would be an offence against one, the keynote of whose life was simplicity; but it would be hard to find example of a king who performed more honourably and whole-heartedly the high duties to which birth had called him. We have come to recognize that a monarchy is necessary as the central rallying point of what we call the British Empire; but we have learnt also how much attractive power the monarch's personality may add to that centre. The least exercise of historic thought will suggest also how much it may take away; but happily for England, living memory holds no example of this effect. England has bred for itself, out of a not too promising stock, the type of royalty which England has needed. The first two Georges were as unlike George the Fifth as two unpleasant German princelings of that age would be to a lovable gentleman of

today, but their successor inherited what was best in them: their manliness. In him England had the complete expression of what is finer even than the kindred public school tradition—the tradition of the two great Services. His character was not so exceptional as that of Queen Victoria or King Edward, nor did he develop the special abilities that these sovereigns displayed; yet he had, in a slightly different sense, as much character as either. Character, first, in resistance to the warping influences which beset every man born to the purple—to any kind of purple—and which are above all hostile to such a simplicity as King George preserved. Character in stout-heartedness when fronting dangers and difficulties; and no English sovereign ever faced more. Character in accepting loyally the limitations of his power. King George, so far as ordinary students of politics can gather, never interfered; but he intervened, not once or twice only, and always, it would appear, with the same purpose, to protect his democratic subjects against democracy's besetting danger of exaggeration of the party spirit.

When King Edward died, the quarrel over the power of the House of Lords had risen to the violence of faction. We cannot know at present whether the suggestion of a Conference between leaders of the parties to seek for an agreement came from the new King; but the Conference was one of the first marking points in his reign. It failed. None the less, four years later, when the strife over Home Rule threatened civil war, another Conference was summoned, this time definitely on the King's initiative; it met at Buckingham Palace. Again it failed; the dangerous issue was left to the forces of faction till a world war for a time put an end to them. But after the war the old danger reappeared and in 1931 England, through the unchecked play of party, was faced with a crisis hardly less grave than imminent war. Again the King, on the advice of the Prime Minister, head of a Labour Administration, called upon the opposing party leaders to come together; and this time

there was positive result in the formation of a National Government. Not only one election, but a second after full interval, has shown that the King rightly judged the need and the desires of his people.

On that occasion deliberation was fortunately free of the Irish entanglement. But throughout the King's reign that old trouble has produced consequences which no one can look back on without bitter regret. Yet even in that part of His Majesty's dominions where no British government has been regarded without hostility, no one, I feel confident in saying, blamed King George for either cause or consequence. What Ireland remembers is that in June, 1921, when the Ulster Parliament was opened, the King in person delivered a speech that pointed the way to reconcilements; and within a month, truce was proclaimed in the rest of Ireland. From that day onward in every class of the Irish people there has been a disposition to regard the King as a friend; to believe that his desire was to end contention between Great Britain and Ireland, and to bring about unity in Ireland itself.

This central figure who has stood to Ireland, and, I think, to all Europe, as something not only more permanent but more representative than his ministers, was all the more significant because he was so normally English. His qualities could be matched in scores of naval and military officers, serving or retired, who have the same unswerving honour allied to plain commonsense, the same unostentatious religion, indeed the same avoidance of ostentation in all forms, and the same decent dignity. But he had at his disposal, and mastered with persistent labour, such information as not even the Prime Minister could command. He thought much as the best class of officers think, he had broadly the same instinctive response to facts; but his knowledge of the facts was incomparably superior to theirs. This combination made his special value to England, and to the world, in which the well-informed normal English mind is a powerful factor for well being.

THE DECEMBER CRISIS

By Frederick Hammond

WHILE it will obviously take many years to provide the historical perspective for an adequate appraisal of the political crisis which stirred England last December, it is even now, in this moment of relative political calm, apparent that this crisis constituted one of the great crucial points in the rapidly unfolding history of modern times.

Perhaps the most striking, if not the most important result of the crisis was the almost providential vindication of democracy which came at a time of truly imminent need. The tide had been flowing to autocracy. Fascism and Nazism were in full flood in Europe. Democracy was apologetic and everywhere on the defensive. The vacillation of the British Cabinet, in the Mother of Parliaments, made the situation sensibly worse. Yet within a few short, electric days the entire situation was changed. The pristine vigour of the Anglo-Saxon folk-moot manifested itself again, after a thousand years, on an infinitely larger scale. Democracy ceased to be regarded as an aged and outworn political theory, but appeared again clad in the garb and apparently animated by the spirit of perennial youth.

The outstanding weakness of democracy, whether direct or representative, has not usually been considered to rest in the realm of thought and ideas. Though the voice of the people may not be the voice of God, yet at least the general acceptance —though often as a last resort—of universal suffrage rests, primarily, upon the belief that there are fundamental instincts and tendencies actuating the mass of the people, which lead more nearly to the truth than the pronouncements which emanate from the egoistic impulses of a dictator. One political truth at least is as certain as any political truth can be. The

great majority of mankind would rather trust their fate to the perhaps largely instinctive reactions of the people than to the arbitrary decisions of an autocrat; certainly the latter, naturally uncriticized, are liable to lead to infinitely greater danger.

One may justly say, therefore, that it is not in the realm of thought, but in execution, that dictatorship has in these latter years been considered to excel. And if democracy, despite its closer approximation to truth, is inherently more feeble and hesitant than autocracy in decision and action, then democracy is bound to give way to dictatorship.

But the result of the December crisis shows that democracy can equal dictatorship in the larger measures of execution; can even excel it in respect to the elasticity which permits, when necessary, a complete change in the prearranged plan of action. Military critics have said that the Battle of the Marne was won because, although the German army had the better plan of campaign, the French army was able to adapt itself more readily to changed conditions. Consider for a moment the obstacles in that crisis which democracy had to meet in December. A Government just elected with an overwhelming majority; the accepted and popular leaders of that Government pledged to the letter of a specific undertaking; a long tradition of the continuity of foreign policy. Yet in a few short days the people of England were stirred deeply, spoke, acted. The policy of a Government, specifically defined in written words, was reversed.

The moral standing of Britain, jeopardized by its Government, was restored by its people. Autocracy could not have made such a complete *volte face* and survived. Democracy not only reversed the position of its Government, but attained to greater dignity and power by doing so. In other words, in the great test of December, democracy excelled any possible autocracy in the very sphere in which it is frequently considered to be inferior: in the quick crystallization of principle, and in the decision definitely to abide by it.

If it be not over presumptuous to anticipate, thus soon, the verdict of history, it seems apparent that the second if not the equally important result of the December crisis was the decision, by the British democracy, to put the theory of collective thinking and collective search for security to an immediate test.

During the Great War the propagandists of the Allied cause formulated, for their hour of need and out of their necessity, certain moving slogans to keep their people steadfast and to inspire their soldiers in the trenches. Thus, " The War to end War ", and " The War to make the world safe for Democracy ". The League of Nations, forged from the fires of that war, was moulded to put these ideals in permanent form and practice. Even though, as time elapsed, the League was often used by the sophisticated statesmen of Europe only in so far as it seemed from time to time expedient, yet the ideals behind it remained implanted in the heart of the masses. The people of England, at least, never forgot the slogans that had inspired them. And the various societies for the promotion of ordeal by reason, instead of battle, gradually made of these watchwords the deep-seated political religion of the British people. Whether wisely or not, England has definitely determined to put the principle of collective agreement, if necessary of collective force, to the test.

Apparently a fateful issue in human history is joined. The Parliamentary principle of sweet compromise, useful though it may be in ordinary circumstances, at certain fateful points in human history evidently reaches its limits. It has apparently reached one now. It may be that the present issue cannot be decided otherwise than by the arbitrament of further war. The fight is on between the ancient ideal of the right of the strong, or the still more ancient right of tooth and claw, against the modern ideal that reason, and not force, must govern the nations in their relations one with another. Perhaps it is all premature. Perhaps another thousand or ten thousand years of the old reign of terror may be in store for humanity. Yet, on the other hand, it may be that now is the destined point in history for the great change to occur, just as, at a certain critical point, ice liquefies to water.

But whether the outcome be for good or for ill, one can at least give unstinted praise to British democracy which, with serene awareness of the danger it was courting, determined in December to hazard prosperity, life, the fate of the nation, in order to give a lead to the world for the collective thought and collective action that alone can punish the aggressor and bring, ultimately if not now, peace and collective security.

FIXED TRUSTS OR INVESTMENT TRUSTS?

By George Glasgow

A STOCK Exchange sub-committee, having been appointed to consider generally the subject of Fixed Trusts, issued an interim report on December 12th, which was published in the press on January 3rd. The report itself deals with the public aspects of fixed trusts, but there are appended certain draft regulations which are techincal in so far as they state the requirements which might be enacted by the Stock Exchange Committee. It is a matter of real importance for the public that the points raised in the report itself should be understood.

What is a fixed trust? The germ of the idea came from across the Atlantic. As is the case in many of the great monetary adventures, the idea itself resulted from an exercise in simple logic. It happened in 1929 that the world began its historic plunge into the greatest financial disaster known to human history. As one result of that disaster the great body of investment trust companies failed in a greater or smaller degree in their particular purpose of providing the " small investor " with security of capital and reliability of income. Those investment trust companies, with their background of more than half a century of public service, had built up a prestige which they now found to be partially eclipsed. Their central technique had been the " management " of invested funds. The directors changed the investments they controlled as and when they thought profitable. They spread them over many countries, over different kinds of securities, over bonds, preferred stocks or shares and " equities ". The spread, other things being equal, was of almost unbounded scope. The principle of distributing the risk had by past experience been proved to be a fairly reliable safeguard both of capital and of income. It had been a cumulative experience, for

instance, that disaster in one field was balanced by a corresponding gain in another, that indeed the two things constituted cause and effect. During the Great War, Europe's economic suicide implied a boom in the United States ; the destruction of shipping on the high seas and the resultant misfortune to ship-owning concerns implied a boom in ship-building. That principle of finance had held against all experience up to 1929. Never before had the whole world gone wrong at the same time. But, whereas tradition had vindicated and partly evolved the machinery of investment trust company management, the cardinal fact remained that the degree of its success depended upon the quality of the management.

All human enterprise in the long run is dependent upon the management. Management now had "failed" in the new unprecedented circumstances. The logical mind that conceived the notion of a "fixed" trust argued thus : "If management has failed, why not eliminate management ?" From that simple impulse of reasoning sprang a theory of investment which has been put into practice in four short years to such an extent that it now constitutes an agency for good or for bad on an enormous scale, and has at its disposal the interests of hundreds of thousands of small investors. Nearly £50,000,000 has been subscribed, mostly in small sums, for investment in fixed trusts. There are nearly fifty such trusts already in existence. The magnitude of the thing is such that if it prove to be good in its ultimate effect, it will have conferred a benefit upon mankind, and if it prove to be bad, its evil will extend far beyond the particular interests of the people directly involved in it. As at first applied, although the subsequent application has been in some degree modified, the principle was that a trust be formed in such a way that the constituent investments be "fixed". A narrow range of investments was chosen, consisting of ten, twenty, or thirty securities quoted on the London Stock Exchange, and in the main consisting of British industrial equity stocks or shares, with the proviso enshrined in the trust deed that those investments should never be changed during the life of the trust; that, in short, there should be no "management". The life of the trust was likewise fixed for a term of twenty years or thereabouts.

The pioneers of fixed trusts in Great Britain were the Municipal

and General Securities Company, Ltd., who formed the First British Fixed Trust in April, 1931. In their published propaganda they make this claim : "The fixed trust provides a means whereby even the smallest investor may effect diversification over a large range of high-class industrial securities, thus enjoying a privilege *hitherto open only to larger investors*". The italics are mine. Similar statements appear also in the literature of most of the other groups of fixed trusts. Now, it is the fact that since the late Mr. Robert Fleming, more than fifty years ago, founded the practice of investment trust company finance, that practice has on an ever-increasing scale provided precisely for the distribution and diversification of risk both for the smallest, as well as for other, investors. To-day the English and the Scottish investment trust companies control an aggregate capital of some £300,000,000, largely held by small investors. There are more than 200 English and Scottish investment trust companies.

Why do the fixed trusts in their propaganda ignore the very existence of investment trust companies ? Because their simple object is to capture the others' thunder. They have thrown down a challenge. At this moment, when the fortunes of the investment trust companies are rapidly returning, the challenge, in the eyes of the disinterested spectator, is a matter of considerable interest. It happened that the fixed trust movement started at the very moment when, so far as Great Britain was concerned, the economic and financial tide had just turned. The fixed trusts have so far continuously operated on rising British markets and on a wave of rising British prosperity. As the said prosperity has so far been confined to Great Britain, although there are latter-day signs that it is beginning to spread, the fixed trusts have in the main been justified in confining their operations to the British market. But let it be understood that their operations are thus confined. The "diversification" claimed is severely limited. It is not "large". It is small. And they have yet to weather a storm.

The investment trust companies have behind them the experience of the Baring crisis of the 'nineties, the Great War of 1914-1918, the slump and depression of 1920 and 1921, the great depression that began in 1929 and several minor slumps

that have been sandwiched between those great emergencies of the past half century. The fixed trusts are a ship that has been tested so far only on smooth waters and in fair weather. The investment trusts have weathered storm after storm, and are now quickly recovering from the effects even of the last unparalleled storm. There is no doubt that the fixed trusts have so far successfully taken advantage of the temporary distress of the investment trust companies. There is a proved demand for their services. What is not proved, because there has as yet not been time enough to prove, is whether that demand is wise or not. The first few sentences of the interim report of the Stock Exchange Sub-Committee put the matter thus :

> The material which has been collected by the Sub-Committee has made it clear that this method of investment does in fact provide a means of obtaining money from the public without affording in return the safeguards with which the Legislature has deemed it necessary to surround so many other forms of investment. The Fixed Trust movement is expanding with great rapidity, and, apart from a general loss of prosperity, it may be expected to continue to do so, and in this growth it is inevitable that, unless there is set up some standard to which all Fixed Trusts must conform, the influence of competition will produce Trusts which sacrifice stability and probity to the greater benefits which their creators can derive by the proffer to the public of promises which would not stand the test of well-informed examination. There is, however, a considerable volume of evidence to show that the Fixed Trust movement owes its growth, not by any means exclusively to the appetite of its promoters for the emoluments which they derive, but also to a genuine public demand for a means by which the comparatively small investor may enter a slightly speculative but clearly defined field of investment with the benefits of a spread risk. The Sub-Committee is thus led to the conclusion that the public interest does not demand the suppression of Fixed Trusts, but does demand the authoritative establishment of such standards as will safeguard the public from exploitation by this means.

What are the dangers to which the report thus refers ? In the first place the promoters of the fixed trusts are irresponsible to most of the sanctions that bind other public concerns entrusted with capital publicly subscribed. They are not a company in the legal sense. They do not hold annual meetings of the body of subscribers, answerable to such meetings for their conduct of the trust. Indeed by eliminating management they eliminate all responsibility for success or failure in the venture they themselves have launched. In the second place there are potential temptations to something short of what the Stock Exchange sub-

Committee calls " probity ". Any body of men, taking advantage of the now prevalent public craving for fixed trusts, could with impunity launch a fixed trust, take their own benefits at once, and leave the trust to prosper or to founder at its leisure. Those benefits may be taken in a lump sum, in advance of the twenty-year period for which, in theory, they constitute the remuneration. The growth of fixed trusts has been rapid and large. So far the sponsors have been above suspicion or reproach, and in some cases have themselves voluntarily taken measures to remove some of the potential evils aforesaid. Indeed, the Fixed Trusts Standing Joint Advisory Committee has already announced its intention of meeting halfway the advice of the Stock Exchange sub-committee by forming an Association of Fixed Trust Managers. Membership of the Association will be confined to such Trusts as conform to the principles enumerated in the Stock Exchange sub-committee's draft regulations, pending any legislation that may be enacted. It will thus constitute a " white list," with the obverse implication of a tacitly operative " black list ". But men are mortal, trust deeds can be altered or new ones substituted, and the future being unknown, it is possible that one day unscrupulous men may enter the tempting field. Where financial profit is the argument, and there are no safeguards to shut out the unscrupulous men, it is unfortunately not inconsistent with human experience that such men may take a chance.

The buyers of sub-units pay (1) the average market price of the day of the securities constituting the trust, such average being calculated from the prices ruling at midday the day before ; (2) the *pro rata* brokerage and expenses of registration and stamps ; (3) a " loading " or service fee to the promoters, which may indeed not amount to more than one half of one per cent. per annum on the capital subscribed, if the remuneration be calculated over twenty years, but which in fact is paid by the investor *in toto* at the beginning of the period of the trust. The promoters therefore, as their immediate remuneration, not for seeing the trust through to a successful end, but merely for forming the trust, receive, say, 10 per cent. of the capital subscribed. They also, in the main, receive one-third brokerage from the stockbrokers who carry out the investing of the constituent funds. They also, for the most part, receive the

equivalent of a "jobber's turn", because the sub-units, not being officially dealt in on the Stock Exchange, are in many cases bought and sold by the promoters themselves, who themselves "make" the prices of buying and selling. Out of those profits the promoters have to meet their expenses, which are heavy. The heaviest probably is for advertisement. They advertise for the subscription of capital. They distribute brochures attractively printed, plain or in colour, on good paper, making promises to the investor which, if fulfilled, would satisfy the fullest dreams of the happiest investor: promises of steady income, capital security, and, more, of appreciation. The promises are made without any apparent twinge of doubt. They are phrased to attract capital investment, to achieve, in short, the promoters' end.

Now, if there is one single fact established beyond all doubt by all experience in the field of investment, it is that there is no such thing as security, and no such thing as certainty. The most likely thing about any investment is that it is a bad investment. Caution, a sense of danger, an ever alert suspicion, are the basic qualities alike of those who pilot a ship and of those who manage investments. All investments at all times have to be watched. Are the gilt-edged borrowings of the British Government safe to the investor? Their security in income rests upon the proved willingness of the British taxpayer to pay whatever taxes are demanded by that government for whatever extravagances it may choose to indulge in. Their security in capital rests upon the probability that the Stock Exchange demand will "over a period" be equal to the supply. But as lately as 1932, the British Government at its will converted its own 5 per cent. stock into 3½ per cent. stock and the holders found their income reduced by exactly 30 per cent. As lately as the Great War, when the British Government had to borrow at the rate of 5 per cent., the pre-war holders of 2½ per cent. Consolidated Stock automatically found that they had lost half their capital. Within one generation we have witnessed the spectacle of what has happened to those who seek security by investing in what is generally regarded as the "safest" field of investment, namely, British Government securities. Within 20 years such investors have had the comprehensive experience

at one time of losing half their capital, at another time of losing a third of their income. The only means whereby the pre-1914 holders of Consols could have safeguarded their capital when the War came, would have been by foreseeing that a national expenditure of several millions a day for four and a half years would have the effect of doubling interest rates and halving capital values, and by deciding, therefore, to sell their Consols at the beginning, in order to buy War Stock at the end, of the War. In other words the only means was the use of brains and work, that is "management".

To any experienced man of affairs the notion of "fixing" his investments for a period of twenty years ahead is derisory. Yet such is precisely the prospect on which the fixed trusts have attracted £50,000,000 from the pockets of small and in many cases no doubt ignorant investors. Let it be understood at once that the promoters of fixed trusts have themselves foreseen and already countered some of the dangers inherent in their own handiwork. In four short years trust deeds have undergone a steady, though by no means complete, transformation. No longer are fixed trusts rigidly fixed. Increasing competence is being given to promoters—"managers" as they are often called with almost Pickwickian irony—to liquidate an investment from which they may have subsequent reason to foresee something different from what they originally expected. Indeed, the fixed trusts as originally conceived in 1931 have already abandoned some measure of their fixity. They are cultivating the alternative epithet "flexible". They perhaps even hope at some future time to become totally unfixed, to become, in short, what investment trust companies have been for half a century, namely, investment concerns "managed" at and by the discretion of those who control them. In such an event we should witness the supreme paradox of a stealer of thunder being driven to restore the thunder. But they cannot restore it. Trust deeds may be altered, but unless their very hypothesis be destroyed, they will still in the main be limited to choosing one alternative against another in a narrow field of British industrials. There was a time, not ten years ago, when British industrials were regarded as an unsound field for investment and were given a wide berth by the shrewd investor.

One of the attendant technical difficulties that may at some time arise in an acute form results from the fact that the serried masses of fixed trusts are all rushing down one narrow channel and buying increasing quantities of the same few securities. At any moment the floating stock of the chief British industrials available in the market is a small percentage of the total capital of those companies. The fixed trusts, having bought up considerable quantities of such stock, to hold over a long period, are automatically responsible for the rising prices they claim as one of the benefits they confer, in the form of capital appreciation, upon their investors. What of the time when they will all want to sell? Unless the trust deeds be altered in the meantime they will all want to sell at the end of their term. In the alternative, if they are competent to sell, and if they decide to sell, on a diagnosis of impending trouble, they will all want to sell at about the same time for the same reason. Will they not, in either case, bring down the market against themselves? And in such an event what of the capital safety they have promised? Even if the Stock Exchange Sub-Committee's recommendation—" it is inadvisable that the amount of any one security to be included when the trust is fully constituted should exceed 2½ per cent. of the total amount of that security dealt in "—be generally put into practice, the fact will remain that many trusts are buying parcels of the same security, and the reason which will make them all want to sell will already have undermined the market, and the mass selling of the fixed trusts, therefore, will probably assume the dimensions of a disaster. An investment trust by contrast is a permanent institution that need never be wound up and can buy, instead of selling, in a slump, or on a long view.

Moreover, let certain present random facts be considered. A calculation has been made, I believe accurately, to the following effect. The total aggregate amount of Allied Ironfounders £1 Ordinary shares held so far by the fixed trusts is 401,950. The total number of those shares outstanding is 1,620,075. The fixed trusts therefore between them hold 24.8 per cent. of the whole. Of the total 2,400,000 Amalgamated Press 10s. ordinary shares, the fixed trusts hold 761,600, or 31.7 per cent. Of the total 5,600,000 Imperial Continental Gas Ordinary £1 shares, the fixed trusts hold 681,500 or 12.2 per cent. Such percentages seem to suggest the inadequacy even of the sub-committee's maximum of 2½ per cent. for a single trust. In effect the enormous blocks of the capital of those three particular companies have been temporarily removed from the market, and the present market price is therefore automatically and in one sense artificially lifted to a higher level than it would otherwise stand at. The present price paid for sub-units is based upon market values artificially and automatically raised by the mass buying of the fixed trusts themselves, in other words, by the very existence of the fixed trusts. When the return of capital to the holders of fixed trust capital becomes necessary, the resultant mass selling is likely to have the diametrically opposite effect on the market. This canalization of mass buying and selling in a few British industrials is a seriously disturbing element introduced to the market by the swelling volume of fixed trust capital.

There is no doubt about the present public demand for fixed trusts, but it has been largely fostered by intensive publicity. The convention which precludes members of the Stock Exchange and investment trust companies from advertising themselves has the same advantages in financial practice as the convention which precludes doctors from advertising themselves has in medical practice. Moreover, even granted, as is the case, that many existing fixed trusts have voluntarily arranged to distribute the promoters' benefits over the period of the trust, what is to prevent a group from going bankrupt before the period expires?

What can the Stock Exchange do about it? Not much. The sub-committee, having reached the conclusion that " the public interest does not demand the suppression of fixed trusts, but does demand the authoritative establishment of such standards as will safeguard the public from exploitation by this means ", went on to examine the available means of safeguarding the public from " the evils expected to result from the uncontrolled continuance of the fixed trust movement ". It accordingly drew up draft regulations to that end, subject to this proviso:

> It cannot, however, be overlooked that such Regulations, if established by the Stock Exchange alone, would extend no further than the exclusion from the Market of the Stock Exchange of those Trusts which do not comply, and from the services of members of the Stock Exchange as brokers in connection with dealings in units and sub-units. The Regulations afford

no means of controlling the activities of any trust which is content to find its own market elsewhere, and there is, in fact, considerable ground for saying that the majority of fixed trust managers would welcome conditions which constituted them the sole market for their own sub-units.

The report then declares :

Turning for one moment from the standpoint of public interest to that of the Stock Exchange itself, it is apparent that by promulgating such regulations the Stock Exchange would be assuming the heavy responsibility of deciding whether they were in fact adequate to protect the public, and whether in each case they had or had not been duly complied with. The Sub-Committee would not hesitate to recommend the assumption of this responsibility if they were satisfied that it would result in the public getting the protection which it should have, but, for the reasons set out above, it has felt that the protection to the public would be limited and indeed altogether absent in those cases in which it is most needed. The ultimate conclusion of the Sub-Committee is, therefore, that the full measure of protection to which the public is entitled can only be achieved by legislation which can be universally enforced, and that such legislation lies outside the scope of the authority of the Stock Exchange itself. In this report the Sub-Committee has confined itself to the foregoing public aspects of the matter. There are other aspects of the matter which it is proposed to make the subject of a future report.

What immediately emerges is that the units and sub-units of fixed trusts are not to be given an official quotation on the Stock Exchange. The Stock Exchange has, moreover, given a clear warning of the dangers inherent in fixed trusts in their public aspects. It promises a further report on their other aspects. It has suggested legislation as a safeguard, but common sense and common experience warn us that though such legislation might do an immense amount of good, it might still leave to the unscrupulous a smaller but well-defined scope in which to work.

THROUGH FRENCH EYES

By André Maurois

I : Sir Samuel Goes Skating

SOME years ago, on the skating rink of St. Moritz, I used daily to watch the grave evolutions of an old Englishman, who, with infinite care and precision, was intent on improving his " figures ". A white-haired woman, seated near a brazier at the edge of the rink, followed his movements, criticizing and encouraging. A week later, when I had made the couple's acquaintance, I learnt, not without surprise, that the old skater was an Anglican bishop, and that he had reached his seventy-seventh year.

" Aren't you afraid," I said to his wife, " that the exercise may prove very dangerous for him ? At his age the bones become fragile. A fall . . ."

" Yes, I know," she said with a sigh, " but what can one do ? He is so anxious to qualify for the first test before he dies."

This effort to assure, before the day of eternal salvation, the sporting salvation of a high ecclesiastical dignitary, shed a sudden and vivid light upon certain differences between our two peoples, and the events of recent days have recalled the skater of St. Moritz.

Sir Samuel Hoare abandoned office in a manner at once consonant with his own dignity and most honourable to himself. He sacrificed a growing popularity and an assured future to the desire to preserve peace and to save the Anglo-French Entente. His explanation of the course he took was so simple and so sincere that he received the applause even of those who demanded his resignation. But there was one detail in the history of this crisis which was a cause of great surprise to French people.

On the day after the Paris conversations, so tragic in their possible consequences, and on the eve of a debate in the Commons

in which his whole ministerial career would be at stake, Sir Samuel left for Switzerland to indulge in his favourite sport. " What ! " the French public exclaims, " to go skating at such a moment ! " And the time is recalled when Aristide Briand was similarly obliged to resign office because, in circumstances less grave, he had played a round of golf with Lloyd George.

The case of the old bishop helps one to understand why there is really no comparison between these two episodes, which at first sight seem to be on all fours. Sir Samuel's skating did him no harm. On the contrary, when he returns to power (which he will surely do) this incident will no doubt stand to his credit. In France a minister who plays golf inspires grave distrust ; in England the minister who should despise all sport would surprise and disquiet the electors. Lady Oxford tells us in her memoirs that her husband made up for his disdain of all physical exercise by knowing by heart the names of all the horses which had won the big races for a century past. One of the most popular men of the last century was Lord Hartington, who nourished two ambitions, to become Prime Minister and to win the Derby, and who placed the second honour above the first. The most stable Minister of the preceding century, Sir Robert Walpole, opened the letters he received from his gamekeeper before he read his State papers. Lord Rosebery won the Derby three times, twice whilst he was Prime Minister. Lord Balfour was a great tennis player, and in the history of his country he is remembered, not so much as the negotiator of the Treaty of Versailles, but as the man who made the Scottish game of golf the fashion in England.

The type of man who pleases the masses and wins their confidence is not the same in the two countries. In France he must be very serious. " If I had a son ", Briand once said, " and if he wanted to go in for a political career in France, this is the advice that I should give him : ' Conceal your own fancies, my boy ; hide your high spirits, suppress your gaiety. Be sombre, sad and tedious. If you want to amuse yourself, at least don't do it in public '. What they respect in France is the man who carries his head like the Host. Only those who understand that have lasted out to the end of their lives. Look at Henri Brisson, whom we all knew as a man lugubrious and austere ; well, it seems that among friends he was a bit frolicsome. But he knew

the game ; yes, and when he died he was President of the Chamber and all-powerful ; whereas I, who am bored by these comedies . . . Oh yes, my friends . . . Even you when you leave here shortly will nod your heads and say, ' He is amusing is Briand, but unfortunately he is not serious '."

What England likes in her ministers, on the other hand, is a certain nonchalance, great culture, a taste for leisure, sometimes oddity almost amounting to eccentricity. She venerated Lord Salisbury, who did not know the members of his own Cabinet. She adopted Disraeli not in spite of, but because of, his mannerisms. She respected in Gladstone the passionate conviction of his politics and his religion, but also his strange taste for the job of a woodcutter. Who knows ? Perhaps the skates of Sir Samuel will be as famous some day as were once the crutches of Chatham or the orchids of Chamberlain.

II : Le Ménage

I KNOW a family which, for my part, I have long esteemed, but which I usually find to be misunderstood, even among its friends. The husband is a business man, honest, rather hard, very attentive to his own interests, capable of generosity, but dissembling it under an apparent coldness ; in short, rather an unsociable person, though as a matter of fact he cares little for society. If he has a few moments of leisure he devotes them to smoking his pipe in silence, reading his fat newspaper, which runs to thirty-two pages every day, or cultivating his garden. His competitors fear him ; the timid shun him ; but, apart from his associates or his employees, who have an affection for him, or confidence in him, no one in the world really knows him.

His wife is gentle, religious, entirely occupied with good works, sincerely disinterested, keen to convert her friends, but severe for their morals. She spends hardly anything on her dress but much on her church, and, under a pseudonym, she writes novels which her husband acknowledges with a friendly grunt, but does not read. With regard to the children, who are numerous, they have neither the prudence of the father nor the godliness of the

mother. They seem lively and frivolous young things, passing their time in knocking about little balls with implements of various shapes.

When you ring up their house on the telephone it is always the wife who replies. What you hear is invariably moral talk and virtuous exhortations, to which you can only respond respectfully, for the good faith of the speaker is evident. But whoever has business with the husband finds he is like all big men of business, that is to say, exact, distrustful, and a shrewd defender of his rights. This contrast gives rise to a misunderstanding. The spiteful say : " This couple are trying to take us in. You don't think so ? Compare the actions of the husband with the words of the wife. She is a convenient screen for him. She compels the outside world to adopt an attitude of deference to the family ; but whenever the principles of the wife become an embarrassment to the husband in his affairs, then he forgets or ignores them. Mighty convenient ! "

This is a superficial view. I have lived with the family a good deal, in times of grave trouble, and I know that the affection existing between these two beings is deep and sincere. Although they never discuss together the most serious matters, they know that in essentials they are agreed. The husband attaches the greatest weight to the opinions of his wife ; he would undertake nothing without consulting her ; before acting he must needs convince her that what he proposes to do is right. If he fails in this, he gives up the idea, even though his interests should suffer. At certain times of his life he has been launched in long and dangerous struggles, without direct profit to himself, simply because she has asked him. It is quite possible that in some cases he has got round her by his cleverness, but in many other cases it is the wife who has firmly kept the husband on the path of charity and duty. At bottom and in spite of human failings, the partnership is stable, the *ménage* solid, and the friendship of this couple a thing to be envied.

Need I add that this *ménage* is England ? The wife is public opinion ; the husband the Admiralty, the Foreign Office. With regard to the children, they are to be found on every golf course, and even occasionally in the Cabinet. Public opinion is entirely sincere when it speaks of its respect for treaties ; the Admiralty,

as in duty bound, thinks of the mastery of the seas and of naval bases. The unfortunate thing for the relations of England with the Continent is that the voice of public opinion always drowns in London that of the technicians. The masters of old Europe would have understood better the language of self-interest than that of moral passion. But the husband, who thinks more of the unity of his own household than of the approbation of strangers, would be afraid if he spoke too plainly of shocking his wife and wounding her feelings. It is for us to interpret the words of the one and the silences of the other. As was wisely said by M. Suvich to René Benjamin, " You must not ask Italians to be Englishmen ". You must not ask the English to be other than English.

"NO SECRETS"

A Tale of the Japanese Islands

By Willard Price

SINCE I live in Japan, it may be well to preface these remarks with the hope that my Japanese friends will take no umbrage at what is here set down. It is not written with a long face or malevolent intent. And if I am entertained by certain peculiarities of these estimable folk, they are just as free to be entertained by those of the Western barbarian . . . and quite often, I notice, exercise their freedom.

The first characteristic of the Japanese is courtesy. The second is, perhaps, suspicion.

Not a week passes without its spy-scare in the Japanese press. Some foreigner has been seen taking photographs. And those who have visited only Japan Proper have but tasted the cup. They should go where the officials are really nervous, along the Manchu-Siberian border, or, best of all, to the South Sea islands. which Japan holds under mandate from the League of Nations, The focus of infection so far as spy-phobia is concerned seems to be the strategic island of Palau, closest Japanese territory to Singapore, the Philippines, and Australia.

I had not thought of becoming a spy until the Palau police put it into my head. They have a training course for foreigners who wish to qualify as spies. The chief instructor is a smiling young police officer, by name, Toyama-san. In black-and-white *yukata* he strolled in one evening to call upon us at the home of the German missionary, where my wife and I had sought refuge on this hotel-less heathen isle. He laid a map on missionary Siemer's table.

First lesson: "You cannot go there", said Toyama-san, indicating a spot with his pencil. And to quiet a natural suspicion, he added, "But there are no fortifications—nothing".

Another point. "Cannot go . . . but there is nothing." Four other spots. "Cannot go", jabbing the points vigorously with the pencil. Then, each time, a disarming wave of the hand. "But there is nothing—nothing—nothing".

Anything better calculated to fire the student's curiosity and zeal for learning could hardly be imagined.

It had not occurred to me to make a search for fortifications. Of course, they are forbidden under the terms of the mandate. "No military or naval bases shall be established, or fortifications erected in the territory." It had seemed unlikely that this regulation was being violated, since we had been allowed to go everywhere in the Yap group without the slightest surveillance and had seen nothing that remotely resembled a fortification. But Toyama-san's challenge was too tantalizing to resist. I took down the names of the six forbidden spots and determined to visit all of them.

The next morning I called upon Mr. Kodama, Vice-Governor General of the entire South Seas Government. (The Governor General was in Tokyo.)

After I had recounted the restrictions of the police, Mr. Kodama said, "I don't know why they should do that. We have no secrets here. You may go anywhere. But have you seen Captain Konishi? You had better see Captain Konishi".

Captain Konishi is naval attaché. He delivers sailing instructions to the merchant ships and prepares the way for the Japanese warships which occasionally visit Palau. The extent of his power is not quite clear. Some say that he is on a par with the civil authorities, if not superior to them, just as the army and navy in Japan accept no dictation from Parliament or Premier but are answerable to the Throne alone.

However that may be, he is the soul of modesty.

"I am only a naval officer", he said when I asked for permission to move freely through the Palau group. "That is a matter for the Governor to decide."

Mr. Toyama was eager to know the result of the interview. "What did Captain Konishi say? May you go?"

"He said he would accept the Governor's decision. And the Governor says I may go anywhere. Therefore I may go anywhere."

But I had been a little too logical in my deductions. It was not so simple as that.

I could go, but not without entourage. I was provided with congenial companions, Foreign Affairs Secretary Hayashi of the South Seas Government, a police officer, and three sailors ; and a government launch with spacious cabin and pleasant deck-space fore and aft was placed at my disposal. We made extensive trips, sometimes covering two days. This attention was flattering and was genuinely appreciated, but I could have done with a bit less comfort and more freedom.

I had hoped to go about in the missionary's new motor boat, on which only three days' work remained. But suddenly the carpenters quit work. And it was learned that they had been instructed not to finish the boat until the Americans left. "The day the Americans go you can have your boat", the missionary was told.

After a month's tinkering over three days' work, the boat was slipped into the water the day after we sailed from Palau.

But our trips in the government launch were enjoyable and comfortable. Each time I introduced one of the six sore spots into a projected itinerary there was much discussion and two or three days' delay to obtain permission. Then we went. And found—nothing. Some of the points were of great strategic importance, but there was no man-made fortification. None of my requests for detailed examination were refused. We poked about in channels and bays and climbed to hilltops. Except that I made no measurements, sketches, or photographs, I had as much freedom as if I had gone unaccompanied.

One by one the six secrets were checked off until only one remained—the island of Arakabesan.

This was an island of many hills, any one of them a convenient location for a battery. I could hardly undertake to climb them all. But there were two 'planes in the harbour. I assumed that they were navy 'planes, and we made a social call upon Captain Konishi at his house.

This time he received us in shirt and suspenders (a sign of increasing confidence, I thought, for the first time he had barricaded himself behind gold braid).

With Western directness I immediately stated my mission.

There were rumours abroad that Japan had fortified her South Sea islands. I wished to be able to write positively, "There are no fortifications on Palau". To say that, I must see. I was too lazy to climb every hill on Arakabesan. Could a 'plane be placed at my disposal for half an hour so that I might fly low over this area ?

Captain Konishi gave no sign that he considered the request extraordinary. He bowed slightly, made a little sound of agreement deep in his throat and asked whether the bean candy was to our taste.

It was. Munching yokan, we discussed the versatility of the bean, which is used to make everything from cake to buttons, from milk, cheese, butter, soup, salad oil, and ice-cream to varnish, enamels, oilcloth, linoleum, glue, soap, and electrical switches.

When the bean's possibilities had been exhausted I re-ventured my request. The Captain bowed, considered, and inquired whether we liked sashimi (raw fish). That started Mary, who is a sashimi gourmand . . . yes, the red more than the white. Sashimi made from bonito was splendid. Ah but, put in the Captain vivaciously, had she tried bass sashimi ? When he had been stationed in San Francisco he had had sashimi made from bass . . . delicious. There is good bass fishing on the Pacific coast.

Yes, I said, and speaking of fishing, it was interesting how aeroplanes were used to locate schools of fish. And speaking of aeroplanes, would it be possible to arrange for an aeroplane over Arakabesan ?

He nodded gravely. Now take dried fish. We really should see the making of katsubushi on the shores of Malakal. And turtles. He showed us a fine specimen in the tokonoma.

There were many other distracting things about the room. Wooden tattooed dolls made by the Mortlock people, carved faces from Mortlock, an ivory nut from Ponape, a necklace of white and black discs made from sea shell and coconut shell respectively, the great Tritonium shell, which the natives use as a trumpet.

Finally, there was nothing left in the room to discuss except the visitors. He successfully got them talking about themselves.

Still I did not forget to inject my question, each time a little more weakly. It always reminded him of something really interesting.

When two hours had gone by in this delightful fashion and it was positively necessary to leave to make the dinner hour at at Frau Siemer's, I rose and placed both hands upon the table as if about to deliver an address. Mustering all the powers I had of direct and succinct statement, I put my request.

Captain Konishi expressed mild surprise, as if he had only now understood me. The aeroplanes . . . unfortunately they were not naval 'planes, but government mail 'planes. He had no power. It would be necessary to apply to the Governor. But why go so soon—please come again. Take along these little souvenirs.

We came away in a very happy frame of mind. We had enjoyed our visit immensely (the Captain, the Calpis, the hibiscus reflected in the pool in his garden) and agreed that Captain Konishi was a splendid fellow and would some day be an Admiral.

Over the *Obstkuchen* I told Herr Siemer of our visit.

" He did not like to disappoint you ", said the missionary. " He is a very kindly man."

I believe it.

Although my *naïveté* was now so blunted that I no longer expected to get a 'plane, we went that evening to call upon Vice-Governor Kodama in his beautiful home on the shore of the lagoon. He received us jovially. He has cheeks like apples and is the most genial host imaginable. Unfamiliar with English, he sent a car to the other end of town for Mrs. Shisatomi who learned English in Hawaii. She came with her baby, too young to be left at home. Two other officials were called in. We sat about a conference table, the baby dozing quietly during most of the interview. Occasionally the mother must rise and jiggle the fretful child, translating meanwhile . . . or attend to him on a chair under the horizon of the table top, never quitting her interpreting.

Now, the Orient has two ways of countering unwelcome questions. One is to talk of something else. The other is to answer the questions directly, but expect the visitor to be sufficiently polite not to apply the foot-rule of reason to the answers.

In either case the underlying motive is courtesy, the desire to decline without hurting the feelings of the visitor.

Mr. Kodama answered my questions in a very forthright manner. Aeroplane ? Very dangerous. The pilots were men of little experience. The 'planes had been here only four months and the men were not yet accustomed to the peculiar air currents above Palau. So they refused to take up passengers. He himself, Mr. Kodama, had wished to go, but could not. Too dangerous. With his hands he demonstrated how violently the 'planes wobble—and laughingly used the word " jishin ", earthquake.

I agreed that the air currents must be dangerous indeed if they could not be learned in four months. But I offered to sign a paper assuming all responsibility in case of accident.

No, even so, the responsibility, he said, would be theirs. If I did not care for myself, they did. Also it would be necessary to board the plane from a boat and disembark into a boat . . . very difficult.

I thought I could manage. He feared not. Very well, I said, doubtless he was right. Then might I pass around Arakabesan by boat and land where I pleased ?

He was very sorry. As I doubtless knew, at the southern tip of the island an airport was being built for the forthcoming air mail service to Tokyo. Much blasting. Very dangerous. During the operations no visitors, not even Japanese, were allowed.

But if I went under proper supervision ? And landed at a safe distance from the blasting ?

It was a very small island.

A mile long, was it not ?

Yes . . . but all roads led to the same place.

I saw that it was time to agree that it must be very dangerous, and did so, shivering a little.

Moreover, went on Mr. Kodama, there was a leper island near by. That was another danger that made it inadvisable to visit Arakabesan.

What ! I said, the small island I had noticed a half mile north of Arakabesan ? Was it a leper island ?

Yes.

Then that settled it. I wouldn't take the risk. Lepers! I thanked him for warning me in time.

I turned the conversation to the magnificent bird of paradise from New Guinea which stood in the corner. Mr. Kodama showed us other treasures. Our liking for the man increased. His magnetic, cordial manner, his zest and zeal (and, above all, his tact) made apparent why he is universally popular among officials and civilians in the islands.

As we were about to go, he said earnestly:

" Have you had any unpleasantness in Palau? "

" On the contrary, our visit has been very pleasant."

" I hope that any unhappy incidents will not unduly disturb you."

He was so genuine about it. I replied that we had lived in Japan a year, and that when anything unpleasant occurred we thought of all the pleasant things that had happened.

" Arigato! " He bowed and smiled.

We walked home through the deserted main street under the tropic moon. Mary mused. " What a blow to our leper friends in Korea who entertained us in their homes if they knew that now we can't stand a leper half a mile away! "

" Yes ", I said, " but circumstances alter cases. Here everything is very dangerous ".

And the white man who does not remember that fact is apt to be reminded of it. After all, he is a potential enemy. The world has chosen to look with suspicion upon Japan, so Japan, perhaps, can hardly be blamed for looking with suspicion upon the world. Troublesome Powers may raise at any time the question as to whether a nation which has resigned from the League of Nations is still entitled to hold a mandate from the League. This question has been left open—and doubtless the European nations will studiously avoid deciding it until they are prepared to enforce their decision. Germany lost these islands and would perhaps like to have them back. Great Britain and America are critical of Japan's expansion in Asia. So Germans, Englishmen, and Americans receive special attention in the South Seas. " Every facility " is extended by the authorities.

The white visitor is rare and he generally stops over only for the hours his ship is in port. An official entertainment committee offers to show him the sights of Palau. He is whirled off to a geisha house, there is much drinking and dancing, and the gentle charms of the island Circes detain him until someone looks at his watch:

" Oh! Time to get back to the boat! "

The extraordinary visitor who actually wishes to stop over from one boat to the next is permitted to do so, but he is the object of unremitting curiosity as to why he should maroon himself here when he does not have to. Something funny about it. Better keep him provided with every facility.

Two German professors on vacation chose to paddle about in a rubber boat. A government pinnace containing police and sandwiches followed them everywhere lest they should get lost or go hungry. One day they paddled off through a mangrove canal too shallow for the pinnace. They came back at night to find a row of anxious officials seated on their doorstep, and their lack of consideration in causing so much uneasiness to their guardians was brought home to them in no uncertain terms.

An American artist's motor failed, and his small boat drifted from Hawaii to Palau. That was indiscreet of it, for he had no landing permit and nothing to show that he had not drifted there by intention. His arrival was the sensation of the island. The motor was repaired, but he had no money to pay for the repairs. His request that he be allowed to remain until he could get the money was politely refused. He was given a farewell dinner with speeches. Every facility for his departure was accorded to him, and the finest government launch towed him in his motorless boat well outside the reef. He then proceeded to drift, with better judgment this time, to American soil, landing some weeks later in the Philippines. At latest reports he was feverishly painting pictures along the Mindanao coast to earn enough money to retrieve his motor.

The complaint of a German that he had been shadowed reached the Mandates Commission at its meeting in October, 1935. Mr. Ito, the Japanese representative, explained that the traveller in question was tubercular, therefore the Japanese wanted " to take good care of him ". It was quite probable,

Mr. Ito suggested, that this " care " had caused the German " to mistake Japanese hospitality for surveillance ".*

As for the famous case of Colonel Earl Ellis, of the United States Marines, who died mysteriously while investigating conditions on Palau, the natives claim there is no truth in the rumours that he was " liquidated ". Ex-champion Gene Tunney, visiting in Japan, asked about this after my return to Tokyo.

" Nobody knows ", I said. " But William Gibbon, an English half-caste, says Ellis drank himself to death ".

" Pretty hard, don't you think ? " said Tunney. " Look at the efforts I've been making all these years ! "

Tunney's efforts have not been too serious, but Ellis seems to have broken under the tropic strain, and several natives aver that he took heavily to the bottle when his boat did not come on time to carry him away. Excess led to fever, it is said, and fever to death. Whatever the truth or falsity of highly-coloured rumours, it is at least certain that an American Marine investigating a Japanese island is apt to find himself an unwelcome guest.

A British army officer wearing many medals stopped for a day on his way to New Guinea. He came to the missionary's house . . . and five officials with him. When he stepped into another room, or to the outhouse, he was accompanied. Three officials sat in a row by the edge of the tub as he took a bath. Doubtless they feared he might escape down the drain.

Not a visitor, so far as I know, has ever discovered anything remotely resembling a fortification in the mandated islands. The missionaries know of none. The natives know of none. The safe assumption seems to be that there are none. Then why the surveillance ? Probably to prevent foreigners from photographing, sketching, and otherwise becoming too familiar with the defensive features of mountains, harbours, and reefs. But all these things were fully recorded by the meticulous Germans, and the German maps are doubtless on file in every navy office in the world. Moreover, a real spy, trained in the art, could get any such information first hand or through the

* This case was again before the Mandates Commission on January 6 last. The Japanese Government then declared that no fortifications or naval bases had been established. The *Rapporteur* said that the contradictory assertions had made a rather disturbing impression on the Commission.—*Ed. F.R.*

natives. We must go a bit deeper still to find the secret spring of Japan's national nervousness. Its real basis, I think, is psychological. It is the keyed-up tension of expectancy. It strains toward the future. Japan has plans. She must fulfil her destiny. She must " stabilize " the Orient, and that soon, before the end of the West's present period of introspection. The area envisaged under the banner of " Asia for the Asiatics " is bounded on the north by Siberia and on the south by the fourteen hundred highly strategic Micronesian islands where man-made forts would be of little use, but where the natural labyrinth provides almost impenetrable obstruction. The " northern first line of defence " and the " southern first line of defence " are the terms frequently applied by army and navy officials to the Russian frontier and the South Sea chain. And Japan Proper must take the first shock of any attack from the east. Therefore, if there is extraordinary sensitiveness over defences, it is perhaps because of the profound significance of these three barriers in the protection of the gigantic, long-term projects Japan is already initiating on the Asiatic continent.

THE MISCHIEF OF REVISIONISM

By Professor R. B. Mowat

THE long drawn-out Italo-Abyssinian crisis has prominently brought forward in public the question of revision of frontiers, a question which has been agitated with very varying degrees of intensity ever since the Peace Treaty was concluded in 1919. The British Government and the League Powers in general have been vigorously indicted in various quarters for not having made use of Article 19 of the Covenant in order to make such a rectification of frontiers as will satisfy discontented peoples and remove the sense of grievance. Article 19 of the Covenant is :

> 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.

The talk of revision takes into account not merely European frontiers ; it comprehends existing colonies. With the help of interested parties, a sentimental legend is being established that the world at present is divided into " Haves " and " Have-nots " ; and that it is the duty, and perhaps the interest, of the " Haves " to share out some of their property. Among the " Revisionist " states are, not unnaturally, two of the parties defeated in the World War, Germany and Hungary ; but another, and one of the loudest speakers for revisionism, is a victor Power which gained enormous territory in Europe at the end of the War, and which had shortly before this taken a large province (Libya) and twelve islands (the Dodecanese) belonging to Turkey. No state is too poor to engage in expensive propaganda. The cumulative effect of all this propaganda is subtle and powerful. All the sentimentalists are being affected by it, and at last, not only in the unsatisfied countries, but in the " satisfied " countries themselves, a Revisionist question is being created, and

continual reference is made to Article 19 and to alleged non-fulfilment of it.

Now, Article 19 was never seriously intended to apply to frontiers. No statesman in his senses in 1919 would have thought that any state would consent to cede any considerable tract of territory because the Assembly of the League advised reconsideration. Article 19 was meant to deal with subjects which can be appropriately dealt with by mediation and conciliation, namely, international " servitudes " when they have become out-of-date and are already recognized by all parties as requiring modification. For instance, if the Covenant of the League of Nations had been in force in 1870, there would have been an excellent case for appealing to it in order to obtain by general consent a modification of the law neutralizing the Black Sea. The neutralization of the Black Sea under the Treaty of Paris of 1856 could no longer, in practice, be maintained, and some modification, though not necessarily suppression, should have been arranged by international agreement. Instead, Russia just repudiated the " servitude ".

A question today suitable for reconsideration under Article 19 is " extraterritoriality " in China, which was essential for Europeans in the Far East sixty years ago and, perhaps, to a certain extent, is necessary now, but which clearly requires modification. Unilateral modification—that is, repudiation of the extra-territorial clauses of existing treaties—is the worst possible method of revision. The Egyptian Capitulations are generally agreed to be substantially out of date ; they probably hamper efficient administration of justice and finance in Egypt. The treaties and engagements under which they are still claimed might be reconsidered under Article 19. The amendment of the " Reduction of Armament " clauses of the Treaty of Versailles was, or should have been, an admirable subject for discussion and all-round concession, for they had clearly become " inapplicable " after 1933, and there was a large public opinion in practically every country of the world in favour of their revision.

In a word, Article 19 of the Covenant was meant to anticipate and prevent by reasonable give-and-take violent changes which, to the detriment of international faith and solidarity, would certainly take place if powerful states were left legally bound by

obsolete servitudes. That such an employment of Article 19 would have been beneficial in the highest degree to all peoples is surely proved by the terrible results which have ensued from its non-application to the obsolete treaties defining extra-territoriality in China, German rearmament, and Italo-Abyssinian relations. The result in the case of China has been chaos and dismemberment ; in the case of Germany, a race in armaments ; in the Italo-Abyssinian case, war. This last case did, it is true, involve the question of territorial as well as other relations, but in the early stages of the dispute it was definition or demarcation of territory, not the transfer of any large area, that was involved.

As regards large-scale territorial revision—which is the thing generally, perhaps universally, meant when people now talk of revision of treaties—the situation ought to be perfectly clear to all observers of past or present history. There is no state at the present time, nor is there any prospect that there will be in any calculable future any state which will give up any territory politically, economically, or strategically valuable. All the territory claimed by the " revisionists " is of this nature. This point is not worth arguing, for everybody—the revisionists as much as anyone else—knows in his heart that in claiming important territory he is claiming for his country something which (notwithstanding peaceful protestations) he realizes is obtainable only by war. Those who possess the territory in question have made no secret of this : the spokesmen of the Little Entente, for instance, have consistently (in moderate but quite unmistakable language) pointed out that territorial revision in their case means war.

There have been, it is true, considerable peaceful transfers of territory in the past : Louisiana from French to American sovereignty, in 1803 ; Florida from Spanish to American, in 1819 ; Alaska from Russian to American, in 1867 ; a large area in the French Congo to German sovereignty in 1911 ; the Virgin Islands from Denmark to American sovereignty in 1917. All of these transfers, except that of the portion of the French Congo, were made in consideration of financial payment ; they were purchased. Purchase is a perfectly honourable and satisfactory way of acquiring territory, but it implies, as all buying and selling does, readiness on both sides to make the transaction.

In the present age of the world's history no government or people is ready to sell its territory or to part with any of it for any consideration whatever. The sale of the Virgin Islands (Danish West Indies) looks like being the last transfer of this kind for many a long day. National sentiment is against cession of territory, and humanitarian sentiment is against it.

When the British Government, in order to avert a cruel and internationally dangerous Italo-Abyssinian war last autumn made a modest offer of a strip of British Somaliland about seventy miles long, a storm of protest was aroused in certain quarters of Parliament, the press, and the public. And yet the British of all people are probably the least sensitive about territory, and have at one time or another lost or given away enormous areas without, apparently, suffering materially or morally on this account. In 1933 a Four-Power Pact (Great Britain, Italy, France, Germany) was signed with a somewhat vague reference to " revision " of treaties. The opposition provoked by the mere allusion to possibilities of territorial revision was so intense in Central Europe that the Four-Power Pact was never ratified. Far from contemplating cessions or transfers, every state is grimly holding on to all that it has, even to mere costly trusteeships like mandated areas. Calculations of material values scarcely enter into consideration at all. The Italians have spent in an effort to acquire Abyssinian territory far more wealth, human and other kinds, than the territory could ever return to them. Every people means to keep what it has, or even to acquire some more. And this in a world which—this fact can never be too much emphasized—is *closed.* There is no longer any land to colonize. Every inch of the world's inhabitable surface is under one sovereignty or another. *Le temps du monde fini commence*—" The age of the closed world has begun "—writes M. Paul Valéry, perhaps the calmest and most sympathetic interpreter of the modern world. The " world-crisis " (for it is nothing less) produced by the Italian adventure in Abyssinia is eloquent testimony to the unwisdom, in fact, the anachronism, of even a very limited plan of " revision " in a closed world.

This is not to say that any rectifications of territory are out of the question. Some small-scale transfers of territory, on the basis of exchange or purchase, are possible. One or two par-

ticularly glaring anomalies in the distribution of racial minorities or in the allocation of markets might be corrected by this means, along the frontiers of, say, contiguous Central European states. Such rectifications are well worth making, but of course they would not satisfy land-hungry states, nor would they amount to anything like territorial revision in the ordinary sense of the word. Still less would such minor rectifications satisfy states with extensive colonial ambitions. The parcels of territory in East Africa handed over by France and Great Britain to Italy since 1919 have not in the least diminished the *tempo* of Italy's agitation for colonial expansion. As transactions between calm, reasonable peoples, minor territorial rectifications are wholesome ; but as sops to the appetite of ambitious, expansionist peoples they are worse than useless. In any case the aim of territorial treaty "revisionism" goes far beyond the scope of the practicable minor rectifications. It aims at large-scale remodelling of frontiers by international dictation. No state will submit to such a thing. Any conference which met to attempt to deal with it would stir up intense irritation and excitement, and might easily end in war. The mere talk of territorial revision is disturbing, mischievous, and dangerous. It ought to be stopped. The responsible statesmen of the states from whom large-scale territorial cessions are likely to be claimed should distinctly declare that no such cessions are practicable. The demand for territorial revision is futile, malicious, provocative ; and it is only made worse by encouragement from sentimentalists in the "possessing" countries. Such people are preparing not peace but war.

There is, however, a way out: a means of satisfying all the reasonable need for expansion of any people, so that they will gradually forget even the question of territorial revision. The political frontiers cannot be revised by any sort of peaceful persuasion under Article 19 of the Covenant or any other treaty, but they can be made almost invisible. It is not the political frontiers that are the trouble, not the fact that at a particular line one state's sovereignty ends and another's begins. The trouble is that the political frontiers are also made into social and economic frontiers ; except for this—the social and economic barriers—you would hardly be aware that you are crossing a frontier when you step from one state into another.

A political frontier becomes also a social frontier when states interfere with the language or religion of people who live on one side or the other of the line. Along all the European frontiers there are people of the same race and language on both sides of the line. It is impossible on an old continent where there has been incessant coming and going, that any state should contain no racial minorities. No amount of territorial revision would straighten out the racial tangle, and leave no racial minorities within state-frontiers. If, however, the minorities are treated with generous freedom by the states in which they have to live, there will be no need to revise the frontiers, as far as the minorities are concerned. They will be content if they are allowed without question to speak, go to school, and plead at law, in their own language ; to worship as they choose ; and, if they live in a compact group, to govern themselves in respect to local affairs. All this simply means that if the minority treaties were loyally executed everywhere, and if those states which have minorities, but not minority treaties, would conform to the spirit of these treaties, the minority trouble would disappear. Everybody knows that many of the racial minorities are badly treated. The demand for territorial revision of frontiers is largely due to this ill-treatment. The way to meet this demand is not by trying to alter the frontiers, but by being generous to the minorities.

Besides being converted into a harsh social barrier, the political frontier has become a terrible economic barrier. Here is the second great cause of grievance : that frontiers cut people off from markets. A reasonable degree of give-and-take across the frontiers—not necessarily complete free trade, which is past praying for—but a decent measure of mutual commerce, would go a long way to making frontiers cease to matter. The extravagant protectionism of modern states robs people on either side of a frontier of the chance of making a fair living, and helps to impoverish even distant states. If the crowded populations of Italy or Japan could export their wares fairly freely to other countries, and if they would correspondingly accept wares of other countries, their alleged "need" of expansion would largely disappear. If they were permitted to export their goods abroad (importing, of course, foreign products as freely) they would be able to employ their teeming populations, and also

they would by exporting goods obtain the foreign currency necessary for buying the raw materials of their industries.

This implies, of course, that international trade must not only be moderately " free ", but that all colonies must be open for the purchase of raw materials. The latest arguments of the so-called " Have-not " states, the states with few or no colonies, is that they require territory producing raw-material within their own " currency area ". Dr. Schacht, of Germany, has expounded this theory ; and in view of the German shortage of foreign exchange, the theory is intelligible. But this German shortage of foreign exchange is simply due to the high barriers which foreign states place against exports from Germany ; and equally to the high barriers which Germany places against imports from foreign states. If foreign states would reduce their tariff barriers, so that Germany could export ; and if Germany could relax her tariff barriers, so that foreign states could sell to her, she would never suffer from scarcity of exchange, and she could purchase all the raw materials that she required.

All colonies are, and have been for over a hundred years, open for the sale of raw materials. States are so anxious to stimulate their exports that they are unlikely to restrict sales of their colonies' natural products. It is, however, not inconceivable that a colony-possessing state might become monopolist, as Spain, France, and England were in the eighteenth century, and might, however unwisely, refuse to export colonial products except to the Mother-country. Such a policy would create a thoroughly justified grievance for the states which do not possess colonies ; and to prevent this, the colonial states should by international treaty undertake to keep their colonies open for the free competitive purchase of raw materials. It would be better still if they would adopt the economic principle of the " B " mandates, namely, the principle of " equal opportunities for the trade and commerce " of all members of the League, or rather of all states whether members of the League or not.

There is one other thing which, if adopted, would contribute greatly to ease tension about frontiers and territories : a more generous policy on the part of governments towards immigration Restriction of immigration is more justifiable than restriction of imports, but it has been overdone in the last fifteen years. In

a moderately tariffed world the ports could with safety be opened to selected immigrants. Everybody, of course, recognizes that the world in general would benefit from a better distribution of population through transfers between country and country. It is more difficult, however, to see how a country, even a sparsely-populated country, which has unemployed people, could diminish the number of its unemployed by admitting more people. Yet, in a world of moderate, not excessive, tariffs, immigration would ease the pressure of unemployment, not only in the country from which the migrants come but the country to which they went. Migration is a great stimulus to every sort of trade, distributive or productive, to the trades which produce " capital " goods like ships and railways and building materials, as well as to trades producing " consumers' " goods. Naturally, the country which accepts immigrants has the right, or rather the duty, of selecting the kind of immigrant that is most suitable.

The conclusions, accordingly, to which an observer of the " post-War " world may come, can be stated as follows :

(1) There are a few things over which no nation will admit of any compromise, and one of these is the territory that belongs to it. No nation will voluntarily consent to revision on any substantial scale of its frontiers or territorial possessions.

(2) The tension between peoples, though expressed often in political terms of power and prestige, has social and economic causes which the League of Nations and the International Labour Office can greatly help to remedy. The " minority " grievances should be carefully observed and made public. Minorities are more likely to benefit from the promotion of European public opinion and knowledge concerning them, than from actual intervention.

(3) A reasonable degree of freedom of trade between countries, whether contiguous or far separated countries, and a moderate degree of freedom of migration and settlement, would obviate claims for territorial revision and expansion.

So far as European frontiers are concerned, a decent " Minorities " policy, and reasonable access of peoples to neighbouring markets, would solve most of the difficulties. And as regards colonies, a treaty guaranteeing reasonable opportunities for trade and immigration would be almost equally helpful—equally, but not quite, because the demand for colonial expansion

is not only an affair of economics, but also of national prestige. Mr. Baldwin has pointed out in one of his speeches that Governments (and presumably peoples) are extremely sensitive in this age about " status " ; and the possession of colonial territory fortifies the feeling of *status*. Even though, however, a universally accepted policy of the economic " open door " would not solve the whole " revisionist " problem, it would (along with " minorities " fair-play) go a sufficiently long way towards solving it to be well worth trying. The British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was undoubtedly right when he declared at Chatham House (in November, 1935) that far greater use could be made of the means of the League of Nations (and the International Labour Office) for securing international economic co-operation. The political troubles of the world could undoubtedly be, at any rate to a large extent, solved *via* the economic route.

Critics may reply to this : " For fifteen years economists and statesmen have been inveighing against economic nationalism, and have made at least two powerful attempts to check it, yet have accomplished nothing ". This, however, is not quite correct. The World Economic Conference of 1927 resulted in a considerable easing of the international trade situation, until the price-collapse in America in 1929 precipitated the Great Depression. The World Economic Conference of 1933 failed largely because it took place at the beginning of President Roosevelt's New Deal, before the internal situation in America was stabilised.

Two things hold out reasonably fair prospects of success for a new World Economic Conference : these are the existing persistent trend towards recovery (as noticed in the League of Nations' World Economic Survey for 1934-35), and the return towards " normalcy " in the American banking and industrial situation.

The agenda which it is likely that governments could agree to put forward at a conference are (in ascending order of difficulty) :

(1) Free purchase of raw materials. There is almost no difficulty about this. Every country is anxious to sell its natural products. What is needed further is a declaration of principle

to the effect that the whole world can on equal terms buy raw materials not only in Europe, but in colonial markets.

(2) In order that states which have no colonies may command foreign exchange for the purchase of colonial raw materials, the Conference should arrange with the colony-owning states to accept an increase of imports. This cannot be achieved through a general lowering of tariffs (desirable, but at present impracticable), but by import quotas. The present import quotas, mainly the result of bilateral agreements, are having a bad effect by forcing trade into unnatural channels. A Conference could agree upon import quotas so as to further, rather than retard, the international division of labour.

(3) International migration—which would enormously ease the international situation both economically and psychologically —could be re-started by a universally agreed quota system. Even if only certain categories of migrants, for instance, those with capital, could be allowed in the first instance, marked benefits to the whole world would accrue.

(4) Every government now feels so acutely the burden of its own subsidies and the unfairness of those of every other government, that the time is clearly ripe for general reconsideration of certain classes of subsidies, particularly agrarian and shipping. Problems of national defence make this question especially difficult to handle ; but any general agreement, however restricted, would be helpful.

(5) The last thing that any government will surrender will be the sovereign control of its currency. Yet even the World Economic Conference of 1933 registered an agreement upon silver. The continued existence and vitality of the Bank for International Settlements gives ground for holding that further agreements concerning credit, reserves, and currency are not absolutely out of the question.

MUDDLING THROUGH SANCTIONS

By Sisley Huddleston

THE tradition of muddling through which has, rightly or wrongly, been fastened on Great Britain, will, in after times, be exemplified by our handling of the Italo-Abyssinian affair. The maximum of confusion has been attained with the minimum of efficacy.

Long after we were aware of Italian designs, we were engaged in constructing a common European front of which Italy was to be the keystone, and then by a sudden reversal of policy we sacrificed Italian support and friendship precisely when the European dangers became obvious to all beholders. We talked a great deal of collective security, and at the same time went so far ahead of other nations as to expose ourselves especially to perils which everybody else was plainly unwilling to share. We referred perpetually to the compulsion of the Covenant, and conducted all our negotiations, such as they were, on the basis of the tripartite arrangement of 1906 and the Anglo-Italian exchange of letters of 1925 which envisaged the division of Abyssinia. We pretended we were bound by our League of Nations pledges, but nevertheless arbitrarily "interpreted" the famous Article 16 in an entirely unauthorized manner, and refused to carry out its perfectly clear and altogether different provisions. We declared that the dispute was between Italy and the League, but moved our Home Fleet without any mandate from the League, in such wise that the quarrel in the eyes of the whole world was essentially between Great Britain and Italy and, as an after-thought, we called on other Mediterranean nations to help us in the war which was definitely but belatedly foreseen between Great Britain and Italy.

It would be easy to continue for many pages this list of contradictions, which denote an utter absence of policy based either on expediency or principle. The public was, of course, easily

persuaded that we were acting in fulfilment of our obligations, and that we had no choice in the matter, whereas at every step we made a choice, sometimes in one sense and sometimes in the opposite sense.

There has been nothing since 1918 which has so appalled me as the facility with which peace-loving nations may be led unawares into war. The effect on the public mind of the so-called peace propaganda is devastating, blinding it to the stern reality of consequences. The monstrous paradox of a war psychosis being created by the pacifists reveals the thinness of the partition which divides, in our modern world, the war-mongers from the peacemakers. When the Peace Ballot, which has had an unquestionable influence, was taken, I received a good deal of correspondence from persons who had worked in this enterprise. Alarmed at the possible outcome, I invariably asked my correspondents—some of them conscientious objectors, and all of them in sympathy with those young men of Oxford who swore that they would never fight for King or Country—if they were prepared to enlist and to go to war in the name of peace. But at that time there was a general desire to affirm that sanctions meant peace, and could not mean war. Since then the evidence has accumulated that sanctions *are* war. It is possible that the war will be kept on the economic battlefield—though in the present case we have trembled on the very edge of the precipice, especially in the middle of October—but even though the worst is averted, the damage caused will be incalculable.

The sanctions against Italy are potentially, if not actually, military warfare, and should never have been applied unless it was explained to the people of all the countries concerned that they must be prepared to fight, and must expect a universal conflagration. It is not difficult to arouse the passions of the public, whose instincts are generous though ignorant. The greatest catastrophes in history have been brought about by an appeal to those generous and ignorant instincts. It is surely fair, in these days of democracy, to enlighten the masses. There are few wars which are not popular. Every country, when it plunges into an adventure, believes its cause to be righteous. That is true not only of Italy and Germany and France, but also of Great Britain. Our own record in the past century and a half

amply demonstrates our capacity for identifying our interests with our conscientious convictions.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin has indeed affirmed that efficacious sanctions do signify war. Sir Austen Chamberlain, as well as the Trade Union leaders, notably Mr. William Kean and Sir Walter Citrine, have made similar admissions. After his resignation, Sir Samuel Hoare insisted on the logical issue of sanctions applied to any nation with the smallest ability to defend itself. M. Laval in the French Chamber has repeated the axiom. But we have no need to rely on political speeches; the political actions are more conclusive. No sophistry can eliminate the fact that the British fleet, before any decision was taken at Geneva, was put on a war footing and moved to the Mediterranean. Those of us who remembered Mr. Winston Churchill's mobilization of the British fleet in 1914, at once appreciated the significance of the analogy. I do not propose to condemn British preparedness, but merely to draw the inevitable conclusion. That conclusion has been confirmed by the negotiations of the Foreign Office, which has come to the aid of the Admiralty, and has sought specific assurances of co-operation from France, Spain, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, and other countries in the event of an Italian attack. Again, I must write that, given the fact of sanctions, neither the Admiralty nor the Foreign Office incurs the smallest reproach. The simple point is that, in view of these precautions, it is idle to argue that sanctions are pacific measures.

It is, I trust, superfluous to demolish the false reasoning that after five months of sanctions, contemplated or applied, war has not yet broken out and may still be averted. It is possible to juggle with a lighted torch in a powder magazine without producing an explosion; but to draw the deduction that it is safe to juggle with lighted torches in a powder magazine is palpably absurd.

Although memories are short and the fact appears to be forgotten, this is not the first time since the war that sanctions have been tried, with disastrous results. On the first occasion they were directed against Russia, and were called the *cordon sanitaire*, or the barbed wire fence. They were half-hearted and unsuccessful, but nevertheless they were at least as severe

as the present sanctions, and were accompanied by military expeditions. Those of us who were then opposed to them were no more pro-Bolshevik than we are pro-Italian now. For my part, it was rather because I was anti-Communist that I endeavoured to direct attention to the folly of sanctions. Nothing contributed so much to the triumph of Communism in Russia, and the menace of Communism in other countries, as the policy of the *cordon sanitaire*. Sanctions saved Communism. We rendered immense services to the Revolution by the application of sanctions. It may well be that Mr. Stalin would not now be at Moscow and Mr. Litvinov at Geneva had we not been so lacking in an elementary knowledge of psychology.

The lesson was not learned; and our lack of elementary knowledge of psychology has led us astray in the Italo-Abyssinian conflict. In Italy, in the earlier part of 1935, it was apparent to me that there was no enthusiasm for the proposed Abyssinian expedition. Might-have-beens are always hazardous, but it is at any rate a feasible hypothesis that had we not attempted to punish the entire Italian nation by constructing a *cordon sanitaire* around Italy, Signor Mussolini would quickly have become unpopular in his own country. As it is, we have welded Italian unity—as we welded German unity—in national resistance to external pressure. There is no surer way of exalting nationalism, in which rulers and ruled achieve an unshakable solidarity, than a foreign coalition. I do not profess to know the sequel of the sanctions against Italy; it is conceivable that Mussolini, Fascism, and Italy will be broken; but for the moment it is certain that the threat of sanctions made fighting in Africa inevitable, when wiser and less spectacular diplomacy would have prevented fighting. They will not shorten the war unless it be at a dreadful price; and they have identified the Royal Family, the Duce, and the people of Italy in a common determination.

It has been my lot for more than a year to follow closely in the lobbies of Geneva and elsewhere the evolution of this Italo-Abyssinian affair, and I feel it is my duty to place on record the mingled motives of the advocates of sanctions. Not for a moment would I minimise the consideration of high international morality, though I believe it to be misguided.

Undoubtedly vast numbers of people are sincere in their desire to "strangle" Italy, regarded as an aggressor. They would see justice done though the heavens fall. They would invite ruin rather than permit Italy to follow the example set by their own countries. They honestly believe that a new dispensation was established—somewhere about the middle of 1935. Not even they can fix the date of the new dispensation much further back. If they have forgotten Memel and Vilna, and the Greco-Turkish War for which the British were not altogether guiltless, and the Russo-Polish War, and the unwarrantable occupation of the Ruhr, and the French Wars in Syria and Morocco, and sundry other colonial and frontier wars in which we were involved, they can hardly forget the Chaco War and the Japanese invasion of China. The new dispensation, then, did not begin with the signing of the Covenant. The breaking of treaties has become a regular phenomenon in international life.

When the League of Nations platonically condemned Germany last year for abrogating the military provisions of the Versailles Treaty, after having abrogated the reparation provisions of the same treaty, I ventured to remark to a well-known delegate that the President of the Council was a representative of Turkey which had torn up the Treaty of Sèvres, and that sitting beside him was the representative of Russia which had repudiated the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, and the representative of Poland which had just declared it would no longer be bound by the Minorities Treaty, and the representatives of Great Britain, France, and Italy which, to all intents and purposes, had unilaterally cancelled their debts to the United States. The trouble with the Council of the League of Nations as a supreme political court is that scarcely any of its members have clean hands.

Now there can be no law unless it is invariably and impartially applied to all offenders. Many of the frequenters of the League did not disguise that they were animated by the hope of dealing a decisive blow at Fascism. They boasted of it. Sketchily, they sometimes tried to justify their anti-Fascist animus by the assertion that Fascism meant war—as though democracies have never made war! But for the most part they did not bother about justification. They expressed themselves in purely political terms. Mussolini had delivered himself into their hands, and

an opportunity of employing the League for a political doctrine was not to be lost. The League, in short, was to be converted into a Holy Alliance with different tenets. One has a right, of course, to be Fascist or anti-Fascist in one's sympathies; but to me, a defender of the League before it was born, it is infinitely painful to watch its degeneration into a mere instrument of political doctrines.

Then there were those who, in one form or another, echoed the thought of a famous ecclesiastical dignitary who holds that just as it required a great war to establish the League, so it will require a still greater war to consolidate the League. The League had registered many failures—now was the chance to take a revenge.

Such men confound the means with the end. What kind of mind can contemplate with equanimity the prospect of war in order to strengthen an organization designed to prevent war? If the League can only exist by the negation of the principles on which it was founded, it is far better that the League should cease to exist. I have said it before, but I will say it again, that the League can afford many moral defeats, but it cannot afford a single military victory. It is not bound to succeed in its fundamental purpose of mediation, of conciliation, of bringing about a change in men's attitude towards war; but if it cannot succeed in establishing real peace in the world immediately, it can still hope for the gradual and ultimate abolition of the institution of war which is many thousands of years old. But if it, too, employs the weapon of force, which is the curse of the world today in all domains; if it, too, makes war to end war, then what hope is left? Those who engage Satan to cast out Sin are, in the profoundest meaning of the word, immoral; and their temporary triumph will instal and enthrone Force as the arbiter of human destinies.

Be it remarked that, if the League really existed as a universal association of nations, the present experiment could not have been tried. It is the very limitation of the League which has converted it into a potential coalition directed by a single Power. The argument is sometimes used that the impotence of the League hitherto is due to its restricted character. Great Powers stand outside the League, and therefore the League cannot act.

Now this is the precise opposite of the truth. The truth is that it is just because Germany and Japan have left the League, and the United States has never joined it, that the League can be manipulated by the few remaining Great Powers if their interests happen to coincide.

It has not, I think, been observed that the League has recently been curiously transformed. It is difficult to conceive of anything like the unanimity of Germany, the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and Russia on any major question of world politics. Just because some of these countries were outside the League was it possible to obtain what is tantamount to unanimity in the Council. Great Britain, on this occasion, decided on an attempt to check Italy, and as France, though reluctant, felt obliged to stand with Great Britain, the League was easily converted into the instrument of Great Britain. For the smaller nations may be divided into several classes: those which proclaim themselves neutral in war, and therefore, believing they run no risk, are all the more ready to join in what they consider to be an ideological enterprise; and those which are greatly concerned with the preservation of the *status quo* though, contradictorily, they happen to be among the most active intriguers and mischief-makers of Europe. Even in these exceptional circumstances, however, with Italy, lacking raw materials, looked on as an easy prey, much diplomatic bullying, bribing, and blackmailing were involved in the attempt to form an effective coalition.

It is better that the British public should be informed that on the Continent of Europe the thesis of British disinterestedness is hardly accepted. Every government knows that, with the development of the aeroplane, Italy constitutes a challenge to British naval supremacy in the Mediterranean and menaces Imperial routes. Sir Eric Drummond opened the eyes of the British Government in October to the danger of war in Egypt and the Sudan; and it became apparent that Signor Mussolini and the Italian people, though now putting restraint on themselves, were not bluffing, and were not afraid of facing death and destruction if they were driven into a corner. Great Britain would doubtless once more prove its superiority, but every country would suffer defeat if the conflict spread. This would

be no naval holiday, as certain colleagues in the League lobbies had gleefully informed me at the beginning of the struggle.

Besides, if the public heard little about the Anglo-Italian correspondence of 1925 no responsible person could ignore the fact that the two countries then agreed to support each other, to obtain for Great Britain the right to construct a barrage at Lake Tsana "within the Italian sphere of influence", and a road to the Sudan; and to obtain for Italy the right to construct a railway to the West of Addis Ababa, linking Eritrea with Italian Somaliland, and exclusive economic influence in the Western part of the country. Everybody heard of projects for the growing of cheaper cotton in the Sudan. Moreover, the exceedingly curious concessions which the Emperor of Abyssinia had accorded to certain agents were never fully explained, and presumably still remain valid. The hypothesis of an Anglo-Italian quarrel in which Italy has placed itself at an immense disadvantage by committing extraordinary diplomatic blunders which make the formation of a League coalition against it mere child's play, is not lightly brushed aside by European diplomatists.

Italy has, indeed, made blunder after blunder. Signor Mussolini's scorn for the League, and his forthright manner which has made him a great power at home, have been enormous handicaps to him in the diplomatic sphere. A year ago he might have indicted Abyssinia at the bar of public opinion. Nobody can honestly deny the barbarism of Abyssinia and the abominable practice of slave-holding and slave-dealing which render it totally unfit for membership of the League. It is beside the point to recall that Italy and France sponsored its membership. That manœuvre was part of the unpleasant game that France, Great Britain, and Italy have been playing against each other in Abyssinia. To put Abyssinia on the same footing as a civilized nation is purely a legal fiction. Long ago, if the League had done its duty, it would have called for intervention.

In default of the League as a body acting spontaneously, Italy should have directed attention to a situation which is infinitely worse than that of many countries placed by the League under mandate. It is also unquestionably true that only the central part of the country can properly be said to be Ethiopian; the non-Amharic peripheral regions are newly

conquered, oppressed, but nevertheless uncontrolled, savage domains of the so-called Empire. The folly of Italy was to resort alone to military measures and, defying the League, to put itself hopelessly in the wrong.

But the League must likewise be blamed for permitting the continuance of inequalities which cannot be justified in the distribution of mandates. Despite the secret Treaty of London of 1915, which brought Italy into the War on the promise of equitable compensation, France and Great Britain and the Dominions received over a million square miles of mandated territory, while the colonial claims of Italy were ignored. Sooner or later trouble was inevitable. Surely it is the business of the League to do something more than wait until problems produce explosions. It must have a constructive policy, and not fold its arms in face of growing tension. If it waits for wars to break out, it is false to its mission ; it must foresee the possibilities of war and remove the causes.

Personally, I believe Article 16 to be a delusion and a snare. I believe its principle to be ill-conceived. I believe the phrase " peace indivisible " to be equivalent to " war indivisible " —as, indeed, Mr. Litvinov acknowledged at the last Assembly. I believe, too, as all authorities agree, that the sanctions article has, in the words of Professor Rappard, hitherto been " interpreted into insignificance ". But if it is pretended that it is now applicable (despite the British rejection of the Geneva Protocol), the terms of Article 16 are explicit. An offending member is *ipso facto* deemed to have committed an act of war against all members of the League, which undertake immediately to sever all trade and financial relations, and to prohibit intercourse between nationals. The text remains, whatever glosses were arbitrarily put on it in 1921 and in 1935. There is no question of graduated sanctions. Severance of relations, diplomatic, social, personal, economic, should be final and complete, from the day the Covenant is broken.

Moreover, under Article 10 and Article 11, the Council has power to act in the event of any threat or danger of aggression. In the *Times* Review of the Year, it is stated that, on January 16, 1935, General de Bono was appointed High Commissioner for Eritrea and Somaliland—the first official act which confirmed

the designs already attributed to Signor Mussolini. On February 11 the first mobilization order was issued. On February 20 it was announced that stocks of raw materials had been accumulated, making Italy independent of foreign countries. Yet it was not until war had begun in October that the League began to examine the question of sanctions. Even then the prompt application of an embargo on oil might have been effective—though doubtless dangerous. Instead, Italy was permitted to buy everything except actual armaments, and it may well be that the boycott, extremely imperfect, of Italian goods, has been helpful to Italy. And now, after four months of fighting—which good diplomacy would have avoided altogether—the question of oil sanctions has come under discussion. It would be difficult to imagine worse muddling than this.

Consider the consequences. The victory of Italy means the end of the League. The defeat of Italy means the wreck of the European scheme of things. Disarmament is killed by the demand for bigger armies and navies for the sake of collective security. The humanitarian League is ranged with slavery and barbarism. The impetus towards economic autarchy and the destruction of world trade is increased. The Colonisers have raised insoluble problems for themselves. The Conservatives have played into the hands of the Revolutionaries. The anti-revisionists have created conditions in which sweeping territorial changes are possible. The Pacifists have invited a gigantic war. Europe and civilization are being urged to commit hara-kiri to save Abyssinia and savagery. Optimistically, let us hope that we shall muddle through.

But that Article 16 is a potential peril to mankind can, I think, not be disputed by any serious student of international affairs. Article 16 must go.

PRIVACY AND THE LINDBERGHS

By St. John Ervine

I

MISS EDITH CRAIG and Miss Christopher St. John, in *Ellen Terry's Memoirs*, refer to an incident in connexion with the great actress's death which was, at that time, 1928, a remarkable one, but would not be remarkable to-day. "We were pestered by journalists at Smallhythe", they say, "from the day Ellen Terry was stricken to the day she died". In a passage taken from a published Diary kept by Ellen Terry's daughter, Miss Craig, the following sentences appear:

> But the night was ugly (July 20, 1928). The night was a nightmare, for down at the toll-gate four big black beasts of prey were crouching, cutting the garden into gashes with their greedy eyes. Four murderous motors, their livid head-lamps levelled on the farmhouse, cottages and roadway, were waiting in the dark with reporters sent by the morning papers to be in at the death, or die. Last night, one had crawled through the hedge, and tried to spy in at that curtained window. To-night the town of Tenterden has sent police to guard the house. But no one could slip out of the sick-room to take courage from a star, or strength from the fresh air, without staring strangers making a note of it; or cross the road with a message without being cut to the quick by those bestial beams. To use the telephone meant first making sure that no eavesdroppers were crouching outside the cottage window to make a scoop of sorrow.

We have made much progress in scooping from sorrow since that passage was written, and newshounds are no longer content to crouch under the cottage window, but leap through the window and even paw the bed where the sick are dying.

The flight of the Lindberghs from America, and their reception in England, remind us of the increasing encroachments on individual privacy that are made by the popular press, and invite us to consider a social menace that will, unless it is removed, involve us in disaster. We must not complacently say to ourselves that although these dreadful things happen in the United

States, they cannot happen in Great Britain. They *are* happening in Great Britain, and are likely, if we do not bestir ourselves, to happen more extensively. One of the most shameless newshounds in England has boldly stated that a person who becomes "news" no longer has rights, and may have his privacy invaded at any hour of the day or night by reporters in search of information. Many events that have happened within the past two years show that his is the attitude adopted by the proprietors, editors and staff of many popular newspapers to whom no sorrow is sacred where there is a circulation to be increased or a copper to be dragged out of a sensation-loving herd.

II

Lest I should seem to be exaggerating when I say that members of the popular press deny that individuals who have the misfortune to become "news" have any rights of privacy, let me quote a passage from the main leading article which was published in the *News Chronicle* of December 31, 1935, under the caption, "Colonel Lindbergh's Arrival":

> Colonel Lindbergh himself is so celebrated a person, and the flight of his family from America has been so sensational, that it was idle to suppose that his arrival in this country could fail to excite the curiosity both of the public and the Press. It is not an illegitimate curiosity. A public man cannot claim that his movements and his intentions are of no concern to anybody but himself; and when they are of so dramatic a character as to set two continents talking, it is idle to expect the Press of the world not to seek to chronicle the development of the drama.

I interrupt these extraordinary statements to say that while it may be conceivable that the Press is entitled to "chronicle the development of the drama", the Press is not entitled, as it sometimes seems to suppose it is, to *make* the drama develop in a way that is profitable to itself. The leading article continues:

> If Colonel Lindbergh is wise, he will satisfy at once by a frank and full statement the public desire to know his immediate intentions. Mystification will merely serve to sharpen curiosity. Not nearly so much attention would have been attracted to his arrival had it been less shrouded in a mystery which has excited instead of allaying the general curiosity. That done, Colonel Lindbergh may rely upon it that he is very unlikely in this country to be pestered with a publicity which he does not desire. Responsible English opinion, in common with responsible opinion all over the world,

> sympathises warmly with him in the horrible persecution to which he and his family have been so long exposed. He will suffer no such molestation here. In a week or two . . .

(when, that is to say, the newshounds and the sensation-mongers have been gorged and sated)

> . . . he may be sure of all the privacy he can desire ; but the best way to assure this is to avoid the appearance of shrouding the whole affair with an air of mystery.

It is a saddening fact that the *News Chronicle*, whose first editor in the days when it was the *Daily News*, was Charles Dickens, should have drawn from that great man only the spirit of Pecksniff, Chadband and Stiggins. A more oily piece of humbug than that leading article can seldom have appeared in any newspaper. That the opinion of this leader-writer was not, is not, the opinion of decent newspapermen was promptly made plain in several parts of the Press. The *Manchester Guardian* described the baying of the newshounds as " a breach of good manners ", and asserted that " the bulk of British opinion will sincerely hope that, in spite of this hue and cry and loosing of the pack, a false scent may yet be laid and the quarry escape to enjoy in complete quiet the hospitality of the country in which he seeks rest for his family and for himself :

> But if the hunt goes on, it may be pertinent to inquire whether this is not a wrong for which the law provides a remedy. The definitions the courts have upheld of what is " annoyance " or " nuisance " included many things more trifling than persistent and unwanted press attention.

Lord Rennell wrote to *The Times* to suggest that the Lindberghs should be left alone, and the resentment which all decent people feel at these newspaper violations of privacy and intrusions into personal grief and distress was promptly made manifest in other papers, but nowhere so dramatically manifested as in the correspondence columns of the *News Chronicle* itself. It may, indeed, be claimed as creditable to the *News Chronicle* that it published letters which forcibly repudiated the opinions expressed in its leading-article, although we may doubt whether these repudiations would have been published if they had not been representative of a large number that were not published. I quote these letters, which the paper printed in its issue of

January 2nd, to prove that the plea made by the popular press that its intrusions into private life are made to satisfy the demand of its readers, is entirely false. Here are the letters, reproduced exactly as they were published :

THE TRAGIC FAMILY.

> In the same issue that R. J. Cruikshank graphically describes the agony through which the Lindbergh family have passed, and the almost unbelievable indecency of the intrusion of the tabloid newspaper into people's private lives in America, your news columns pander to the instincts of those who would make this country like America, following on a photograph published a few days earlier of the house where the Lindbergh family had previously stayed.

19, Sunbury Avenue,
East Sheen, S.W.14.

N. F. DOVEY.

> The fever of curiosity now being aroused to fever pitch over the private affairs of the tragic Lindbergh family is, to say the least of it, degrading to the minds of all decent citizens.
>
> This England of ours is the so-called home of liberty and security, but that morbid minority who swallow whole any new sensation are evidently out to outrival the worst phases of American publicity and make the last state worse than the first.

Denton, Lancs.

J. B.

> Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh have come to England to escape from intolerable publicity and to ensure the safety of their little son.
>
> Could not, then, our national newspapers agree to refrain from publishing any news of their whereabouts or their plans ? Surely it is not in the interests of this tragic family—as your article so truly described them—to speculate as to their future residence in this country.

6, Roundwood Way,
Banstead, Surrey.

EDGAR J. BAKER.

The fact that no letters supporting the *News Chronicle's* plea were published is significant. The slightest acquaintance with a newspaper office is sufficient to prove that the readers of this paper must have made very plain to the Editor their disgust with his argument and plea.

III

But the hue and cry, though it has been abated, went on. The newshounds are not so easily balked of their prey. While the *American Importer*, the ship on which the Lindberghs

left America, was still on the sea, reporters were hurrying, first to Cork and Queenstown in the hope of intercepting the family there, and then to Liverpool where the ship was to berth. " For a couple of nights and days ", writes a correspondent of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, " the Gladstone Dock was besieged by the largest international gathering of newspaper representatives and photographers that ever assembled at an engagement in Liverpool. There were at least 100 Press people—English, Irish, Welsh, Scottish, French and Swedish. In the contingent was a woman photographer from Paris ". The menace to personal privacy is, it appears from that statement, international.

A man who is unlucky enough to become " news " will find himself pursued by newshounds from every part of the world. The fact that one of his children has been foully murdered and that his remaining child is in danger of kidnapping and, perhaps, of death is the excuse for letting loose on him and his distracted wife " at least 100 " photographers and reporters, each of them resolved to make a scoop from sorrow. How long, we may reasonably enquire, will the public tolerate this indecency? The Lindberghs have fled from their home because of the menaces to themselves and their child with which they have been incessantly threatened. Mrs. Lindbergh, a young woman of intrepid spirit, as her history proves, has been brought almost to a state of nervous prostration by the threats she and her husband have received and by the incredible invasions of their privacy made by newspaper reporters, some of whom actually " held up " the car in which the Lindbergh child, Jon, was being taken for an airing, so that they might take and publish his photograph. These men, disgracing the honourable profession of journalism, pretended to be thugs and gangsters, and, having stopped the car in which the boy was being driven, terrified its occupants while they " snapped " the child. It was then that the Lindberghs decided to leave home and come to Europe.

The indecent lengths to which American reporters and photographers, employed by what are called " tabloid " newspapers, will go in their search for sensation are beyond belief. One man strapped a small camera to his ankle and took a picture of a woman being electrocuted. (The introduction of cameras

into death-chambers in America is forbidden.) The photograph was published in a New York " tabloid ". Another man took a camera into an operation-room while a Cæsarian operation was being performed. This photograph, too, was published.

A sheet called *Time* actually republishes with pride photographs of suffering and sorrow which are, in its opinion, examples of enterprising news-search. In its issue for December 23, 1935, this paper printed a picture of a grief-stricken man gazing at the body of his wife who, having been killed by a motor car, is seen lying stretched on the pavement; and it describes, almost in terms of glee, how the photographer, setting out on " what promised to be a dull, routine assignment ", namely, the photographing of a dead woman, was elated to find the weeping husband leaning in distress against a doorway. The bright young photographer promptly stepped up to the bereaved man and " snapped " him, and was awarded the first prize for " the best spot newspicture " out of three hundred that were exhibited by the Press Photographers' Association.

Our own popular papers have not yet descended to the depths of mud in which the New York " tabloids " wallow, but some of them show signs that they are ready to do so as soon as they safely can. We may be thankful that the fundamental decency of our people has, in the matter of the Lindberghs, made them halt. They still sneak after the unfortunate family, but their sneaking is as furtive as it is foolish. They have informed us that the Lindberghs have left Liverpool and, with such precision as they can master, what their destination is; and they have speculated as publicly as possible on their probable destination if and when they leave England.

To whom is this information " news "? Whose business, but their own, is it that the Lindberghs have left Liverpool and gone elsewhere? This young man and woman have fled from their home and their country in fear lest their only child should suffer the fate of his elder brother. Our popular newspapers, almost as if they were agents of the crooks and gangsters who may be seeking the child's life, publish the address to which they suppose the Lindberghs to be flying for refuge! Why? Of what interest is it to the readers of any of these papers that this unhappy family is hiding here or there, and why must

the newspapers reveal the exact situation of their probable hiding-places? Must the popular papers assist the criminals by supplying them with information?

It is clear that we cannot allow pressmen, in the pretence of public interest, but really for the benefit of their own pockets, to continue in this exploitation of private trouble. I am proud to say that the Institute of Journalists, when I addressed them on this subject about two years ago, passed a resolution in which they begged the Newspaper Proprietors' Association to discourage and prevent these exploitations and intrusions; and I, who am a journalist, would prefer to see the filthy traffic stopped by journalists themselves. But it may be necessary for the public to protect itself by taking legal action against those who violate its right of seclusion. Some newspaper men, while they object to these invasions, participate in them on the ground that until all newspapers agree to abstain from making them, every newspaper will have to disregard privacy so as not to be left out of "news". The argument is specious, but influential on pressmen who, however, must realize that it is better for them to remove this reproach from their profession than that they should have it forcibly removed either by an indignant public or by Parliament.

The hope that all newspaper proprietors will respect privacy may seem to be delusive, but at least an attempt to translate it into a reality should be made. If it is not made, the newspapers may find themselves, to their shame and disrepute, brought gravely to judgment by a public which is increasingly becoming sensitive to the grossness of these outrages. Members of Parliament have already muttered about the need for controlling the Press. The Press will be exceedingly foolish if it gives them an excuse for imposing unwarranted restrictions on its activities by wilfully exposing itself to restrictions that are generally approved. Let the Press discipline itself, lest it be disciplined.

GERMAN POLITICAL EXPANSION

By Charles Cunningham

When in August last, during the course of a protracted journey of investigation into the political tendencies in Central and South-Eastern Europe, I found myself in Nuremberg for the Nazi *Partei Tag*, the importance of the political part which Germany might be going to play in those regions of Europe was apparent to me; and when I had travelled some hundreds of kilometres further eastward, first appearances were fully confirmed. But already by then the Italo-Abyssinian situation was so serious as to cause more than one special correspondent whom I met in Bavaria to shrug his shoulders and say: "Well, there's nothing here that I did not see and write about last year", and to tell the hotel porter to get him a sleeper on the Rome train. In this, I think, they were mistaken. For the outcome of the Italo-Abyssinian conflict is likely to result in a lessening of Italian influence in Europe, whereas the expansion of German political influence in Austria, Hungary, and Yugoslavia bids fair to go a long way towards finally settling the subterranean struggles which for seventeen years since the war have existed, at any rate in Austria and Hungary, and which render the Germany of the moment a political factor of first class importance.

In the course of my investigations I was in Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest, besides Nuremberg, and I had the good fortune to make personal contact with such well informed people as Herr von Ribbentrop, Major Fey, Mr. Tibor Eckhardt (recently Hungarian delegate at Geneva), Count Alfred Brusselle (one of the most important of the Austrian Legitimists), as well as diplomats on leave from Rome. I had therefore, perhaps, unusual opportunities of estimating from various angles of thought the extent of the expansion of German influence in Austria, Hungary, and Yugoslavia, the three countries mainly dealt with in this article.

I have been visiting this part of Europe regularly since 1930, and to one who has followed the pell-mell rise and fall therein of one section of political thought after another, the present solid unanimity in favour of closer connection with Germany is remarkable. Nor can I leave these preliminary generalities without emphasising the fact that the attitude of Germany towards those of her neighbours who desire to draw closer to her is to the best of my knowledge and belief the exact opposite of bellicose. For why, demands your average intelligent German, should the *Putsch* which cost Dollfuss his life be repeated? And though not accepting responsibility for that *Putsch*, he goes on to prove why it is that soon rather than late both Austria and Hungary will themselves force the *free* elections which will enable the wish of the majority for closer contact with Germany to be satisfied. Then, too, Herr Hitler, whose gifts as a diplomat are exemplified by the admirable silence concerning Germany's foreign policy for which he is responsible, declared specifically in his address to the Reichstag on May 21st this year that it was his fixed intention to "find and maintain a relationship with the British State and people which will prevent for all time a repetition of the only struggle which there has been between the two nations hitherto". And as Hitler well knows, forcible interference on the part of Germany in the affairs of Austria would certainly cancel the good feeling between his country and this which, starting with the Naval Treaty, has steadily augmented.

No, in seeking a reason for Germany's increased influence in Austria it is necessary, primarily, to regard the diminution of that of another power, namely, Italy. And here it seems appropriate to say that to talk of Austria's independence is sheer childishness. No country, reduced as Austria has been, economically, territorially, and in population, could hope to have complete independence.

I was in Vienna at the time of the Austrian Cabinet reshuffle last autumn, and I was still in Austria when Prince Starhemberg announced his Italian-backed claim to the dictatorship of the country. The first of these events, resulting as it did in a superficial increase of Italian influence over Austrian affairs, was unpopular enough with the Austrian Social-Democrats and Nazis.

But the subsequent action of Prince Starhemberg did nothing for the already precarious Schuschnigg regime save to destroy its last, admittedly unstable, prop, the Legitimists, who for long past have been trying to delude themselves into believing that Mussolini had not really deserted the cause of Archduke Otto, but who now—feeling that if they cannot have back their King, they at any rate will not continue to be dominated by an Italy who has enriched herself at the expense of Austria—have no alternative but to range themselves with the sentimentally anti-Italian peasants of the Austrian Tirol and that vast majority of Austrian realists who see in Italy a power no longer able to support that keystone of Austro-Italian friendship, the Rome Pact of 1934.

It is necessary now briefly to regard the financial stituation of Italy. That it is serious in the extreme is at once apparent. Her current budget is unbalanced, while the total deficit of those of the preceding four years amounts to the staggering figure of almost £250,000,000. Long before the first shot was fired in Abyssinia, Italy's efforts to raise credits in London, New York, and Paris were fruitless; and were Italy to withdraw tomorrow from Africa, the money needed to repatriate men, munitions, and equipment would run into millions of pounds. It is argued by some that Italy is not yet bankrupt, nor anywhere near it, and that with the cessation of hostilities financial conditions will rapidly return to normal. But such an argument is difficult to understand. An immediate return to peace would only send up the Italian unemployment figures so alarmingly as to compel Mussolini to spend what is already being disbursed on the campaign in relief; while the reduction of imports to a cast-iron minimum, it is maintained by Austrian financiers, would mean the death of the Rome Pact.

By the Rome Pact of 1934, Italy guaranteed to buy from Hungary 1,000,000 metric hundredweight of cereals on condition that Hungary, finding herself in consequence in a position to do so, should offer an increased market for Austrian manufactured goods. Austria, in her turn, on account of her increased income, was to buy 2,000,000 metric hundredweight of cereals from Hungary, the figures in each case being subject, naturally, to seasonal fluctuation. For Italy this was an excellent arrangement,

as providing, as she did, the initial capital through her purchases from Hungary, she was able to subsidize and gain a controlling interest in both countries with but a single outlay. For Austria as well this was also an agreeable bargain, since it balanced the budget and marked out for her a definite line of policy, namely, the Italian.

What, however, does not appear to have been appreciated at the signing of the Rome Pact is that an essential condition of its effectiveness is that Italy's finances should remain at any rate fairly sound. And this, as I have shown, they have not done; with the result that the realist Austrian majority—as anyone visiting that country can check for himself—is looking round for someone to take Italy's place.

Nor can this vastly important majority be blamed for seeing in Germany the obvious *remplaçant* of Italy. With the peasantry of the Austrian Tirol it shares a dislike of that country which, after the war, seized a large part of the Tirol. With the Legitimists of the aristocracy and small gentry it feels itself traditionally and culturally far closer to Germany than to Italy. It agrees, too, with those of the army who consider that the Reich is strategically a better ally than Rome. So that it is neither wise nor desirable in the opinion of this pro-German majority to continue to be bound by the toppling Rome Pact of 1934; and Germany is not losing any time in seizing on the legitimate advantage offered her by Italy's dilemma to suggest extensive and satisfying commercial agreements to an Austria whom she has neither the wish, the necessity, nor the crass stupidity to try to conquer by force. The possibilities most frequently discussed on both sides of the Austro-German frontier relate to a return to the 1929 trade-volume between the two countries and to the removal of Austria's adverse trade balance with Germany. In this direction Germany will not haggle over a few millions of Reichmarks.

For it is known by the directors of the Reich's foreign policy that Germany's influence in Austria is daily augmenting. It is seen that the cards are stacked against Rome and that Berlin has been dealt a winning hand. And it is perfectly appreciated that the only thing necessary for Germany to do is to sit tight and let the hand play itself. Political unrest below the surface in Austria is rampant, as the Wilhelmstrasse fully realizes; and

but a short time, it is argued, must elapse before this unrest erupts, leading either to civil war in Austria or to free elections. In either case the ultimate result, it is considered, is certain to be the same: a vote overwhelmingly in favour of transferring the preponderance of Austria's friendship from Italy to Germany.

Before quitting the subject of Austro-German relations I must deal briefly with the two principal arguments against a *rapprochement* between the two countries which are from time to time advanced. The chief of these objections—that the Great Powers would not tolerate such a move—is answerable in the first place by the fact that their intolerance could only be provoked or justified by the use of force towards Austria on Germany's part, a possibility so totally contrary to the present Reich policy as to be negligible. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that Germany now does not want to absorb Austria. Has she not (as I was frequently asked in Berlin) had just as ample opportunity as the rest of post-war Europe of observing what a thorn in the side of its ruler a discontented minority can be? And would a predominantly Catholic Austria—the questions continued—be anything but that if controlled by a Power not in complete sympathy with the majority's religion?

What applies to an Austro-German *rapprochement* applies also to the Hungaro-German *rapprochement*, the preliminaries of which are at present taking place. So we see that the same present impossibility of securing complete independence for Hungary exists, and thus the same necessity to find an external financial backer; and that likewise the same insistence on a reasonable measure of autonomy will be put forward by Hungary as by Austria when concrete negotiations between Budapest and Berlin take place. And for reasons similar to those which will apply to Austria, Germany will be only too happy to guarantee autonomy. In the expansion of her influence in Hungary, indeed, Germany has an easier road than in Austria. For in Hungary the foundation stone of pro-Italianism is even more insecure than in Austria. One reason for this is that whereas Austria's present trade figures with Germany reveal an adverse balance of 40 million Reichmarks, Hungary's figures of 63 million Reichmarks' worth of exports against 39 million Reichmarks' worth of imports give a favourable balance of 24 million Reich-

marks; while Germany, it should be realized, is Hungary's second largest customer after Austria, taking 22 per cent. of that country's exports as compared with Italy's modest 8·3 per cent.

Again, whereas in Austria it is the peasantry of the Tirol who form the bulk of the active revisionists and see in Germany the best hope of securing a revision by peaceful means, in Hungary the whole population—so far as it has any political creed at all—is united in demanding a revision of the Treaty of Trianon. In considering the position of Germany and Hungary today, this unanimity of desire for revision is of first-class importance. For not only does it give to the personally Germanophile Prime Minister, General Gömbös, who already possesses something approaching dictatorial powers, an obvious objective in his foreign policy, but it establishes a bond between the Magyars and the 500,000-strong German minority dwelling, scattered, in their midst. Thus Gömbös—a professional soldier, who since his assumption of power after the fall of the Bethlen regime and its unfortunate successor, the Andràssy Cabinet, has shed much of his brusqueness and developed into an extremely able negotiator—has a practically free hand to follow his own inclinations and treat with Germany. His strongest opponents are, perhaps, the Legitimists. But if the situation of this party in Austria is one of, at any rate, organized disappointment with Italy, in Hungary they are not even organized and, numerically insignificant as they are becoming, can be written off.

We come now to Yugoslavia, wherein the increase of German influence, if not so apparent, is no less definite; and at the outset it is obvious that this increase of German influence is, as in the case of Austria and Hungary, due to the diminution of that of another Power—France; though in Yugoslavia's case as well the Italian decline also plays its part. For some considerable time past the influence of France in Yugoslavia has been on the wane; it was given its *coup de grâce* by the Franco-Soviet understanding, a step which Yugoslavia has always dreaded, and one which, now that it has been accomplished, is not only resented but derided as well. Besides, well-informed sections of Yugoslav opinion say: "Look at the position that France herself is in today. Her birth rate continues to fall alarmingly; her Government is unstable; and, finally, her own North-African possessions are

—owing to over-production and France's inability to consume—in a deplorable condition financially, leaving Paris to find frequent heavy subsidies to prop up their toppling budgets, and thus drastically reducing the amounts which in more favourable times were at the disposal of the Little Entente states."

Other reasons as well are not wanting for expecting in the near future a re-orientation of Yugoslavia's foreign policy. Principal among these is Italy. For years past, Yugoslavia has been periodically agitated by scares concerning the possibility of Italian aggression. Today, however, it is known in Belgrade that the hour of Italy's preponderant voice in Austria and Hungary is passing. Germany, it is realized, who can in any case offer just as good trading facilities as can France, will take Italy's place in Austro-Hungarian matters. Might it not be a very good idea to cut adrift now, while the moment is most opportune? many people in Yugoslavia are asking themselves.

Thus we see that, starting with Austria, the expansion of German political influence is likely to extend through Hungary to Yugoslavia. To these three countries in Central and South-Eastern Europe must be added Bulgaria, who on account of her strategic position and because of post-Peace-Treaty resentment is in sympathy with Germany, Austria, and Hungary. Germany can already count on Poland; and when one bears in mind the extremely noteworthy fact that not force but the possibility of peaceful gain is the motive which is likely to unite about Germany such an important group of countries as Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Poland, it must be apparent that the political possibilities inherent in such a re-grouping are of the utmost importance to the other Powers in Europe and deserving of their careful attention.

INTRUDERS IN THE FILM WORLD

By E. Arnot Robertson

CLAUDETTE COLBERT in a leopard-skin brassiere, killing very stuffed birds with a bow and arrow, and saying things that sounded vaguely familiar . . .

I sat in the cinema tingling with that queer shame for humanity which comes, to me at least, most frequently from films. I watched her walking through jungle that refrained from disarranging a frond of her leaf skirt, while it tore her companions' clothes to ribbons; and wondered whether, at the time of the shooting, she had felt anything like the sympathy for me that I was feeling for her, directed to making her hair, which went into the jungle straight, hump itself idiotically into waves, like a caterpillar walking.

But perhaps she had not read the book from which the film was taken. I had written it. If it had not been for me this particularly frightful waste of celluloid would not have happened: some other frightful waste, no doubt; because if this particular doyen of the film world had not been directing this picture he would presumably have been directing something else: but surely not quite so badly.

This, at any rate, was what I felt while seeing my own work on the screen for the first time, and struggling to find something reasonably courteous to say to the two officials of the film company who sat on either side of me in the otherwise empty cinema in New York. (A performance in an empty cinema always gives one a foretaste of the grave in its appalling feeling of isolation: the New York film palaces, being bigger, are more discomforting in this way than any others.)

The officials seemed, oddly enough, embarrassed too. We all thought it a dreadful film, but as hosts and guest did not like to admit this. "Why, there's the stinging nettle mentioned in chapter V!" I discovered this with social relief at last, and

went on discovering it as often as possible throughout the film, because they looked so pleased too. We clung to that stinging nettle until the waterfall scene. . . . This was the moment in which I decided that my husband and I were going to have a film company of our own: a sort of pocket-unit, doing my stuff as we wanted it done. When the film rights of my book were sold, I knew the director's reputation as the man who never failed to find room for a bathroom scene; but this time, I had supposed he would be helpless—what chance was there of a bathroom scene in the story of a forced march across the hinterland of Malaya? I had not thought of a waterfall . . . in which Miss Colbert stood for what seemed to me hours, while two carefully-trained jets of spray did what was necessary, but no more. If it had not been for me, this deplorable film would not have happened, I thought again. But if it hadn't, I should not have been so suddenly in funds that a second-hand movie camera seemed a cheap escape from further shame of this kind.

It cost £160; and for a projector, originally £70, we paid £16. One of the advantages of being an amateur in this trade is that the big companies do not care much what they spend: it is never the individual's money; so that though everything first-hand is fantastically expensive, anything that is being replaced can be had comparatively cheaply. We set up the projector in the bedroom of our two-room flat, meaning to keep one corner for cinema stuff and the rest for ourselves. By the time we were half-way through our first "short"—a twenty-minutes' sailing picture—the film gear had overflowed the whole flat and we were desperately trying to keep one corner for ourselves.

Two friends were the actors in this picture, which was taken in a small boat off the east coast. Innocently we imagined that, knowing a lot about boats though nothing about films, we had chosen an easy setting. When we had gone so far that we could not afford to stop and start again elsewhere, we discovered that the boat was too small to let the camera get the right distance from the subjects. In practically every scene the proper place for shooting was about six feet beyond the side of the boat. It was impossible to photograph from the dinghy; even in calm water it wobbled too much. In the end, agonies were endured by the camera-man, suspended from the top of the mast by one

of the halyards, with an oar digging into his stomach and lashed at the other end to the rigging, so that he was held out-board like a spinnaker, and could just steady himself with one toe on the gunwhale. It is hard to direct, with the necessary calm, closing scenes of evening serenity at sea, with a camera man who is also one's husband yelling that in another two seconds the oar will have gone right through him. But the excitement of shooting is astonishingly hardening ; I should not have thought it possible, before we started making films, that in the circumstances I could shout back, " Hold it ! " so ruthlessly and so often.

I like making amateurs and animals behave as I want them to in front of the camera ; these are the only actors who do not feel (possibly with reason) that they know better than the raw director ; and from the director's point of view this is a blessing hard to over-rate. What is needed, in both cases, is immense patience all round.

This first picture, " Our Friend the Wind ", represented the hardest work that I have ever done, I think. It was not so much that my husband and I wrote, directed, photographed, cut and edited it between us : we had to manage the boat at the same time because the two actors, though willing, knew even less about sailing than we did about films. While I, in the fever of the moment, would be howling, " Pull that rope, can't you. *Pull* it, don't tweak it ! " the camera-man would be trying to bawl louder that if we did not put the boat about now we should go aground ; and then that particular shot, ending abruptly, would be ruined and had to be done again.

I still think it surprising that the finished film, with all our preliminary experiments thrown in, only cost £170. It has booked about £500, including continental and Empire rights. (The distributor takes half and we take half : this is the usual arrangement for " shorts ".)

This, however, was after we had found a distributor. There was a period, while we were hawking the film round Wardour Street, when I utterly despaired of our small venture. At one time, indeed, we advertised all our gear for sale even more cheaply than we had bought it. Everyone had told us that amateurs can very rarely break into the commercial film world,

and they seemed to be right. Renter after renter said that they would have taken the film if. . . . But as it was, no.

Their suggestions were always the inclusion of the things that we had started a film company of our own in order to leave out—the bathing belles, the coy sentiment, or the well-underlined joke. One man volunteered that on one condition he would be willing to overlook the high-brow quality. (We had not thought, while making it, that it was a high-brow film, but the renters were unanimous about that, with disgust.) The condition was that we should put in a sports-car. Staggered, I pointed out that the story was about a frightened little clerk who earned three pounds a week, and a typist who earned two pounds ten. " Oh, the story ——! " he said. " Why, it'd brighten that up a lot. Everybody likes a sports-car."

" The trouble with you amateurs is, you've got no box-office sense." This was said by the last man who turned us down before we found a renter willing to take a chance. After this we decided that once, and then never again, we would go all out to make a selling film for our own satisfaction, spiritual and financial. What, in our own observation, made an audience say, " Oo ! " and " Ah ! " ?—Luxury, sin, or a baby animal on the screen. Luxury we could not afford to depict ; sin must be clothed in suggestive naughtiness to get it past the censor, and, this we could not stand. We would give them, then, twenty minutes of the fluffiest young things we could find. This picture made five hundred per cent. profit in its first three months, and released a year and a-half ago, is still running. It was extremely easy and great fun to make ; except that all very young things, human, animal, or bird, seem to react in the same way to fear of the camera's buzzing, and I was the person who had to hold them.

We are now in the middle of a venture ambitious enough, if it fails, to break up the unit. If by any chance that happens, I think it will be a pity. It might discourage other amateurs, and they are very badly needed in the cinema world, to use brains—which are very scarce there—instead of cash—which is cloggingly plentiful. Only the amateur, with his minute overhead expenses, can afford to make pictures with relatively tiny profits—films directed to the small but growing audience that does not look to

the cinema for a means of escape from reality. And he can make each picture the product of one person's brain, not the work of a committee, which is almost always artistically hopeless.

" Big money " can only be taken at present in the cinema by pleasing the provincial shop- and servant-girl, who still constitutes, unfortunately for the cinema—and despite the moralists' moans about her—probably the most sexually-repressed class in the community. A famous film actress in impossible pyjamas, preparing to get into a bed complete with satin sheets and another well-known star, is still the best satisfaction by proxy that art can offer her, and naturally this, or something like it, is what she will pay to get.

(It is interesting, in this respect, to notice that the finest films, artistically, are now coming from those countries where women earning the equivalent of fifteen to thirty shillings a week are sexually most emancipated.)

The amateur in this country can neglect the needs of the lowest audiences, for which the big companies must cater. With a little luck he can even make high-brow films pay in a small way ; and I believe that it is in his untied hands, more than in anyone else's, to lift this exciting art form of the future above its present standards as a mass-production trade.

NATIVES DON'T CRY

By Kay Boyle

We went to Austria that summer. It was the time of year when hay-fever made father's eyes cry all day, and in the mountains there was no sign of dust, there was almost frost in the evenings, and if he saw any golden rod growing he could take the long way round across the snow. We went to Austria, driving there from England, and Miss Henly came to us the night before we left. She was not very pleased to come, but it was only for the month, so she came as a gift to us. She did not believe she would like us because of the hotel where we were in London and because of the colour of mother's hair. She did not say these things in the same words to us, but she said them in other ways so that we knew. But the first night she came to us, there was a Lord and Lady to dinner. They were an Irish Lord and Lady, brother and sister, twins. They were both sixteen. Miss Henly did not say much to them at table, but it was easy to see she was satisfied they were there.

The hotel belonged to Mrs. Lewis, and she stood at the top of the stairway smoking cigarettes, knowing at once when you came in whether she'd like you or whether she wouldn't.

" What would your little girls like to see in London ? " she asked.

" They'd like to see a Lord and a Lady ", mother said.

So Mrs. Lewis invited the Lord and the Lady. Miss Henly came in time to put Francis to bed and then she took us down to dinner. The Lord and Lady were waiting in the hall. The Lady wore a green dress, and she had long, straight, red hair, and because they both had freckles like our own we could scarcely look in their faces for sorrow.

" I don't believe they were a Lord and a Lady at all ", my sister said when we were in the room undressing.

" My dear child ", said Miss Henly, " as you have doubtless

never so much as laid eye on a titled Englishman, I daresay you have no reason to believe that these young people were impostors. I thought them very well-bred."

" I know they couldn't have been a Lord and a Lady ", my sister said. " They had freckles ".

" Nevertheless ", said Miss Henly folding our dresses sharply into the open suitcase, " I have no doubt they were, and I daresay I am a better judge of such things than a little girl who has always lived across the water ".

Miss Henly had a thin coat and a wide felt hat that almost escaped from her head when we drove. She had to hold it with her two hands, riding in the back between us. She was not dressed for driving, you could feel the bones in her legs shaking, but she was very vain of everything she had. Mother put a fur jacket in the back of the car at Southampton and said :

" If you feel the wind, just put this around you, Miss Henly ".

There was a ring of blue around Miss Henly's mouth, and she had no gloves on her hands, but she said :

" Oh, I'm not accustomed to bundling up in season and out ; in England we don't take our winter things out quite so early, you know. I would be very glad to know ", said Miss Henly looking severely at mother, " if it doesn't seem too presumptious, where we may be going. It's on account of my mail, of course. I haven't anything else but my letters ", she said, and she looked at us all as if we were strangers to her. " I have nothing else to live for now ".

We thought she was fifty because she had no colour in her face, and her hair was pinned back in a knot in her neck, and it was grey near the ears. Father took her passport on the French side, and when he came back to the car he said :

" I think you're much too young to be leaving home, Miss Henly ".

He had a soft voice, and whenever he smiled he seemed shy and uneasy to us.

" Miss Henly's almost as young as you girls ", said father, and we saw the colour run into her cheeks. " She's only twenty-five ! "

" How old did you think I was ? " she said, and Francis said :

" A hundred ".

But he was so young there was nothing to say to him. It was just a number he had heard somewhere.

She had been born in Burma, she was a civil servant's daughter, and she had no patience for the ways of any children except the children she and her brothers had been. In the hotels at night she took their pictures from her bag and set them on the bureau. She spoke of them all, and of the places they had lived in, as if these things were clearer seen than any others. And she spoke of them only a little at a time, and not too often, as if they were too good to be given quite away.

She did not say these things or anything like them to mother, but if mother was having her hair done over in Paris or Strasbourg or Munich, she said them to father and to us where we were having tea. She looked at mother in mirrors when mother was putting a dress on or changing her hat, but she never told her about Rudolpho, although she wrote to him every day. She said to mother :

" Where would be a safe place to have mail sent to ? I have to know about my letters ".

And mother would be looking at the side of her face through the hand-glass in the mirror, and she would say :

" Oh, I'm sure the American Express or Thomas Cook would do, don't you ? "

But mother never said which city because she scarcely ever knew which country she was travelling in. She could not remember the capitals of Europe even. She could only remember people's faces and whether they liked Picasso. So Miss Henly did not say to her :

" When I was a little girl my father never could shave in the morning unless I was curled up on the table where his basin of water stood ! " She gave such gasps and whispers of laughter while she spoke of herself to us that sometimes her words were lost forever. Her cheeks squeezed up red and the tears of laughter seemed ready to fall from her eyes, and the glass with the cocktail in it shook in her hand. " I always had to hold his brush for him, imagine ! " she cried out. " He used to make a moustache for me out of the lather —— ! " She said more after this, but she laughed so wildly that we never made it out.

Her family was dead, even the brothers, so there was no one

left to write to, but there was Rudolpho. He was a name written out very big across an envelope at night. Father said :

" If your young man likes to read so much, Miss Henly, I think he must be quite literary."

Whenever we had tea with father, we had it beside the bar where he sat, because he didn't like the drinks in other places. And after a week, Miss Henly forgot about tea. She sat at the table with us, but she had a cocktail and potato-chips instead.

" Oh, he's not exactly that ! " said Miss Henly, laughing. " He's foreign, of course, but so many people are these days that one gets accustomed to it. He's been ten years in London, too, so you'd scarcely know. I don't know what he's doing to cheer himself up, poor thing. He must feel like a duck out of water. He wanted me to go, of course, and he told me not to hurry back, but I know perfectly well what's going on inside him ! "

" You'll probably have mail waiting in Salzburg ", said father. " What about another cocktail ? "

" Oh, I scarcely ever drink ! " cried Miss Henly.

" But these were small ", said father.

" Yes ", said Miss Henly. " That's quite true." She saw mother coming in through the swinging-door and the smile went sharp on her lips, and she said :

" Do sit up, girls ! Francis, take your spoon out of your cup ! One would never think I'd been with you over a week now. I'd hoped to see much more improvement ".

" Well, anyway, they've learned to say lef-tenant ", father said.

Father went to the post-office the first thing in Salzburg. He took the passports in his hand, and when he came back he was carrying a great many things. There were letters from America, and there was mother's picture playing golf in the *Tatler*, but there wasn't anything, there wasn't even a postcard for Miss Henly. She did not say anything. She sat quite still on the terrace of the coffee-house on the Mozart Place, and the sun was shining for a change. She looked straight into the sun, past father, smiling at what he said. He had said :

" There wasn't anything for you today, Miss Henly. Better luck tomorrow ".

Mother opened her letters, and father opened his, and we did

not look at Miss Henly. No one lifted their eyes, and no one felt easy in the silence at the table. Miss Henly sat with her cup of coffee and cream in front of her, and because she did not speak there was nothing for anyone to say. But Francis said :

" Maybe nobody likes you ", and mother said quickly :

" Would you like to wander around a bit by yourself this afternoon, Miss Henly ? There's quite a lot to see here. I'll take the children out to the Grand Duke's palace to see Elizabeth Duncan. You might go see Mozart's skull ".

" Mozart's skull ! " cried Miss Henly. " How disgusting ! "

In the evening she was in the room still, she was sitting there in the half-darkness when we came home. She had been writing a letter by the window and she was putting the name on the envelope when we came in the door. Father came with us, and Miss Henly said :

" Where would the best place to change English money be ? "

Miss Henly stood, very small and thin, with her hand holding to the back of the chair. She wore high black shoes, and a shirtwaist, and a skirt that had no year or season, wide at the knees, and dark. She had never worn anything else but this, no matter how the weather changed.

" Look here ", said father. " If you'd like your salary in advance, you just tell us. I can pay it now or whenever you want it, just as you like."

" Not at all ", said Miss Henly. " I had no intention of asking for anything in advance. I just happened to find a few shillings in my pocket and thought I would change them here. I only want to buy a stamp ", she said.

She did not like the seeds in the bread, or the cream in the coffee. There wasn't a thing she could eat in the breweries, because of the thickness of the meat and the smell of beer in the place. The way of eating frankfurters in the fingers, and the linen suits the women wore were things she could never get over. She couldn't believe anyone could have so little care for the kind of figure she cut.

" Imagine going off on your honeymoon with your husband's head shaved like a convict's ! " she said to father, having a drink in the Mirabelle garden in the afternoon. " I'll never forget these frightful heads if I live to be a hundred ! "

" I'm afraid you favour the long-haired, artistic type ", said father. " Let's try their side-cars ".

" Oh, I never drink more than one, if that ! " said Miss Henly. " Of course, I've seen some of the funniest photographs of this young man in England I've spoken of before. When he was in the war, they got things, you know, things in their heads, if you can imagine it. They had to shave the entire regiment's heads ! But he wouldn't let them touch his beard, and he did look too silly ! He had a little bit of a beard, he was only twenty-one then —— " Miss Henly's voice was lost in gasps of laughter, and father, although he had never seen the photographs, opened his mouth and laughed as well as he could. Miss Henly picked up the second cocktail, and suddenly she stopped laughing. " I was wondering about something this morning ", she said. " I was going to ask you, that is. The next time you do go to the post-office, would you mind asking if there are any letters for Mary Gwendolyn, or for Gwendolyn Henly. My passport has my name down simply Mary Henly. But some of my friends were in the habit of calling me by my middle name, Gwendolyn. This friend I've mentioned to you before always calls me that ".

At the end of the week we went away, we went up the valley into the mountains, and Miss Henly rode in the back with us. She held Francis on her lap, and she closed her eyes and told us of the places she had been to. There were eight natives struck by lightning in the hills near Burma one night in the summer, and she had seen them in the morning when the others carried them down. Their bodies were burned as black as logs in the fire.

" What did you give them to make them stop crying ? " Francis said.

" Natives don't cry ", said Miss Henly. " They don't feel things the way other people do ".

It was cold climbing and father stopped the car for a glass of wine in a country tavern. We all went in and sat down by the stove, and mother and father and Miss Henly drank a pitcher of red, hot wine.

" How do you like Austria, Miss Henly ? " mother said. " This is Austria, isn't it ? "

" Oh, it's very like the country around Burma, you know ", said Miss Henly. " I was telling the children, I've a friend who has a little car of his own. He drives it all over England. I told him we would be driving around Salzburg. It would be a joke, wouldn't it, if he suddenly turned up on the road ? "

" Perhaps he's going to surprise you by coming right over ! " said father. Miss Henly's face squeezed up with laughter.

" It would be just like him to ! " she said. " I'll never forget the time we were asked to a fancy-dress party. He dressed up the same as two friends of his did, and I never knew until the party was over and everybody unmasked that I'd been dancing with somebody else all evening. He had got tired ", said Miss Henly, " and gone home early ".

" That was a good joke ", said mother.

Father said : " Have a little more wine ".

" Oh, I never take much ", said Miss Henly, watching him fill her glass up. " If this friend I was speaking of did come along the children would have a wonderful time with him. He's like a child himself ", she said, and she began to gasp with laughter. " He'd be down on his hands and knees all the time playing with Francis if he were here ".

" Francis ", said mother, " please get up off your hands and knees, darling ".

" If I get off my knees can I stay on my hands ? " said Francis.

Day after day Miss Henly walked us slowly over the hillsides, in the rain even, with our thick boots on, and on cloudy windy days. Mother and father went up mountains together escaping the golden rod and the cut hay lying wet in the fields. Whenever we went back to the hotel, there would be letters on the table, but there would never be anything for Miss Henly.

" Nobody writes to you, Mrs Hen ", Francis said. He was proud because he had two cards one day from people we scarcely knew. He had a card with a cat's head on it, and when you pressed it the cat cried. And the other was of a man in a bathing suit and when you undid the back of his trousers all the views of Venice opened out.

" My dear child ", said Miss Henly. " ' Fools' names and fools' faces ' ", she said. " As a matter of fact, Francis, if I wanted my letters sent here I could easily tell people to write

to me here, couldn't I ? So you see how silly you are ".

But we never saw her writing any more letters. She did not even speak of Rudolpho. She would sit reading books that mother gave her, and she never found any of them very good, not as good as the books she had read somewhere else at some other time.

" Always the same old thing ", she said, and she gave them back to mother. " Always love, love, love, and whether the beautiful girl will, or whether the handsome hero won't succumb ! It's just a bit tiresome I think, you know ".

Mother and father put their feet out by the fire and mother said Miss Henly wasn't a good thing for the children even if she was leaving so soon. She said it was the worst thing to have this for every meal with you, this pall, this bitterness, this dead, unspoken sorrow. What could we give her to take away her silence, and her sharpness, and her grieving face ? In a little while father said :

" What do you think if I should be Rudolpho ? He's been an absolute skunk to her. I'd like to give him a piece of my mind. He probably took every penny she made from her, and now that she's down and out he's through with her. Anyway, I could write letters to her. I could typewrite them and sign them Rudolpho. I could tell her how much I miss her. They wouldn't have to be long ".

" How could you possibly get them mailed ? " said mother, putting the bright, clear red on her fingernails.

" I could have them mailed from Innsbruck ", said father. " I could tell her I couldn't stand England without her. I could tell her I'm going absolutely mad ".

" That much would be true, anyway ", said mother.

In the morning, father and mother took us part way up a mountain.. We were going to the first hut underneath the glacier, because anything else was too far. We left very early, while it was dark still, and we would be back late, in time for supper. Going up we would take it very easy, and we would not speak much, for you needed all the breath in your body for climbing. But coming down we could run as we liked and pick gentians and forget-me-nots all the way.

So we climbed quietly, very silent, my sister and I, listening

to mother and father talking to each other ahead. It was growing light when we reached a plateau where the stream spread out and made soft, marshy ground, and at the far end of this we saw a herd of horses standing. They stood with their heads laid across each other's necks, a great many of them, dark and glossy in the early morning, with their long tails softly brushing across each other's flanks.

They did not move until we were near the centre of the field, and then they seemed to see us quickly, as if it were a game they were playing, and they broke apart and a few of them cried out in high, clear voices. The largest horse had started towards us, her head down, her nostrils spread, her tail arched out behind. The others scattered across the end of the field, and then they wheeled and swung to the heels of their leader who was coming fast, pounding over a trail as if for water, following the smell of it hard to where we stood. Behind her came the others, younger and wilder, shouldering each other and rearing in their haste.

Mother said : " Get behind me, girls. I never heard of such a thing. I never heard anything in my life about horses acting like this ".

Father waved his stick at them, but very gently, as if he would really do them no harm.

" Perhaps they've had an unfortunate experience with humans recently ", said father " They may be looking for someone in particular ".

Mother put her arms down about us and drew us off towards the trees that stood ahead, keeping us close beside her under her arms.

" I'm not in the least afraid of horses ", father said, waving his stick. " I never have been. I've ridden all my life."

" I know ", mother called back from where we were. " Neither am I."

But the horses knew very well what to do : when they were almost on us all, they drew their chins in close against their shining necks, as swans might floating on the water, and they swerved wildly and perfectly in their circle to the other side. First the leading horse drew in her head and made the curve, and then the others followed in the tumult of their advance.

It might have been some kind of game they had made up out of their loneliness and their boredom on the mountainside. They went off over the deep marshy ground and near the edge they took their place again, their sides blowing fast, their heads shaking the hair on their necks from one side to the other, fitting again into their attitudes of rest.

We came home another way and we did not see them, and when we got to the hotel it was six o'clock and Miss Henly was giving Francis his bath.

" Did we get any mail ? " said mother.

" Oh, all the mail was for me for a change today ", said Miss Henly.

" Oh, how nice ! " said mother.

" It was quite a joke ", said Miss Henly, her face squeezed up with laughter. " The porter came staggering up—three telegrams and seven letters ! They'd never heard of such a thing here ! You can imagine ! "

" I hope your young man's well ? " said father.

" Oh, he's awfully well, thank you ", said Miss Henly. " He'd put the wrong address on all the letters and they were all returned to him. So that explains how it was, you see. He's awfully excited about the Lindberghs being in England. He's working on a newspaper now and he's been trying to find out where they are so as to get a peep at them and perhaps a word or two for a story ".

" Well, we'll get a good bottle of wine tonight ", said father, " and we'll all drink to Rudolpho ! "

" Oh, that's so nice of you ", said Miss Henly, " but you know how little I drink ". She stood up to put the bath-towel around Francis, and she said : " The heat in here, you know, it really makes me a bit dizzy ".

It wasn't until after the bottle of wine had been drunk and Miss Henly had taken Francis up to bed that father said anything about it. Then he said to mother at the table :

" There wasn't any mail at all today. The bus broke down on the main road and nothing ever came through. The porter told me when we came back this evening."

" I think the girls had better go up to bed ", said mother. " They've been up a mountain and they're awfully tired."

PSYCHOLOGY OF ROAD ACCIDENTS

By J. L. Carlin

PUBLIC opinion was again stirred recently by the high toll of accidents on the roads when the figures for the General Election week were issued showing a substantial increase in the number of deaths. The press is at a loss whom or what to blame. The Ministry's energy has been apparent to every citizen ; it is impossible to believe that the pedestrian and the motorist are so careless of the lives of themselves and of other people as to be seriously deserving of censure in the mass ; and it is impossible to throw all the blame on modern mechanisation of transport and insist that the clock shall be put back, the operation of mechanical vehicles severely restricted and all our modern ideas of " progress " reversed. The general tendency is to demand large scale road improvements, expensive " fly-overs ", and the general application of physical science on the most extensive possible scale. This is placing reliance upon the unknown effect of such measures, and is the only way out of the problem for the harassed publicist.

With this climax came a pronouncement attributed (by the *News Chronicle* of November 25) to the Ministry that " the public can expect no miraculous mechanical device from the Ministry that will either substantially reduce or eliminate accidents. . . . There seems to be no doubt at all that the majority of accidents are caused by thoughtlessness and carelessness. . . . In other words, the human element is responsible . . . the responsibility of the individual remains . . . ; the remedy largely lies in our own hands ". The Ministry is said to be " bitterly disappointed".

That being the situation, it is of interest to quote the conclusion come to by an eminent psychologist and published in *The Lancet* on May 19, 1934—over 18 months ago. Dr. Millais Culpin, Professor of Medical Industrial Psychology at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, at the

close of a lecture on " The Prevention of Accidents " at King's College Medical School, said :

> Preventable accidents constitute a problem of human behaviour, and, where that is concerned, facile explanations and obvious measures of control are apt to disappoint . . . it is clear that in the recent work here described we are feeling our way to an understanding of the behaviour problems underlying accidents and thereby furthering their prevention.

If it is possible to blame anyone at all for the present situation it is possible to blame the ordinary citizen, and particularly Parliament, which, in matters of this sort, is so truly representative of the ordinary citizen.

Some time after this lecture was delivered and only two days before it appeared in print, namely, on May 17, 1934, Sir Ernest Graham-Little, during the debate on the Road Traffic Bill in the House of Commons, made an earnest attempt to induce the Minister (Mr. Stanley) to give consideration to the psychological point of view. It is true that the main question at issue was the incorporation of psycho-physical tests in the examination of candidates for driving licences, and that there are substantial financial and administrative difficulties to be overcome. The Minister, however, was principally concerned with protecting the liberty of the subject. " The result of it would be ", he said, " that without any appeal against what is admittedly an experimental system, a man could be kept off the roads for ever ". In a later sentence the Minister demonstrated that he had not fully grasped the essential value of such a scheme—a misunderstanding which he later admitted. He did, however, say : " I shall watch the future of these experiments with interest, but I am convinced . . . that at the present moment to attempt to place upon the experiment such a heavy burden as this, would only be to crush it in its infancy and bring the whole idea into ridicule and disrepute with the public and to stop what may in the future become a very valuable development".

I am not concerned with the value of the psycho-physical tests proposed in that instance—in fact I consider them open to serious criticism in certain particulars—but, now that we are all so disappointed and road accidents are officially admitted to be mainly due to the " human factor ", is it not pertinent to ask whether the Ministry has continued the " interest " in the experiments which it claimed to have 18 months ago, and whether the present Minister has initiated any developments on these lines or, on the other hand, has placed his reliance upon the " facile explanations and obvious measures of control " (in other words " beacons ") with the disappointing result so authoritatively prophesied 18 months ago ?

The criticism I would make of those tests is that, although they are undoubtedly immensely valuable from a practical point of view and, properly applied, would most certainly eliminate many thousands of unsuitable drivers and thus bring about an improvement in the accident figures, they do not help the scientific consideration of the problem so greatly as might be desired for the very reason that they are " psycho-physical ". There is not that clear division between what is psychic and what is physical in the causation of accident as studied by this means. The difficulties of the application of these or any such tests are immense, and are fundamental difficulties concerning the rights of the State. Such application would also be quite unfair to the motorist, for the pedestrian is as much at fault, and for the same reasons. The problem is a community problem, and must be considered from the physical, sociological, and psychological points of view.

It is to be hoped that in the exhaustive enquiry now being undertaken by the Ministry, careful consideration will be given to the psychological principles underlying the problem. The sphere of road accidents is singularly appropriate for the application of such principles, because their occurrence is essentially a social phenomenon and is free from the special considerations which must be attached to the study of industrial accidents confined to a particular occupation and occurring in circumstances severely restricted by particular factory conditions.

These principles have only been applied to the problem as yet in a very tentative way (such as the lecture quoted), and I do not here propose to make any serious scientific effort to apply them, but I hope rather to indicate what those principles are and what sort of a light they may be expected to throw on the problem. That there is need for some such indication is evident. The press is at present displaying an irritation typical of the earnest enquirer faced by the insoluble ; the Ministry confesses

itself baffled; even *The Times* (in its leading article of November 12 on "Accident-Proneness") has sought refuge in that type of humour which exploits hyperbole. In this article, however, *The Times* makes the serious remark that "no explanation of accident-proneness has been offered, nor any suggestion made of training or experience by which it can be cured"; and earlier in the article it states, "there are drivers on the road who are doomed to cause accidents. No training, no care, no skill can help them". If this is really the fact there is every excuse for regarding the situation with "horror", for anticipating a "nerve-shaking fear of fate" and that "half the population will be scared into a psychological hypochondria of accident-proneness". However, the superficial application of the principles of classical psychology (as distinct from "industrial psychology") to this question suffices to show that the situation is not so hopeless as it appears, despite the fact that it does indicate a state of affairs as regards the mental health of the people which cannot be regarded with equanimity.

It will be remembered that when American citizens of military age were examined on their physical and mental fitness for the United States Army, the nation was shocked to discover that only a comparatively small proportion of apparently healthy young men was up to the standards demanded. Similar examinations in this country led to talk of Britain being a "C3 nation" although, the need being more urgent, the physical standard here was lower and the mental tests were not applied at all.

A similarly comprehensive examination, but inclusive of the whole population and applied to very fundamental operations of the mental mechanisms of each individual is now being hourly conducted on the roads of this country. It is combined with practical tests of extreme severity—in fact, those that fail to pass are the killed and injured on our roads.

The roads are the workshop of a great industry endeavouring to operate with all the efficiency demanded by modern competitive conditions. They are also "The King's Highway", and are free to all for use or pleasure, for riding or walking, in sickness or in health. They are thus ground on which the whole mental make-up of the average man is very drastically tested. Whether he be driver or pedestrian he is subjected to

sudden emergencies, asked to give immediate decisions and to perform rapid actions which can only be correctly given and performed if his mental powers are up to the standard regarded as "normal". Psychologists consider that there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as a "normal" mind. Every mind is a delicately balanced conglomeration of impressions and memories —often forming elaborate connected systems which lie deep in the unconscious—in fact, "complexes". Every mind is responsive to rational control only so far as that control is able to overcome the automatic influence of these unconscious complexes, grouped as they are round strong emotional foci of very early origin and even racial importance and persistence.

This view of the mind is not at all new, and it is not in general disputed by modern psychologists. In a properly balanced individual the direction taken by conscious, rational control is modified beneficially by the underlying systems, and their harmful components are diverted into useful channels. In an unbalanced mind, and especially in a mind which is unusually subject to affective influence even in its conscious operation, these harmful components of the many deep complexes are able to usurp control, with the result that behaviour is liable to be inconsistent with the requirements of the immediate circumstances. This usurpation is especially likely to occur when conscious control of the mind is weak through preoccupation, fatigue, or such artificial means as hypnosis, drugs, and alcohol. So evident is it to the man in the street (a far more intelligent individual in the mass than he is in his separate parts) that some such mental process as this usurpation is the cause of many road accidents, that it has become a common custom to say that the driver was "hypnotised" by the moving road. The shock which is present after an accident of even a trivial nature is often very characteristic of an awakening.

In the stress of the practical application of psychology to therapeutics and the practical application of sociology to social reform—also, of course, therapeutic—the development of sociological applications of psychology has been delayed. The one science has started with the individual and with the study of abnormality; the other is essentially the study of the normal behaviour of society in the mass. The two have not yet met.

The psychological principles which concern us at present are those fundamental bases determined by Freud, briefly described by the term " suppressed wish " complexes. Whatever may be current opinion regarding the acceptability of certain aspects of Freud's work, its main basis is not questioned, and here we do not proceed beyond what is generally accepted as sound principle, proved in practice for so long and so thoroughly as to leave no room for doubt.

The principles which in the view of the modern psychologist have great influence on what is so unhappily called " accident-proneness " have been known for over twenty-five years, and were thoroughly described by Freud in his classic work *Zur Psychopathologie des Alltagslebens*. So long ago as 1913 Dr. Ernest Jones published a paper giving a careful summary of Freud's views on this subject and his own experience confirming them.* It is from him that I quote :

> Mechanisms which occur in the abnormal [he writes] also occur in the normal. . . . They may be likened to flaws in the normal functioning of the mind.
>
> Certain inadequacies of our mental functions and certain apparently purposeless performances can be shown to have been determined by motives of which we were not at the time aware.

Such occurrences, says Dr. Jones :

> (1) Belong to what may be called normal behaviour.
>
> (2) Are only temporary disturbances of a function which at another moment would be correctly performed.
>
> (3) Are at once recognized to be incorrect as soon as attention is drawn to them.
>
> (4) Are usually attributed to " inattention ", " chance ", and so on, and are without traceable motive.

It is implicit in the Freudian view, and is now incontrovertibly established that even the most tenuous and apparently insignificant mental processes are more rigorously determined than is commonly believed. The response to the idle command: " Think of a number ! " will be a figure that can be shown to be intimately bound up with unconscious processes in the mind. Thus the most trivial mental impression can awaken deep-seated and powerful complexes when rational and conscious control is incomplete. Dr. Jones quotes many instances of slips of the tongue and of the pen and other casual errors which, as he demonstrates, are of an affective origin.

* " The Psychopathology of Everyday Life ", from *Papers on Psycho-Analysis*, Ballière, Tindall & Cox.

In addition, there is the well established fact that " repression " plays an important part in forgetting. This type of forgetting is the conscious mind's defence against the repetition of a painful experience. There is a distinct tendency to " forget " those memories which are painful or disagreeable. This is well recognized in such an ordinary sphere as a man's war memories. Few indeed are the old soldiers who recall the horrors of war so vividly as their sons can today construct them.

In visual perception the same " mistakes " are frequently observed, writes Dr. Jones. They are of two kinds : a failure to see something that for various reasons we do not wish to see, and a falsification of perception in the light of personal complexes. Among instances he quotes are the misreading of words in newspapers and failure to see an acquaintance in the street.

The colour red and, in particular, a red light is very likely to be a symbol which can call into operation very deep and powerful complexes. Either, in rare cases, it may do so with disastrous results, or the visual impression of it may be so completely " repressed " that it is not " seen " at all and an accident occurs. To the healthy individual with an ordinarily well-balanced mind it appears quite naturally as what it is and fulfils its function correctly. In most cases neither the person whom it lures to disaster nor the person who does not " see " it will have any explanation to offer. Dr. Millais Culpin quotes a few instances of men who have recognized in themselves these actual peculiarities and have ceased to drive. Dr. Jones, writing in 1912, was not concerned with accidents and nowhere mentions them in his paper. This fact lends particular value to the general view of " inadequacies " detailed above, all of which are most directly applicable to the ordinary road accident.

From general inadequacies and mistakes in visual perception Dr. Jones passes to the realm of the actual performance of movements. He writes :

> A secondary suppressed tendency may manifest itself in the disturbance of any motor act. The intended action is not carried out, or only incorrectly, being entirely or partly replaced by an action corresponding with the suppressed impulses that break through. The faulty action is customarily explained as being due to " chance", " accident ", or " carelessness ".

It appears from the figures of the Industrial Health Research Board that one-quarter of the population—whether factory workers, housewives, or motorists—is three times as liable to accident as the remaining three-quarters. This figure is confirmed by smaller and special investigations all over the world. Dr. Charles S. Myers quotes a number of these in a paper on " The Human Factor in Accidents", published in August, 1934. Dr. Millais Culpin quotes other instances, and also has personally established a similar figure among particular groups. The value of the Health Research Board's figure is that it takes into consideration all these specialist enquiries and finds that the principle applies throughout the social organism. It may be remarked that when all accidental deaths in industry and on the roads are accounted for there still remain 10,000 such deaths in the home and on farms or elsewhere which occur mainly in cases having little, if anything, to do with machinery. Throughout this field the principle of " accident-proneness " holds good.

If the mental processes which I have described are mainly responsible for these accidents, in them is to be found the explanation of the mysterious " human factor " which is authoritatively calculated (by the Safety First Association, for instance) to be responsible for 85 per cent. of all accidents.

The inference is inescapable that this quarter of the population which is " accident-prone " consists of the people who are mentally maladjusted. This is not to say that 25 per cent. of the population is insane, imbecile, mentally deficient, or even eccentric or absent-minded. The vast majority of them are, for all practical purposes, perfectly normal human beings. There is no clear-cut boundary between those who are mentally healthy and those who are mentally unhealthy. Just as insanity is a question not of science but of law, so is mental ill-health a matter not of science but of social behaviour. The most unbalanced and neurotic cranks are welcomed with open arms in certain social circles. It is only if their behaviour is definitely peculiar against the background of the society in which they find themselves that they are even labelled eccentric or absent-minded. The scientist, however, considers these things objectively and, measuring normality by his observation of the average, detects this eccentricity and finds it to be invariably symptomatic of

deep-lying psychological maladjustments—sometimes so serious as to render the individual a real danger to his fellows if entrusted with control of modern machinery, sometimes so mild as to cause him and his fellows no anxiety except in the ultimate emergency. It is then that such a man will fail.

A mind which was developed by a creature capable of moving at a maximum of some ten miles an hour—usually alone or at any rate with all the world to move in—must be strained towards the limit of its " factor of safety " when called upon to direct the movement of mechanisms at three and five times that speed in a closely restricted space, or the movement of its accompanying body among such mechanisms. It is a strain which has arisen during the rise of only one generation of humanity.

The maladjusted quarter consists of individuals who break down under this strain, and it has been described above how and in what direction this breakdown occurs. No practising psychologist with clinical experience would say that one-quarter is an exaggerated proportion to be considered as suffering from the milder mental ills.

It has been said that the badly balanced mentality is only recognized when seen against a background representative of the average. Modern road conditions subject all individuals to conditions which are determined by the degree of adjustment generally recognized by the community to represent the average. It is probable, for instance, that the abolition of the speed limit was an act which over-estimated the level of mental adjustment that can fairly be considered to be average. To allow vehicles to move at high speed, through built-up areas especially, was to disclose the fact that neither drivers nor pedestrians could be trusted to act correctly in the sudden emergencies which arose. It was a sound measure, albeit based on entirely empiric grounds, to restrict speed and thus make the emergencies, if not fewer, at least less sudden.

Neither this speed restriction nor the pedestrian crossings have been more than moderately successful because there is still the same proportion of mentally ill-adjusted persons in the population as before.

What emerges from this discussion is that there is an important field here for serious students of psychology—a field which, in

the stress of therapeutic work, has been somewhat neglected. The main principles are known, and their effects have been monumentally recorded from the clinical point of view. It is now the task of some statistically inclined socio-psychologist (perhaps a somewhat rare creature !) to correlate all this knowledge with the statistics of accident—a task which must precede any determination of scientific remedies.

I have tried to show that, far from its being true that " no explanation of accident-proneness has been offered ", an important branch of science can provide much illuminating data to show that the explanation lies in the prevalence of psychic maladjustment. The principle is becoming more and more widely accepted in another sphere: that of criminal behaviour. It is well recognized that sexual offences in particular are committed by persons suffering from gross mental disequilibrium, and such cases are now very often sent to medical psychologists for treatment. It is of course evident that the practical application of what is a comparatively new science must begin with treatment of the most gross and obvious cases, and cases, moreover, which are the most generally recognized as anti-social. We are very far from the day when such a view will be taken of the accident-prone, and it cannot yet be said that such unfortunates are anti-social, for there are many who would describe the conditions in which accidents arise as anti-social in themselves. Proper recognition of the principles involved will, however, lead to greater emphasis being laid upon health, to the more careful psychological sorting out of candidates for particular occupations, and to the more widespread treatment and elimination of the milder ills. Modern freedom of outlook, the passing of artificial social taboos, outworn shibboleths and dead ideals, and the present concern for the mental and physical health of the young child, will influence the rise of generations containing a smaller and smaller proportion of those ill-balanced individuals who today provide the bulk of the accident-prone.

Science itself is only feeling its way in this matter, but the direction which it is taking may be seen from two recent pronouncements—the lecture by Professor Millais Culpin, already referred to, and the letter contributed to *The Times* of November 16 last by Dr. H. G. Baynes. He is a follower of

Jung rather than of Freud, and it is thus appropriate to stress the similarity in the attitudes adopted by the two great German pioneers by quoting a paragraph from Jung's writings on the subject—lines made use of by Dr. Culpin.

Jung has written :

> One of the most frequent forms of danger is the instigation to accidents. Accidents of every sort, in greater number than the public would ever guess, are of psychological origin. Ranging from insignificant mishaps like stumbling, bumping oneself, burning the fingers, etc., to automobile accidents and catastrophes in the mountains, instances may be found of psychological causation, the accident being sometimes prepared weeks or even months ahead.

There is, then, both some progress towards the explanation of accident-proneness and some indication of the manner in which the problem must be attacked. It is essentially one involving the well-being of the entire community, and provides still another justification for the great attention now being paid to public health and social welfare. Dr. Culpin in his lecture said : " About 20 per cent. of the working population studied by me suffered from nervous symptoms which, in my judgment, interfered with happiness and efficiency ". The problem, then, is one, too, which involves human happiness—a goal more constantly before the eyes of science than many people realize.

THE NEW IRELAND

A Letter from Any Irishman to Any Englishman

By Seán O'Faoláin

MY DEAR FELLOW:

Saint Patrick drove out the serpents—which did not exist. Saint George slew a dragon—which also did not exist. But their triumphs are symbolical, because the emblem of the one is a shamrock, significant of the Trinity, spiritual power; and the emblem of the other is a spear, physical power. Unfortunately, the complications of Irish idealism are so many in practice—Tammany Hall and American state politics, for example, bootlegging and patriotism and immense *élan* in battle—that this fundamental difference between the two races is more often forgotten than remembered.

I think we have, here, a better idea of the direction and fruit of English aspirings than the English have of ours. That is probably true of every race that has had to do with England. It is more true of the Irish than of any other, and never so true as now. For the Irish did not exist as a nation—had no organic unity—had no means of self-expression politically, until less than twenty years ago. We were a rabble. In many ways we still are—nations are not built in a generation or two. And what ideas the world gathered about us were gathered about a clamorous, dissatisfied, gagged, querulous, restless, law-despising rabble. That we had anything constructive to offer to Europe nobody even imagined possible. It was even difficult to believe that we had any abiding virtue of our own.

That is not all finished yet—not by a long way—but it is slowly being pushed into the limbo of past history. In our newly-found political power we have found spiritual cohesion, and in that cohesion it is at last becoming possible to utilize and rationalize the Irish personality. The old-fashioned Irishman—typified by

the Dublin jarveys and the Killarney boatmen and the hard-drinking Irish journalists in Fleet Street and the wild orators of Westminster—is utterly gone. Indeed he did not at any time exist outside the theatre into which all Ireland turned itself every summer for the benefit of English tourists and every winter for the benefit of English statesmen. Our new Ireland is so different from all that has hitherto been thought of her that within fifteen years of self-government almost everything that has been written and conceived about her is fifty years out of date. There are times when history is made faster than time.

The result is that when an Irishman now ventures into the wicked land of England he goes there with a definite national point of view, and he is at first amazed by the disorderliness of English life. It is, indeed, an ordered chaos—like a traffic jam in Oxford Circus being controlled by a policeman. A journey from the new Ireland into the old England is like a journey from a hermitage in old Constantinople into a jazz palace in new Istanbul. We are old but we are wise as well; you are, to us, old, but though you may be full of sleep we do not find you wise or even sensible.

You are going somewhere, we presume, but where you are going we cannot make out. It is the judgment of a people who, in common with all those modern organizations of Europe that are bitten, like us, with nationalism, has ordered its life from top to bottom like a pyramid. After a while we begin to realize what your world believes in—we begin to admire the intense individualism of your society, your tolerance, your indifference, the wisdom of your policy of *laisser faire*. If we stay long enough with you we may even be seduced by the charm of your casual life. Then we really begin to like you, and you begin to like us.

But what has happened is simply that we have thereby taken over your civilization, and you are not a whit the richer for having us. You are the Circe of all the argonauts of the world.

Then nostalgia calls us, sooner or later, and we sigh for the soft green-dripping spring, the feather bed of sleep that is the Irish air, the slow voices of our fellows, the diphthong of their distended speech. We exchange your "humm" for the native "ho-o-oame". We change and you complain that we are a difficult and ungrateful race, and you wash your hands of us

until you meet the next ingratiating exile, and in his eagerness to please you—the weakness of all Celts—he becomes like you and you are happy again.

Our new attitude arises primarily from the fact that there is nothing in common between the two peoples. The *tempo* of their blood is different. The Irish are sluggish until roused. The Saxon is slow but steady, soberly audacious. Our *élan* is matched by your stubbornness, which we call stupidity; our incapacity to accept, adapt, to make things " do ", is matched by your common sense, your capacity for compromise which we call, in common with every other nation in Europe, hypocrisy. We have a terrific idealism, and we are not impressed by your corresponding willingness to do good. That is because you live in a spirit of accommodation, while we live in a spirit of perpetual revolt against what we do not like.

The result of all this is that you know how to live and we know how to die. We are always falling into disillusion because we refuse to fall into compromise. Then we are capable of lapsing into a positive cynicism in which we abandon all our ideals at once. The corruption of the Irish in America is typical. (Always, however, you must remember that our idealism is indestructible, and it will suddenly reassert itself when we have taken breath. I do not suppose any Englishman can like the Irish dynamitards of the last century; yet, mistakenly or not, they were often impelled by the highest motives.)

Above all, however, we Irish are not (as you imagine) a merry people. We are puritanical, we are poor, we are deeply religious, we have never had the leisure to be simply idle and happy. The wit which you attribute to us is merely a cloak for our natural acidity, and it is at its best the ironic intellectualization of our refusal to be serious with a people in whom we do not believe.

Turn, now, from old racial qualities to new social conditions and you find absolute demarcations. And it is to be remembered that for the first time these racial qualities have been crystallized and made effective by self-government and economic conditions, elements that never existed before; and their effect is powerful. They serve to define the modern Ireland, hitherto unknown and never, not even now, delineated in literature. *The Moon in the Yellow River* is the first effort to record it; that is why you feel it is an original play where it is, in effect, an original life. Economic conditions have canalized these racial qualities, and astute government has exploited them. It distinguishes the success of Mr. De Valera from the success of Mr. Cosgrave that the one works with these qualities, liking and knowing them well, and the other worked against them, knowing them even better, and liking them less.

To put the thing in a few words—the figures of the new Ireland are the petty capitalist, native stock, created by Mr. De Valera's economics; the priest, native stock again; and the politician, almost always native stock. (There are no intellectuals —these are by nature sociable but anti-social, and therefore fly to London where all individualists are happy.) In this simple scheme of things—the native Irish stock, grabbing the fruits of war—all disturbance, all fermentation comes so far from above. The Church is the real revolutionary force in Ireland, for example, because it is defining in terms of life and social morality the nationalism of the patriots: it permitted the patriots, as it always does, to effect political change—then it proceeded to take over the essential power. Sanctity and salvation are on our banner. Security and stability are in our hearts. If we can have hard cash in our pockets we shall feel not merely holy by happy.

In England your fermentation comes from below, as is natural where civilization is so well made that it can afford to be remade. No wonder, therefore, we look askance at you—with your Communists and Socialists and Douglasites and Fascists turning all England into a kind of immense Hyde Park. We forget, perhaps, that you have what we do not yet need: an enormous urban army of bowler hats that stands solidly between ideas and action like a great patient sieve. The value of that stolid urban class on your more febrile urban theorists is immeasurable. To them add, to complete the picture of English society, the equally sober and sturdy countryman, and the stranger to your country will at once realize why British politics—home and colonial—are so viscous, so patient, so abrasive, so adagio, so utterly maddening to everybody whose brains and temperament are tingling at the tips of his fingers for something definite and active, in or out of

a crisis. How *can* you be felt as going anywhere where you believe in letting everybody go his own way ?

Of all this, what is really significant, however, is that the Irish are trying to reconcile religion and the hardness of life and that the English have long since done it by realizing that it is easier to deserve well of this world than of the next. So, with you, security and stability, being divorced from sanctity and salvation, have produced a philosophy of life in which the fittest are the godliest and the holiest may go to the devil. Your world is therefore kept perpetually intact by this regard for material success. You do not know what the word revolution means ; you tried it only once in your history and lost so much money by it that you decided revolution was a bad thing. How, for instance, can the class formation of England ever change, where even the poorest have so much regard for material success that they will forever be kept at the bottom by their own self-interest ?

It is different with us. After our little revolution everybody is on top—priest, politician, petty capitalist, all levelled and all equal. It is a complete democracy we live in now, and we have so long lived under the heel of a landed gentry that we detest the sight of gentry of any kind. Hence our ordered world. We pay for it by lack of colour.

Go, therefore, into the Dublin of today and you find that it has been reduced to the level of a country town. The bogs have invaded it and they have made it their own. Sometimes, in a more bitter mood, I liken Dublin to a parlour full of bailiffs. In a more savage mood still—to Rome taken over by the Huns. It excites me to see it like that, because any kind of raw life is exciting to an artist who sees the potentialities of something new in everything that is yet young. Here, where the Duke of Marlborough may have sipped his canary sack, is a slum street. The town house of the Duke of Leinster is our Dail. George Bernard Shaw could not now live in Synge Street. Impecunious clerks and students have swarmed into the select Rathmines. Offices have hushed away the ghosts of Wilde and O'Connell and the Duke of Wellington from Merrion Square—and a new Catholic Cathedral will presently obliterate that stately green garden completely. As for the Dublin of even twenty years ago,

it is dissipated. No more nights at the feet of the poets—there are no young poets who can talk ; no more Mondays at Yeats's or Sundays at A.E.'s. This city, which was famous for its conversation, is become infamous for its gossip. Even eloquence is gone, replaced by personal invective. The city goes to sleep at half-past ten. There is not one cabaret. The " pubs ", even, are shut at ten o'clock. There is only one good restaurant in all Dublin where one can dine. In one sentence—the simple rural life has invaded this city that was once the seventh city in Christendom, once a fashionable European capital, and it has thereby become, for the first time in its history, representative of the country which never made it but which has decided to refashion it to its liking.

You may feel this to be a sad picture. Yet I confess I write of it with pleasure because, as a novelist, I am pleased by anything that is genuine and true and real. I write of it just having returned from the devotions in our poor little pro-cathedral. There or in any church one sees the essential Ireland—poverty-stricken, unassuming, mild-eyed, but to me, at any rate, as electric and as beloved as a picture by Memling or Vandyck and to be understood only by a Meister Eckhart or a von Hügel. There in those rows and rows of the ingenuous and the ill-dressed and the malodorous is the new Irish democracy. It is that democracy which is organized by De Valera into a perpetual loyalty to the idealism of his philosophy of life—a philosophy that might be the child of a wedding between Saint Francis of Assisi and Cathleen na Houlihan.

That same democracy is organized elsewhere throughout the country in the same way, and the few intellectuals we have—especially the older men—and the politicians, other than the De Valeraites, are mystified by its solidarity. They have not taken note of its rise, and they are troubled by its arrival. It is their child, and they do not recognize it. And as in that oldest of folk tales, neither does the child recognize its father and may well slay it. It is even possible that Mr. De Valera may not realize what he has created. That new little earth-stained urban capitalist created by his tariffs—will he not become in time weaned by his wealth from his ideals ? What of those thousands

for whom houses are being built by the aid of subsidies ; those young men and women going into the beet factories and the clothing factories all slowly becoming aware of the complexity of the world and its interests ? Those who have their cinema and their wireless to open their minds to the allurement of the wickedness of Europe ? Yes—the few intellectuals who are in Mr. De Valera's camp warn him that he must not merely forbid, he must also supply the alternative, not merely censor but create ; but he is so timid about creating, and the urgency of life is not timid in the least.

But meanwhile that seduction of the idealistic Ireland is in the future. And at the moment, there is the new Ireland, content in its simple ways and easily assured that its destiny is to assert the validity and practicability of those ideals to the world —particularly to that disorderly portion of the world which still likes to think of itself as the United Kingdom.

You will not be cross with me, my dear fellow ? I try only to tell you the truth, and I can assure you "there is *no bittherness*" !

Your friend,
SEÁN.

PRELUDE

BY CONRAD AIKEN

This is not you ? these phrases are not you ?
That pomegranate of verses was not you ?
The green bright leaf not you, nor the gold fruit
Burning amongst the leaves, hot fruit of gold,
Nor bird, nor bough, nor bole, nor heaven's blue ?
Alas, dear woman, I have sung in vain.

Let me dishevel then once more the leaves
Of Cupid's bright thesaurus, and there find
The word of words, the crimson seed of seeds,
The aureate sound of sounds ; and out of this
Conceive once more your beauty, and in terms
Your feminine keen eye will not disdain.

For this is you : on April page it is,
Again on June, and once more on December :
On August page I find it twice, and March
Chronicles it in footnote, and July
Asserts it roundly ; thus, from page to page,
I find you many times, in many terms.

It is a snowflake, which is like a star,
And melts upon the hand ; it is a cobweb
Shot with silver that from the golden lip
Of April's dandelion hangs to the grass ;
It is a raindrop, of tremendous worth,
Which slides the whole length of a lilac leaf.

This is not you ? these symbols are not you ?
Not snowflake, cobweb, raindrop ? . . . Woman, woman,
You are too literal, too strict with me.
What would you have ? Some simple copper coin—
I love you, you are lovely, I adore you ?
Or, better still, dumb silence and a look ?

No, no, this will not do ; I am not one
For whom these silences are sovereign ;
The pauses in the music are not music,
Although they make the music what it is.
Therefore I thumb once more the god's thesaurus,
For phrase and praise, and find it all for you.

It is a star which might be thought a snowflake,
Lost in a twinkling ; it is a dandelion
Shrouded with silver brightness ; it is a leaf
Which lets the raindrop go, but keeps its light.
It is the purple veining, in the white,
That makes the pure throat of the iris pure. . . .

Yet you would have me say your hair is Helen's—
Your gait angelic ; while I turn from these
To the vast pages of that manuscript
On which the stars are stars, the world a world ;
And there I find you written down, between
Arcturus and a primrose and the sea.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

A Monthly Commentary

CONFUSION is worse confounded, not only in the League of Nations but in world politics. The joint error of M. Laval's government and Mr. Baldwin's—admitted by Mr. Baldwin to have been an error—has left the question of sanctions where it was ; that is to say, in the limbo of dead half measures, stopping short of even the will to decisive effect. An impressive body of international opinion has declared against Italy with the result of exasperating Italian feeling and of stimulating Italian zeal for the war. But the League powers, which are led by England and France, hesitated before deciding to refuse the supply of oil. This hesitation increased America's tendency to condemn the League for futility ; while in the meantime American citizens with characteristic alacrity settled that if the further step in sanctions is taken, it shall not be decisive, at least for the present campaign. Italy, it appears, has built up a handsome reserve of this essential supply, thanks to American enterprise. Had the decision to refuse oil to Italy been taken early by the League, it is possible that President Roosevelt might have strained his executive authority to prevent individual Americans from neutralizing what could then have been grave League action : for public opinion in the United States does not look favourably on Italy's campaign of conquest, and there is a widespread desire to " take the profits out of war."

League Half Measures

Now, however, internal happenings have so shaken the President's power, which two years ago seemed almost dictatorial, that he could not, even if he would, intervene boldly, in a positive sense. Yet it is wisdom to count up small mercies, and there is one vouchsafed to Europe by the latest declaration of American policy,

American Neutrality

which perhaps should not be reckoned as small. The world is told plainly that if the League should impose a blockade against Italy (or if Italy should impose a blockade against the League), American speculators seeking to supply either side must do so at their own risk. The United States will not go to war in support of their claim to traffic freely.

We are faced then with the following group of facts. First, private American enterprise has ensured to Italy a supply of oil sufficient to carry on her war actively at least to the period (beginning about May) when rains will prevent active operations in Abyssinia. Therefore, if the League powers should decide upon a refusal to supply oil to keep Italian tanks and aeroplanes going at full power, the only result would be to present the United States with a profitable monopoly. The gesture could be no more than a gesture. Even so, it might be well worth making. It is a question whether the League should allow itself to be deterred merely by threats from imposing a sanction which is not military and which would at least define the moral position clearly. If, however, the negative course of refusing supplies cannot be effective, nothing promptly effective remains but to pass from this " unfriendly act " to the positive military sanction of closing the canal, or blockading the Eritrean ports. This course, however, according to M. Laval, both France and England have ruled out in advance.

Oil Sanctions—And After

What really would happen if the League, for the sake of principle, and also with a view to the possibly distant effect, refused to take part in supplying oil? Italy has threatened, virtually, to regard this decision as an act of war, and to retaliate—conceivably by attack on British ships, or on Malta. In either case the result would be simple: France, by the word of M. Laval, is pledged in that case to support the League by force. It should always be borne in mind that if the sea is closed to Italian transport, the whole Italian force now engaged in the Abyssinian campaign will be forced to withdraw as best it can into its own territory, and even then would be in a most precarious position, unless the League prevented Abyssinia from pursuing. I at least do not find it conceivable that Italy would take this risk, or rather,

accept this inevitable consequence. Even less conceivable is the idea of an Italian attack on French territory. Certainly, in case Italy decided to run amok, troops would have to be brought back from the German frontier, whose presence there in the " lean years " France counts necessary. But that frontier is covered by the Treaty of Locarno, and Germany has not yet reached the point at which her General Staff would challenge Europe and Russia. Italy would be left to weaken herself and so to aggrandise Germany. Is it conceivable that Italy would set about achieving this end by moving straight against the united power of France and Britain, backed by the declared support of fifty nations? If that were the only possibility, one might dismiss it. Italy, having by her own declaration got an ample supply of oil (let us admit that the supply is, for obvious reasons, probably overstated), would then be declaring war upon the League because the League refused to supply more, and would be declaring it with the certainty of defeat.

Egyptian Ambitions

There is, however, one serious danger. Egypt offers a temptation. It is not clear that Italy's ambitions in Abyssinia were limited to Abyssinia. If Italian possessions in Abyssinia and in Tripoli flanked Egypt on the east and on the west, there was a chance for gradual encirclement. Now discontent has broken out in Egypt, possibly stimulated by Italian propaganda; but it is not necessary to look far for a cause. There is nationalism in Egypt as well as everywhere else, and the Egyptian today desires independence for his country: what is more, he holds that England professed to give independence, but has never made the gift effective. The Egyptian people are claiming freedom—a name not unpopular in the League of Nations, and highly approved in England: but somehow England has always thought that for other races a little freedom should go a very long way. It is admitted that within the past fifty years English administration has greatly improved the lot of the Egyptian fellaheen, and that the country's material prosperity has been increased by noble engineering works. Yet England has not won to its side the educated Egyptian—not unnaturally, for the average Englishman does not regard the educated Egyptian as on the same level with

an educated European. Consequently, Frenchmen will tell you, all educated Egyptians, in a country which England has controlled for two generations, look to Paris, not to London. France is always jealous of England in Egypt. There is no place where it would be more difficult to ensure joint action of France and England than in Egypt ; and the Italians are well aware of this. They themselves, a Mediterranean people, free from that obsession of colour-superiority which England shares with Germany, have a numerous population in Egypt ; and it is natural enough that they should entertain ambitions to replace England in a position which England has professed to resign. Since France has her hands full in Africa, and is certainly not disposed to return to the Fashoda period of her relations with England it is at least conceivable that a strong party in Egypt might bid high for Italian support against what is evidently held to be the unbearable interference of England in Egyptian affairs.

Settlement Within the League?

Once again, it looks as if England's best course would be to unite her policy more closely than ever to that of the League : to define Egypt's freedom once and for all by making Egypt a member of the League, and by undertaking, as a leading member of the League, the protection of that freedom. At the present moment, English troops are facing Italian troops on the Tripolitan frontier ; the English Fleet is in Egyptian harbours : rumour says that it only just forestalled by a matter of hours the Italian Fleet, despatched " to protect Italian citizens " in the riots reported. Be that as it may, English troops are on the Tripolitan frontier, facing Italians. What is their position ? If they were protecting Egypt as a member of the League, it would be unambiguous ; at present the whole status of Egypt is clouded with dangerous ambiguity, which ought to be cleared away, and cleared promptly ; for the Egyptian question is dangerously linked with that of Abyssinia, that of Italy and that of the Suez Canal. If the League is the sheet anchor of British policy, then the extension of international control forms part of that policy. Egypt is not a member of the League only because the proposal which should come from Great Britain has been held back till certain " reserved questions " are settled. Early settlement is most desirable, and the time fits.

A French observer, M. Maurice Pernot, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and certainly, to judge by his tone, with no anglophile bias), reports that representative Egyptians view with satisfaction the formidable preparation for defence (which his article describes) at Alexandria and elsewhere, hastily accumulated by the English forces. Since then, a speech of Sir Samuel Hoare's was construed as indicating a disposition to defer the independence pledged to Egypt when the British protectorate was withdrawn : and this has caused ill feeling. But Egyptian sympathy runs strongly for Abyssinia, not so much because it is Abyssinia, as because it is an independent African power threatened by Europe. Manifestly, the way to set a seal on Egypt's claim to distinct national existence, is to bring her within the League of Nations ; while in the present disposition of her people, there would be good will for any scheme which pledged England to continue protection against any ambitious European power. Egypt has no wish to exchange one European overlordship for another ; and it may be assumed that the reported bombing of an ambulance train which her people had provided by public subscription and sent to Abyssinia will not increase enthusiasm for Italy.

Violation of the Red Cross

Indeed Italy's defiance not only of the League but even of civilization causes widespread resentment in civilized mankind. There was never much love lost between Sweden, with its Socialist ministry, and the fatherland of Fascism ; and some years ago when a wreath from Sweden was laid on the tomb of Matteotti, Italian resentment threatened a rupture of relations. Now the Swedes learn that an ambulance of which they were justly proud, has been destroyed by the concentrated fire of several aeroplanes : not in darkness but by broad daylight, with the Red Cross insignia fully displayed.

In face of this, it becomes difficult to sympathize with the Italian complaints that Abyssinians use bullets that make a bad wound, or even that they beheaded a captured airman. Still it is necessary to remember that the Italian public accepts all this propaganda, exactly as the British public swallowed stories of " Boer atrocities " ; and that organs of public opinion clamour

in Italy, as they clamoured in England, for ruthless reprisals. But the outside world, as represented by the League of Nations, is a tribunal which must take into account, not only the fact that Italy was the aggressor, but the methods by which Italian forces pursue their end. Certain expressions have been published in Italy which amount to an arrogant assertion that civilization possesses the means to bring an uncivilized enemy quickly to submission, and will use all such means in this instance. It is important that Europe and the civilized world should take note of such assertions : for although we need not agree to the assumption which underlies an article by Professor Mowat elsewhere in this REVIEW—namely, that war will continue to be the only means of settling grave issues between nations—yet the recurrence of war between civilized peoples must be contemplated and prepared for. Now in the late European war, hospitals, as we all know, were frequently bombed ; and the allegation was made on both sides, that Red Cross signs were used to protect ammunition dumps, gun emplacements and so forth. But it is certain that on the whole hospitals were respected by both sides, for a simple reason. In trench warfare, the routes by which rations came up were known, and could be rendered impassable by heavy shelling ; but rations as a rule got safely through, because neither side wished to provoke reprisals in kind. The same consideration applied to hospitals. Now in the Abyssinian war, the Italians can establish a new regime of atrocity from the air without having to expect the like in return. The only control is the control of world opinion, and this can be and should be authoritatively formulated by the League : not by a belated declaration of war-guilt which can afterwards be argued into ambiguity, but by the findings of a tribunal set up without delay. Civilization's respect of the Red Cross ought not to rest on a fear of reprisals ; and Sweden's protest ought to be backed by the whole of civilization.

"For the Duration"

Meantime it does not look as if these brutalities were justifying themselves in a military sense. Abyssinian resistance is skilful, determined, and ready to pass to the offensive at all exposed points. Educated Italian opinion has, so far as one can ascertain, prepared itself for a war lasting several years : but are the Italian people as a whole ready for this ? The pressure of sanctions, although not decisive, is like an extra ten-pound weight to a mountain climber's pack. Every day makes the financial ruin of Italy more probable and every day makes settlement more difficult ; for the United States has assuredly done all that it could by private enterprise to make it impossible that the League should stop this war without risking the spread of war.

The Invalidation of the A.A.A.

What is to happen in the United States itself defies augury. The Supreme Court which last year decided that the industrial side of President Roosevelt's New Deal was unconstitutional has now, by a majority of six to three, similarly nullified the immense programme for relief of agriculture. In short the State, as a whole, is denied the right to do what cannot be carried out by the States acting each in its separate right ; and since these things urgently needed to be done, the result is chaos, produced by the effects of a constitution drafted when such emergencies as exist were not foreseen by the most foresighted. Change of the Constitution is possible ; but since it is held that the party which proposes such a measure would greatly lessen its chances of success at the next presidential election, this possibility is counted out. Yet President Roosevelt is not a man to accept defeat, and before now he has disregarded all the conventional methods of American policy. He may decide on the attempt to give the United States what it has not—a workable government. Manifestly, there are at present far too many checks on the free action of the supreme executive. The United States will not make drastic changes except under a sense of its own need. But if that change were made, if the President's government could interpret the will of a majority of the people as freely as can the British government, or the French, or the Swiss, or the Swedish, then we might be in sight of a time when America would help and not hinder in the effort to build up a new order on which Europe embarked, so largely under American inspiration.

Meanwhile the effort has to go on and Lord Cecil has defined in very simple words its first purpose : to establish as a fact that

aggression does not pay. Unhappily Italy has decided that this must be proved to the disadvantage of Italy. But Europe's main interest does not lie in safeguarding Abyssinia. What matters is that other Powers dangerous to Europe should get warning against policies of aggression. That is why France above all will incline to accept the arguments so powerfully set out by M. Reynaud in two remarkable speeches. Great Britain, on the other hand, will be well advised to make it plain to France that British resistance to aggression will be ready wherever the League, as a body, is prepared to undertake this task.

German Refugees

How far this principle of international intervention should be carried, becomes a question. Mr. McDonald, the Commissioner appointed by the League to deal with the plight of potential refugees, has emphasized his appeal for intervention by resigning a post in which he feels himself useless. The proceedings taken, or likely to be taken, against Jews in Germany and against Christians who refuse to have their religion modified in accordance with Nazi preferences make it certain in his view that an overwhelming flood of these unhappy persons will pour out to countries where they may escape persecution. Has Germany (and has Russia?) the right to pass on its problems to Europe by making life insupportable to classes of its subjects? Many of these doubtless are no addition to the countries into which they pour. France is above all the chosen refuge, and M. Paul Morand, in a more than usually clever book (this, in regard to him, is saying a great deal), has suggested the quality of the influx. "Ether Films Limited" (most dexterously translated) pictures the cosmopolitan rabble, of ambiguous national origin, which has swarmed upon the cinema enterprises. However, he presents also a clear-headed, decent old French provincial lawyer coping with the gang, and wresting the plunder out of their greasy paws: France, if his picture is true, can deal with the undesirables. And, as the world knows, much is leaving Germany that no nation can spare. It looks as if Germany might lose not only Jews but the most self-respecting of her Christians; while of Jews, it will not be the best that remain.

Lord Reading

There is an old saying that every country gets the Jew that it deserves. Lord Reading was surely a shining example. What he did at the height of his career, serving England as her representative in the United States, at the Foreign Office and in India, history will assess: but those who were in the House of Commons from 1906 onwards, found an extraordinary interest in watching his rise there. It was not rapid. His reputation in the law courts was already a phenomenon, but for several years nothing that he showed in Parliament explained that other mastery. Men of his own flight, the present Sir John Simon and the late Lord Birkenhead (newer to the place than he, for he was elected in 1904) held the House, while Rufus Isaacs was still ineffective in debate. It was only after he had been promoted to law office and needed to justify the prosecution of a labour leader that we got the true measure of the man. The speech was not only a justification of the proceeding, it had a personal note; it was an *apologia pro Rufo;* and the warm voice, frank in its resonance, carried the House with it—willingly. That day, or a day or two after, I found myself standing beside him and said that I now for the first time understood his magic. His face lit up—it is a winning quality when a successful man will show pleasure simply: "Yes," he said, "do you know that in all the time I have been here that was the first time I felt myself at ease with the House." Good looks—and he had great good looks in young middle age, which old age sculptured into a noble beauty—are a great asset if they go with simplicity. How much the House liked him, even to partiality, was evident in the famous Marconi dispute: for it seemed (to me at least) that if Mr. Lloyd George in his private capacity had done things indiscreet and even improper for a man who in his public capacity was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Rufus Isaacs, the Attorney-General, who in his private capacity had advised his friend, was no less blameable. But all the fury concentrated on Lloyd George, while the other, though perfectly frank as to his part, went practically unattacked; and plainly the reasons were not solely political. One man had hosts of enemies; the other none, not even in that time of rancorous hostilities. It is worth a great deal to England that so representative an English assembly as the House of Commons will accept a

self-made Jew as a fine Englishman, when he is one.

A Notable Editor

Does every country, I wonder, also get the Irishman it deserves? He is apt to be a journalist, and from Columbia University comes a study of one of the most notable Irishmen in this kind. *Rebellious Fraser's*, by Miriam Thrall, is concerned chiefly with the career of William Maginn. Though it tells us also a good deal that is new about the work done by Carlyle, Thackeray and others when Maginn was editing *Fraser's*, the central figure is this Irishman who conformed perfectly to the English conception of Irish character: clever, voluble, convivial, open-handed and habitually in distress for money. From the Irish point of view, the most Irish thing about him was his refusal to "think in track." The phrase is Goldsmith's—another of England's Irishmen; and the capital example of one who will not "think in track" is Mr. G. B. Shaw—yet another. But the Irishman whom in some ways Maginn most recalls was the late T. M. Healy, like Maginn a Tory by instinct, and a believer that Government should be paternal. Healy fought for the starving Irish tenantry, and Maginn for the children worked to death in English factories; but essentially each had the same enemy—so-called economic laws, of which child labour and the Irish famine were equally held to be the legitimate consequence. Both men in their zeal for justice carried vituperation to a point at which it became a habit. But Healy, the Irishman who made his career in Ireland and for Ireland, reached prosperity and preferment: Maginn ended in the Fleet. Probably it might have been better for him had he never left Cork; for although he was an Orangeman, he was a gay comrade and rival to the ex-Jesuit "Father Prout," like himself a scholar in many tongues. Yet oddly enough, in reading of Maginn, it is not any Irishman of contemporary times that comes to my mind, but that most English Englishman and born Tory, Charles Whibley, whose massive scholarship also lay at the disposal of a humorous intelligence. Like Maginn, Whibley contented himself for the most part with work in magazines, especially in *Blackwood*, of which Maginn was for long a pillar. Neither of these powerful minds has left any work adequate to their stature.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A NEW STUDY OF UNEMPLOYMENT

By Hugh Dalton, M.P.

UNEMPLOYMENT: AN INTERNATIONAL PROBLEM. Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. *Oxford University Press.* 25*s*.

Chatham House has published a new study of Unemployment. This is, in every sense of the epithet, a very solid piece of work. Like many other useful publications which we owe to the Royal Institute of International Affairs, it is, in form, a Report by a Study Group of members of the Institute. The group, in this particular case, consisted of nine persons, including Lord Astor (Chairman), Messrs. H. V. Hodson, H. W. Macrosty, J. J. Mallon, the late W. Milne Bailey and Commander King-Hall. Acknowledgment is also made to twenty-three other persons, who criticised and commented on the first draft of the Report.

The Report makes no claim to any high degree of originality. It is primarily descriptive and "is largely based on the exhaustive information contained in the publications of the International Labour Office, the League of Nations and the Ministry of Labour. Its purpose is to provide the non-expert on the subject with the material which will enable him, in the light of the experience gained by other countries, to form an opinion on any national policy proposed to counteract unemployment and on the repercussions of that policy in international affairs". This is, perhaps, an impossibly high aim. And the authors themselves, on a number of questions of policy, are careful to avoid expressing an opinion, perhaps because of differences within the group. None the less, the book is a very useful compilation. It should find a place in every well-equipped economic library and its international comparisons add much to its value. The facts of unemployment, and the public policies adopted, are fully set out, not only for this country, but for Germany, France, Italy, the United States and, with less elaboration, for a number of other countries. The recorded facts, indeed, go far beyond unemployment. The book contains a mass of information on prices, wages, production, foreign trade and social legislation in various countries. It deals also with changes in national economic structures since the war, with the rise and decline of particular industries, with trusts and cartels, rationalization, policies of economic nationalism, and population movements. Much of this discussion is necessarily very summary and often superficial. But it is a book which all serious students will enjoy as a most convenient work of reference.

As regards this country, the authors bring out clearly one special feature of our unemployment, namely, its heavy concentration in certain areas and in certain trades. In all the other countries examined it is much more evenly distributed. Half our unemployment is in our "industrial survey areas", which contain only a quarter of our population. And within these larger areas, there are

many smaller patches of deep blackness. The authors quote the Bishop Auckland district with more than 50 per cent. of the insured population unemployed, Jarrow with more than 56 per cent., Merthyr with more than 69 per cent., Brynmawr with more than 74 per cent. They note, further, that in Bishop Auckland 80 per cent. and in Jarrow 58 per cent. of the unemployed have had no work for over a year. Here is a third aspect of the exceptional degree of concentration of British unemployment, not only in certain areas and trades, but on certain persons. At the end of 1934 there were 368,000 persons, 84 per cent. of whom were in the North or in Wales, who had been unemployed for more than a year. This figure has been falling slightly since 1932, but much more slowly than the total number of the unemployed.

Upon the fact of this high degree of concentration the authors put a proper emphasis. Regarding remedies, they are less emphatic. They hope something from a recovery of our exports, the fall in which has hit hardest the principal industries of the distressed areas. And they touch, though somewhat lightly, on the great changes in the location of British industry since the war. "The newer industries tend to be started in the country south-east of the Severn-Trent line, and not in the older industrial areas." "Capital", they notice, "has proved to be more mobile than labour." But they have hardly anything to say on the possibility of State action to influence the location of industry. They seem to feel no horror, as many thoughtful observers do, at the appalling growth of Greater London, and the unnecessary, but almost insoluble problems of transport, housing and open spaces which this grotesque agglomeration of human beings creates. This massing together of vast populations in great cities, of which London is the extreme example, this excessive local concentration of industry and commerce, is objectionable and dangerous on many grounds. It sucks the lifeblood from the countryside and the small towns, and it terribly increases our vulnerability, especially from the air, in the event of war. Nor is it any longer, if indeed it ever was, dictated by economic necessity. Electric power today makes easy the geographical dispersion of industry, and the new light industries, unlike the old heavy industries, can be located almost at will within the boundaries of this little island. Many considerations, therefore, unite to support a policy of deliberately putting new industries, especially light industries, into the distressed areas, and diverting them away from Greater London. Such new industries would bring in their wake much secondary employment, in building, transport, commerce, entertainment, public services, etc., and would save from wasteful disuse and decay much social capital already sunk in these districts. At the disposal of any Government, which willed this end, are many means of pressure and financial inducement. One of the simplest would be to pay, for a term of years, out of the Treasury the local rates of new enterprises setting up in a distressed area. In the social interest this would be money well spent.

Akin to this question is another, which likewise the authors of this Report touch only lightly, not doing full justice to its possibilities. This is the question of the central control of the direction and the timing of new investment, a device whereby, in the opinion of some good judges, we might much sooner, with the aid of a moderate measure of controlled monetary expansion, have escaped from the worst of the depression. It was a sheer confusion of terms which led those who advocated "economy" in current public expenditure in 1931 to advocate "economy" in capital expenditure, whether public or private, as well. "On the general merits of an expansionist Government policy in a depression there is much to be said on either side, and it is not possible here to enter into the general controversy." This is regrettably timid. But the authors of the Report give some instructive particulars of Swedish policy, which has succeeded in reducing unemployment very rapidly with the aid of large loan expenditures to be repaid over a short term of years out of increased death duties. Moreover, they take due note of the remarkable results, up to date, of the Soviet experiment in ruthless public investment. "There is poverty, even desperate poverty, and under-nourishment, but . . . it seems highly improbable that unemployment on any large scale exists. It has never been denied that unemployment can be reduced to a minimum, under certain conditions of adequate resources, if the sacrifices demanded in the form of lower standards are accepted. . . . In a gigantic effort to organize not only European Russia, but the whole of Siberia and large areas of Central Asia, there is abundance of employment. . . . In the period 1928-34 the production of investment goods was nearly quadrupled and that of consumers' goods nearly doubled." It is a problem for dispassionate, scientific study, without prejudice on either side, how much the rest of the world can learn to its advantage from the Planned Economy of the Soviet Union.

"The methods adopted to mitigate the heavy unemployment of the last four years", say the authors in another place, "are for the most part emergency measures". But to suppose that the making of plans, practicable and suited to the special conditions of particular countries, to employ their working populations is impossible, would be to admit political ineptitude and a perilous social failure.

MAGNA BRITANNICA, by **J. Coatman.** Cape. 10*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is an intriguing book. It will give the fullest joy to those who believe (as the author does) that the British Empire is the one bright stable institution in a dark and trembling world. It will give equal delight—of a less holy kind—to all those cynical persons (mainly foreigners, of course) who say that this same empire is the fruit of the most unscrupulous robbery that this earth has suffered; and that the English and Scottish pirates (with a few odd Welshmen and Irish) have added hypocrisy to conquest by pretending that their land snatching and pillage has really been more of a righteous crusade to bring civilisation to dark continents rather than an unholy theft of other people's possessions. In short, they have only sarcastic jeers for the amiable theory that the British Empire is a part of the White Man's burden. But this is only alien prejudice, of course!

Now the impartial reader will probably agree that Mr. Coatman has gone a long way to prove his case; but he would have done better if he had considered the dangerous effect of waving red flags before bulls. One can imagine the emotions of Italian or German patriots when they read (p. 373): "The ideal of service to humanity is the ideal of the British Empire." Or this: "It is not putting too high a value on the Great Society of Peoples of the British Empire to say that they and their Commonwealth are the chief builders of the world society of the future. . . . No less a responsibility than this lies on the shoulders of British people."

The alien cynic will think of places like Athens and Rome and Paris and Florence, with their world encircling cultures; and will say that such sentences as those just quoted are preposterous; and he will be right. The greater part of the civilisation of this world was built in sunnier lands than

the British Isles, and was distributed around by more peaceful persons than British soldiers, and by more philosophical adventurers than Drake and Hawkins. Yet, although it is bad manners to talk so insistently of "service"—savouring too much, as it does, of the American general storekeeper or the Puritan lay-preacher—there is a very great case for the British Empire; and Mr. Coatman has put that case in a way that is far above the imperial and imperious talk of the commercial travellers who are now taking so many advantages from an Empire which has been built by the sweat and blood of others.

Mr. Coatman, unlike so many imperialists, does not believe in force. He has grasped the most fundamental factor of the British Commonwealth when he points out that it is entirely a voluntary association. Its members can break away at any time they please. There is no clause in the Statute of Westminster imposing penalties on seceders. The statutory constitution of the British Empire is a law of free equals. The Mother Country and the Dominions are united because it pleases them so to be. If a French colony broke away from France, that would be rebellion. As Mr. Coatman points out (p. 354): "It did not need a decision of the Privy Council to make it clear that any Dominion has the right to amend its own constitution, even to the point of declaring itself independent of the Commonwealth."

It is very important and true to insist that this quality of freedom is vital. It is also true that the British peoples have taught the world that personal liberty is a very precious heritage. In many ways the French are a freer people, who have a greater sense of equality. Yet the solid fact remains that the pugnacious determination of the ordinary Englishman to resist being bullied, whether by bureaucrats or dictators, has been a contribution to human civilisation which ranks with the gifts of Greece in philosophy and art.

Another great virtue in Mr. Coatman's book is his grasp of the contrasting fact which is a necessary balance to the ideal of freedom. He sees that the more primitive ideals of individualism and *laisser-faire* must now be blended with the necessities of the "planned" society. In this desire to balance liberty and order he is showing how close a follower he is of the late Sir Basil Blackett, to whom he dedicates this book; though strangely enough, he does not mention him once in the body of the volume.

Like Blackett, Mr. Coatman attaches great importance to the use of the intellect in the matter of ruling; and he devotes many very useful pages to a detailed account of the way in which the Dominions are working out the laws of social order; which he considers will follow the model of the public utility association rather than State nationalisation.

A fact is so much more important than a theory; and it is a very persistent fact today that the British Empire, as Mr. Coatman writes, is a model superstate in a world that is in a chaos of confusion. If the world were working together as a co-operative commonwealth, as the British nations are doing, it would be very good for all. But the difficulty is that it seems impossible to persuade the rest of the peoples that this walled Empire can be tolerated in a world that is now searching for raw materials and other desirable things. No one believes that the British Commonwealth would attack anyone; but the cynical foreigner will sneer that this is because we are already surfeited. The failure to see the view of the alien mind is perhaps the weakness of Mr. Coatman's book. G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

RUSSIA THROUGH FABIAN EYES

By E. H. CARR.

SOVIET COMMUNISM: A New Civilisation? by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. 2 vols. *Longman*. 35*s*.

MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY WEBB (the title-page authorizes the retention of the familiar name) have devoted many patient and fruitful years to the study of state institutions and the advocacy of state enterprise. It is natural that they should at length have taken their courage in both hands and tackled the state which has had more of the opportunity and more of the will to realize their ideals than any state which has ever existed. It is pardonable that they should take an almost proprietary interest in the Soviet Union—that vast field of state enterprise. The first of these two solid volumes is labelled *The Constitution*, and describes the machine. The second, *Social Trends in Soviet Communism*, attempts to analyse how it works.

The mere task of description was enormous, so vast and complicated is the machine. The authors show how the Soviets were adopted by, or imposed upon, Lenin—for it is difficult to say exactly how things happened in those tumultuous weeks at the end of 1917—as the unit of government. The Constituent Assembly having been dismissed, the Congress of Soviets remained without a rival; and the Tsik, which is, so far as analogies hold at all, the Parliament of the Soviet Union, is the Central Executive Committee of the Congress of Soviets. Local government remains, in theory, in the hands of the city, district and village Soviets. The Soviets themselves are chosen by open election, and appoint their executive committees by the same method. The lists of candidates in most cases include a percentage of non-party members, but are always drawn up, or at least vetted, by the party authorities.

No review can do justice to the wide scope of the information which these two volumes supply, or to the immense and loving labour which has been bestowed on their compilation. One purpose to which they might be turned would be to set an examination paper for advanced students of Soviet affairs. Where and what is the autonomous district of Biro-Bidzhan (ignore variant spellings, of which there are three in this book)? What are the present names of (*a*) Nizhni-Novgorod; (*b*) Vladikavkas? State to the nearest thousand the number of members of the Leningrad Soviet. And so forth. These volumes are a veritable "Enquire within about Everything" of the Soviet Union. Provided with appendices, diagrams, and three indices, they are by far the most exhaustive handbook on Soviet Russia for English readers yet published. The authors praise the treatment by the Soviet authorities of the minorities, and suggest that the success is due to "the novel device of dissociating statehood from both nationality and race" (though how they distinguish the concept of "nationality" from statehood on the one hand, and race on the other is not altogether clear). They discuss the organization not only of state institutions, but of the trade unions, of the co-operatives and of the Communist Party.

When, however, they leave the world of institutions for the world of theory, it is impossible to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Webb so unreservedly. They refer to themselves in their preface as "two aged mortals, both nearing their ninth decade". The fact has no bearing on the

descriptive chapters of their book; for the most captious critic could not discover here any falling off in the vigour or lucidity of their exposition. But it has, nevertheless, something to do with the case. There are certain fundamental attitudes and habits of mind which become fixed before middle life is reached and are not easily unlearned afterwards. During the earlier decades of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's long and brilliant career of authorship, democracy was still the wear, and no advanced thinker could be anything but a democrat. Since, therefore, they have convinced themselves that the Soviet constitution is the most "advanced" form of government in existence, a democracy it must be. It is true that Lenin and Stalin and every Bolshevik writer or speaker who has a journal or a megaphone at his disposal assure them in every accent known to the expert propagandist that it is not a democracy at all, but a dictatorship. But habit will tell. Lenin, Stalin, and the rest must be wrong. Nothing daunted, Mr. and Mrs. Webb go through a whole chapter of verbal contortions to explain exactly why and how the Soviet Union is a democracy.

It would be unfair to imply that the authors, in approaching Soviet Russia, left their critical faculties altogether behind them. They were not so fortunate as that. The pleasures of the drunkard are said to be occasionally marred by recollections of a puritan upbringing; and Mr. and Mrs. Webb's proletarian exhilaration is tempered from time to time by twinges of an old-fashioned liberal conscience. There are certain things in the Soviet Union which they cannot swallow without an uncomfortable feeling of indigestion; and they venture, in becomingly restrained and deprecatory tones, to say so. They do not quite like the rough-and-ready brutality of the "liquidation" of priests, *kulaks* and other "public enemies". They wish that the Narkomvnudel or Home Office (into which the Ogpu has now been transmogrified) would refrain from imprisoning, transporting, or executing miscreants (or political heretics) without public trial. They do not appreciate the universal lip-service paid to the letter of orthodox Marxism. They are a trifle uneasy about the censorship, though they call it (I wonder why) "much-maligned".

In short, the fundamental weakness of this book (particularly apparent in the second volume where there is less plain description and more argument and discussion) is that it attempts to fit the Soviet Union into a mould for which it was never intended and to judge it by standards which it has never accepted. The Bolshevik answer to Mr. and Mrs. Webb is that the liberty and welfare of the individual as such is not, and never has been, an objective of the Soviet regime, and that Mr. and Mrs. Webb's preoccupation with these things is merely a symptom of their "rotten liberalism" (a favourite Bolshevik catchword) and "*bourgeois* ideology". The answer of the liberal is that to persecute individuals for their political opinions is just as obnoxious when it is done in the name of the proletariat as when it is done in the name of a Tsar or a Dictator. Between this cross-fire of two perfectly tenable and consistent points of view it is difficult to discover Mr. and Mrs. Webb's position. Indeed, when they quote with apparent approval a statement that "the idea of rehabilitating wayward people by means of constructive labour is a wonderfully healthy and beautiful one", you can only rub your eyes and wonder whether they are not on the eve of conversion to National Socialism or Fascism. As an exposition of facts this book is both stimulating and illuminating. As an excursion into the philosophy of politics, I can only call it inconsistent and muddle-headed.

DECLINE AND FALL?

By Geoffrey West.

THE SOURCE OF CIVILIZATION, by Gerald Heard. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
MARS HIS IDIOT, by H. M. Tomlinson. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
BREAKDOWN: The Collapse of Traditional Civilization, by Robert Briffault. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Collapse of Civilization, not long since a mere turnip-head bogey-phrase, has lately become to an increasing number of thoughtful individuals more and more of a possible event, for some a matter less of whether than of when. These three books, all by writers of reputation, hinge directly upon the topic. Mr. Heard and Mr. Tomlinson hope for the best but are plainly apprehensive of the worst, while Mr. Briffault cries for the crisis rather as one who, convinced of the inevitable, would take his cold plunge quickly. Not gay reading, any one of them, but significant books all three, and one of definite importance.

Mr. Tomlinson's is the easiest to read, both because the best written and the most superficial. His title tells his tale—the folly of war, the Great War which is past and the future Greater War which no man wants and yet for which the nations, all of them, are arming. He feels the mood of 1912 in the air; the resolve "Never Again" becomes "Soon"! Believing in the prevailing decency and peaceableness of the ordinary human being, he lays the blame at the door of the State and the State's representatives acting as such—"the State can never be trusted in any pass where good sense is in conflict with power"—a conclusion from which he passes to the unelaborated assertion that the Great Powers must yield their sovereignty to a world order. There he stops, leaving his reader aware of his sincerity and deep feeling but wondering what he proposes to *do* about it.

Mr. Briffault sets one in no such doubt; he simply does not believe that anything effective can be done. His analysis, however, is much more adequate; he makes a definite attempt to explain the workings of society which are carrying what we call civilization to the cliff's edge. In his view the existing system is an "anti-social, anti-moral and criminal" organization, directed for the good not of the many but of the powerful few, whose mutual conflict for greater power speeds it and them and all of us to a devastating fall—from whose dust and ruin a true civilization may thereafter slowly arise. His drawing of the fundamentals of modern life may be harsh and crude, his tone sometimes shrill and over-confident, but many of his evils are genuine evils which must be faced if the world is not to go the way he points it.

Mr. Heard's book, though, is the one which *demands* attention. It offers a universe of thought for the others' narrow panel or single vista. Mr. Heard feels all that Mr. Tomlinson feels, he sees all that is vital in Mr. Briffault's vision, but he goes beyond them both in understanding and towards offering a solution,

an escape from the vicious circle of rising fear and appeal to violence which causes even the would-be "pacific" nations to turn to rearmament. To come to this consummation he plunges into the remotest past, presenting "a new natural history of all life" which turns Darwinism on its head, declaring evolutionary survival to rest not upon fighting fitness but upon the retention of sensitivity and adaptability, the refusal to harden into specialization. The fighting man is a specialization, and what is more, an aberration from the natural; history offers the plainest proof that he takes the sword only to perish by it.

But if Might is not to be our Right, where, in the absence of a universal religion, are we to find a sanction which all may acknowledge? Mr. Heard believes that we should look within. Man, not a naturally militant being, flies to violence as his support only because he has lost, with the one-sided development which has given the West in particular its mechanical efficiency, his native sense of community. Modern individualism stresses social loneliness and consequent fear far more than social unity and its sense of fellowship and security. What is needed is a psychological advance and readjustment, to balance increased physical power with increased spiritual insight. The means to this he indicates rather than outlines. A slender hope it may seem, a clutching at a straw, but it is his case that there is none other, and that upon our taking it depends the future of civilization.

A large issue, whose essence even can be but most barely suggested in a brief review. His very premises, not to add the wealth of evidence he brings to support them, cannot be more than pointed to; the reader must be urged to argue them himself, for the vital thing is that he *should* read this vigorous, stimulating, fascinating survey of human origins and destiny.

MAN AND THE SEA: Stages in Maritime and Human Progress, by J. Holland Rose. *Heffer.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

DR. HOLLAND ROSE has selected for his latest, but not, we must hope, his last book a most fascinating and singularly unhackneyed subject, and he has treated it with the wealth of erudition and the clarity of exposition which we expect of him. The sub-title of this book is perhaps the more significant—*Stages in Maritime and Human Progress*: and the object of the book is set forth on the jacket. "Has full justice ever been done to the early sea-explorers? Have they not done more for mankind than all the land-conquerors? How have shipbuilding, the art of navigation and brave seamanship, led to the opening up and peopling of the outer world? Those are the three chief questions which this work seeks to answer. With the help of contemporary maps, sketches of ships and portraits of sea-heroes this Argonautic effort is here attempted." Incidentally, we may observe that the help here referred to is indeed invaluable. Illustrations are too often perfunctory, and not seldom irrelevant. That is far from being the case with Dr. Rose's. On the contrary, there has evidently been expended on their selection not less labour and thought than on the text itself. They are largely drawn from contemporary and recondite sources, and to most readers of the book will be entirely unfamiliar; there is not one which does not truly *illustrate* the main theme of the book, and they are beautifully reproduced.

Very happily Dr. Rose has chosen as his motto a distich "inspired by" Virgil:

Vela virosque cano qui vasta per aequora terras
Invenere novas et opes mortalibus aegris.

The best of all material aids to the progress of mankind, and the most accurate measure of it, is, so Dr. Rose convincingly contends, supplied by the ship, and Dr. Rose substantiates this claim by a careful, if somewhat technical account of the evolution of the ocean-going sailing ship.

To the Portuguese, to their laborious scientific research combined with brilliant enterprise, the most important stages in that evolution were due. Appropriately, therefore, it was to the Portuguese that the first substantial prize fell—the Empire of the Far East. For close upon a century that Empire was maintained, but Portugal was not equal to so great a task; the absorption of Portugal itself in Spain (1580), laid the Portuguese Empire open to the attack of Spain's great Protestant antagonists, the Dutch and the English, and first to the one and then to the other, supremacy in the Far East passed.

In the meantime, while Portugal had been busy in South Africa and the East Indies, two Italian mariners were leading Spain and England to the conquest of the Atlantic. "As a nautical feat Cabot's voyage transcends" in Dr. Rose's judgment "that of Columbus", and I am not disposed to quarrel with that judgment. But hard on the heels of these great Italians went that stout Breton sailor, Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo: and Cartier's achievement was, thinks Dr. Rose (and again I do not dissent) more important for his countrymen than Columbus's bequest to his Spanish patrons.

The superiority of colonization to commerce is one of Dr. Rose's leading themes, and he further elaborates it by reference to the Puritan emigration to New England. I cannot, however, attempt to follow Dr. Rose through the whole of the story he tells so vividly. But I must draw attention to the chapter dealing with the quest of the great South Land and the ultimate conquest of the Pacific by Captain Cook.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

MAN AND THE SEA

Stages in Maritime and Human Progress.

By J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D., F.B.A. (*formerly Vere Harmsworth Professor of Naval History in the University of Cambridge*). Demy 8vo, cloth, numerous line and half-tone illustrations and maps. 10s. 6d. net. (*Postage 6d.*)

"Admirably illustrated and written by an expert, *Man and the Sea* deserves an audience as wide as its aim and as keen as its inspiration."—*Punch.*

"Professor Holland Rose ranges the two hemispheres and draws on deep resources of historical scholarship for the material of this instructive, suggestive, and fascinating book."—*Observer.*

W. HEFFER & SONS, LTD. CAMBRIDGE

And of all Booksellers.

FRIEDRICH ENGELS. A Biography, by Gustav Mayer. *Chapman & Hall*, 15*s*.

So far from settling the question who was the greater man, Marx or Engels, the collaborators and friends who formed a philosophy and founded a party, this biography of Engels, the first to be written for English readers, unintentionally raises another. How far did either attain to greatness? There is no doubt in the mind of Professor Mayer. He takes it for granted that Marx is everywhere accepted as a stupendous genius, and he represents Engels, in all matters of political philosophy and military strategy, as "one of the most original thinkers of the latter half of the nineteenth century." Nor did ever a doubt intrude into the always modest mind of Engels that he was in his rightful place in subservience to Marx, that he could have a higher calling than to supply (from the surplus value created by his Manchester wage-slaves—inevitable phrases!) the financial needs of the Marx household while the student searched for the secret of social destiny. Only once did he show a faint sign of questioning whether a fool-proof theory of history was an adequate substitute for a human heart. Engels had lost Mary Burns, his companion for many years; and Marx expressed condolence with his sorrowing friend by lamenting another impending invasion by bailiffs. Engels ever so gently rebuked, but found some more supplies; and Marx came dangerously near an apology for the only time in his life.

The trouble with Professor Mayer's painstaking study, which demanded much research into the confusion of revolutionary movements on the Continent in the nineteenth century, is that what should be the background becomes the foreground. The chief figures in the drama are effaced by the "mass movements" so dear to them. The reader does not see Engels and Marx as human beings but rather as machines: they have a theory in their veins instead of a blood stream. For members of a political party to solve problems by repeating phrases made for them by their leaders may be in the natural order of creation; but for a reader who wants to learn something of a man's life story the iteration of "the strength of historical necessity" and "the preliminary stage of Communism is inevitably the dictatorship of the proletariat" is likely to be wearisome.

But the disappointed reader may find compensation in watching the comedy of this precious historical necessity. Engels and Marx, while admiring the Russian revolutionary who was willing to risk his own life in taking the Czar's, could dismiss his ideas as romantic Robin Hoodism, since Communism would be impossible in Russia until that country had passed through the processes of Capitalist development decreed by fate. If they were living to-day they could be expected to deny the reality of the Soviet revolution; Lenins and Stalins cannot be allowed to play ducks and drakes with historical inevitability. They fixed their fond hopes on England and Germany; there was something of Dick Turpin in the French Socialist which they could not trust. But England was splendidly fulfilling her destiny in capitalist evolution. How many times Engels hailed a financial crisis which showed that this country was on the brink of the ruin which would hasten a Communist victory is beyond computation, but it was often. Even the admiring Professor Mayer admits that he was a better prophet of a "distant future." And it may be so. It is not easy to confute a prophecy the fulfilment of which is a moving date.

What Professor Mayer's great labour has resulted in is a full story of the part Engels played in the Socialist movement. In that regard it is a real contribution to history. If Engels comes out more, or perhaps less, than human, Professor Mayer at least has provided the material for a future imaginative study. A study of that kind would be worth making. Engels was a leading figure in a struggle still proceeding; he was anxious to command an armed force against capitalism; he was the only man in the world with whom Marx did not quarrel; his devotion to his friend, his self-effacing drudgery for him, are among the wonders of collaboration; he tried to write poetry; Mary Burns and Lizzie Burns both loved him; he could sport with French Amaryllises—so much slimmer than German ones—in a harvest field. If we could get nearer to him we might find him much warmer than a theory.

PHILIP TOMLINSON.

BALLADS, SONGS, AND RHYMES OF EAST ANGLIA. Collected by A. S. Harvey, with an introduction by the Dean of Norwich. *Jarrolds*, Norwich. 5*s*.

ONE of the chief delights when browsing in provincial towns is the discovery of the locally published guide book, or collection of poems by a village bard. The book is always hideously printed on sugar paper, and it creaks when one opens it. But it usually contains a naivety of its own, capable of giving the sophisticated reader a spasm of pleasure. Halfway between that sort of book and the metropolitan product is the locally published volume of antiquarian or folklore research intended for a district sale. Mr. Harvey offers us such a book, and it is very well produced both in content and format.

He begins in his preface by reminding us of James Agate's saying that "of all counties Norfolk is the most English" and that "those fair-haired travellers whom Pope Gregory dubbed angelic came from the neighbourhood of Yarmouth," and he shows how old-established is this opinion by quoting the medieval Johannes de Sancto Omero, who said in his *Norfolchiæ Descript*, "a man who has once entered Norfolk never wishes to leave it as long as he lives, for, beholding so good a country, he declares he is a dweller in Paradise."

That may be so, but there are other folk who will think Suffolk the more lovely area, and they in their turn will fall foul of the advocates of Essex. And the Essex people are divided into two kinds, those who prefer the eastern flats by the Thames Estuary, and those who know the less frequented western side where the Bartlow Hills look over into Cambridgeshire. These four districts are distinct from each other and they all have their traditions and still maintain their special brand of rurality. Of the West Essex kind, I can offer no better example than that preserved by S. L. Bensusan in his collections of stories and sketches. They are marvellously accurate character studies of

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the East Anglian temperament, with its slowness, its slyness, its clanniness, and its queer gift of simple poetry, a spiritual quality permeating the others and making up for all their faults.

Now Mr. Harvey gives us specimens of the songs of the East Anglian people. The collection may be called Ancient and Modern. It is divided into three parts, Early Ballads, Songs and Rhymes of the Peasantry, and Modern Ballads. The first begins with extracts from the *Saxon Chronicle*, and includes some Ballads of Walsingham which suggest the shrine of Venus rather than of the Virgin Mary.

"As I went to Walsingham,
To the Shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrimes weede.
Now God you save, you jolly palmer;
'Welcome, Lady gay,
Oft have I sued to thee for love
—Oft have I said you nay'."

I notice that these ballads were not given prominence two years ago at the reopening of the Shrine of Walsingham, when hundreds of pilgrims flocked there to the ceremony, and were duly blessed by cardinals and bishops. What a repetition of history! For Langland, in Piers Plowman, told how

"Hermits on a heape,
With hoked staves,
Wenten to Walsingham,
And her (*their*) wenches after."

Amongst these ballads and songs we find the familiar "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," and learn that Islington is a small Hamlet near Tilney in that part of the Fen country known as Marshland, to the west of King's Lynn. So the faithful girl had a longer love-pilgrimage than we have hitherto imagined.

Let me conclude with one last amusing rhyme,

"Blakeney bulldogs,
Marston Dodmen,
Binham bulls,
Stiffkey trolls,
Wells bitefingers."

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR, by Negley Farson. *Gollancz.* 10*s.*

No one who has had the opportunity of meeting Negley Farson can have failed to be strongly impressed by his remarkable and attractive personality. The book he has just published confirms in a most striking way the feeling he gave me at our very first meeting of being a man of action and yet a dreamer; a man with a tremendous zest for life and yet completely detached; a man who simply cannot stick to any job—or in fact, anything any length of time, yet is both keen and efficient. A completely irrepressible person, with a brilliant brain and a warm heart. Negley Farson would have had an eventful life even in more normal and peaceful times than the ones he so brilliantly describes in *The Way of a Transgressor*. A born adventurer, in the best and most complimentary sense of the word, he could never have led a dull and ordinary existence. But as it happens, he has had the good chance of being simultaneously actor, spectator and commentator of a drama that is in many senses unique, and that has been enacted on no less a stage than the world: the history of our own times.

In unrolling backwards the film of his more than variegated life he has produced a book so thrilling and absorbing that I can only say one thing: it lives. And surely that is the greatest compliment one can pay to a book. It is not strictly speaking an autobiography, for the larger part of these 640 pages into which he has managed to crowd a whole epoch, are more concerned with the world in which he moved and the things he saw than with himself. How it all affected him, his soul, (he will pardon my introducing this word, but he has lived in Russia long enough to understand what I mean) is indicated with a regrettable economy of words. Only at the very end of the book he allows himself a few lines of self-analysis in retrospect.

As a matter of fact this economy of words is one of the book's greatest features. In telling us his Odyssey, Mr. Farson is never verbose; indeed some of his best chapters fill just one short page.

I must say this, however: while intensely admiring both the actual life of Negley Farson and his masterly description thereof, I cannot help feeling that his narrative sometimes represents a continuity of actual experience and imagination. I would like to know, for instance, how he could see the Imperial Ballet in St. Petersburg from the Hotel Astoria—just to mention one small instance. My chief grievance, however, is against the proof reader of this book. On page after page you find the most irritating and unnecessary misprints, and spelling mistakes. That most of the names should be mutilated is bad enough, but the ordinary words over which you have to think before you recognize their meaning make it worse. And as to Negley Farson's love of introducing what he thinks are Russian idioms into his narrative, I must congratulate him on a series of most fantastic neologisms. All this is a pity, and he should see to it that in the future editions of this really fine book of his these absurd irritants are removed. The book, like its author's own life, goes in jerks. The story of his childhood in America in the home of his grandfather, or again, the description of the two years he and his wife—a marvellous person—spent on a lake in British Columbia, is related with genuinely poetical feeling.

His various travels would alone constitute a glorious book. The description of Russia during the War, which, as he rightly observes, was being lost not at the Front, but in Petrograd (Mr. Farson was an armaments merchant at the time) and again under the Bolsheviks—when he returned there as a newspaper correspondent—is full of romance, wit, bitterness, and enthusiasm. All this is blended into that feeling of fascination by Russia which makes him say somewhere in the book that if he could spend his life roaming about Russia he certainly would.

He does not spare his own country and the Americans, or in fact, anybody, but his criticisms are always justified. Who could fail to agree with his pungent comments on "that shabby swindle the 1930 so-called Naval Disarmament Conference", or many similar appreciations in cameo of people and events. One of the most moving chapters is the last, in which he relates the manner in which he was driven to resign from the great American paper he had so brilliantly represented for over ten years.

GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK.

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EARLY CELTIC NATURE POETRY, by Kenneth Jackson. *Cambridge University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE approach of the scholar, as with Mr. Jackson, and the purely literary man, as with this reviewer, to such early forms of poetry as the ninth to fourteenth century Celtic lyric is so divergent as to be well nigh irreconcilable. Here, indeed, is a book which almost induces resentment in the literary man. One example will illustrate why. The poem on *The Coming of Summer* is one of those poems which has given pleasure to every reader of early Irish lyric verse.

Summertime, season supreme,
Splendid is colour then ;
Blackbirds sing a full lay
If there be a slender shaft of day.

The dust-coloured cuckoo calls aloud
Welcome, splendid Summer !
The bitterness of bad weather is past,
The boughs of a wood are a thicket.

Bees with puny strength carry
A goodly burden, the harvest of blossoms.
Up the mountain-side kine take with them mud.
The ant makes a rich meal.

The harp of the forest sounds music.
The sail gathers—perfect peace ;
Colour has settled on every height,
Haze on a lake of full waters.

This poem Mr. Jackson has classified as a Seasonal Poem. Remarking on the irregular metre he "suggests that the poet was deliberately archaising, and therefore aware of an older tradition of seasonal poetry, unless this is simply another case of influence from the prophecies". Now all this may well be so—it is entirely hypothetical—but it has the effect, from the literary point of view, of making us minimise the merit of the verse ; saying, perhaps, "Another example of a variation of a formula, little more" ! It may be : but it is still very lovely. And that is all that counts.

It is an old syren, this business of analysing Celtic poetry, and it has always ended in books like this, with a great deal of "it seems" and "it is just possible", and "probably" and "it may be", and one is no more enlightened by Sieper's description *unendlich primitiv* than by Mr. Jackson's "new adjective—*imaginative*".

In truth this delicate and charming lyric is too remote for much analysis, came out of obscure conditions that we only half understand, and is not illuminated by any precedents. Mr. Jackson quotes a second century Chinese poem that is absolutely identical in manner and tone to these Celtic lyrics :—

Autumn wind rises ; white clouds fly ;
Grass and trees wither : geese go South ;
Orchids all in bloom : Chrysanthemums smell sweet . . .

and one feels there, too, so out of touch as we are with the poets—and all of these Celtic poems are anonymous—that it is futile to do more than enjoy what the Gods have given. Mr. Jackson's extremely interesting discussion on the literary origins of these finished lyrics does no more than stir a dark pool. One can see, as he writes, how religious thought may become ritual, and ritual then branch triply into formula and cheville, or into metrical exercise for pedants, or into literature : but in the end, as in that poem on Summer quoted in part above, who can say for certain which is which ?

"From the simple expression", says Dr. Robin Flower, "the emotion of the moment disengages itself with the subtle overplus of poetry", and there is really no more to be said. Certainly not of such gems as (in Dr. Flower's translation) :—

Over my head the forest wall
Rises : the ousel sings to me.
Above my booklet lined for words
The woodland birds shake out their glee.

There's the blithe cuckoo chanting clear
In mantle grey from bough to bough ;
God keep me still ! For here I write
His Gospel bright, in great woods now.

It is, then, in no sense of disparagement, far from it, that one may say that the more valuable part of this book is the first 80 pages in which Mr. Jackson gives emendated translations of some of the finest examples of the original verse. Scholars will find much to praise in his cautious exegesis, but to others the poems will, as usual, prove self-sufficient.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

THE FRONTIERS OF ENGLAND, by Sir Arthur Willert. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

IN this book Sir Arthur Willert draws a picture of Europe in dangerous turmoil, and points the moral that if Britain does not participate in a collective peace settlement there will, one day, be another conflagration on the Continent from the dire consequences of which this country will not be able to escape. Hence his thesis that England's frontiers extend far beyond the Rhine, and that it is only by keeping the peace on these far-flung "frontiers" that Britain will be able to maintain her own security.

Sir Arthur's method has been, mainly, to set down his impressions of Europe made in the course of a recent motor tour which took him to France, Germany, Italy, Danzig, Austria and Czechoslovakia. Like many others before him he had talks with people of various stations of life, and with many and different points of view, in the countries he visited. But he has brought to his collection of impressions and recorded conversations something which the ordinary traveller or student of international affairs does not possess : a trained diplomatic mind and the fruits of a long experience behind the scenes in his capacity as head of the News Department of the Foreign Office.

It is, perhaps, because of this official career from which he but recently retired, that Sir Arthur has been careful —perhaps too careful—to avoid stressing his points. I for one would have welcomed a stronger emphasis on such questions as the potential menace to Europe of the present Germany. But possibly Sir Arthur was right to keep on the side of understatement. For in these days of innocents abroad, shrilling their naïve conclusions at the top of their voices, the calm, quiet, almost conversational tone of this professional observer can but carry greater weight by contrast.

Perhaps the most interesting section of the book—it is certainly the most detailed—is that devoted to the New Germany. Sir Arthur is scrupulously fair to the Hitlerist regime, so that when he has reason to criticize or to express apprehension one can but be convinced. He renders a service by dispelling the illusions of those who—the wish being father to the thought—console themselves with the idea that the Nazi regime will one day come to a speedy end. Sir Arthur takes the more realistic view that it is likely to last for a long time ; principally because even amongst the many Germans who dislike its excesses there is a firm belief that there is nothing with which it could be quickly replaced.

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Reading between the lines, however, it is evident that Sir Arthur has a very real understanding of the explosive possibilities of Nazi Germany's violent propaganda in regard to such problems as Austria and Danzig. His chapters on these questions and also on the relation of the Austro-German problem to the position of Czechoslovakia are admirably done, although it might perhaps be wished that he had devoted greater length to the problems of the Danube. In this connection it also seems a pity that he did not include Yugoslavia in his tour. The section on Italy and the Abyssinian War is very illuminating; and the final plea for Britain's role in the collective system is both logical and sincere. And last—but not least—this book has the virtue of being equally clear to the plain man as to the expert.

C. F. MELVILLE.

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HESTER AND HER FAMILY, by H. W. Freeman. *Chatto & Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

FREEDOM, FAREWELL! by Phyllis Bentley. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

BALKAN MONASTERY, by Stephen Graham. *Ivor Nicholson & Watson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

HOLY IRELAND, by Norah Hoult. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Hester and Her Family is really a novel and its sequel in one volume. Part One tells of Hester from her early years in an orphanage, of her passage through an unhappy marriage to the arms of a lover and the motherhood of three children—each with a different father. Just when one feels that the author is at last breathing life into this character he deserts her.

Part Two is concerned mostly with Hester's daughter, Jenny, now a B.A. She goes to Florence, becomes a guide for tourists and has a love-affair. All this is very ordinary and quite dead. If we must regard the book as *one* novel then the drawn-out slightly sophisticated Italian interlude seems out of place in what is mainly a tale of Suffolk villagers, written in dialect. The book, moreover, is too long (528 pages), padded with detail which swamps the characters.

When Jenny keeps a diary, lo and behold! she writes exactly like Mr. Freeman. The storm scene where she falls into Dino's arms and the ending make the book seem novelettish, for all its vastness. And why do experienced authors persist in writing "ever so" in descriptive passages?

Freedom, Farewell! is also over 500 pages, but holds the interest steadily. Miss Bentley has here turned to ancient Rome. We are introduced to Julius Cæsar as a young man, fleeing from the Dictator, Sulla. He meets Servilia, mother of the younger Brutus, who becomes his mistress. Slowly Miss Bentley reveals to us Cæsar's greatness as it dawned upon him. We see him as profligate and soldier. He seduces Murcia, wife of the vain Pompey, and later marries his daughter, Julia, to the divorced Pompey. We watch Pompey's growing jealousy at Cæsar's successes in Gaul. Julia dies; Pompey marries Cornelia who urges him to break with Cæsar. He is given command of the Optimates' army and proceeds against Cæsar and Antony. Then follows his terrible defeat at Pharsalia. After this battle Brutus is made to learn of Cæsar's treatment of his mother, and plots with Cassius for Cæsar's death. The closing scenes tell how the disillusioned Brutus kills himself, and the cunning Octavius—upon the overthrow of the Republic—becomes Emperor.

All these happenings of a remote period are made vital by Miss Bentley. The astonishingly modern dialogue brings the characters and events much nearer than, say, the signing of Magna Charta. More learned novels have been written lately about ancient Rome, but, in this reviewer's opinion none so human.

Balkan Monastery is an astounding narrative of man's inhumanity to eighty little Serbian girls, refugees from the Bulgarian advance of 1914. It is largely the story of Desa Georgevitch, ten years old, who flees with her companions from a Belgrade hostel to the Monastery of St. Ronan where madmen are "cured" by floggings. They have little food and are forced to steal. At the approach of the Germans they are abandoned by the monks. The Germans commandeer their stocks, leaving them to suffer horribly from starvation. They degenerate into lice-ridden animals. Eventually they are parcelled out to Bulgarians seeking workers.

Desa is taken in charge by an inn-owner, mistress of a Bulgarian priest. She suffers tortures from this sadistic woman, but escapes to the monastery, and is united to her father when peace is declared.

There is a baldness about Desa's tale which suggests the transcription of a true story. The book is, in part, an indictment of the Allies' treatment of the Serbs prior to the Bulgarian invasion, and gives a gripping account of the Serbian army's awful march over snow-clad mountains to Scutari, carrying their worn-out king, Peter.

Mr. Graham knows these people, their customs and manner of speech, so well that his book—particularly in the passages of dialogue—reads like a translation.

Holy Ireland must be considered the best book on this list if one demands that a novelist should display creative energy rather than the talents of a chronicler. It is a complete novel in itself, although only the first part of the O'Neill family chronicle or what is called, erroneously, a "saga" nowadays. And it is all very like life itself, light and amusing at times, deep and moving at others. Patrick O'Neill, the Dublin cattle-dealer of the late 'nineties, is a splendid portrait. His younger daughter, Lucy, is almost as finely drawn. But, curiously enough, Margaret, the elder daughter, to whom Miss Hoult has given most attention, is not rounded out like Lucy. For all that, she is very true to life and one is deeply interested in her conflict with her bombastic deeply-religious father, and in her relations and marriage with the too-perfect English Theosophist, Clem Woods.

Miss Hoult reveals a people steeped in religious superstitions and prejudices. The smallest of incidents are woven into the broad pattern of each life, so that one has a sense of living nearby and watching these people. The dialogue is the most natural I have seen in any novel for years. Patrick O'Neill is an unforgettable figure. But little Lucy, enamoured of the red-faced Father O'Flanagan, is a living and lovable creation.

REARDEN CONNER.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Stephen Gwynn's article offers the opportunity of noting that this is the tenth year since he began in these pages his Monthly Commentary on affairs, and the fortieth since he came to London and commenced author.

Frederick Hammond is an occasional contributor whose detachment of view represents a ripe experience of affairs on both sides of the Atlantic.

André Maurois needs no introduction, though his innumerable English readers are probably unfamiliar with his work in the role of a political commentator; but the friendly spirit which animated the creator of Colonel Bramble is unmistakable.

George Glasgow's versatile talents are devoted as a writer for the press chiefly to diplomacy and the City; his *Guide to Investment Trust Companies*, published last year, is the latest of several standard works on this subject.

Willard Price is a much travelled American editor and journalist; the curious experience described in the article in this issue occurred during a two years' residence in Japan, which has provided the material for a forthcoming volume.

Robert Balmain Mowat is Professor of History at the University of Bristol, and, like **Sisley Huddleston,** who watches the international scene from the angle of the journalist of vast experience, he is a prolific writer of books. The latest of them, *Diplomacy and Peace*, was reviewed last month.

St. John Ervine's interest in the stage is by no means exclusive, and he has before made trenchant protests against the modern intrusions of the Press on the privacy of the individual. **Charles Cunningham,** who has held a Foreign Office appointment, now travels extensively and published a book on Hungary in 1932.

Apart from writing novels—her *Four Frightened People* and *Ordinary Families* were notable successes—**Miss E. Arnot Robertson's** interests are divided, as her sketch reveals, between sailing and making films.

Kay Boyle is a novelist better known in America than in this country; and **John Leslie Carlin** is a journalist and editor, mostly with African experience.

Seán O'Faoláin belongs to the brilliant band of young Irish writers whose names have become known since the Revolution.

Conrad Aiken, the American poet, who now resides in England, is also a writer of novels, of which the latest, *King Coffin*, was reviewed in these pages last December.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MARCH, 1936

THE NEW REIGN

BY ERNEST BARKER

IT has been said of political prophets (and to write today about the new reign is to venture into the seas of political prophecy) that though they may be intuitively right about great general trends, they are almost certain to be wrong if they try by the use of reason to prognosticate particulars. D'Argenson, one of the most remarkable of political prophets, prophesied in his journals, about 1750, that "the English colonies in America would one day rise against the mother country, would form themselves into a republic, and would astonish the world by their prosperity". He foretold, with equal acumen, the coming of 1789: "everything is combustible: a riot may pass into revolt, and a revolt into a complete Revolution". But d'Argenson, the acute prophet, was also a chimerical statesman, who failed in his calculations when he was Foreign Minister of France during the War of the Austrian Succession, and was dismissed by his master in discredit.

If the statesman can fail, there seems little hope for the student. He lucubrates in a solitary study, remote from the blowing winds of change. But imagination springs in us all; and to imagine the future is also, in some small measure, to contribute to its construction.

Is a new reign also a new epoch? We measure instinctively by reigns: we speak of the age of Elizabeth, the age of Anne, the Victorian age, and even (brief as it was) the Edwardian age. Is our habit merely the arbitrary chopping off of a section for convenience of nomenclature; and are our "ages" merely so many fictions, invented by a peeping and botanizing passion of classification, which artificially divides the indivisible continuity of life? Or is there a genuine quality and genius of a reign,

peculiar to itself, and colouring the character of its events and developments ? Perhaps we can answer " Yes " to both of these questions. No doubt the historian, wise after the event, imports much of the genius which he professes to discover ; and it may even be said that the major part of the age (let us say) of Elizabeth is, in that sense, post-Elizabethan. But that is not the whole of the matter. A new reign, particularly in our modern mood of reflection and introspection, is something of a conscious departure. We are all psychologists now ; and we are not psychologists for nothing. A new reign begins with a consciousness of novelty, which helps to give it, during its course, a novel quality. Particularly when it succeeds to a previous reign of some length and of a definite character, it bids us pause : it sets us to work on stock-taking, reflection, and what is nowadays called " re-orientation ". We are beginning a new chapter ; and we ask ourselves how it is to be dovetailed into the preceding chapter, and what are the contents which we wish it to include. The more the Monarchy counts (and it has come to count increasingly during the last few years), the more will a change of the Monarch affect our thoughts and our hopes.

The new reign will inherit from the old. We may even say, in a paradox, that it will be new in virtue of its inheritance. However much we may dream, at the moment of our entering upon some new tract or division of time, that we can imagine its nature, and however much we may hope to control its nature by the nature of our own imaginations about it, we know in our heart of hearts that it is only the end which can give us a revelation. The meaning of a life becomes clear, and it attains self-consciousness, when it nears its close. That was true of the life and reign of King George V. It was only during the last third of that reign—during the years between 1928 and 1935—that we began to realize what was its quality. It had passed through so many vicissitudes, internal and external, during the first two-thirds of its course, that its steady light was obscured by flying scud and spray. Only in its latter end could we say, *Fluctuat nec mergitur* ; and only then could we realize the true lineaments and features of the tradition of the reign. That tradition now stands out clear and definite. It was expressed in the King's Jubilee and at his funeral ; and their close conjunction

in time has driven it home all the more firmly. It is something consciously apprehended. The new reign starts with that tradition, newly established, and powerfully felt, to inspire it. That is why we may say that the new reign is new in virtue of its inheritance as well as in itself.

What is the nature of this inheritance, and what was the tradition bequeathed by King George V ? It was, first and foremost, the figure and the example of the plain man doing his plain duty. There was something stoic in that figure ; but there was also something which transcended stoicism. Stoicism is something solitary ; but here a man and his wife were labouring together, in a true companionship, to do their duty. Stoicism is something secular ; but here was a man who steadily saw his duty in the light of Christian profession and practice. Stoicism is something superior—the quality of the wise man who is not as the foolish ; but here was a man who said that he was " a very ordinary sort of fellow ", and who yet taught the ordinary man (without being conscious for a moment that he was teaching) that the one thing we can all of us do is our duty.

Next to that, he was, as he said in words we shall not forget, " the head of this great family ". There is a double meaning in that phrase—just because the word " family", in this connection and for us, can mean two different things. First, there is the great family of the whole British Commonwealth. The principle of its life had been given a legal expression by the Statute of Westminster of 1931, which made the Crown the common apex and the bright link of all its Dominions and peoples. What had been legal expression was translated into genuine homely feeling by the magic of a phrase, a voice and a personality. But besides the great family of the whole British Commonwealth there is also, for us who live in this island, the family community of the British people " at home ". We are divided indeed by differences—social differences of wealth, class, status, and occupation. And there had been times in the course of his reign—not least in the years which followed the end of the War, down to 1926—when these differences seemed acute. But it is not a dream to believe that King George V made us feel that in spite of our differences we were still one family. He could work with Labour Ministers no less easily than with

others. He went about among the people; and his broadcast voice (it is difficult to measure the importance, or the significance for our national life, of the broadcast voice of the King) could speak to the whole of the people. There was a thing which happened in his last days—a thing overshadowed by his death, but in a deep harmony with the trend of his life and reign—which deserves to be remembered. A threatened strike of the miners was averted by the good sense and the good feeling of all the three parties concerned—the miners themselves, the mineowners, and the consumers of coal. When one remembers how the vexed question of miners' wages and conditions of life had agitated his reign—when one remembers the struggle of 1911, and the post-War struggles that culminated in 1926—it is impossible not to feel that at any rate in one matter, and that a very great matter, he left us more of a family than he found us in 1910.

More might be said of the tradition to which the new reign succeeds, and which it must necessarily continue. The Monarchy has been strengthened in common respect and affection. King Edward VIII inherits a new sense of partnership with his people. The King and the People, in the late reign, shared a chequered history; but they shared it together. They shared it in war; and our new King, who was then our prince, played his part in the sharing. They shared it after the war, and in the economic vicissitudes and the social problems of a restless peace. Here, too, our new King, while he was still our prince, played his part in the sharing: he learned, at first hand, how distress and unemployment can gnaw; and he joined in calling the nation to that work of voluntary service which—no less than the work of government—is necessary to national welfare. We have had a partnership of King, Prince, and People. The King is gone, and the Prince is King. The partnership remains. With it there remains, as its core, the stabilizing and unifying effect of a personal centre of the national life—a centre strengthened, in its power for good, not by its own assertion of its power, but by the power we give it ourselves by our trust, and our hope, and our expectation.

This is the inheritance. What of the heir, and what may we expect from the character of his personality? Personality always

tells; but a personality set in the light of a great office is also obscured by the light of the office. The office tells as well as the man; perhaps we may say that it tells even more. A man may make the character of his office by virtue of his own character; but the greater the office, the more it is true that "office makes the man". This is the hope and the comfort of those who are called to great office. They grow to its dimensions; they rise to our hopes and expectations; and they rise because they are aided by the hopes we bring and the expectations we cherish. Prestige hedges a king; and it also sustains him. His office makes great demands; but it also serves to elicit a natural and spontaneous response. We are all concerned in his success; and all who have power to help him, by counsel and co-operation, will labour to make his success assured.

But the man counts, none the less. However great the light of the office may be, it will take some peculiar tinge of colour from the character of its holder. We expect the new reign to mark a new epoch; and we take our cue for the new things we expect from what we know of the qualities and characteristics of our new King. He belongs to the twentieth century He was only a boy of six when the nineteenth century closed. He is old enough to know how the problems of his century have arisen; he is not too old to feel them as fresh and living problems, or to hope and long that his reign may see them, in some measure, solved. He is a link between the pre-War generation, in which he grew to manhood, and the post-War generation, among which he is called to reign; and he is a link which is all the more valuable because so many of those who would have helped to bind the two generations were taken away by death between 1914 and 1918. It is the men between forty and fifty who are sparse in our national life; and one reason, of more than ordinary cogency, which may enlist our sympathies on his behalf, is that many of the contemporaries with whom he served, and who might have been his co-adjutors today, are gone.

Each of our sovereigns, during the present century, has been progressively less formal than his predecessors. It is the genius of the times. Ceremony and form have their uses; they screen the privacy of life; they slow its movement down to a more leisurely and stately pace. But this is the part of the tradition

of our forefathers which has been most generally modified; and we seek to-day, in most of our social relations, a quicker contact and an easier *bonhomie*. The new reign may carry us further still in a direction in which we were already going. It was a term of praise among the Greeks that a ruler should be called "easy to address" and "easy of access". They are terms which may come to be applied to Edward VIII. Accessibility is no demerit in the head of a great concern; and there can be no concern in which it is less of a demerit than the managing of a community and the easing of all the relations and contacts involved in its life. But state is state; and state is a necessary part of the working of the State. Glories and pomps conciliate the temper of a serious loyalty; and there is a formality which both husbands strength and screens the *arcana, non imperii, sed domus*.

Time is a factor which counts today in the quick decisions of a rapid age. It flies; but men have also begun to fly by its side. Perhaps it is a vain chase. The quicker we fly, the quicker time also flies; and for all our speed we remain much where we were. But our age demands rapidity; and the natural genius of our new sovereign will answer its demands. He has to think of a far-flung Commonwealth, in which he is legally omnipresent; and the more ubiquitous his physical presence, the more will the legal fact become an actual inspiration. There is a certain terror, as well as an inspiration, in the thought. There are limits to physical endurance; and labour in any great cause, for those who bear the burden, is often a matter of sitting still at a solitary desk or in the council room. It is a choice of Hercules —and even graver, because it is a choice between things almost equally good—to determine between the claims of rest and those of motion.

The problem which faces the King is a problem which also faces the nation. Stability? Or experimentation? Perhaps it may be the latter; and perhaps the choice may be wise. We may have an age of social experiments, in a broad and generous sense of the term; we may resolve to try new things, and to see what the new things bring. During the last few years, while he was still the Prince, the King threw his ardour and energy into the cause of social service. There can be few who

have forgotten the speech which he delivered upon that topic in the Albert Hall. There are many fields for social experiment and social improvement to-day, whether inspired and guided by the State or conducted by voluntary agency. The field of unemployment; the new municipal housing estates, with their struggling community associations and their need of community centres; the boys and girls of the nation, with the problems of their adolescent life, and their need of juvenile centres and general social guidance; the efforts of capital and labour to find a common meeting-ground, with the proper forms and organs of amicable consultation—these are some of the fields which we have to explore and develop. It is a happy augury that already, at the end of last year and during the last months of the reign of George V, a new lift and a new sense of motion became perceptible. Perhaps it was caused by the easing of the economic strain; perhaps it was partly due to the impulse of a general election, which stimulates promises to bud; perhaps it had deeper grounds. In any case the new policy proclaimed by the leaders of the National Government at the end of last October, under the style of "educational reform", was like a breath of spring.

Edward VIII has always seemed to his people an incarnation of youth. It is fitting that his reign should begin with a programme of action intended for the benefit of all the youth of the nation. It is not merely a matter of raising the school-age and of building new elementary schools. It is a larger liberation. It means more freedom of access to secondary schools and universities; it means the improvement of technical schools, "with a view to reaching the highest standard set in other parts of Europe"; and last, but not least, it means the strengthening of health and physique, from early infancy to the end of adolescence, both by medical aid and by systematic physical training. This training is to run beyond the age of school; it is to be available for the young who are employed in office or workshop; and provision is therefore to be made for aiding clubs and other voluntary organizations in the development of juvenile centres and the conduct of their work. It is hard to imagine a better inauguration for the reign of the King.

This is a matter which has touched his mind and moved his imagination. It is a thing independent of his accession; and yet it will be associated with his accession, and it will be strengthened by his accession. He has been the comrade of the young; and it is good to think of him going forward with them into a new age of richer opportunities. If George V could speak to his people as father, there is now a generation of them which may think of his successor as brother.

It may be that the end of 1935 and the beginning of 1936 will mark a new epoch in the history of international society, and of the contribution of our country to its strengthening. The page is not yet written; it only contains, at the most, a bare initial sentence. If the sentence is continued in the same strain; if the policy announced at Geneva early in the autumn of 1935 is carried on, and carried on successfully; if a system of collective security is eventually built—and built enduringly—then the the new reign will mark a new epoch not only for our people, but also for the peoples of Europe. But there are many "if's", and the answer depends not on ourselves alone, but also, and equally, on others. Collective security demands collective affirmation. We can only go forward towards the impending fates of the future (like the hero in Homer whose saying Lord Carteret loved to quote), venturing ourselves and encouraging others to venture:

> Quo nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente,
> Ibimus, o socii comitesque.
> Nil desperandum . . .

After great wars there is a period of looking back, of riding through the after-swell, of dealing with the after-effects and facing the consequences. Many years had passed after the Battle of Waterloo before men could begin to look forward into the future. Perhaps the time of looking forward may now be beginning for us; perhaps it has already begun. Great things have been recently set on foot, which have to be carried out to their future consequences. There is not only a new initiative in international affairs. There is also a new conception of the British Commonwealth, expressed in the Statute of Westminster. There is a new conception of the future of India, expressed in the Act which was passed last year. At home, and within our own frontiers, there are new hopes and "plans" (a ten-year plan for children; a five-year plan of economic policy) on which men's minds are engaged. A new reign, by its very novelty, in this conjuncture of our affairs, may be a reinforcement to hope and a trumpet-call of "*Prospice*".

There are fields of literature and science as well as of politics. Literature and science may give a reign its colour; or a reign may give its colour to them. The science of the reign of George V, as one looks back, seems predominantly a matter of physics. Physics and mathematics were the starting-points of philosophy; a succession of inventions, proceeding from physical research, affected and altered ordinary life and social habits. Perhaps physics, which has made such remarkable advances in recent years, alike in the field of pure theory and in that of practical application, may enter for a time on a period of quiescence. We are not likely to have so many physical inventions succeeding one another so rapidly; attention may turn from the science of matter to the science of life; biology may find new practical applications, and the general principles of biology (interpreted more deeply and less mechanically) may become the new incentives of philosophic speculation.

There is a rhythm in the vogue and the progress of the natural sciences; now this science has its day, and now it is succeeded by that. It is more difficult to detect any rhythm in the progress of literature or the vogue of its different forms. The reign of Edward VIII inherits two great literary figures from the past. What new figures will emerge in drama, the novel, and poetry, and how will the modes and tendencies of contemporary life colour their work and their creations? Genius follows its own law of emergence; but it may be possible to predict the colour which it will tend to take from its environment. If an age of social hope and experiment, of looking forward and planning, is an age we may fairly expect, we may also expect that literature will lose some of its introspection and some of its preoccupation with the knotty and tortuous problems of the esoteric mind. The joy of the spectacle of life, and of description of the great spectacle, which has always been the nerve of great literature, may return again. It was a hundred years ago that Dickens

published the *Pickwick Papers*. That was in the permanent tradition of our literature, which, like our painting, runs to the landscape and the portrait. Will it come back, and may we hope

> Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quae vehat Argo
> Delectos heroas ?

How natural it is to hope at the beginning of any new chapter of time, and how much each of us betrays himself by the hopes which he expresses ! There is no reason against hoping ; if hopes may be dupes, fears may also be liars ; and even a vain hope may leave a better legacy than an idle fear. But it would be a grave error to forget that there are fears as well as hopes. To some it cannot but seem a sad augury, and a cause of fear, that the beginning of a new reign should synchronize with a new beginning of armaments. It is wise, and necessary, to be guarded against the " if's " of the future ; but how embattled and frowning those " if's " are ! There are thunder-clouds ahead in 1936, as there were in 1910 ; and they are to be feared—but feared with a fear which is mixed with hope. The international system of 1936 is different from the international system of 1910. We have to put our hope and our strength into the new system and, if we arm, to arm only and solely in its defence and for its strengthening. If we do that, making our very fear the servant of our hope, we can enter on the new reign in sober confidence.

SPANISH AFFAIRS IN AN IMPASSE

By William C. Atkinson

THE first result of the Spanish general election, conducted in orderly fashion and under due democratic guarantees, has been the proclamation of a " state of alarm ", with martial law in the offing. The threats of disturbance underlying the proclamation came from the victorious party. Here are strange facts in a democratic republic. It may be true, as an official statement expressed it, that this is but the ebullience of national rejoicing : " The Republic has been confirmed and strengthened, enlarged and amended, as happens with the second edition of a book." The immediate future seems charged none the less with potentialities far removed from the spectacle of a democracy going on from strength to strength. Socialists and Fascists had alike openly vowed recourse to violence should the elections go against them. Violence is in the air, and the previous Azaña regime showed that accession to office does not necessarily exorcise it.

Reaction has been defeated, but the new swing to the Left may soon cry out in vain for braking power. For the victory shows a numerical superiority in the new Cortes of Socialists, Communists and Syndicalists over their allies for the nonce, the Republican Left and Republican Union parties. How long that alliance will last in the coming session is the chief interrogation mark of the present situation. At least it seems premature to interpret the election results as a confirmation and strengthening of the Republic.

The real significance of recent political events in Spain is not the victory of this or that party in the Republic ; it is the fact that the republican, the democratic, idea itself is in danger, and may not long survive. Many have doubted—and among them are some of the most authoritative voices of Spain, Unamuno,

Ortega y Gasset, Madariaga—whether it be not already long since deceased. It is no longer impertinent for the foreign observer to enquire whether this suggested bankruptcy, should it be a fact, is to be attributed to the Republic itself, to republicanism, or to Spain.

Long considered the most a-political of peoples, Spain is consumed of late by a feverish interest in this matter. But to spread widely is often to spread thinly, and it is the depth and seriousness of the interest that count. After a monarchy that had lasted, with one brief interlude, for fifteen centuries, Spain in 1931 rebaptized itself a democratic republic. There is no disputing the title, and those who bestowed it are minded to defend it passionately. Democracy and republic, however, are terms of serious import, that may not be lightly bandied about. Spain to-day has her full meed of problems, financial, educational, agricultural, regional; these are problems confronting her, not as a monarchy or as a republic, but as Spain. The specific problem confronting her as a democratic republic is to give proof and justification of her democratic republicanism. Spain has assumed a label. Has she assumed responsibility for the implications of that label? Cervantes and his contemporaries, living under a despotic monarchy, spoke freely and pertinently of "the republic". We know little Latin in this year of grace, and are in danger of forgetting what the word means. Did we not know less Greek, we might speak of idiocy as the root explanation of the failure of most of its modern invocations.

The founders of the Spanish Republic of 1931 made a number of grave assumptions. The gravest appear to have been two:

(1) On the conviction that the monarchy was radically vicious there followed the belief that only a republic gave promise of reform. Conviction and belief alike involve errors of reasoning. There is implied, first of all, a confusion of monarch with monarchy, and of monarchy with bad government. The possibility that the monarch, far from being a free agent, was merely the product of circumstances, the historical precipitate of his country's past, was overlooked. The monarchy may have been the fount of all evil; again, it may have been merely incidental. It is to be remembered that the Second Republic succeeded, not—like the First—a period of bad government by a monarch, but a period of good government by a dictator. Alfonso happened to be caught in the dictator's wake; had he not, there would still in all probability be a monarchy. The belief that there is any consideration of inevitability attaching to or consecrating the new regime is dangerous, and has already had serious consequences. It is a sufficiently striking paradox, to begin with, even for Spain, that a country which has never been noted for democratic convictions or social cohesion should be pinning its all on democracy just when the principle is being discredited on every hand. It is demonstrable that there is no need to go outside the republican ranks to find dictatorial leanings.

(2) It was assumed that to enact a regime sufficed for its enforcement. That peoples mould constitutions, not constitutions peoples, is a hoary truism. Bolívar, the "Liberator" of Spanish America, held up the British Constitution to the admiration of twenty nascent republics as "that most worthy to serve as model to all who aspire to the enjoyment of the rights of man and to the highest degree of political happiness compatible with the frailty of our nature"; and Latin America has never recovered from the consequences. The commission that framed the draft constitution for the Second Spanish Republic similarly went abroad to look for ideas—to Weimar, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Mexico, Uruguay—and while the draft was under discussion the best-seller in Madrid bookshops was a compilation of the constitutions of countries all over the world. The subsequent promulgation in another connexion—plurality of offices—of a "Law of Incompatibilities" would have been still more pertinent here. Spanish history, Spanish temperament, Spanish economic conditions, are the touchstone of what legislation is at once feasible and desirable in Spain, however tempting it may be to include the latest thought on divorce from Moscow.

This, then, is a first indictment, that the Constituent Cortes did not set itself to consider what was feasible, but only what was desirable, and time with its whirligigs is now bringing home the lesson. Nothing, in effect, strikes the observer of the Spanish scene to-day more forcibly than the fact that all things suggestive of the old regime have changed their name, while few or none have changed their essence. The *Academia*

Española has dropped its "*Real*", the Plaza de Alfonso XIII becomes Plaza de la República, and if the Cine Royalty remains Cine Royalty, it is only from failure to apprehend the foreign word. But the Academy sessions continue as of old, the square has exactly the same amenities as before, and the films shown to a republican audience are neither better nor worse and make neither more nor less appeal than those shown to a monarchical public. Which suggests the possibility that the public has not changed either. There are subtle powers of resistance, conscious and unconscious, in a people long wedded to tradition, that legislators would do well to take into account. One remembers Primo de Rivera's decree that carts were no longer to be drawn through Madrid by more than three mules tandem, and the upshot: the farmer, arriving at the outskirts with his customary four, unharnessed the leading mule and tied it at the rear of the cart.

A government may be retrograde in effect through the very progressiveness of its intentions, and the whole history of the Republic to date is eloquent of the gap between idealistic legislation and public capacity to assimilate it. The excesses it loosed led to the first great recantation: the Republic that came to overthrow a dictatorship and reaffirm the saving grace of constitutionalism had no sooner enacted its Constitution than it overrode it with a "Law for the Defence of the Republic", which made of the premier a despot who flagrantly violated, often for no cause given, the most elemental rights inscribed in the charter. And the taste of power led to the first great betrayal: the Azaña government of 1931-33, having clung to office long after its constituent task was completed and shown the old evils of parliamentarianism again raising their heads, was defeated at last at the polls, whereupon the champion of democracy was straightway converted to a doctrine of violence. The rebellion of October, 1934, the blackest chapter in Spanish history for half a century, was largely the fruit of that conversion, and the end is not yet.

For the acid tests of democracy are, first, freedom of opinion with the right of the majority to prevail, and second, the capacity of the *demos* for self-government. The former demands that, however unpalatable be the will of the electorate, even, let us

say, to the restoration of the monarchy, the minority shall keep opposition within constitutional limits and subservient to the common good. The President's consistent refusal to invite to office the leader of the parties of the right, Gil Robles, whose following was the largest in the late chamber, because his republicanism is deemed suspect by the parties of the left, is here an illuminating commentary on the situation. The rub for the latter lies, of course, in the consideration that the republican doctrine of liberty, fraternity and equality, so primitive-sounding that the eighteenth-century humanitarians always assumed it to be operative among savage tribes the world over, calls on the contrary for a higher state of society than any the present world seems to offer for its perfect functioning. It requires a complete absence of self-seeking and personal animus, complete freedom from class-consciousness, a complete revaluation of the normal objectives of human endeavour and individual ambition, in a word, a formidably complex process of education in political philosophy. Over half a century now the Spanish people has been subjected instead to an intensive process of political propaganda, in which the word has been so debased as to mean chiefly an angry grasping after rights and a sullen shelving of responsibilities.

To talk, therefore, of rectifying the Second Republic or to plan an outline for the Third must seem a mere begging the question until it be first asked, Why Republic? It does not follow from the fact that the monarchy was a failure that the Republic will be a success, as it does not follow from the collapse of the first avowed experiment in dictatorship that there will never be another. What are the basic qualities of the Spaniard's character and temperament as they affect this business of government?

None is more clearly established than his assertive egocentricity. The Spaniard's richest and most real life, it has often been observed, is that within. He communes equally naturally with himself or with his Creator, achieving now an individual, now a pantheistic harmony. Nowhere is individual contentment more self-sufficient, in no soil has mysticism struck more congenial roots. But between these extremes there stretch the wide expanses of social activity where man may neither

assert himself unchecked nor submerge himself wholly, but must contribute disinterestedly to the common weal, and here the Spaniard's weakness is manifest. Unable on the one hand to believe that a pursuit so impersonal can affect his personal well-being, and on the other to visualise concretely an objective characterized by the inevitability of its gradualness, he fails to understand the claim politics may have upon him or the criteria by which he should shape his political activity.

If participate he must, it can only be by way of some immediate, tangible objective. This may be the separation of Church and State, the breaking-up of the landed estates, the socialization of the banks, the outlawry of war, or easy divorce: his championship will in every case be stamped with its *ad hoc* nature and the inability to see the measure as part of a planned whole. Heroic but unco-ordinated enterprises are the *leit-motif* of his country's story. They lack the critical sense that can place things in perspective, and many a moment of vision "silent upon a peak in Darien" is vitiated for want of the constructive activity that should follow it up. Hence the Spaniard's facile descent into the Avernus of self-stultification, by identifying himself successively with measures that are contradictory *inter se*. The greatest contradiction of all, a regime planned to give the maximum of individual liberty that yet failed to relate this to social security, explains why the Constitution of 1931 was straightway followed by the Law for the Defence of the Republic.

The Spaniard lives so intensely in the present that his adoption of a cause commonly implies the ardour of the fanatic in its pursuit. The more passionately he feels about it, the less reasonable, inevitably, he becomes. A discussion conducted on an equable, dispassionate plane, without heat and without violent gesture, will not be a discussion among Spaniards, and the atmosphere of the Cortes is seldom in consequence that of cool reason. This implies the absence of the one quality above all others on which democratic government rests—the gift of compromise. The Spaniard cannot believe in the relativity of truth or derogate from the certainty of his own conviction. His opponents he sees engaged in a dark conspiracy to defeat the right, and, instead of seeking to demolish their case by logical

refutation, he will seek to demolish their standing by personal aspersion. The element of acrimony is never long absent from Spanish politics. It stimulates a superficial interest in the parliamentary scene, it discredits the institution.

On this same distaste for compromise, this same distrust of his opponent's integrity, there follows the Spaniard's tendency to precipitate execution before the implications have been duly weighed. He who sees the truth in a vision will speed impatiently to its realization, all caution scorning since from doubt he is absolved. The Spaniard may not indeed believe himself in possession of this divine absolution, but the impulse to ride down opposition in the most effective manner, that of presenting it with a *fait accompli*, added to his innate lack of a rigorously critical sense, will achieve the like result. It is good, for example, that education should be secular. Secularization, true, is going to deprive half the children of the country, for some years to come, of any education whatever. That difficulty must wait its turn: it will be faced *mañana*. For the day it is sufficient, and a glorious victory, to have disqualified the religious orders.

An inevitable accompaniment of such a conception of politics is that not only can there be no continuity in policy—and aimless drifting is bad enough—but it will swing violently from one extreme to another. To Azaña and his parliamentary majority the watchword was "Forward march, eyes left"; to Robles and his majority it became "Forward march, eyes right". Until some leader of a majority can be content with the orthodox "Forward march, eyes ahead", this discrepancy between feet and eyes must necessarily result in a zigzag course and much stumbling over the obstacles in the way.

It is the force of events, even at times the force of tradition—that inert traditionalism that in Spain is the bugbear of the reformer—that alone has preserved republican policy from jumping altogether the lines of the feasible. If to-day there is a Spanish Minister at the Vatican, if the religious orders are not entirely ostracized, if the policy of confiscation without compensation has been abandoned, if the cry of "Socialism in our day" has lost much of its stridency, these concessions to political realities, that to the founders of the Republic signify base treachery, may conceivably come to be seen as having made

possible its survival. The crowning paradox of the present position is the fact that the Republic has been kept in being by the suspect parties of the Right, who alone have shown some capacity for subordinating conviction and party allegiance to the national interest, and has been subject to constant attack, obstruction and undermining from the parties of the Left, these never pausing to enquire how their betrayal of democracy is to be reconciled with their claim to be the only repository of the true faith.

The best legislature, however, will beat the air unless it can count on a good administration, and Spanish administration, by Spanish admission, stands very low in the scale. The Civil Service in Spain will always be civil, since it is Spanish ; by the same token one despairs of its ever being a service. Politics being to the Spaniard not an objective science but a battle of passion and party, it follows that victory will bring less the opportunity for service than the spoils of office. " Spain is a republic of functionaries of all classes " is the current popular travesty of the first article of the Constitution. This does not necessarily mean corruption : it does mean self-interest and incompetence. Official advancement in Spain knows one chief requirement, " *buenas aldabas*," influential doors at which to knock. The last requirement is technical expertness.

The Spaniard has an innate distrust of the specialist, who deals with objects and approaches human problems from a strictly objective standpoint. He pins his faith to intuition, and approaches things, if at all, given his profound contempt for them, from the human, subjective angle. Knowing how unreliable the average individual is, he will condone a similar unreliability in the average thing. " *Cosas de España !* " exculpates not only the Parliament or the postal service that breaks down, but also the lift that breaks down. If lifts never broke down—and it is a standing jest in Spain that another term for lift is " *No funciona* "—he might begin to wonder why a postal service or even a parliamentary system should ever break down, and with time they would perhaps break down no longer. But nothing less than a complete change in national temperament is likely to carry the Spaniard to the end of that very long road. The problem of technical efficiency, needless to say, confronts every Spanish government whatever the regime.

But the present regime came determined, among much else, to eradicate chronic maladministration, and the failure—again a technical failure—to make its projects of reform effective suggests once more that the Spanish people is not yet at the stage of self-government.

Integration, the ability to see the country and its problems whole, lies behind the whole business of government. Disintegration, the breaking up of the whole into ever smaller units that ignore when they are not hostile to one another, is a cardinal Spanish fact. Since Roman times Spain has been plural, and the " *patria chica* ", the small fatherland, the region, is still the basis of appeal to both sentiment and reason. Separatism is but another aspect of egocentricity. A Spanish election is regularly contested by some fifteen or twenty parties, and this is less cause than effect of the irresponsibility of the electorate.

The issue comes down finally to the question of authority. There are only two alternatives. Authority must either be assumed or foregone. Democracy implies its serious assumption by the electorate and their insistence on serious guarantees from those they delegate to represent them in office. That seriousness in Spain is hard to discover. The renunciation of authority—and political honesty demands that a people that cannot demonstrate its capacity to exercise it should renounce it—leads one back to autocracy, and again political honesty demands that this be not necessarily regarded as retrograde. Efficient is as efficient does. Forms of government are good not in themselves, but in the measure of their conformity with the people governed. Spain was at its greatest in the sixteenth century, when its government was at its most autocratic, and its subsequent fluctuations in the scale of greatness have coincided closely with the fortunes of autocracy. The first steps towards the recovery of its rightful place in the twentieth-century world were taken by its first dictator, Primo de Rivera.

The dictatorship, it will be remembered, failed. It failed partly because of its inability, in a country so dispersive of its interests and energies, to weld national opinion into a compact whole, as Italian and German opinion has been welded, in pursuit of a national purpose, and partly because the intellectual minority that saw its civic rights invaded in a larger cause could

not forgive the offence. The failure was, in truth, more an indictment of the intellectuals than of the dictatorship, which functioned as the Republic that followed has not yet functioned.

If the republican form of government is still to be pursued as the ideal, one inference at least would appear to be obvious: its democracy must be on a selective basis. Such was the republic that Rome first brought to Spain; such is the republic that Señor Madariaga would have when the time comes for a third experiment with the form. Every member of society has a claim to social privileges; the a-political member of society has no claim to political privileges. To confer the vote on one who has no interest in voting and no knowledge of what it implies is to vitiate the electoral system. To go further, as some would go, and compel every voter to use his vote is to invite its annihilation. The privileges of democracy are consequent upon its responsibilities; their enjoyment cannot precede the full assumption of these.

Meanwhile, the fact may not be evaded that the present regime has already shown itself, in spite of its revolutionary intentions, to be no less autocratic than its predecessors, and thoughtful observers question the gain in the change. To the realist the one pertinent question becomes that of deciding which of the various forms of autocracy is the most benevolent, the least self-seeking. On the answer given to this question by the Second Republic hang the chances of a second restoration of the monarchy.

THE NOVELIST'S EAR

By H. E. Bates

CALLING on an old acquaintance, S., a retired farmer, I found the butcher there, a local preacher. It was Christmas Eve, and the elderberry wine came out in an earthenware jug, bottled up and spiced, and we were as garrulous as ducks. S. is a biggish man, with ripe wheat-coloured hair and moustache, and was a shoemaker before he was a farmer, a baker before he was a shoemaker, and a soldier in India before that. His idiom is rich. His wife is a mousey cotton-haired woman, very small, with a voice like a siren, who still speaks as though her men were three fields away. Forty and fifty years ago S. was something of a rake, and likes to talk about it. But things have changed, and the point I want to make is that S. and his wife are respectable country folk, regular at chapel, friendly and warm-hearted people who would rather die on the spot than have it said that they were not, in the local phrase, decent folks. And they are, in fact, eminently decent folks. And the butcher, being a local preacher, would like it to be said of himself too. Yet as we sat there, warmed by the wine and feeling Christmassy, it suddenly struck me that if I could record the speech of that respectable household and in due course reproduce it, verbatim, in this article, I should stand a very good chance of being charged with what the authorities at any rate would call indecency, always supposing I could get the printer to set me up in the first place. In fact, here was a speech, spoken by an unremote people in an England which one sometimes thinks of as over-civilized, that was as vigorous and embarrassing as Chaucer's: the sort of speech, in short, that has rarely been put on paper except by an isolated handful of novelists since the eighteenth century.

All of which prompted me to consider the question of speech in the novel of today and in fact in the novel of yesterday: to

consider not only whether it was a good idiom for its purpose but whether it was a good idiom at all, and whether it bore any close relation to the speech of life; or whether it was not, perhaps, a completely bogus vehicle, clumsy and artificial, that had been invented and perpetrated by generations of novelists who either could not or would not listen to the everyday speech going on about them. If it was a good idiom, and in any way realistic at all, how was it that the conversation in the average and even above-average English novel was as sad as wet dough compared with the vital crispness of its American counterpart? It was not simply that American speech, in reality, had such vastly superior vigour and colour. The speech of S. and his household proved that. Indeed, it proved something more: that there was very much more in common between the speech of S. and the Middle-west than between S. and the speech in the average novels of contemporary life in England. Nor is S. an isolated example, a rural show-piece unearthed by me for an occasion. He is typical of his district and his kind; a hundred thousand people, I dare say, speak an identical idiom, with less or more Chaucerian flavour according to character, in his own district. Nor have I myself, as an outsider, suddenly become what the fancy writers call intrigued by it. It happens that it is my native speech; it comes to me far more easily than the speech I habitually use. Nor is it what I might call a picturesque speech, such a speech as is put, for instance, into the mouths of rural wiseacres in cartoons and certain plays of rural life. It is, if anything, rather an ugly speech, brusque, droll, with a lot of uncouth edges which have never got rubbed off. Recorded euphonistically, it would look very ugly and perhaps a little crazy. It might even, like the speech of Joseph in *Wuthering Heights*, be almost unintelligible. Recorded with fair realism, it has as much character and gusto and even toughness as any speech by, for instance, the characters of Mr. Erskine Caldwell or Mr. William Faulkner.

The charge, often uttered by Americans, that the language of the contemporary English novel is stilted and lifeless is clearly a charge, then, against the novelist and not against the language of the life he proposes to portray. "Life", an American critic pointed out recently, "is never in bad taste". The same is

hardly true of speech; but one might say, it seems to me, that no spoken language is bad language. It is only the bastard speech invented by novelists—and I am not so sure we are not all guilty of it at times—that is bad language. The speech of everyday life is the novelist's raw material. The speech we finally read in ninety-nine per cent. of novels bears as much relation to it as artificial silk to pig-skin. And it has been made, like the silk, by a synthetic process, an easy process, a process generally involving no more strain on the novelist than the simple acceptance of the formula evolved by the generation of novelists before him.

When I pointed out to a famous critic recently that almost all novelists had no notion at all of how the so-called common people spoke, he replied at once: "How should they? They don't know and they don't listen". We went on to discuss the point, and I instanced George Moore as a prime example of a front-rank novelist whose recordings of common speech were really pathetic. So long as Moore was dealing with the sophisticated and elegant lives of his own class he was on safe ground. The language of the so-called upper classes often tends to the pretentious, and if ever Moore himself was accused of being pretentious he could always retort that he was merely recording things faithfully as he saw and heard them, just as many novelists to-day, accused of obscurity, quickly retort that they are, after all, dealing with obscure lives. But once Moore got down to what, for want of a better term, I will call the servants' level, he crashed. He began to drop his aitches, put in a few "yers" for "yours", and some expressions like "It goes to my 'eart, it do indeed", and the demands of the naturalistic school were satisfied. *Esther Waters* is full of this academic realism. Contrast it with Dickens, with the conversations of, for instance, the waiter in *David Copperfield*, or better still, with the supreme garrulity of Sam Weller, and Moore's naturalistic school begins to look like a school for elegant milk-sucking amateurs. Contrast it still further with the speech of the Morel family portrayed by Lawrence in *Sons and Lovers*, and Moore becomes a joke. Moore, in short, did not know and had, one presumed, never listened. He used the synthetic process and kidded himself that he was turning out the real thing. It was not at all the real thing. It

was on a precise level with the speech of high society as recorded in *Peg's Paper*. It was bogus.

I take Moore, a great writer, as a supreme example. If I tend to exaggerate his defects it is only because he, as an intelligent and infinitely sensitive writer, ought to have known better. Moore was a great observer of life, but observation in a novelist is not enough. There is, it seems to me, a novelist's ear as well as a musician's ear. A writer ought to have an ear for character just as a player has an ear for music. His mind ought to be an apparatus—as Dickens' was—for the authentic recording of the speech of all kinds of people, not only servants and waiters and Sam Wellers, but solicitors, young girls, prize-fighters, parsons, imbeciles, shop-keepers, duchesses, farmers, and people in fact from every section of life. It ought also to be able to do something more: to record not only the speech of solicitors, young girls and so on, but the speech of solicitors in anger, of young girls in love, of solicitors in love, of young girls in anger—in short, all kinds of persons in all kinds of emotional states of mind. He ought to be able to record it—and reproduce it—with such an authentic accent, moreover, that anger or tenderness or bewilderment or joy are communicated to the reader at once in an integral part of the texture of the words, so that the speech speaks for itself, needing no underlining or elaboration; so that expressions like "he exclaimed emphatically" or "she pursued" or "with a hint of irony" will be as superfluous and unnecessary as a builder's scaffolding after the house is finished.

Such expressions are, however, still regarded by many novelists, and many accepted front-rank novelists, as indispensable parts of the fictional machine. Americans, thanks to Ernest Hemingway, have already blown the notion to bits, with the result that the dialogue in American novels is now sparser, more expressive and more telling than ever it has been. Tradition, on the other hand, dies hard here, and there is an amusing story of a young novelist who, commissioned to write a story, wrote it and was astounded to have it returned with a list of expressions that might have been used alternatively to the expression "he said", which he had considered efficient enough for his purpose. "Why not", the publisher wrote, "'he exclaimed', 'he rejoined', 'he pursued', 'he answered', 'he remarked', 'he observed', 'he ventured to say', 'he expostulated' and so on?" The answer of the novelist is unprintable here.

This same novelist has elsewhere remarked that it is not patent to many people that the novelist must learn his craft. We can all use a pen; therefore why should we not all write novels? This easy and dangerous deduction has resulted, he thinks, in contemporary literature being surfeited with amateurs. This is only too true, and one of the signs of such amateurism is this synthetic dialogue which I have already discussed. Not that this bookish manufactured stuff is always the prerogative of the amateur. Moore is not the only novelist in his class who did not know and did not listen. And the recording of dialogue seems to me the weakest thing in the English novel of today, just as it is the strongest thing in the American. The young American novelist has not been afraid of learning his craft. Especially he has not been afraid of listening to and recording the idiom of truck-drivers, ice men, typists, boxers, and so on, just as he heard it, and not as he fancied a fiction-lover would like him to hear it. In England, on the other hand, the opposite still holds good. Speech is too often recorded as fiction lovers would like to have it recorded, picturesquely and neatly and elegantly, and not as it is spoken—as it is spoken, for instance, in the house of my acquaintance, Farmer S., crudely, untidily, blasphemously, drolly, ungrammatically, with a traditional strength and vigour, as it is spoken in the wash-rooms of shop-girls, in the tea-shacks of lorry-drivers, by lovers, by children, by the so-called respectable, by business men, by all kinds of people under stress of emotion or in the everyday casual course of life. The average novelist does not listen. Or if he listens he does not record. He shirks it. He likes to rise a little higher, to be a little finer, than life really is. He is expected to rise a little higher and be a little finer. He is expected to conform to the synthetic standards. Therein, too often, lies his hope of success.

So we get a standardized speech for servant girls or mistresses or parsons or bus-drivers, a sort of general service formula which all can safely use. Now and then a novelist like Lawrence breaks out and gives us the authentic smack of Midland English,

and the formula is made to look as crude and cheap as it is in reality, and we see that there is no standard of speech, either in life or in novels, and that, in spite of that odd committee solemnly set up by the B.B.C., there never can be. This committee, impressively headed by Mr. Shaw, who ought to have known better, strikes me as being the most comic turn in the whole show of English public life. It sits like a man in sublime cocksureness chipping away at a mountain with a cold chisel, confident of levelling it. Happily the mountain of English, defiled or undefiled, is vast enough to keep the most ardent standardizer busy for a thousand years, and this odd committee will go down into history, if it goes down at all, simply as a comic turn. For it is not to this committee or to any other committee that the generations of a future England will turn when they wish to know what kind of stuff we spoke in 1936. They will turn to the novelists and dramatists, just as we ourselves turn back to Dickens or even further back to Shakespeare. Thus the novelist has it within his power not only to create character, but to record history, the history of the speech of his own day. We are apt to forget this, to mistake the novelist for a mass purveyor of amusement. The serious novelist knows better. He knows that speech is the key to character. He knows that it may, in turn, be the key to the character of an age. And as he listens to the speech of lorry-drivers and waitresses and generals and young girls and solicitors and porters and every other kind of person, he knows that if he does not record it no one ever will. And that is a singular responsibility.

THE RED ARMY

By Lt.-Colonel H. de Watteville (late R.A.)

It is a remarkable fact that, in the countless books about the Soviet Union, so little attention should be paid to such an outstanding characteristic of the new Russian State as its whole military apparatus and the military spirit animating the entire nation. So general is this disregard of Russian military development, that scarcely any comment seems to have been evoked by the stupendous increases in the defence estimates of the Soviet Union during the past three years. Although the official data have been repeatedly made public, the following facts have never yet been questioned. The military estimates for 1934 were fixed at little short of 1,700 million roubles: in 1935 the figures rose to 6,500 million: for 1936 they reach the stupendous total of nearly 15,000 million. Moreover, side by side with this expenditure there has gone on a reorganization of the peace-time Russian army, whereby its former establishment is to be augmented from about 600,000 to roughly 1,250,000 men.

The Soviet authorities claim that such increases are called for, owing to German re-armament on the one hand, and by Japanese encroachments on the other. It may also be urged that the possibility of a Franco-Soviet military convention must entail a greater degree of military readiness on the part of Russia. To some extent this pleading may be correct; yet this argument overlooks the entire development of the Soviet army during the past fifteen years. The U.S.S.R. is very far from being forced into a military policy which is unnatural or irksome to the nation.

It is true that after the Revolution of 1917 the profession of arms became anathema. So the new authorities remained content to set up a "Red Guard", a force of some 60,000 men, mainly for defence against internal enemies. But counter-

revolutionary movements and foreign intervention, the inevitable sequel to the Bolshevik challenge, speedily dispelled these fancies. A considerable armed effort became urgent ; and by March, 1918, the Red Army numbered 150,000 men recruited for a three-months' term of service, the troops electing their own officers. Such an army was totally inadequate to meet the critical situation of the Bolshevik government, and in March of that year Trotsky was appointed commander-in-chief for the task of reorganizing national defence. But Trotsky clearly realized that no system of voluntary recruitment, combined with terms of short service, would yield the forces required. Then, again, no cadres were in existence wherewith to organize the new Red troops, and, still less, to command them. Recourse must of necessity be made to the surviving personnel of the old Imperial Army.

With much skill, and not without subterfuge, Trotsky gradually overcame the obstacles. The Red Army was steadily augmented until, at the close of the civil wars in 1921, there were not less than 5,500,000 men under arms. Amongst the officers nearly 50,000 had belonged to the *ancien régime* ; and, in addition, there were serving non-commissioned officers of the former Imperial Army to the number of over 200,000. A large proportion of the troops, however, had no stomach for campaigning, whilst their organization, armament, and disposition were either so faulty or wasteful of man-power that the fighting men in the firing line never exceeded 700,000.

With the close of the civil wars a complete change of policy was made by the Bolshevik government. The new social order was henceforth to be erected on what was, in point of fact, a purely military foundation, whilst the new Red Army was to be made an instrument for the education of the Russian nation in the Communist faith. Step by step this determination was put into effect, until in 1928 there came the first Five-Year Plan, and in January, 1933, the second Five-Year Plan. Both plans were, at bottom, calculated in terms of fighting power. The new industrial centres foreseen in the former were to be located according to the requirements of possible war, and grouped in such manner as would nullify the effects of, or render improbable, any attack upon them by hostile aircraft. The whole

industrial output of new Russia was calculated from the standpoint of production in time of war. In 1933, Stalin stated that the failure to realize the first Five-Year Plan in its entirety—only 93.7 per cent. of the programme having been completed—was due to the urgent necessity that had arisen for giving priority to the construction of factories capable of producing armaments. Recently it has again been officially declared that the second Five-Year Plan has been drawn up with a view to improving still further the defence capabilities of the Russian nation.

When, however, the Bolshevik rulers came to apply their new doctrines to the land, grave difficulties were encountered. Like any other old agricultural society, the Russian peasantry proved averse to change. The collectivization of the farms was stubbornly opposed. Nevertheless, the creation of great state farms was gradually forced upon the peasantry, and during this process there was always kept in view the eventual mobilization of the rural population for war. So the areas of the collectivized farms, complete with horses, tractors, and vehicles, coincide roughly with military units, while the workers employed thereon undergo military training together at stated intervals. Even the new farm buildings in frontier districts are being designed to withstand gas attack from the air.

By thus organizing both factory and farm on a military basis and by harping on the probability of an aggressive war being launched by capitalist Europe against the Soviet Union, the rulers of Russia have gradually succeeded in " militarizing " people and public opinion to an unparalleled degree. Every recourse available to government publicity and propaganda—press, broadcasting, film, and theatre—has been appropriated for the task of instilling into the Russian nation the paramount necessity for armaments and military training.

The education of the Russian child of either sex combines teaching in the Leninist doctrine with exercises of a purely military nature, until the boys are of age to begin their army training. Behind these juvenile organizations and the Red Army itself stands the " Ossoviakhim ", the Soviet defence league for adults. Originally this was a voluntary organization which, by raising national subscriptions, presented some hundreds of tanks and aircraft to the Soviet defence forces. But the Ossoviakhim

has been expanded until it is now the instrument whereby military training is imparted to the adult Russian outside the Army: it may be regarded as a subsidiary branch of the armed forces of the Soviet Union, and is entrusted with the military training of all army reservists and of all men who are not actually trained with the colours. It now comprises over 13,000,000 members, a total which will shortly be raised to 20,000,000, including some 2,500,000 women and boys.

The Red Army, being the creature of the Communist Party of Russia, still retains a curious international strain in its composition; but it is taught and trained for battle in much the same way as is otherwise usual in Europe. Political propaganda, however, is regarded as an important weapon of the Soviet forces. In fact the prospective employment, both strategic and tactical, of the Red cavalry is largely founded on this belief. In the words of Budienny, the noted cavalry leader of the civil and Polish wars: "in the coming war which will inevitably be transformed into the civil war of the international proletariat, and, what is more, into a guerrilla war, the numerous Red cavalry . . . will reap the victory of the revolution".

Because the Red Army was raised and trained by personnel that was not viewed as "politically reliable", minute care was taken to secure the loyalty of the new army. Accordingly there was created a dual system of command; that is to say, by the side of the purely military hierarchy, and parallel with it, there was instituted a system of political commissaries and confidence men, which ran from the highest commands right down to the batteries, squadrons, and companies. But with the lapse of years, the commanders of all ranks who might prove unacceptable to the Communist Party have been dropping out. In 1929, it was duly decided to relax this system as a growing number of generals and other officers were, in fact, becoming entitled to combine military with political functions.* Nevertheless, the political personnel subsists, and is now kept engaged in the education of the Red recruit. The grip of the Communist Party on the Red Army is thus complete, and it is no mere accident that ex-soldiers who have been trained in the barrack-room by

* In 1925, 40 per cent. of the Soviet officers were members of the Communist Party; in 1933 their number was nearly 70 per cent. and growing.

Communist educationists are being appointed to the provincial administration throughout the Union.

It may well be asked whether this absorption of the army by a political party, and its utter subjection thereto, have not been bought at the expense of military efficiency. Real military merit and professional knowledge must yield to political zeal; strict conformity to the Communist faith is still the first demand made of all soldiers. Accordingly, the corps of officers has gradually been purged not only of political suspects, but also of all who exhibit any independence of thought; it is being filled by true proletarians of factory-worker origin. The system of advancement to higher rank has augmented these shortcomings. There is, in fact, no possible doubt that the education of Soviet officers is deplorably low. The senior ranks acquired their military knowledge in a practical school, it is true: but what a school that has been! The civil wars of 1919-21, the Polish war of 1920. How could these be regarded as a school for great leaders? Since 1930 special courses have been instituted for senior officers at the Military Academy, so as to allow them to complete their education, while a class for the highest ranks was formed, in which the students were to be put through a "lightning course" of two years' duration. But is it possible to cram within the space of two years, and into men of over forty years of age, already of a low educational standard, the whole range of subjects which more intellectual heads require three years to absorb?

It is also a fixed rule that the true Communist alone can rise to high military position: in obedience to this principle certain arms and services are open only to men of approved political conviction, *e.g.*, aircraft and tanks; while every other arm, down to batteries and companies, must contain a fixed percentage of members of the Communist Party. As that Party numbers certainly less than 2,000,000 (a trifle over 1 per cent. of the entire population of the Soviet Union), it is clear that the Red Army is virtually an appanage of the Communist Party. Conversely the Party is not only dependent on the army for its position in the State, but also relies upon it to spread the Communist creed.

This same condition has led to considerable manipulation in

the selection of recruits from among the annual contingent of men attaining the age for service. In 1925 when Frunse set about consolidating the organization set up by Trotsky, this question of the fidelity of the rank and file was urgent. The recruits then numbered no less than 1,200,000 per annum. Out of these a very small number of men, who are considered indispensable for work in factories turning out war material, were permitted to perform their service in combination with their everyday work. The remainder was divided as follows :

(1) About one-third, say, 400,000, considered either "politically unreliable" or physically unfit pass into the class of "military workers without arms", that is, they are allotted to military works. Service in this class lasts three years.

(2) The remaining 800,000 are distributed among :

(a) "Cadre" formations, where normal long-service conditions of two years colour service prevail ;

(b) "Territorial" formations, where service—amounting to eight-eleven months, according to arms—is spread over a period of five years. These formations possess long-service officers, non-commissioned officers and men, in a proportion of 17 per cent. of their total.

(c) Service outside the colours, where the men are trained as opportunity offers, chiefly by the Ossoviakhim.

The training in the cadre formations has improved greatly during the past few years, until it can be regarded as standing not so far behind that of many Western armies, though handicapped, first, by the lack of real education, secondly, by the traditions and methods of the civil war. In the territorial divisions similar progress is being made, and in view of the foundation of the bulk of these divisions on the collective farm, that latter circumstance probably makes for a degree of real efficiency. The training of the men not absorbed into serving units might only be described as inadequate : these could only be fit to be trained to act as reserves in time of war.

The actual number of men undergoing training is difficult to determine owing to the re-organisation in progress. The cadre divisions now probably possess a peace strength of nearly 600,000. The strength of the territorial divisions can hardly be given with any degree of accuracy. Of the 500,000 recruits available until lately, any number from one-half to the whole could be absorbed for training. In time of war the Soviet armies are said to be capable of mustering a total of 12,000,000 men, although the varying degrees of training which this colossal mass of troops may have

received must render entirely valueless any such calculations. The Soviet authorities claim to be able to place 6,000,000 men in the field in a few weeks.

During the past few years there has also taken place an expansion of the Russian air force which eclipses all similar progress made in so short a time in any other part of the world. Ten years ago, that is, in 1925, at the time of Frunse's reorganization of the Red Army, the latter could count at most on some 500 aircraft, all of foreign construction ; and these were but an adjunct to the army Now, at the close of 1935, it can be computed with every degree of certainty that the Soviet Union possesses an air force that should be able to place at least 4,000 first-line aircraft into the air. This is probably four or five times as large as the British Royal Air Force. All these machines, moreover, are of Russian manufacture, and of the many types included in that total, several are of proved quality, if belonging to a passing epoch. But the work of the new Aerodynamical Establishment at Moscow is now producing modern designs that are rapidly superseding the obsolescent. New aircraft factories, that are as the apple of the eye of the Communist Party, are springing up. The élite of the Russian engineering and scientific world is being deflected into these works : the pick of the annual recruit contingent is selected for the air force. In spite of a low standard of general education, the Soviet air officers and pilots possess a good technical knowledge and are good airmen. In addition, phenomenal efforts are being made to develop civil aviation and there can be no question that they are bearing fruit. The greatest importance is attached to the creation of a fleet of bombing aircraft, which it is intended to employ in ruthless fashion on any outbreak of war.

So far as it goes, the Soviet air force is a truly powerful arm. But there has to be set against this first-line strength the counterbalancing fact that this air force is increasing at a prodigious rate and that, in all probability, it is lacking in every kind of reserve, both in personnel and material.

Both on the ground and in the air the Soviet government thus seems determined to have at its disposal armed forces that shall be greater than any others in existence : hence the huge increases in tanks, aircraft, and all adjuncts for chemical warfare. The Red

Army now possesses at least 10,000 tanks. In this process the Far Eastern Army is being made virtually independent and self-supporting. Blagoveschensk, situated on the River Amur, is to become a great centre for the production of munitions. In this manner does the Soviet Union contemplate " a war on two fronts ". At the same time the Red Army is certainly attempting to become more closely akin to those of other European Powers. In June, 1934, the momentous step was taken of dissolving the Revolutionary Council in whose hands lay the supreme direction of the Soviet armed forces, and of placing these powers in the hands of the sole Commissary for Defence, now Voroshilov. Soviet army officers have been in France at manœuvres and even at Aldershot. The old ranks and titles of the old army are now being revived.

The value of this formidable military organization on land and in the air is hard to estimate. Since 1932 many military and aerial missions—French, Swedish, Italian—have visited the Soviet training and flying grounds : several have since expressed themselves as impressed with what they saw. There is little doubt that in the past ten years, since Frunse reorganized the Red Army, immense strides have been made in its training and equipment. The training regulations have been revised and follow German models. Chemical warfare forms an integral part of the Soviet technique of battle ; chemical detachments are part of the establishment in every combatant unit. Physically, the personnel is in no whit inferior to the Western European standard. On the parade ground the Red Army presents an imposing spectacle : like many other things in Russia it is impressive by its mass.

On the other hand, a grave weakness of the Red Army has been the split that has tended to separate the factory operative from the land worker. So great was this that the cadre divisions composed of factory artisans alone, for a time at least, became antagonistic to the territorial divisions, certainly to those whose peasant elements had been forcibly collectivized. It was this difference that caused the Soviet Government to avoid mobilizing any territorial troops for service in the Far East during the small war that the Soviet Union waged against the Chinese in Manchuria some years ago. In 1932-33 the

antithesis between peasant and factory operative was growing so bitter that it is doubtful whether the Soviet authorities would have ventured to order a general mobilization. Things have changed greatly since then, for the political educational staff has been inoculating the peasant recruits with a bitterly anti-foreign virus. In Germany especially, the opinion has been gaining ground that the Red Army is becoming more homogeneous and a truly redoubtable instrument of war.

There are two outstanding circumstances however, which render the use of this huge army highly problematic : the first is the utter inadequacy of the Russian railway system to move and to feed such enormous numbers of men ; the second is the phenomenal decline in the horse population of Russia occasioned by the changes in the agricultural methods in vogue ; for the peasantry has ceased to breed animals. The aerial and mechanized formations stand on a rather different plane ; since there exists a grave doubt whether Russian industry, as now constituted, could maintain these services in an effective and warworthy condition for more than a very brief period of attack. The Russian air fleet in particular is formidable in numbers ; it is intensely modern and inventive ; it is animated with the latest theories of air warfare. Yet even its most fervent admirers outside the Soviet Union seem agreed on that one point, namely, that neither air force nor aircraft industry as yet possesses that staying power which is an indispensable condition of any prolonged air warfare.

The Red Army, however, has one characteristic that does render it a thing to be feared. This is the use of subversive propaganda as a weapon of war. This application is studied openly in the training of the army ; and elsewhere is being prepared in secret for employment in every possible theatre of war, and in every type of campaign.

STAKHANOVISM

By Malcolm Muggeridge

WHEN the October Revolution put them into power, the Bolsheviks at once nationalized industry and the land. An immediate difficulty arose. How were they to stimulate production when they had no incentive to offer? The old system had held out to diligent workers the prospect, however remote, of more money and therefore of social advancement; under the Bolshevik system, power and privilege and material comfort were the reward of political, not economic, efficiency, and the slogan "To Each According to his Needs" made all extra exertion altruistic.

The hysterical propaganda that accompanied the Five-Year-Plan to some extent got over this difficulty. It resulted in artificially stimulating industrial production, but at the expense of agriculture; and as soon as the excitement died down the Bolshevik bosses had to admit that, despite improved technique, the output of the Soviet worker still remained deplorably low by European or American standards.

What did they do? They tightened up factory discipline and introduced the piece-work system in its crudest form. Equalitarianism was condemned as petit-bourgeois and counter-revolotionary. Now the process has been carried a stage further by the introduction of the speed-up, a device for accelerating production that has been frequently and vehemently denounced in Socialist and Communist literature as one of the vilest instruments of economic oppression. What happens is that, to earn more money, a particularly efficient worker manages to increase his output. Thereupon, the minimum output, or norm, on the basis of which piece rates are calculated, is raised. Thus all the other workers suffer for his efficiency, without its being in the long run of any benefit to him.

The manner in which the speed-up has been introduced in

the U.S.S.R. is characteristic of Soviet methods. A certain Alexei Stakhanov, a pneumatic drill operator in the Donbas coalfields, was found to have increased his output fivefold. He did it by concentrating on drilling, and arranging for his three mates to do all the hewing and hauling. In this way his pneumatic drill was of maximum usefulness. It was the sort of common-sense plan that might have occurred to anyone.

However, the local party boss advertised Stakhanov's achievement, managing to associate himself with it; the Moscow newspapers took him up; the Kremlin heard of him, and Stakhanovism became all the rage in journalistic and party circles, if not amongst miners and factory workers.

In Moscow, when he was brought there, Stakhanov was lionized. Typists looked at him with awe, an authentic proletarian hero; even members of the Politbureau slapped him patronizingly on the back, and Soviet men-of-letters felt that he was just the type of man they had been trying to get across in their plays and novels. It was as though D. H. Lawrence had really met one of his phallic gamekeepers or Mexicans.

Stakhanov himself had a grand time. He was given a motor car, and his pockets were stuffed with roubles. The local party boss who had discovered him showed him off in the Kremlin. He was constantly photographed, and interviewed by the Press, both Soviet and foreign, and Stakhanovism was absorbed into the Party Line. It became a cult. Local Stakhanovist committees were formed, and a conference of Stakhanovists assembled in Moscow with the original Stakhanov present and Stalin presiding.

Stalin has filled many roles and preached many gospels since he succeeded Lenin. His latest is genial, fatherly, bowler-hatted, gather-ye-rosebuds-while-ye-may. He undertook recently a special flight to Tiflis to spend a day with his mother, and is nowadays usually photographed with his arm through a friend's, or holding a child on his shoulders, or having a romp with a party of Pioneers or young Communists. His line on Stakhanovism fitted in with this role. After all, he argued, we want to be happy, and to be happy we must have abundance of everything. Let us, then, all be good Stakhanovists and speed up production. It had a Rotarian flavour—"I for one believe

in high wages and in harmonious relations between employer and employed". Red Rotary. The Stakhanovists applauded uproariously, and Stakhanov himself said modestly that really the movement ought to be called Stalinism.

In the factories Stakhanovism had a much more dubious reception than in Moscow. It was all very well for large wage increases to be offered for increased output, but what was to happen if the increased output became fairly general? Were there to be large wage increases all round, or would, as everything suggested, the increased output become a new norm, and wages remain the same?

If genuine trade unionism had not long ago been ruthlessly stamped out, there would have been strikes. As it was, there were isolated acts of violence on the part of non-Stakhanovists against Stakhanovists, and, according to reports in the Soviet Press, cases of Stakhanovist workers being deliberately sent to work dangerous seams. Inevitably opponents of Stakhanovism have been labelled counter-revolutionaries, and get beaten up as ruthlessly as kulaks. They are, in fact, industrial kulaks, men with some rudimentary idea of having certain rights, and resentful of being treated as no more than impersonal elements in a great centralized machinery of production. Hitherto industrial workers have been, by comparison with the peasantry, pampered. Now it is their turn.

Stakhanovism, that is to say, has two aspects. It represents an expression of the sort of inverted snobbery which makes the new Soviet ruling class idolize a super-worker like Stakhanov, just as the new capitalist ruling class idolizes successful bankers who start as newsboys. Stakhanov is the Soviet equivalent of the Local Boy Who Makes Good. Also Stakhanovism represents an attempt on the part of the Soviet Government to speed up industrial production by making use of the rawest capitalist methods backed up by its own methods of terrorism.

I wonder what the British trade unionist thinks about it?

VINCENT MASSEY

High Commissioner for Canada

BY BROOKE CLAXTON

ENGLISHMEN will naturally think of Vincent Massey, Canada's recently-appointed High Commissioner, as a Canadian. They would be surprised to learn that some Canadians think of him as too English. Actually, he has more North American blood in his veins than most Americans, and he is none the less thoroughly Canadian. However, a biographical appreciation of a living man, published in the country to which he is Canada's accredited representative, is not the place to try to sort out the tangle of relationships resulting from Canada's British association and her North American situation.

Vincent Massey's ancestor, Geoffrey Massey, went from Knutsford, Cheshire, to New Salem, Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century. In 1800 his great-great-grandfather made the return to British soil, settling as a farmer in Upper Canada in good time to fight on the British side in the War of 1812. With him came his son, Daniel, who was interested in the application of machinery to agriculture and brought the first threshing machine into Canada in 1830. Daniel's son, Hart, was even more interested in machinery, and persuaded his father to open a machine shop and forge near the farm. Until 1847 farming still came first, but in that year Daniel built at Newcastle, Ontario, a machine shop and foundry for the manufacture of agricultural implements. It was Daniel's son, Hart, who developed the business to one of the greatest of its kind, with branches or agencies throughout the world. It grew with the growth of Canada. Massey factories spread over Ontario as Massey machines opened new wheat-lands in the Canadian West, in the Argentine, in Australia, and in Russia. When the

family interests in the business were finally bought out in 1927, it had been in the control of the Masseys for four generations. The last of the family to direct its fortunes was the subject of this article, who from 1921 to 1925 was president of the company.

But Vincent Massey's mind and energies were never confined to the direction of even a great and successful industrial concern. Almost from his college days he was plunged into occupations and interests which were closely knit with the liberal life of Canada. After his university years in Canada he had been to Balliol, where he read history, and it was to the posts of lecturer in modern history at the University of Toronto and dean of residence in Victoria College that he went on his return to Canada in 1913. Two years later he married Alice Stuart Parkin, daughter of Sir George Parkin, who was widely known throughout the Empire and the United States as secretary of the Rhodes Trust. In her Vincent Massey found a wife who to an unusual degree shared his life and contributed to his work.

During this time he was assisting from day to day in planning and supervising the construction of Hart House at Toronto University. This building, begun in 1911 and finished in 1919, was erected by the Massey Foundation as a memorial to Hart Massey. Hart House was conceived as a means of offsetting the great disadvantage of a university in a large city by providing all the facilities for a rich undergraduate life outside the classroom. In conception it was unique. Here under one roof in a building of great beauty are grouped about a quadrangle a Great Hall, common rooms, library, rooms for music, art, and debate, chapel, gymnasia, even a swimming pool and a theatre with seats for five hundred persons. It is more than a club or union ; it breathes a living spirit which has had its influence in other universities as well as on the thousands of Toronto men who have used its halls.

During the early post-War years, and before he found his vocation in politics and diplomacy, Vincent Massey showed a lively concern in education and in art and music. It would be tedious to give a list of the colleges and institutions of which he was governor or president. But more important than his support of organizations has been his encouragement of Canadian artists and musicians, often struggling for recognition and a livelihood

in the face of deep-rooted prejudice. He is one of few Canadians to have a great collection of modern Canadian pictures. His unusual willingness to look at new things as if there might be something good in them has had its influence on the National Gallery and various Ontario collections including, that at Hart House. In future years, they will thank him for the presence on their walls of great examples of the work of the " Group of Seven " and the younger Canadian painters who paint Canada as it appeals to them and not through a Dutch mist.

During the post-War years the Masseys built their house, Batterwood, near Port Hope, sixty miles east of Toronto, and thither came distinguished visitors and artists, musicians, people with ideas. In 1925 Batterwood began also to be used as a political headquarters. In September Vincent Massey was appointed as Minister without Portfolio in Mr. King's Liberal Government on its reorganization before the general election of that year. He resigned his directorships (a thing not always done on taking office in Canada) and contested Durham constituency in which he lived. His entrance into political life was regarded as significant even by his opponents. Here was a Canadian, qualified for public life and financially free to pursue it, giving up the possibility of making more money and offering himself for the public suffrages. But Durham, traditionally a Conservative stronghold, rejected him after a hard fight, embittered by assertions that in supporting the lower-tariff Liberal party, Vincent Massey had deserted the manufacturing interests which had nurtured him—treason !

Vincent Massey was not a candidate in the next election but, after the Liberal party resumed office, he was with the Canadian delegation at the Imperial Conference of 1926, which produced the Balfour Report. That document concerned Massey in a very immediate way. After the famous declaration that the British Dominions " are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status ", the report went on to deal with questions of diplomacy, and later, the Summary of Proceedings noted that " practically all the Dominions are engaged to some extent, and some to a considerable extent, in the conduct of foreign relations, particularly those with foreign countries over their borders. A particular instance of this is

the growing work in connection with the relations between Canada and the United States of America which has led to the necessity for the appointment of a Minister Plenipotentiary to represent the Canadian Government in Washington".

The appointment of the Hon. Vincent Massey had just been made. In sending Canada's first Minister to the United States Mr. King was acting on arrangements made as far back as 1920 by the Conservative Government of Sir Robert Borden. This notwithstanding, the step was now opposed by the Conservative party and press. It would, it was said, make for difficulty between the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. What about the unity of the Empire? How could the United States receive two sets of views from His Majesty's representatives? Any influence and prestige the Canadian Minister might have would come from British support. Mr. Bennett, then leader of the Conservative Opposition, said:

> "It is the last great adventure in our relations with the British Empire. It is but the doctrine of separation. It is but the end of our connection with the British Empire."

Canada, however, remained in the Empire long enough for Mr. Bennett to appoint the Hon. W. D. Herridge to succeed Vincent Massey at Washington.

The fact is that the step, which had first been discussed in the 'nineties, was long overdue, and Vincent Massey's appointment gave general satisfaction in the United States as well as Canada. Anyone not living in North America must find it difficult to understand the relations between the two countries. The boundary was, Vincent Massey said, "not a frontier; it is not even a point of separation", but "a meeting ground between two friendly states, made safe by modern common sense", though "complicated by modern science". Vincent Massey was well qualified to deal understandingly with the thousand and one diplomatic difficulties made by the presence of a boundary between two peoples having joint possession of a continent. Twenty-four of his speeches in the United States are collected in a book under the title *Good Neighbourhood*. They show how well he did this branch of his diplomatic work.

In May, 1930, he was appointed to succeed the late Hon. P. C. Larkin as Canadian High Commissioner at London, but

before he could take up his office, Mr. King's government was defeated and Mr. Bennett succeeded him. The question whether Massey should go to London became a subject of general discussion. Many thought that the occupants of such offices should not change with a change of government, but, like corresponding British appointments, should continue at their posts unless they ceased to enjoy the confidence of the government. The previous High Commissioners had been Sir Alexander Galt (appointed in 1880), Sir Charles Tupper, Lord Strathcona, Sir George Perley, and the Hon. P. C. Larkin. None of these except Lord Strathcona had continued in office after a change of government, and there was a good deal to be said for the view that the holder of the office should be in the confidence of the government of the day to a degree which might be impossible if prior to his appointment he had been active on the other side of politics. That is the view Mr. Bennett took. Vincent Massey resigned and temporarily retired from public life, but not from public service.

After 1930 the Masseys lived at Batterwood. Vincent Massey's interests at this time are indicated by his chairmanship of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and of the Canadian delegation to a conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations at Shanghai in 1931. But he continued to be deeply immersed in internal politics. He became, in 1932, President of the National Liberal Federation, and as such he was responsible for the organization of the Liberal campaign in the recent Dominion election. No small part of the Liberals' success at the polls in October last was due to the organization he created. Within a few weeks of the election, he was again appointed to represent Canada at London. For five years the appointment had been regarded as inevitable.

Despite his activity in politics, most people have not thought of Vincent Massey as a politician. It is significant that his first introduction to public life was not in party politics but in government service during the War. His close friendship with Mr. King, his interest in the educational work that might be done through political organization, still more, the absence of other avenues to public service in Canada, it was these rather than any liking for the political game which led him back to politics after

his retirement from Washington. His speeches on the hustings are serious discussions of policy which, for the electorate, do not make up in lightness what they lack in heat. He said: "Toleration of differences is the measure of civilization". He is a liberal in every sense of the word, but a liberal who reluctantly admits the necessity of regulation. He said at Port Hope in 1933: "While freedom at one time meant freedom from Government interference, it now means freedom by government regulation. Individualism, however 'rugged' it may be, can no longer be left to itself". For holding such views, for living the good life, for supporting good causes, Vincent Massey has been regarded with some suspicion by the "safe" people in Canada (who are very safe)—"A man of his substance should be making money and playing golf." The role of Mæcenas, however well acted, must grate on some members of the audience.

But in fact no one doubts his ability and zeal to serve Canada and Canadians in the many-sided functions of his important position. He "knows his way round" in England and his wide experience and ready resource will be useful to both countries in countless ways. The only hesitation felt in some quarters about his appointment was on the score that he was too English, that he was not sufficiently aggressive a Canadian to represent the Canadian point of view. His obvious liking for English life (and his very real qualifications to live it) would, they thought, make him fit into Mayfair and Whitehall so well that the English would forget that he was a Canadian, while Canadians would forget his existence. It was also based on the repeated references in his American speeches to the "unity of the Empire", which made it appear that he was an Imperialist, a word many Canadians do not like. But it should be remembered that if he is an Imperialist, he is one of those who assisted at the Imperial Conference in 1926. He said: "We have a new nationality with an ancient allegiance". Moreover, his American speeches were made while he was Minister to the United States where it was apposite to refer to the voluntary ties which unite the new Empire.

While he has said that support of the Covenant of the League of Nations should be the cardinal point in Canadian foreign policy, Canada's relations with the United States almost escape

classification under "foreign". Good relations with the United States must be cultivated as between close neighbours. But this does not mean that Canada should be subservient to or should imitate the States; neither is necessary. Vincent Massey, more than most, has worked to emphasize the distinctive characteristics of Canada and to stimulate the growth of what is both different and good in its life.

That has been, after all, the outstanding service that the Masseys (for it is impossible to separate Vincent Massey in this from Mrs. Massey) have rendered to Canada. They have stood for distinction and excellence whether it be in music, in a painting, in the way a man speaks or behaves. They hate the common and the commonplace.

Vincent Massey's appointment to London has already raised the question as to what lies before him. Only forty-eight, experienced in the public life, generously endowed by nature and good fortune, what does the future hold for him? Some day he might become Minister of Foreign Affairs in Canada (since 1912 that post has been held by the Prime Minister), or principal of a great university, even enter other service abroad. For the time it is sufficient to say that his present job gives greater scope for a man of his peculiar qualifications than any other.

THE MIDDLE-BROW FILM

By Graham Greene

"ONE thing I will say for my country cinema: we don't get Hollywood films. They are all English!"

Neither her opinion nor the fact came as a surprise to me, for I knew Y. well, a woman rather under middle-age of an intelligence which nowadays is known as middle-brow, that is to say, an intelligence which has grown up as little as her face, so that the books and art which once seemed to the very young woman so lively and cerebral still excite her. And as for the fact, I had learned its truth grimly in many walking tours: the English film has definitely conquered the English provinces—it is even invading America. We used to think that its shortcomings were due to lack of money, so that players and technicians went to Hollywood: now Hollywood is in the hands of the bankers, the tide has turned the other way, English producers have all the money, the stars and the camera-men they need, but somehow the films haven't altered much.

I said, "I won't argue with you about America, though I'm tempted to give one prod in passing and ask you when we have produced in this country fictional films of the standard of the early gangster film, *City Nights*, of *The Front Page*, or *Crime Without Passion*, comedies as good as Capra's *It Happened One Night*, melodramas even equal to such routine stuff as *China Seas* and *G-Men*".

"You aren't going to talk about Art and Beauty, I hope?"

"No, only about Entertainment, and then only in fictional films, for otherwise I'd have to admit that no country in the world, even Russia, has produced documentary films of such value as Basil Wright's *Song of Ceylon*. *Song of Ceylon* was made by John Grierson's production unit, and though, like that amusing satire on the B.B.C., *The Voice of Britain*, it's been shown at the ordinary cinemas, most of the G.P.O. films—I wish you could

see *Coal Face*, for which W. H. Auden wrote a chorus—are not released in the ordinary way. Grierson has built up a public of several millions, in clubs, lecture halls, provincial film societies, quite independent of the cinema circuits. So he need not please the exhibitor, and it would be unfair to compare his work with that of the ordinary studios. In any case we can damn them without the comparison".

"Well, then, I counter your American gangster films with Hitchcock's. Didn't you like *The Man Who Knew Too Much* and *The Thirty-Nine Steps*?"

"I wasn't bored; I enjoyed the last film quite a lot. But is there very much in Hitchcock? Like Anthony Asquith he's tricky, not imaginative. Some of his tricks are quite good tricks: you remember in his last film how the scream of the charwoman finding the murdered woman was cut to the shriek of the Flying Scotsman rushing north. There was a time when both Asquith and Hitchcock were quite prepared to give interviews on nothing more important than tricks of that kind, and Hitchcock's films—especially *The Man Who Knew Too Much*—are simply made up of tricks, in their plots as well as their direction. They give a momentary impression of great liveliness, that's all. Only compare that kind of cutting with the cutting in *Song of Ceylon*, when the sounding of a priest's bell on a mountain side startles a small bird from its branch, and the camera follows the flight of the bird and the notes of the bell across the island. Both cuts are visual metaphors; if you reduce them to their literary terms you can tell the difference in quality, for all Hitchcock is saying, with the added vividness and speed of photography, is that the charwoman's scream is like the whistle of the express coming out of a tunnel".

"You're coming close to judging Hitchcock æsthetically. Remember we agreed to talk about films only as entertainment".

"I know, but a melodrama is meant to excite (*Crime Without Passion* was ranting melodrama almost of *The Bells* order, and how it excited!), and my complaint about Hitchcock is that he amuses but he doesn't excite. I should like to see him take over Ben Travers' excellent farces. He hasn't enough imagination to excite; he doesn't convince. For one thing he's so careless. Think of the ease in *The Thirty-Nine Steps* with which

his hunted hero managed to get down from Scotland to the London Palladium, although all the way up to Scotland, and while he was in Scotland, his pursuers were always close on his heels ".

" I agree, but one didn't notice it at the time. Dr. Dover Wilson admits that as a good enough excuse for an inconsistency in *Hamlet*, so surely we can allow it to Hitchcock ".

" But I did notice it. I'm certain—do forgive me—that if your observation had not been dulled by seeing too many English films at your country cinema, you would have been as irritated by it as I was. For it was an amusing film and could so easily have been an exciting one. The whole business of melodrama on the screen is interesting. You notice how film critics are always hailing melodramas—*The Thirty-Nine Steps*, for example, and in the underworld of criticism Walter Forde's two pictures *The Tunnel* and *King of the Damned*—as *great* pictures. It would seem odd if Charles Morgan reviewed *The Perfect Alibi* and the *Two Mrs. Carrolls* as *great* plays. But this can be said for the film critics: melodramatic material is usually good material for the screen, because in spite of such well-meant art-and-craft efforts as *Riders to the Sea*, a version of Synge's play which was privately shown some time ago, a film should move and move fast. Cinema is an art of movement; the theatre, because of its limitations in space, is an art of discussion, a fact which Dryden's plays illustrate just as well as Shaw's. Montage, a method which one seldom sees in this country outside Mr. Grierson's units, is really only a method of balancing speed of movement with speed of thought and idea.

" But perhaps we ought not to talk of melodrama in this way. The term melodrama should only be used disparagingly for failure: for violence insufficiently explained. *Othello* uses melodramatic material, but it is not a melodrama. Now the stage has to transform melodramatic material by depth of characterization or by placing the individual drama in its general setting. It is less the characterization of *The Duchess of Malfi* than the vividness of the corrupt Italian scene which 'explains' the violent material. But we have almost given up hope of hearing on the contemporary stage words with a vivid enough imagery to convey the climate of the play. Only one such transformation on the modern stage comes to my mind: the opening scene with the two prostitutes in Eliot's *Sweeney Agonistes*. But it is easier to work in pictures than in words, and the film possesses an advantage over the stage when genius is absent. Take, for example, the French film of the Spanish Foreign Legion, *La Bandera*. On the stage this would have been only one more melodrama of African heat and brutality and death, but the camera, because it can note with more exactness and vividness than the prose of most living playwrights the atmosphere of mean streets and water-front cafés and cheap lodgings, gives the story its setting, its authenticity. The violence is explained and therefore ceases to be melodramatic.

" But can we say that Hitchcock explains? Do you believe in his London streets and music halls? They always have a slight air of caricature about them. You can say it even less of Walter Forde. What both these directors need, if they are ever to transform their melodramatic material, is the documentary eye. As it is, they invent and do not see. This isn't an æsthetic question alone: we can't be properly *entertained* by their stories unless we are excited, and we can't be excited unless we are convinced. Take the case of Forde. He was a director of promise. His *Rome Express* was at least as good as Hitchcock's melodramas. The battle scenes in *For Ever England* were excellent (the period scenes were caricature and quite out of keeping), but one imagines that some of their quality may have been due to his technical adviser; it may have been a triumph for the Admiralty as much as for the director. Now he has been given spectacle to direct, and in *King of the Damned* you see the weakness of his observation. A director can be judged to some extent by the casting of the smaller parts: it is on these that the setting chiefly depends, but Forde allows the reality of his tropical penal settlement to be broken by an O.U.D.S. accent among his convicts. As for *The Tunnel*, it was one of the very few films I have been unable to sit through ".

" You've forgotten Korda ".

" He's a great publicist, of course, the Victor Gollancz of the screen. Only a great publicist could have put over so many undistinguished and positively bad films as if they were a succession of masterpieces. *The Private Life of Henry VIII*: it

wasn't a film at all, but a succession of stage tableaux, sometimes entertaining, sometimes amazingly cheap. *Catherine the Great* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*: the first was a badly-directed film saved by Bergner's acting, the other a miscast and mildly entertaining film, such as Hollywood can turn out by the hundred. *Sanders of the River*: I grant you that Zoltan Korda brought back from Nigeria some really lovely pictures of native life, that some of the direction was exciting, especially the sequence when the false news of Sanders' death was carried into the interior by native drumming, but it was a supreme vulgarity to add to the African players with their natural voices the stagy, trained accents of Paul Robeson and Nina Mae McKinney and to set Arthur Wimperis to write lyrics for the adapted native tunes. And what astonishingly inept lyrics they were with their little classical allusions! 'The river sings, A real Orion', so went one song, which Robeson had to troll out as he paddled half-naked up a West African river. No, I can't believe that Alexander Korda's talent is for the films".

"Well, you haven't said a word about comedies. At least English comedies haven't the vulgarity of the American".

"Is *It Happened One Night* vulgar? or *Arms and the Girl*? But there really are no English film comedies. I've spent six months seeing films four times a week, and the only laughs which the English film industry has managed to raise from me have been with Tom Walls' excellent farces. But a picture like his *Foreign Affaires* is just a photograph of a stage play. It has gained nothing by being photographed, and I imagine it has lost a good deal. As for the pictures which feature Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge, I feel too strongly about them to write with detachment. Our stage comedians, with the honourable exception of Sydney Howard, have not learned the elementary fact that the audience in a cinema are all in the stalls. They still fling their grimaces at a gallery with distressing effect. And as for our comic scenario writers, I'm afraid they lack a sense of humour. Do you remember how that dreadful picture *Me and Marlborough* ended with a giant close-up of Cicely Courtneidge's face and the British troops marching through it to victory? That was a film by a veteran English director, Victor Savile. I had forgotten one ray of hope—the film comedies which J. B.

Priestley has begun to write for Gracie Fields. They have a genuine provincial feel about them. They are directed though by Basil Dean, who's rather tied to stage methods".

"*The Ghost Goes West*? You'll grant me that, won't you?"

"Is it an English film? The producer is Hungarian, the director French, the scenario writer and two of the three stars American. Only the original story, so typically *Punch*, is English".

"Well, anyway, if you talk all night, I shall still hate the American accent".

"There, I give in. It's not arguable. It's a matter of sex appeal".

REARMING THE MIND

By a British Resident in Berlin.

GERMANY'S material rearmament ceased to be news many months before that sunny Saturday afternoon in March 1935, when Dr. Goebbels summoned the foreign correspondents to the Propaganda Ministry and read to them Hitler's proclamation of rearmament and compulsory military service.

Everybody in Germany knew about the factories working night and day to turn out aeroplanes for General Göring's air force. Everybody knew about the shooting practices, the drillings, the armoured car exercises, and the preparations in the German shipyards. Hardly anybody bothered to deny it, except the Propaganda Ministry. So open was Germany's rearmament that an embarrassed young Secretary at one of the Embassies complained to me, "Hang it all, it's getting impossible to motor along *any* road now without seeing things you're not supposed to!"

But, while the official announcement of Germany's material rearmament ("the greatest hour of the German people") did not come as any particular surprise to the outside world, it is still, even in 1936, difficult to find abroad any realization of the accompanying mental rearmament of the entire German nation, which is no less important in Nazi eyes. To residents in Germany today the propaganda forces now arrayed to inculcate the warlike spirit into every German, young or old, are more alarming than all Göring's aeroplanes and Blomberg's tanks put together.

Before describing the methods by which this mental rearmament is being achieved, it is, perhaps, necessary to make clear the state of complete mental isolation from the rest of the world in which the German citizen now lives. Formerly German politicians, denouncing the Treaty of Versailles, used to complain that the Allied Powers had "cut off Germany from the comity

of European Nations". There may have been some truth in the claim. But nobody has so completely isolated the country from all civilized intercourse with its neighbours as the Nazis since they came to power. This isolation has been partly deliberate, partly forced on them by circumstances. It can best be illustrated by taking a concrete instance.

Suppose you are Herr Voigt, an amiable citizen of the important provincial town of Chemnitz. It may safely be said that you will have had no contact whatsoever with the outside world since the Nazis came to power in January 1933. Few foreigners ever come to Chemnitz, and those who come do not happen to meet you. You cannot go abroad, either, for the currency regulations prevent you from taking more than ten marks (about £1) out of the country, and you cannot live long on that.

Even if Herr Voigt can understand English or French, he will rarely get the chance to read foreign newspapers. A few are on sale, it is true, at the main railway stations and perhaps at a couple of the leading hotels. They are kept at the back of the stands, or under the counter, in order to discourage their sale, in accordance with an official order by the Propaganda Ministry in 1934. Every newsagent is allowed only a few copies of foreign papers each day (just enough to supply the tourists), so that even if Herr Voigt takes the trouble to go to the station or a hotel, it is likely that he will find the French, British, or Swiss newspapers all sold out. For the most part he has to rely on the German newspapers. They are heavily controlled (and astoundingly dull). So it is no wonder if sometimes Herr Voigt's information on events in his own and other countries is rather vague.

The case of books is similar. In 1934 there were 599 books in foreign languages—mainly French and English—published in Germany, as compared with 984 and 845 in 1931 and 1932, the two years before the Nazis came to power. The official yearly publishing statistics list no translations of foreign books into German in 1934. Yet in 1931 there had been 1,024 such translations published. Any publisher who wishes to issue a translation of a foreign book in Germany now has first to find sufficient foreign currency to pay the author his royalty, and then to submit the book to the "Culture Chamber" of the Propaganda Ministry for approval.

No, Herr Voigt will have little chance to make contact with the outside world through his travelling or his reading.

How about his entertainment ?

The Nazi claim that German entertainment was largely in Jewish hands after the war is perfectly true. The Nazis have driven out the Jews. They have practically driven entertainment out of the country with them. Not for many years can the German theatre and film have been at so low an ebb as it is today. The theatres and film studios are probably better equipped technically than any others in Europe. But there are no brains to use the equipment. The Nazis maintain that this is the price which must be paid for the purging of German entertainment from the Jews, and that eventually pure Germanic artists will arise. But up to now there have been few hopeful signs.

If Herr Voigt goes to the theatre, he will rarely be able to see a modern foreign play. There are fairly regular revivals of Shakespeare, Shaw, Ibsen and Oscar Wilde, but these can hardly be considered abroad as really representative of the most recent foreign thought !

If Herr Voigt goes to the cinema he will not be much better off. There are few foreign films to be seen in German cinemas. In 1935 only five British and forty American films were passed for exhibition according to official figures. The scripts of German films, of which 104 were passed last year, have all to be submitted to the Propaganda Ministry's Film Chamber, and they are therefore all " safe " affairs. So it is small wonder that Herr Voigt does not see many foreign films. Those he does see are either chosen for their harmless political character, or else because they inculcate some lesson of nationalism appealing to the orthodox Nazi—*Cavalcade* and *Bengal Lancer* were easily the two most popular films in official circles last year.

If Herr Voigt goes to a cabaret or revue he will hear no more political jokes and no more songs from abroad. There used to be one cabaret in Berlin, the Katakombe in Lutherstrasse, where one of Germany's leading humorists maintained a flow of gentle and careful wit which was partly political. He showed his jokes to the police before he made them. But that did not save him. The Secret Police arrested Finck and another comedian in his theatre, sent them to a concentration camp and closed the hall.

Later they were released, but their permits to act, broadcast or film were withdrawn from them. Revue writers are more careful now.

Travelling, reading, going to the theatre—none of these things will help Herr Voigt to keep any contact with the outside world and what it is thinking and doing. He still has the wireless, of course. But the ordinary " People's Receiver ", the receiving set which is on general sale here and which the population is encouraged to buy, does not pick up any stations but the German ones. Few can afford to buy a set powerful enough to get Paris, London, or Vienna, and if any of their Nazi neighbours catch them listening to Moscow's German broadcasts, they will be sent to prison.

But the isolation of Herr Voigt is nothing compared to the isolation of his son. No longer does German education bear any relation to Matthew Arnold's description of criticism, " A disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world ". German teachers have been " *gleichgeschaltet* "—brought into line politically. They will teach little Voigt minor, as we shall see, the most astonishing things.

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All the above refers to the negative side of Germany's mental rearmament. It will be seen that the Nazis have almost completely isolated the population from the infiltration of any knowledge or ideas from abroad which might be of a disturbing character. They have a clear field now for the inculcation of what doctrines they please.

And what doctrines they please !

Most damaging, no doubt, is the distorted history which is being taught in military barracks, labour camps, youth hostels and schools throughout the country. Here is a typical example, from the *Handbook for German Soldiers for 1936*, written by Captain Reibert, an active Reichswehr company commander, and recommended for the reading of new recruits. Discussing the origin of the great war, the author writes :—

> Russia, France and Britain were united over the war. Although France and Russia had planned their attack on Germany not to take place until the year 1917 (when they thought their military preparations would be ready) the Serbian conflict was a welcome opportunity for them . . . Only Britain lacked a case for war. But British diplomacy soon found that.

The writer says that Germany had been manœuvred into a war on two fronts. Her plan of defence for this necessitated marching through Belgium. But, although Belgium had been declared neutral, she refused to allow the German troops to enter, " although they were prepared to pay for any damage ". Yet Belgium allowed both French and British troops to enter and thus " allied herself with the enemy Powers ". The passage adds, " The German army was obliged to march into Belgium . . . and this gave Britain the cause for war which she had been seeking. Although she herself had violated Belgium's neutrality, Britain declared war on Germany on the pretence of defending it ".

Even more surprising, however, are some of the statements made in a book called *Deutschkunde* (roughly translated " Knowledge About Germany ") which is written by Herr Kurt Münch, the " Reich Political Trainer ", and is described on the front page as " a handbook for political training in clubs belonging to the German Reich League for Athletics ". As practically every one of the 7,000,000 sportsmen and women in Germany has to belong to this club, the influence of such a book will be seen to be important. The historical section declares that Germany, in the great war, " lost no decisive battle ". The book makes the important declaration (which is in such striking contrast to the German statements intended for consumption abroad in connection with the Olympic Games) that " sport in Germany cannot be separated from politics ". It continues :—

"Athletics and sport are the preparatory school of the political will in the service of the state. ' Non-political ', so-called ' neutral ' sportsmen are unthinkable in Hitler's state ".

Another section of this handbook for sportsmen describes how " popular sports are an excellent means to promote military activity". This view was also strikingly represented in a booklet published by a military authority entitled *Physical Training for Military Defence*, which opens with the words, " The goal of all physical training was, and always will be, military defence ".

History, then, is being deliberately mis-taught. Sport is being deliberately used as a means for military preparation. The mind is being rearmed.

One of the first things which the Nazis did when they came to power was to burn all the books they could find which described

the horrors of war and to make the word " pacifist " into a term of abuse. It is impossible not to sympathize to some extent with this reaction to the defeatism and decadence which had fallen upon their country. But, like all reactions, the reaction has gone too far. Because the honest idealists of the Nazi movement (and many such exist) found that intellectuals were often sterile, intellect has been swept overboard, and Dr. Goebbels can win boisterous applause by declaring : " In Germany we have reached a degree of efficiency in the art of intellectually dominating the masses that makes similar efforts in other countries look like the work of amateurs ". (Speech at Nuremburg, Sept. 6, 1934.)

Because pacificism was becoming identified with defeatism, pacifism has been turned into a new sin, and so distinguished a man as General von Seeckt can write (in the *Military Scientific Review* of January 1936) : " War is the natural and last phase of development in the history of mankind : war is the father of all things and, at the same time, it prepares the end of a period of time for a nation to be the father of a new development". It is with intent that the German popular press is now filled with pictures showing the attractions of the army life and glorifying the heroics of war.

No sphere of life escapes Germany's methodic " mental rearmament ". Wagnerian music and patriotic speeches almost monopolize the wireless broadcasts. But this is not enough. At special times, on Sunday mornings, for instance, is broadcast an astonishing form of Nazi " service ", intended to glorify Hitler, the Nazi movement and the fighting spirit in general. If you sit in a railway station restaurant or other public place on a Sunday morning you are likely to hear such a " service ". It will be no use asking the manager to turn the radio off. The broadcast is by order.

I took the trouble to take down in full one such broadcast " service ". Following are extracts from my notes :—

" Here is our morning service ", said the announcer.

There came solemn music from brass instruments. Then followed a series of rhythmic chants by a chorus of men and a choir-leader alternately. It went, in part, as follows :—

Chorus leader

We are the watchmen who watch,

Who watch over our Honour,
Who watch that never returns
The shameful and dark past . . .

Chorus

We are the watchmen who sacrifice, fight and die.

Chorus leader

For our Führer, nation and blood . . .

Song

Fight—fight—fight
We watch with iron fist.
Fight—fight—fight—
We clench our teeth . . .
(Drums and trumpets)

Chorus leader

In you, my comrades, I ask the German nation,
I ask in this solemn hour: If times to come
Bring storm and Hail,
Do you Stand Fast?

Chorus

We stand for liberty and bread.

Chorus leader

Are you prepared to stand firmly in loyalty to the Leader, no
Matter what may befall you, until Victory is won?

Chorus

We fight the fight until victory is won.
(Music)

Chorus leader

This oath shall accompany us in Joy and Distress,
In waking and Fighting, in living and death,
It shall remind us of the fallen,
And find us prepared to fight.
We are the Leader's Heralds,
Raise up the flags to the Light!
(Music and Song, "Germany, Awake!" and three cries of "Sieg Heil!" for the Leader.)

* * * *

Such sentiments as these find a hundred echoes in all Germany's avenues of propaganda. Small wonder that many an honest and friendly citizen of the Third Reich is bewildered by the new spirit which he finds among his countrymen!

OLD TIMER

By Leo Walmsley

FAITH and *Star of Bethlehem*, were the last of the old Burnharbour motor mules. Early one winter's morning *Star of Bethlehem* was shooting lines four miles out from port. Day had not broken. It was very dark. There was a squally easterly breeze, with a growing sea. *Star of Bethlehem* was steaming head into the weather, making just enough way, with her engine full out, to keep her lines shooting clean. Unlike *Faith* (whose vices were notorious), she had always been a dry, steady boat. The seas were short and steep: she was, perhaps, taking them rather heavily. But there was no sign that she was suffering, no warning of disaster. In her thirty odd years of hard fishing she had weathered gales to which this was a comparative calm. Perhaps she was just worn out.

The man in the engine cockpit suddenly noticed water swilling the floor. The hatch was half closed, and he'd have known if it had come from the deck. He opened the hatch and yelled to the skipper, who was steering, to have a look. The skipper, Tom Martingale, handed the helm over to the engine man, and took a quick glance into the cockpit, which was lit by a hurricane lamp. He did not go down. There was no light on deck except the two spluttering oil flares by which the lines were being shot. Telling the engine man quietly to keep the boat up to the wind, he seized one of the flares and lurched amidships to the hatch of the fish hold, drew it open, and looked down. As the floor of the hold had been dry twenty minutes before (when he'd had occasion to go down for some gear), and there was now at least a foot of water swirling about it, no further examination was necessary. The boat had a bilge pump, but it was broken. Bailing would have been futile. The crew, three of them, without the engineman, were still unconcernedly shooting. Ned yelled at them:

"Hey, lads! We've split a plank or summat. She's sinking fast. Get your sea-boots off and look round for owt that'll keep

you afloat. Those fishing buoys will do if you cut 'em clear. I'll give her less than ten minutes ".

He lurched aft to the engine man, and took the helm from him.

" Fill a bucket with petrol, and shove some rags in it. Owt that will burn and make a light . . . There's someone shooting over there to norrard of us ".

The petrol flare was lit in the middle of the deck. The skipper remained at the helm, but he waved the oil-flare above his head, and one of the crew—they had taken off their heavy sea-boots, and had got hold of a fishing buoy each—did likewise with the other ; and at a word from Ned, they gave a united " ahoy " ! towards the light that shone on their port bow.

Fortunately that light belonged to one of the new Burnharbour keel-boats, equipped with an 80 h.p. diesel engine capable, at full throttle, of a speed of 8½ knots. Her skipper saw and heard the mule's signals of distress. The line that was being shot was cut, the boat was swung hard over, and at full speed bore down upon the mule, which, with her cockpit flooded and her engine stopped, had lost steerage way, and was now wallowing broadside to the seas, her deck awash. Less than a minute after the skipper of the *Star of Bethlehem*, seaboots in hand, had jumped to safety, less than ten minutes after the leak had been discovered, she sank.

" Aye. And it will be *Faith's* turn next ", was the comment on shore. " And she'll be lucky if there's a ' keeler ' alongside *her* when her bottom drops out, miles from shore ".

But *Faith* is still fishing, the one old-timer, in a fleet of crack vessels, which, with the one bought to replace *Star of Bethlehem*, now numbers a dozen. They are squat, almost ugly craft, but, thanks to their deep keels, superb sea-boats ; built on the East coast of Scotland by men familiar with the ways of the North Sea. They are equipped with electric light, and power winches for hauling : they possess comfortable quarters, with bunks and a cooking stove, so that they can range far from port, yet with their high-powered engine, reach market at a speed that ensures the freshness of their catch. In most cases their building has been financed with " shore " capital, the men putting down what they can afford, and paying a " share " for what they have been loaned. They earn good money. If old Reub Harrison

wished, he could get the backing for a " keeler " tomorrow, and let the *Faith* go for firewood, for he is a grand fisherman. But to the many proposals that have been made to him, he has merely grinned and said :

" *Faith*'s good enough for me ! "

Although she was built (at a south Yorkshire port) by the same man who built the *Star*, and only a year later, *Faith* is, and always has been, a bad boat. With the same powered engine as the *Star*, she was from the first a knot slower. She is " wet ". With the least bit of sea, all her crew must wear oil-skins, or be constantly drenched with spray or green sea. Despite caulking, and innumerable coats of tar, there has always been an insidious leak in her hull. But her worst fault is her capacity for rolling the moment she is under way, apparent even in dead calm, devilish in rough weather, when she sways constantly from rail to rail, her deck at such an angle that a man, no matter how agile, never dare leave go of the life-line which is stretched from one end of her to the other ; and, although she has never drowned a man, times without number she has thrown men overboard and done her wicked best to darken her reputation in this respect.

Yet Reub, moved I think by a deep affection comparable with that of a parent for a wayward child, will not give her up ; and although the " keelers " have absorbed all the younger generation of fishermen, he has a faithful crew of three men, all of them elderly but sturdy, and as contemptuous of danger as himself. Every morning *Faith* puts to sea with the " keelers ", no matter what the weather, and as they speed past him, one by one, the men on them shout at old Reub :

" Hey, have you got your life-belts on ? It'll be cold weather for a swim ! "

Behind that jest is a genuine concern, mingled with a respect for Reub and his crew, perhaps for *Faith* herself. Of course the " keelers " beat *Faith* at fishing. They can reach the fishing grounds, shoot twice as many lines, and be back in port before she has finished hauling, which leaves Reub last boat in, to the tail end of the market and falling prices. Yet in one respect he has the pull over them. Across the harbour mouth there is a sand bank, which at very low tide makes an effective bar against

any boat with a big draught: and with a real nor'easter blowing shuts the harbour for all states of the tide. The " keelers " must always judge their return so as to avoid dead ebb. They draw 7 ft. of water. The *Faith* draws only four.

One day this winter the fleet, returning to port, was overtaken by a sudden nor'easter. *Faith* had not gone so far from port as they, and, half way back, they passed her, hauling her last line, and as usual, rolling and pitching wildly, her decks swept with the wind torn seas. She was hailed and asked if she wanted any assistance, to which Reub answered an uncompromising " No ". It happened that he had struck a large shoal of haddock, best priced fish on the local market.

The " keelers " pressed on, harassed by the knowledge that the tide was nearly low, spring at that, and that its ebb might be accelerated by the wind. Their fears were justified. There was less than five feet of water on the bar, with a swell beginning to break on it. The wind was rising to a gale, the sea growing. By the time the tide had flowed, the bar would still be impassable, and might remain so for several days if the gale continued. In such circumstances they had no option but to turn out to sea again, and take a course down coast for the fishing port of A——, 14 miles away, whose harbour is sheltered from the north-east, but whose market is traditionally unfavourable towards Burnharbour fishermen. Before they changed their course they met *Faith* steaming in with the gale behind her, Reub at the helm, the crew hanging on to the life-line while she rolled.

" Are you off to A——? " Reub hailed the leading " keeler " as she passed.

" Aye. Sands almost dry on the bar ".

" There'll be enough water for us ", Reub bawled back. " You might as well chuck your fish back into the sea as try and sell them at A——! What do you reckon I'll get for six boxes of haddock this morning? "

It does not often happen that *Faith* is the only boat to bring a catch to Burnham market. She is usually last, with the lowest catch and the lowest price. That insidious leak of hers is now becoming more obvious. It is said that her timbers are rotten. There is a rumour that even the faithful three are thinking the time has come to lay her up for good. She is still fishing.

A VISIT TO MANCHUKUO

By William Henry Chamberlin

A RECENT trip to Manchukuo gave me an opportunity to form some first-hand impressions of this keystone of Japan's Asiatic empire in the fifth year of its existence. From the moment when one disembarks at the gateway to Manchukuo, the highly modernized and efficient port of Dairen, one is impressed by Japan's remarkable achievements in the material upbuilding of Manchuria. Dairen, with a small hinterland called the Kwantung Leased Territory and a narrow right-of-way along the South Manchuria Railway, the so-called Railway Zone, has been under Japanese administration for three decades, ever since the Russo-Japanese War. It is today one of the leading ports of the Orient.

The rapidly growing capital Hsinking (the former Changchun) is a symbol of the ambitious scale on which the progress of the country is being planned. One is never far away from the sound of the axe and the hammer; and spacious new public buildings in all stages of completion indicate the determination to transform a former dingy and obscure railway junction into a modern city. A wide new boulevard leads from the station to Tatung Square, the centre of a number of government offices, among which the Ministry of Foreign Affairs stands out, with its central tower and green tiled roofs. In general the architecture of the new Hsinking tries to combine oriental colour with occidental utilitarianism—a tendency that is also very marked in China.

The main spearhead of Japanese economic penetration in Manchuria has been the South Manchuria Railway, a gigantic octopus of a corporation which combines some features of public and of private ownership and which operates, along with the whole Manchukuo railway system, coalmines, buses, hotels, electrical power plants and a host of subsidiary enterprises.

Almost 1,800 miles of new railroad lines have been built in Manchukuo during the last four years, bringing the country's total mileage up to more than 5,800 miles, and the completion of new lines and parts of lines is constantly being announced.

It would be wearisome to recapitulate all the new rail connections between little known towns. But a few of the broader results of the intensive construction of the last few years may be briefly indicated. Manchukuo now possesses an eastern outlet to the sea through the North Korean ports, Rashin, Seishin and Yuki, which are linked up with Hsinking and Harbin through newly built lines. Formerly the Russian port of Vladivostok was the natural outlet for north-eastern Manchukuo. Today trade between Manchukuo and Siberia, in view of the strained political situation along the border, is almost at a standstill. The three North Korean ports, of which Rashin is much the most promising, are regarded as the substitute for Vladivostok, which will henceforward be entirely dependent commercially on its Soviet hinterland. Regular sailings have been instituted between these towns and the chief ports on the western coast of Japan, Tsuruga and Niigata.

Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, who announced Japan's withdrawal from the League of Nations at Geneva in 1933 and who now finds abundant opportunity to exercise his restless energy of character in his new post as President of the South Manchuria Railway, told me that Rashin, in the course of the next decade, may become a second Dairen. Rashin today conveys the impression of a boom town in the making. Twenty thousand labourers, mostly Koreans, are at work on the triple task of town building, pier construction and harbour improvement.

Railroad construction has not been the sole feature of Japanese economic activity in the country since the occupation. There are oil refineries, cement and alcohol plants; iron and steel and magnesium production, textile mills and miscellaneous industries. Manchukuo recently smelted its first steel in a plant at Anshan that will ultimately possess a capacity of 400,000 tons a year. Apart from the money which has been invested through the South Manchuria Railway, the big Japanese aggregations of capital, Mitsui and Mitsubishi, Sumitomo and Okura, have found oportunities for profitable business activity in Japan's

new Asiatic empire, despite the theoretical anti-capitalism which prevailed, and still prevails to some extent, among the officers of the Kwantung Army (the Japanese force in occupation of Manchukuo).

Money was necessary in order to develop the country and money could only be obtained from the big Japanese capitalists. The Army's influence on the economic life of the country is mainly perceptible in the system of State ownership of some of the more basic enterprises, combined with a State licensing system for others, and in the definitely strategic and military value of some of the new industrial plants. A well-informed foreign observer remarked: "It would be a mistake to measure Manchukuo with a purely economic yardstick. Strategic considerations are of the greatest importance in shaping the country's industrial and transportation development."

New industries which will probably be set up in the near future are soda, aluminium and distillation of oil from coal. This latter enterprise, which would call for an initial outlay of 15,000,000 yen, is strongly advocated by Army and Navy leaders, who are keenly sensitive to the danger that might arise if Japan were suddenly isolated from its foreign sources of petrol supply. There are considerable deposits of oilshale at the Fushun open-cut collieries, the largest coal-mining enterprise in East Asia. But the oil content of this shale is low, and the annual output of crude oil is only 54,000 tons. It could, of course, be greatly increased in the event of emergency.

The administration of the country is highly centralized; and the old Manchurian feudalism, the power which the governors and influential families possessed in the various provinces, has been thoroughly stamped out. The main administrative bodies are the State Council, which corresponds to the Cabinet and initiates legislation, and the Privy Council, which ratifies it. There is no provision for elections; Manchukuo has always been governed autocratically, and it is estimated that 90 per cent. of the people are illiterate.

The new regime feels strong enough to create its own army, the strength of which is in the neighbourhood of 100,000. But the backbone of the defence of Manchukuo is represented, not by these new levies but by the Japanese army of occupation.

No official statement as to its strength is available; but sixty thousand would probably be a fairly accurate guess. The Japanese are well supplied with aeroplanes, tanks and other modern weapons which the Manchukuo army does not possess, and are distinctly superior in training, discipline and fighting capacity.

The shadow of Russia looms very large before the military and civilian leaders of the country. Relations along the Manchukuo-Siberian frontier remain abnormally strained; and border conflicts involving loss of life on both sides are far from uncommon. General Minami, with whom I talked in Hsinking, complained of the Soviet troop concentrations, much exceeding those of Japan, on the Siberian frontier, and said that the tension would be eased if these were reduced.

The attitude of the Soviet Government *vis-à-vis* Japan seems to have stiffened since the sale of the Soviet share of ownership of the Chinese Eastern Railway; and there is little indication that the Soviet Union will accede to any of Minami's suggestions. Soviet spokesmen justify their troop concentrations in Eastern Siberia on the ground that preparedness for defence is the best guarantee against a Japanese attack, and emphasize the point that it would take much more time to reinforce their troops than to throw large Japanese forces into Manchukuo. The Soviet Government declined the Japanese proposal to delimit the boundary in an official note last November, asserting that the frontier is quite clearly marked and needs no further investigation. This is disputed by the Japanese, who lay claim to some islands in the Amur River which are occupied by the Russians, and who point to changing water-courses along the eastern part of the boundary as causes of friction and uncertainty.

Throughout the year 1935 Manchukuo has endeavoured, without success, to obtain a diplomatic foothold in Ulanbator (the former Urga), capital of vast, sparsely populated Outer Mongolia. Soviet troops helped to establish the present so-called People's Revolutionary Government in Outer Mongolia; and the Soviet Government plays very much the same role in relation to Outer Mongolia that Japan plays in relation to Manchukuo. A conflict between a Manchukuo and an Outer Mongolian border patrol occurred early in 1935 near Lake

Buir. Subsequently two conferences between Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia, with Japan and the Soviet Union obviously pulling the strings from behind the scenes, took place in the border town of Manchuli. Both ended abortively, because the Outer Mongolian delegates stubbornly refused to accede to the Manchukuo proposal to exchange diplomatic representatives. In the latter part of December and again in January a new outburst of border fighting, in which each side, as usual, accused the other of aggression, emphasized the tension on the remote semi-desert boundary between Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia.

The Manchukuo-Mongolian situation is complicated because of the larger aspects of the Mongolian problem. The Mongols, primitive nomadic descendants of the warriors of Jenghiz Khan, are split up under three sovereignties. About two million live in the western provinces of Manchukuo; a million and a half are in Inner Mongolia, which is still nominally part of China; perhaps three-quarters of a million are in Sovietized Outer Mongolia. While Japan has been occupying and building up Manchukuo and making tentative thrusts into North China the Soviet Union has been strengthening its grip on Outer Mongolia, establishing a virtual protectorate over a large part of Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkestan, pushing forward the colonization of Eastern Siberia and feverishly promoting the industrial and military development of Siberia.

It remains to be seen whether this race in expansion will end in a Russo-Japanese conflict which would shake the present structure of the Far East to its foundations and lead to momentous changes, whatever might be the issue. In the meantime the watch on the Amur and the Ussuri, the huge rivers that separate Siberia from Manchukuo, continues and every month produces its crop of border incidents.

Like most frontier countries Manchukuo today is a land of striking, even violent contrasts. Travelling on the luxurious club car of the "Asia" express one might imagine oneself on an American transcontinental express—until armed Japanese soldiers make their rounds, peering suspiciously for possible bandits. This is one illustration of the lag of personal security behind material progress. Another could be found in a recent news item to the effect that wolves had eaten a Manchukuo

merchant and his companions who had been motoring in the northern part of the country.

There is a marked contrast between town and country. In the towns there is a notable boom in housing and industrial building. In the country districts floods, drought and a fall in the world price of the staple crop, soya beans, have contributed to make the peasants poorer than ever.

It is the general consensus of opinion among foreign business men and consular representatives that the change of regime has not worked out to the advantage of foreign interests. This is reflected in the noteworthy diminution in the size of the foreign, especially of the British and American commercial communities in Mukden and Harbin, in the withdrawal of the foreign oil firms, in the passing of many business agencies from foreign to Japanese hands.

Opinion differs widely as to whether and how far the Japanese occupation has bettered the condition of the Manchukuo masses. A non-Japanese foreign observer in Harbin summed up the favourable side of the picture as follows :

" The people now have sound money and regular taxes. They are no longer defrauded by the government through the medium of a depreciating currency, and they are free from the robberies and excesses of the irregular soldiery that lived off the country. Furthermore the inflow of Japanese capital has quickened building and practically abolished unemployment for the labouring classes in the towns ".

A foreign resident of equal qualifications in Mukden supplied the following negative tints :

" The peasants, who are the great majority of the population, are poorer and more harassed by bandits than they ever were. The old system of village administration broke down as a result of the Japanese military occupation, and nothing effective has been set up in its place. There is a vicious circle of poor crops driving people to banditry and of banditry leading to more poor crops ".

There is doubtless some truth in both points of view. The Japanese have brought and will continue to bring to Manchukuo some of the incidental benefits that every advanced colonial Power brings to the peoples under its control : better transportation and sanitation, more modern ways of life, greater security against arbitrary levies of one kind and another.

On the other hand the continued prevalence of banditry, some of it definitely political in character, is the clearest evidence that a good deal of discontent exists in the country. When " bandits " attack small patrols of Japanese soldiers, when they wreck trains and shout " Kill the Japanese ", it seems obvious that they are not mere highway robbers. In the eastern part of the country, where the frontiers of Korea, Siberia and Manchukuo come together, Korean nationalists with a tinge of Communism constitute the main strength of the guerrilla bands. Japanese military officers accuse the Soviet Union of aiding these bands by giving them refuge on Soviet territory when they are too hard pressed and by surreptitiously supplying them with arms and ammunition. In the hills and forests of Kirin Province, in the south-east, around Antung, and in Jehol the bands, so far as they have any political ideas, are Chinese nationalists.

The Japanese declare that the number of bandits has been reduced from 230,000 immediately after the occupation to 30,000 at the present time. But a census of bandits is, in the nature of things, an unreliable source of calculation. Banditry follows a seasonal curve. There are always more bands when the kaoliang is high, in summer and early autumn, than after it has been cut and harvested. Poor crops are also a recognized cause of increase in the number of bandits.

Probably banditry, over a fairly long time, can be eradicated or at least reduced to the proportions of ordinary criminality, if the Japanese are willing to use enough troops and spend enough money. Barring some unpredictable contingency, such as an unsuccessful war with Russia, the new regime in Manchukuo has come to stay. Whether it will win the whole-hearted support of the population is another question. Japan can undoubtedly promote the material progress of the country. It is more doubtful whether, in view of the tremendous demand for political and economic posts in Japan itself, sufficient provision will be made for the educated and middle-class Manchukuoans, who, when they see most of the economic and many of the political desirable offices held by Japanese, are likely to remain in a state of fermenting nationalist discontent.

What has been the effect of Manchukuo on Japan itself? It has certainly not, as yet, proved an outlet for colonization and settlement by the peasants of the overcrowded Island Empire. There are now about 430,000 Japanese in Manchukuo and in the Kwantung Leased Territory, an increase of about 200,000 over the figure for 1931. But only 90,000 Japanese reside outside the Kwantung Leased Territory and the Railroad Zone; and of these 90,000, only a negligible proportion have settled on the land. The severity of the climate, the reluctance of the average Japanese to quit his ancestral home and start new life elsewhere, the harassing activity of the bandits, the lack of large-scale funds for colonization—all these factors have prevented any substantial movement of Japanese farm colonists into North Manchuria, where there is still a reserve of free land.

On the other hand there are other ways in which Manchukuo has made its contribution to the solution of Japan's eternal problem: that of providing food and work for its rapidly growing population. Manchukuo has been an important factor in the Japanese trade and industrial boom of the last few years. Japanese exports to Manchukuo, valued at 77,000,000 yen in 1931, amounted to 403,000,000 yen in 1934 and increased still further in 1935. Japan's share in Manchukuo's imports, which was 37.3 per cent. in 1930, was 64.6 per cent. in 1934 and 71.2 per cent. in 1935. All these figures, of course, mean that a considerable number of Japanese in industry, trade and commerce found employment as a result of the building up of Manchukuo under a Japanese protectorate, to say nothing of those who are directly employed in the Manchukuo State service.

Considered purely from a standpoint of orthodox economics, it might seem that Manchukuo, thus far, has proved an asset of doubtful value to Japan. But few Japanese look at the problem from a purely economic standpoint. Strategic considerations are important. Rightly or wrongly, most Japanese, especially in Army circles, believe that, if Japan had not acted in 1931, a considerable part of Manchuria would have fallen more and more under the domination of the Soviet Union.

THE PEACH ORCHARD

By Jean Giono

I SAW him coming towards me, taking enormous strides. He was in such a state that he hadn't even a quid of tobacco in his mouth, his woollen belt had dropped under his stomach; and he had clean forgotten to pull up his trousers, which were slipping down with it. It was old Fonse.

"Going far at that speed?" I mocked him.

He hadn't seen me lying down in the straw on the barn floor. He turned round. He looked at me a bit. After a while he came up the slope and lay down beside me and remained there some time gasping for his breath. If he was in trouble about his health, I knew all about that, but, then, there was no one who didn't know about it. He talked of nothing else wherever he was: down at the café, in the fields and in the evenings, at every opportunity, ever since "the gentleman from Digne" told him what the trouble was.

I said to him, "This sort of thing's not very good for your heart".

"My heart's all right", he gasped. "Something else has just happened."

Something must have happened; for, as a rule, Fonse was a man who never hurried himself. Hours and hours would drift by before he would make up his mind about anything; he took his own time—but now he lay dead beat and dazed by headlong speed.

"You know I bought the big orchard at Maussan?" he said. "I'll tell you how it happened. This winter Jofroi came to see me at my house. 'Come in and get warm' I said, and asked him into the kitchen. I got him a glass of something and then he told me what he had come about. 'Fonse, I am getting old', he says. 'My wife is poorly and I'm not too good myself. We

haven't got any children—that's been a great trouble to us. I have been to see the notary at Riez and we have very nearly come to terms. Very nearly! He showed me the note of the sum and I went along to the collector—as I said, we could fix it up any time now. If I took out an annuity for so much that would bring me in a little something to live on'. I told him I thought that was a good idea and one thing led to another and so it finished up by my buying the big orchard at Maussan from him. But only the orchard. Not the house. It was his idea to keep the house, 'because', he says, 'I am so used to it and I shouldn't know where I was in another place. Take all the land', he says. 'Pull down the walls if you like.' In the end we worked it out so that I let him have a nice little bit of garden with a tree or two where he could sit in the sun and be happy. I let the old chap have his own way and I paid up. He's put his money into something and he's got his bit of income from it. We were both all right. But wait a minute . . . .

"I expect you have seen the orchard at Maussan There's nothing but a lot of old peach trees. They ought to have been cut down ten years ago. The peaches were good enough for him, for old Jofroi, but I never have been struck on peaches. It's not the right kind of soil round here for them. That's what I reckon, but, whichever way you take it, my idea was to sow corn up there. To cut down the old trees and to sow corn. It mayn't be better than peaches perhaps, but that's my business, isn't it? I'd paid for the place. What's mine I can do what I like with, can't I?

"So this morning, I says to myself: It is dull weather and I haven't got anything special to do, I'll go up and start cutting those trees. So up I goes to Maussan". (This is characteristic of old Fonse. He had the idea in the morning, but he doesn't actually stir himself to go up to Maussan until three in the afternoon.)

"I fixed the rope on to one of the biggest trunks. I gave a heave and down it comes with a crash. Then I got to work on the root. While I was digging I heard a window open and saw Jofroi looking out.

"What are you doing?" he calls to me. His face looked all changed.

"You can see what I'm doing", I said.

"Are you going to do that to the lot?"

"Yes."

I didn't know then what was in his mind. He goes back into the house and comes out again with his gun. And he wasn't carrying it on his shoulder. He had it in his hand. He'd got his right hand on the trigger and his left on the barrel. He looked like business. And he looked very foxy. He was more changed than ever.

I'd already the rope fixed to the second tree, and when I saw Jofroi with a gun I laughed at him and said:

"Going out to shoot butterflies?"

"I am going to shoot a dirty swine", he says, and he came up close to me. My arms dropped.

"Leave my trees alone", he says.

"Jofroi!"

"Are you going to leave them alone?"

He pressed the muzzle under my shirt. He was off his head. I said to him calmly (he'd got his finger right on the trigger): I told him "Jofroi, don't be a fool".

But he kept on saying, "You leave my trees. Leave them alone. Are you going to leave them?" It was no use arguing with him. I dropped the rope and I came along here. There's a nice turn-out for you. What am I going to do now?"

We all set our minds on it and we tried everything. I went myself to see old Jofroi. He was like a dog who has got his teeth into a bone and won't let go.

"Those are my trees. I planted them. I am not going to put up with that under my very eyes. If he comes back here I'll shoot him in the guts and blow my own brains out".

"But he bought it."

"If I had known he was going to do that I wouldn't have sold."

"Jofroi", I said to him, "the cause of the whole trouble is that you have kept the house. You've got the house and so everything is forced upon your notice. And naturally you don't like it. Put yourself in Fonse's place. He has bought the place, he has paid for it and it belongs to him. He has got the right to do what he likes with it".

"But what about my trees? My trees! I bought them at

Riez market in '05. It was the year Barbe said to me, 'Jofroi, I believe we're going to have a baby'. The year that the big fire at Revaudières made her miscarry. I carried those trees from Riez on my own back. I did it all by myself—dug the holes, carted the manure. I used to get up in the middle of the night to go and light the damp straw so that they wouldn't be caught by the frost. More than a dozen times I've given them the patent nicotine spray, and it costs 100 francs a tin. Look at those leaves. You've never seen leaves as lovely and healthy. You won't find any old trees anywhere as fine as these."

He was quite right, I said. "But all the same we must be reasonable human beings." Everyone knew, he said, that old trees were not young ones, but there was no sense, he said, in wiping out the old, just because it was old. "What's the idea? Are you going to cut *me* down as well, because I am old? Let Fonse use his common-sense as well."

It was very difficult to make it clear to him that there was a difference between him and his trees.

So we all concentrated on Fonse. We went up to see him after supper, a whole lot of us. The crowd picked on me and said, "You do the talking, you know how to do it. We can't leave it like this".

I said to Fonse: "Look here, Fonse. Jofroi won't budge. We can't do anything with him. It is like arguing with a brick wall. You are the only one who's got any sense. Just let him see it. If you take my advice you'll smooth everything over. You give him back his land; he gives you back your money, plus the cost of the lease because, as you say, why should you be out of pocket? And then that's the end of it. He's an old man and we can't let him go on like this in misery. He may have only two more years to live. What do you say to fixing it up as I've said"?

And Fonse, who was the most decent man on earth, said immediately, "All right. Fix it up as you say".

But suddenly something else happened.

Jofroi had already paid the money for his annuity. He couldn't lay hands on the capital. He'd only his income. We got him down to the square and we brought Fonse along—there

was no gun about this time; we were taking no risks. We had come there to talk—

"If you haven't got any money", said Fonse, "what do you expect me to do about it. I can't give you back your land for nothing. I have paid for it".

Jofroi was bewildered. Fonse's argument was unanswerable. We had reached an impasse. There was nothing to be said.

But Fonse, as I have said, was the most decent man on earth, innocent as a sucking pig asking to be eaten.

"Don't worry, Jofroi", he said. "We'll do something. You've got your income, haven't you? Take what you need out of that to live on and, as you can't give me back the money, I'll let your land to you for the rest. That'll leave you something to live on and you can do what you like with your trees."

To us this seemed like the Judgment of Solomon. Our hearts glowed as we looked at one another. It was all over. How lovely it was in the square, we thought. I remember thinking that even the War Memorial was not so revolting to look at as it usually was. We heard the magpies chattering.

But Jofroi was miserable. He was champing. At last he said: "But if you let me the land it still won't belong to me. It will belong to you. The trees will be yours".

"Well, what more can I do?" cried Fonse, at the end of his tether.

And so the farce was on again.

The next thing was that one of the people from Maussan, a man called Albéric, came racing to the barn. He was whirling his arms about and shouting. "Come along! Quick!" We all went chasing to the farm, and while we were running, Albéric shouted to us, "Jofroi has thrown himself out of the window".

This was not quite true. He hadn't thrown himself from the window. He was up on the roof of his house when we arrived, right on the edge of it with the tips of his boots in the iron gutter. He was shouting, "Get up, I am going to jump". Barbe was below on her knees in the dust.

"Don't jump, please don't jump, Jofroi", she was crying out. "Get back from the edge. You'll get giddy and go over. Holy Mother of God and Blessed Father, keep him away. Don't jump, Jofroi."

" Take her away from there, I am going to jump."

None of us knew what to do. Fonse went in and brought out a mattress. He put it on the cobbles in the yard, just where Jofroi was aiming to jump.

" Take her away from there, I am going to jump ".

" Don't be a fool ", cried Fonse. " What good will it do you if you do jump ".

" I shall jump ! " shouted Jofroi.

" Oh no, no, Holy Mother ", cried Barbe.

So it went on. Jump. No, for God's sake don't jump. He kept us there for over an hour. In the end I shouted to him,

" All right. Jump if you like and get it over ".

He stepped back.

" Who said that ? " he said.

" I said it ", I said. " It was me. When are you going to stop playing the clown up there ? A silly sight you look on that roof. You'll break the tiles with those heavy boots and you'll smash the gutter. I suppose you think that will do you a lot of good. But—go on—jump. Jump and get it over ".

He looked at me thoughtfully. He looked down at all of us. We were silent, wondering what he was going to do. With our faces looking up at him, we must have seemed to him like a row of eggs in a basket. Presently he said :

" No ! No ! If you *want* me to jump, I am not going to jump. If that's how you put it—I will go away and hang myself when there is no one about ".

He moved back and disappeared through the skylight of the barn. Barbe rose to her feet. Her dress was covered with dust.

It happened that on this afternoon there was a lot of work to be done—the kind of jobs that are left to the end of the winter. Everyone was out in the fields—even the children, because it was a Thursday. I went along, too, because everyone was laughing and singing. I was thinking :

" This is just like spring. There might almost be blossom on the almond trees ". They were not in blossom, but over the wide plain the bare trees seemed to break into a russet and bluish foam at their tops, with the swelling of the sap.

So I was out with the others. The donkeys were there and all the dogs and the mules and the horses ; and the air was filled with neighing, barking, singing, the sound of water and the cries of girls, and the noise of galloping, because Gaston's she-ass had got away.

In the middle of all this we saw Jofroi pass. He was looking rather foolish. He was as solemn as a verger. He was carrying a thick rope.

" Where are you going " ? we called to him.

" I am going to hang myself " ? he said. We had heard that one before. We remembered the stunt on the roof, so we kept our eye on him from a good distance. He went along as far as Antonin's orchard, and then he tossed the rope over a branch. Antonin was soon there.

" Jofroi, go and hang yourself at Joseph's place. Go along. This place is no good. The trees down there are higher, and what's more, it's on the far side of the pines. No one will interfere with you there and you won't be seen. Go on ".

Jofroi looked at him with a stormy eye. " Antonin, you are always the same ", he said. " Whenever anyone asks a favour of you. . . . "

" Go on ".

" All right, I am going ", and off he went.

We followed him because in our hearts we understood Jofroi's misery. We knew it was real. As real to the sight and knowledge of all of us as the sun or the moon. There was a murmur of sympathy. But soon there shot out of Maussan a roar which hung over us like heavy smoke. It was Barbe shouting. It was old Barbe who, seventy though she was, was roaring with all her might, shouting out that her man was going to hang himself.

This stirred us to a light trot in Jofroi's direction. He had had time to throw the rope over, to make a slip-knot, to drag up a little stump of wood and to get on top of it and to put his head through the noose. He had already kicked the stump from under his feet. We were just in time to catch him round the body, lift him up and hold him there. In the meantime he was beating us all on the head with his fists, kicking us in the stomach with his boots, and not saying a word because, actually, the rope was tight round his throat.

We cut him down and laid him out on the grass. He still did not say anything. He panted. Nobody said anything. All

gaiety was gone. The children were pushing outside the crowd, trying to see Jofroi between our legs. There was no more singing. The high wind moaned.

Then Jofroi got up. He looked at all of us who were gathered round him. He stepped forward and we opened to let him pass. He turned round.

" Dirty . . . ", he muttered between his teeth. " Dirty. . . . Dirty. . . . " He did not say dirty what. He hadn't words to express his misery. He went off down the road and we saw Barbe coming to meet him, whining and tottering over the ruts like a little dog that has hardly learned to walk.

" When you come to think it out ", Fonse said to me, " I'm the one who comes out worst in this business. I've lost my 12,000 francs, and if something does happen it's me who'll get the blame. You wait and see. They're all on my side now, but if old Jofroi really does go and hang himself properly, or drowns himself or something like that, it'll be me. You mark my words. I know the people round these parts. They've been at me in my home about it already. My wife, the kid and my mother-in-law, the whole house. And yet what can I do ? "

" There is nothing you can do, Fonse. You have done all you can. But you haven't *really* come off worst. Think of Jofroi. He's in a much worse state than you are. He is not just playing the fool. You know the sort of man he is. He does genuinely wish to die, but he can't help thinking about the things he would leave behind him and then he doesn't know where he is. And so he goes fifty-fifty on it. He says to himself, ' If they see me like that at the point of death they will be overcome by pity and it will make them do something '. He knows it is very difficult, but while there's life there's hope".

" But how do we know that's really his idea ? " said Fonse.

I said to him, " Well, that's my opinion. Listen. I went to Maussan the other day. You don't go up there nowadays, do you ? "

" No, I haven't set foot in the place since. And I don't go up that way any more. You needn't think I'm afraid of his gun. I don't like it, but if you see my meaning, if it was only his gun, I'd go all the same . . . well, no, the reason I don't go up that way any more *is* that I don't like that gun. What I mean to say, he knows that I've got right on my side. He knows I've got the law and the people on my side. He can't pretend to himself that he doesn't. He knows it. So if he spotted me coming he'd immediately start thinking that I'd decided to claim my rights, and he knows that if I did he is lost. What would he do then ? That's what nobody knows ".

" There's a lot in that. But I went up there myself after the rains, now it has got warm again. The field is full of grass like water in a pond. It comes half-way up the trees. Jofroi was there and he said when he saw me, " Look at this. It is all wrong. It is wrong to let land go this way ".

" You could see he was upset. He'd no idea what he was talking about ".

As I was speaking Félippe came in at the door of the café. He looked at us. He fidgetted, his hand on the handle of the door.

" Fonse ", said Félippe, " Jofroi is dead ".

We sat there, frozen to the spot, empty, without an idea in our heads. We felt ourselves go white ; and then cold like a dish taken out of the oven. Someone said : " How did it happen ? " We got to our feet with what strength was left in us.

" Yes ", said Félippe. " He is lying down there on the road. He is quite still and stiff. I called to him from a distance and then I took a short cut and came here as fast as I could ".

Jofroi was stretched flat on the road, but as we got near we saw that he was alive, very much alive, with his eyes wide open.

" What are you doing there ? "

" I am going to get myself run over by a motor car ".

Félippe was struck dumb with astonishment.

" You are going the wrong way about it. Directly the driver catches sight of you he will stop. If you want to kill yourself properly Jofroi, go and throw yourself in . . . "

" Don't tell him that ", said Fonse.

The spring came and went. The summer came and lumbered past, fat and heavy, with its feet clogged with sun which weighed on our heads. The orchard at Maussan had become nothing more than a field gone wild in the midst of the cultivated land. It was a place to be avoided, for its long grasses tore at your clothes, and you had to smash them down with a spade in order to get free.

We saved Jofroi more than twenty times. At the edge of Antoine's well, a well more than thirty yards deep. Antoine said: " All the same, supposing he had, where should I have got my water afterwards ? " We pulled him out of the little weir pool on the stream. He shook himself like a dog and went off. We took his gun and hid it and we destroyed his little bottle of tincture of iodine and we told the grocer not to give him any more. No spirits of salt, nor anything else like that. What other fantastic attempt might he make ? Swallow nails, burst his stomach, poison himself with weeds or toadstools, or get himself gored by a bull ? We wondered. None of us could stop imagining what Jofroi might be up to, and it got on our minds until we could not stand it any longer. Fonse, who had never been ill in his life, got some kind of indigestion, which went round the whole village—something caused by eating melons. He was within an inch of death. I said to my wife :

" Look here. The Jarbois have invited us several times to go and see them at Barret. We ought to go and take the child there for a fortnight ".

My wife said : " It's this Jofroi business makes you say that ".

" No. But. . . . "

In the end we decided to go. The air is good at Barret, and the Jarbois are very nice people. The husband as well as the wife. And then—well. " What do you say, Elise " ? I said to my wife.

I said to Fonse : a Fonse whose trousers flapped round his legs, a Fonse as frail as a pigeon feather and as white as a plate and who had got his coat on in spite of the fact that it was summer, I said to Fonse, " Come and have a drink with me. In a few days I have got to go away. On business ". It was shortly after that that someone came along and said to us, " Jofroi is dead ".

In all good faith we said : " What, again ? "

But this time it was Martel who brought the news. Martel was some sort of cousin of Jofroi and a man to be believed.

"This time he really is ", he said, and then, because he knew what was in our minds : " No. It was not that. He had an attack yesterday at mid-day and he died last night. He is dead. Thoroughly dead. They laid him out and I sat there until the morning. I am just going off to the town hall to report it, and then I am going off to the priest to arrange about the time ".

Fonse stayed there a minute, and then colour came back to his cheeks and he said to me quickly, " Good-bye ". I saw him go into his house. He came out again very soon, and he went from door to door to say a word to the women. Then he opened the door of his stable and harnessed his donkey. He had a big axe on the cart, a rope, a handsaw and scythe and, dragging the donkey by the muzzle, he went off to Maussan.

I saw Fonse again that evening. He said to me : " I will leave five or six of those trees. Not for the sake of the fruit, but just in case Jofroi should see me from where he has gone so that he can say : ' Old Fonse has been decent about it after all. He's not a bad sort of fellow ' ".

(*Translation by V. S. Pritchett*)

RADIO IN THE CRISIS

By Stephen Clissold

THE imposition of economic sanctions is an attempt to weaken the support given by the civil population of Italy to its armed forces. But they leave one side of the question untouched. A nation's material resources are the physical structure of its existence, but it derives its vitality from its nervous system. In other words, to be an effective fighting machine, a nation must have not only the means of winning, but also the will to win. Measures calculated to destroy the means without removing the will can achieve only a very partial success. The pages of history—especially of Italian history, with the heroic figures of Garibaldi and his army of volunteers—are full of examples of the way in which a group of determined men have triumphed over immense material odds. There is still truth in the old adage that where there's a will there's a way. Is the nation's supply of metal likely to prove inadequate for its military needs? Then the Italian people will respond. Housewives will hand over pots and pans. School children will scour the roads and search the dumps for old tins and fragments of scrap-iron. Is the currency in danger through insufficiency of gold reserve? The Archbishop will sacrifice the gold of his sacred emblems, the notables will give their medals, the noble families their plate, husbands and wives their wedding rings. Is a shortage of imported clothing material imminent? Then it shall be manufactured synthetically by Italian genius and Italian labour. Is the store of petrol likely to run short? Civilian patriots will store their cars and wait for better days. All these measures serve but to fan the flame of patriotism.

But let us suppose that some new force begins to undermine the nation's will to win. News of defeat or disease or even of a progress less brilliantly spectacular than that which was predicted will begin to shake the nation's confidence. Adverse

circumstances alone, however, will not bring this about; a thorough realization of the real state of affairs must penetrate to the national consciousness. But with the chief channels of news distribution—the radio and the press—in the hands of the government, the nation can be made to believe just what is good for it and no more. A factor which contributed substantially to the collapse of the German fighting machine towards the end of the Great War was the knowledge of cruel facts that at last broke through the official censorship of the front when British propaganda aeroplanes showered thousands of leaflets behind the German lines. Dropping leaflets from the air seems to us now a somewhat primitive expedient; modern propaganda experts prefer to launch their broadsides through the microphone and the loud-speaker.

Second only in importance to the maintenance of a united public opinion at home is the influencing of neutral or hostile opinion abroad. The control of ideas may be offensive as well as defensive. The Italian Government has not been slow to realize this. Frequent news bulletins presenting the Italian point of view are broadcast in English, French, German, Dutch, Hungarian, Rumanian, Bulgarian, Yugoslav, Arabic, Greek, and Albanian. Sometimes, too, the broadcasting authorities contrive to secure the services of respected nationals of the country for which the broadcasts are intended. A few weeks ago, for example, the regular evening news bulletin in English was supplemented by a short talk from Colonel Cyril Rocke, a former British Military Attaché with the Italian Army during the Great War. The policy is followed of giving regular radio instruction for would-be students of the Italian language, the necessary written material being supplied on application free of charge. This may serve as attractive bait for amateur linguists desirous of acquainting themselves with the mother tongue of Dante. But what inducements could be held out by the Abyssinians to persuade the listener to master the complexities of Amharic? And when, last September, the Empress of Abyssinia, through the enterprise of the National Broadcasting Company of America, did speak before the microphone, her words were blurred by the continuous pulsation of some powerful and mysterious transmitter working on the same wave-length. In this conflict, Italy

has not only all the advantages over a more primitive race which civilization can give in the realm of material resources ; she holds the keys which unlock the gateways of the mind.

These attempts at influencing public opinion abroad may be interpreted by the governments concerned as unwarrantable interference in their home affairs. Italy herself has taken this view. Some years ago, a privately-owned transmitter operating from Nice, which made regular broadcasts in Italian of damaging comment on the Fascist regime, called forth such strong representations from Rome that the French Government were forced to track the offender down and put an end to his dangerous propagandist activity. But where the offender is no irresponsible individual but the government of an influential country, the problem is more delicate. For a public of a country for which these broadcasts are intended, the wisest course is to follow the example of the deaf adder which stoppeth her ears.

The attitude of the B.B.C. in face of the present international crisis has been one of extreme caution. Mindful, perhaps, of occasions in the past when broadcasters have invested personal opinions with something of the authority of a monopoly institution, those who frame the policy at Broadcasting House decided not to send observers to the scene of hostilities in order to give independent eye-witness accounts. Although the charter of the British Broadcasting Corporation has made it abundantly clear that it is in no way state-controlled, yet foreign observers are always apt to attribute to its utterances the authority of Whitehall or Downing Street. Incidents have occurred in the past when some irresponsible broadcaster has escaped the vigilance of the authorities and let fall a chance remark that causes consternation in a dozen Embassies and Foreign Offices. And such affronts are apt to crop up in the most innocent of programmes. Was it not a popular New Year's Eve entertainment which called forth an outraged protest from Poland ? In a delicate situation like the present the B.B.C. must be above suspicion. Those who have political axes to grind should take them from the studio to the editorial office. The popular press, if it likes, may indulge in orgies of hot air, but the air through which the broadcast message comes must remain at a perfectly even temperature.

The position of the B.B.C. is further complicated by its technical facilities for relaying European broadcasts to America. Though naturally any particular item intended for transatlantic transmission can be relayed to the American continent without being offered for home consumption, the mere fact of granting facilities for the undertaking might suggest an attitude sympathetic to the content of the message broadcast.

An example of this problem was afforded some time ago by the request of the Columbia Broadcasting System to transmit a speech by Baron Aloisi to America. The B.B.C. wisely declined the offer. This action naturally gave rise to considerable criticism on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn in his evening news bulletin inserted his private protest against the decision and maintained that radio should be as free as newspaper correspondence. It is interesting to notice that the B.B.C.'s ban coincided with an agreement for a new and independent channel between continental Europe and the States. The " British quasi-monopoly of Transatlantic facilities " has been keenly resented by the Federal Communications Committee, which has devoted much energy to seeking a remedy for the present situation. It is worth remarking in passing that the United States have little right to fling stones at British broadcasting policy. Anti-British propaganda coming from United States stations and intended for Canadian listeners is already notorious. In all probability these broadcasts are sent out from some small commercial network or privately-owned station. Not only definitely tendentious statements are included in the news bulletins, but accusations are openly directed at the British Government and extravagant aims attributed to it. To refute these false assertions the B.B.C. has to depend on its short daily Empire news bulletins. But this American propaganda is stated by competent observers to be having a definitely prejudicial effect.

A further instance of the delicacy of the British position arose when the Columbia Broadcasting System had made arrangements for Mr. Rickett to broadcast to America on the Italian oil concession. This time it was the Foreign Office which intervened and made informal representations to the C. B. S. A broadcast from B.B.C. studios could not be allowed to revive the false

impression that Mr. Rickett was in some way connected with the British Government.

In selecting programmes for listeners throughout the British Isles, caution and tact is still more imperative. It is no easy matter to refuse the request of so eminent a personage and one with so just a claim to the attention of the radio public as its great benefactor Marconi. In spite of the frothings of the popular press, it seems certain, however, that such a course was unavoidable. A broadcast from the Marchese would have been the thin edge of the wedge. True to its policy of balancing points of view, the B.B.C. would have been forced to arrange talks by representatives of the Abyssinian point of view. As happens constantly at election times, mutual recrimination would have been forthcoming from both parties and accusations of bias in favour of one side or the other levelled against the B.B.C. No one would have regretted the necessity for declining Marconi's offer more keenly than Sir John Reith, but consideration of public responsibility had to come before feelings of personal sympathy.

Apart from those who accuse the B.B.C. of discrimination against Italy there are others who would favour a definite policy of reprisals against the propaganda broadcast daily to English listeners from Rome and other stations. " Why should we not pay them back in their own coin ? " they argue : " Why should we not counteract the effect of biased statement by the presentation of the League's point of view ? " Such suggestions have appeared in the correspondence columns of the *Daily Telegraph* and even found a sympathetic echo in the comments of the *Spectator*. The French press, notably *L'Oeuvre*, also advocates similar action. Then the conception of an International Air Force would acquire a new meaning, for by arrangement through the International Broadcasting Union, member-States of the League would be authorized to increase the power of their stations and make a systematic attempt at permeating the Italian people with pro-League propaganda. Some would even extend this voice-for-a-voice and ear-for-an-ear policy to a definite application of " Radio Sanctions " and claim that Italian stations should be jammed by powerful European transmitters. Such was the programme foreshadowed some weeks ago in one of our

Sunday papers and proclaimed as " confidently expected in radio-politico circles ". What these " radio-politico circles " were is not stated. In any case such a course of action would be a departure from the traditional British policy. When a similar suggestion was made in the House of Commons over four years ago to the effect that lectures on England by eminent British subjects should be broadcast in foreign languages, the Prime Minister showed little sympathy for the proposal.

There seems to be no valid technical reason why " Radio Sanctions " should not be drafted into the general framework of sanctions. Nor is it conceivable that the Duce would erect some ethereal breakwater round the frontiers of his land. Centuries before the coming of wireless King Canute taught a lesson to all would-be autocrats when he sought to stay the course of the waves. The Dictator of a small country where the licence holders are few in number can indeed put a stop to undesirable listening. The late President Gomez of Venezuela, perturbed by the transmissions sent from rebels who had left the country, forbade the ownership of sets to all but his own supporters. In Italy, is the obedience of the people to their leader so unquestioning that private individuals would voluntarily abandon their wireless sets or submit to a house to house search ?

No, effective " Radio Sanctions " remain technically possible. It is a question of whether their application is politically expedient. The effect of such sanctions combined with economic pressure might be of immense significance. When the shoe has begun to pinch at home and no news of spectacular advance comes from the front broadcasts from abroad might have the effect of confirming the inarticulate doubts of the Italian people as to their ultimate success. They would certainly hasten the national disillusionment. And when this disillusionment comes, who can predict what will ensue ? An individual who loses faith in himself is not only indifferent to his own fate but becomes a menace to his neighbours. His desperate actions are bound to involve others. When the same loss of faith occurs suddenly throughout a great nation the continued safety of other members of the international family would be little short of miraculous.

The wisest course for the B.B.C. at such times of international tension would be to continue its traditional policy. Accurate,

informative, and impartial news bulletins go a long way towards counteracting the hysteria of the popular press. They help to keep public opinion sane and tolerant. By excluding those sensational rumours which give a periodic fillip to the circulation of newspapers they assist the easy equilibrium of judgment so necessary for us to maintain at the present time. But beyond the legitimate borders of the country the spoken word—unless it be part of a regular Empire service—should not be directed. In international affairs we recognize the authority of the League of Nations and if any broadcasting activity deliberately transcending national frontiers is desirable, responsibility for its transmission should rest with the wireless station of the League —Radio-Nations. This station, which is normally operated by a Swiss commercial firm known as Radio Suisse, is legally liable to be taken over by the League in times of emergency. At present, the working of the station is on a semi-emergency basis. At the beginning of October, M. Avenol decided temporarily to take over the long-wave station at Prangins—which in normal times is run by Radio Suisse. It was from this station that the news was broadcast that Italy had been found to have violated the Covenant of the League and that a state of war existed involving a possible application of Article 16. Other official documents bearing on the course of the dispute have been broadcast regularly. As soon as any one nation informs the League of any measures taken by virtue of Article 16, the news is at once flashed to all other members of the League. Thus Radio-Nations has become a real centre of co-ordination, a means of instantaneous communication, when the need for rapid decisions has become of such urgency for a satisfactory settlement of the dispute. To admit the principle of collective action through the League and yet to advocate the application of independent "Radio-Sanctions" on the part of separate broadcasting concerns suggests a lamentable lack of logic. A fair and unprovocative service at home, together with transmissions of international scope broadcast only from stations specially authorized by the League—these are the essentials if anarchy in the air is to be avoided.

THE FIRST OF SPRING

By Adrian Bell

THERE was an air of expectancy about the people whom we passed. Their faces were turned to the wood on the horizon as though expecting a miracle; expectant, yet doubting that this fine balance of sun and soft wind could be held longer than an hour. That, indeed, was the miracle. The people standing and staring were waiting for nothing more phenomenal out of that wood than a sight of fox and hounds. And as the wood was large, and as time went on without any sign, that began to appear as unlikely a piece of luck as was this weather.

We went on, and, finding the quietest lane we knew, turned in and sat under a sunny bank on the edge of a fallow to eat our bread and cheese.

The dried clods, the spruce ditch, the inches-high stubs that had been a hedge, were familiar details of this arable country open to the sky. And to-day of all days the sky was welcome. On the bank of sere winter grass a clump of pale violets shook in the breeze; and out of the clods a lark leaped up in full song, startling as a firework. Up and up with quivering wings, then down and down with them stretched and still; until a few feet from the ground the song suddenly ceased, and the bird melted into the clods again. That is spring in this country of bare earth; all its gladness concentrated in a few marginal violets and a spurt of lark-song. Unless you count—and indeed we do—the business of the day.

Down there, miniature with distance, a complicated labour went on. Horses four and three abreast, like some composite broad beast, plunged through the tilth drawing seed-drill and harrows. Elsewhere men went to and fro sowing artificial manure in sudden white puffs. Even seen from here there was a glad haste in action; it was not the bowed trudge of winter labour.

Even the meadow hedge had been split and laid so that it had the narrow neatness of a line of wattle hurdles. There was no wild thing higher than the violets.

A keeper appeared, his gun under his arm, and stood staring alertly into the distance like all whom we had passed. He had the sunken, hooded eyes of one who has spent his life keenly focussed. The rumour of the hounds possessed this place too. *He* knew some facts.

" They run a fox to Owlhover, and they run into a vixen and a litter of cubs there, so they whipped the hounds off, and now they're gone to Dodnash ". He stared afar.

" How the larks sing ! "

He came back : " Eh ? Oh, ah, do they ? " At the moment they almost drowned his words.

The keeper had appeared as from nowhere, and now another man stood suddenly before us, conjured out of the bare earth. He approached. He had the air of a pensioner, or at least of one who had arrived at that age when a man took odd jobs here and there, and " whiled himself ", as they say, " a-tiffling about his place " between-times. He carried a stick, and coming near hailed the keeper in something between a shout, a laugh and a panting for breath—a vociferation which increased to a climax and then slowly diminished to a humming. Only one with an ear practised in the dialect could have told that he had said a couple of sentences in the greeting. The humming was a kind of *sostenuto*, while he considered whether he had anything further to add. It died away, and the keeper spoke.

" They've gone from Owlhover to Dodnash, but they're a wonderful long while ".

" No, bor, they went to Roverstye first after Owlhover. I know because I just come from there ".

The keeper brought out *his* news. " They run into a vixen and cubs ; that's why they left Owlhover ".

Honours were even. " They'll soon be at Dodnash now ". Dodnash was the black wood with a point right over there as far as you could see. It seemed doubtful that any details of the sport could be visible from here whatever happened : but they were content to wait and watch.

The older man eased his limbs down on to the bank with his stick, and looked at the spring seeding in progress down below, and the white puffs of the manure sowers.

" That stuff ain't no good " he considered, " not in a course of years. Look at they straw stacks. No matter where you go you see for ever of old straw stacks lie about. They ought to be under the crop, bor ". He meant they should have been made into manure.

" That's so " added the keeper. " You never see no stock kept now."

" Straw-breakers not straw-benders is what's wanted " mused the other.

" Not straw-breakers *nor* straw-benders " the keeper amended ; meaning neither big nor small cattle were to be seen.

" What about —— Farm ? " I asked, naming one on which I knew changes had taken place.

" I used to work there " cried the older man. " But that's something different now ".

" A Scotchman took it, didn't he ? "

" Ay. He fenced all the land in, dug seven new ponds, and laid water on to every field. That cost something ".

" A sheep farmer ? "

" He keep a man and two dogs—that's all. But they two dogs know something. You never hear him shout at they. He give a whistle and they bring the sheep right before the master ; the one stand as might be as near as I be to you, and the other drive the sheep one by one between the dog and the master while he count them ".

" Any other stock ? "

" He keep a lot of cows. But he don't milk they ; they calve out in the field same as the ewes lamb, and he buy calves to run on the cows along of their own, and he run them like that as though they were a flock of sheep. And when the calves are grown he sell them, and let the cows dry themselves off ".

The keeper said " You never hear any of the things calling out, night or day. Wonderful quiet that place is ".

" Now his neighbour, he's just as different again. He've been having his land tore up by that there gyro-tiller. That work night and day, and if that's in a field near where your house stand you don't sleep a mite. That's got two lights same as might be

two eyes at the back, and same as another looking forrard. And the ground, why that seem to regular jumble like water behind that there thing ".

" That's wholly put the steam tackles out of business ".

" Tackles is all right, but farmers can't do without horses yet. Look, there's twelve at work down there ".

" I see it like this ", the keeper summed up. " A farmer breed a colt and break it in. Now while that's working for him and in the full vigour that's growing into money. He buy a tractor—I know that'll do twice the work of horses—but as soon as that's in his field, afore that's turned a furrow, that's not worth so much as he give for it not by pounds. And all these machinery things are like that ".

At that moment the older man hoisted himself up, and, as though that had helped him to see, cried " They're got to Dodnash, look ! "

We looked : the landscape seemed as empty as before.

" There's a bit like a speck of something just this side the corner of the wood—d'you see ? "

Straining our eyes we saw a black speck : the keeper saw it too. " That's a horseman ".

We feasted our eyes on him. He did not move.

The older man let himself slowly down on his stick again, remaining propped on it, stiffly stretched out.

Said the keeper at last, " We found three badgers in the wood last Saturday ".

" So I heered ", said the other.

" Lord knows where they come from. There ain't been no badgers about here for twenty years to *my* knowledge. We thought they must be foxes when we looked at the earth, but then we knew they weren't foxes by the work. So we dug, and there were two badgers and they'd one young one ".

" What did you do with them ? " I asked, guessing the inevitable answer.

" We shot the two and the dog killed the young 'un ".

" Do they do such a great lot of damage, just three badgers on the whole estate ? "

" It's like this ", explained the keeper. " The old master he like hunting ; the young master he *must* have birds for his

friends : he only think of the gun. Now how can you have birds and foxes ? There's got to be foxes for the hounds, and birds for the guns . . . I've got my job cut out. And then come they badgers . . ."

" Can't say as ever I see a badger alive " remarked the older man, still watching the speck. " But the barber he tell me their fur's worth for ever of money for shaving brushes ".

" You don't say that ? If only I'd a-known ".

" Yes, I confirmed, " all the best shaving brushes are made of badger ".

" Lor'—and they'd lovely fur " said the keeper.

" What did you do with them ? " asked his friend.

" Buried 'em ".

" Ah well ".

" But only the day before yesterday ". He clutched at a hope. " I could dig 'em up again ".

" Look ! " cried the other, swinging to his feet ; " there's *two* now ".

We looked. Yes, there were two specks. They moved, or seemed to move, first near together, then further apart.

" They keep havering about : there'll be a stir afore long ".

We waited, but nothing further happened, and our tension of staring relaxed once more.

" Ah well, 'tis the first of spring to-day ", said the older man, and sat down on the violets.

MOVING SOUTH

By Horace Thorogood

THAT "Industry is moving South" is one of those facts that are notorious without being deeply realized. For the movement is gradual, there is no dramatic mass transference from one half of the country to the other. It does happen, however, that the southward march has made an incidental concentration at one point, and by so doing afforded a striking object-lesson in what it is going to mean to the hitherto unindustrialized South. This point is the town of Luton, in Bedfordshire. The situation created there is like a problem play in which a general phenomenon is shown at work in a particular instance.

The reasons why the role of concrete example has fallen to Luton are plain enough. It was already an industrial town, in the qualified Southern sense of the term. Ever since James I's time, when that king transplanted there from Scotland the colony of Lorraine straw-plaiters brought over by Queen Mary, Luton has been the seat of the English straw-plait industry. Large fortunes were made by Luton hat manufacturers, and to this day the same brand of utilitarian Liberalism which characterized the manufacturing towns of the North in the time of John Bright lingers there. But today, the straw-hat industry is in course of being superseded in importance by the engineering, chemical, automobile, and other younger industries. The unemployment so rife everywhere else has been negligible here.

Not surprisingly, then, the name of this exceptionally-favoured place has, during the last few years, become very familiar to the unfortunate inhabitants of the depressed areas. Employment was readily found by those who, trekking South—or, from the Welsh coal valleys, east—in search of work, had halted there. They wrote home with the news and sent for their families. Their letters were shown round and discussed, until the fame of

Luton started a sort of gold rush. About eighteen months ago, streams of immigrants from the idle shipbuilding and engineering works of the Clyde, the Tyne, and the Mersey, and from the dismal coalfields of Durham, Yorkshire, and South Wales, began to converge on the town. In 1935, 10,000 had arrived, including women and children. And the influx goes on.

Thus it comes about that the visitor to Luton today finds a scene of anomaly, contrast, and, behind it, crisis.

In this town in the heart of rural Bedfordshire, county of broad-speaking folk where little Bunyans are still being christened John, he hears of an evening more Scottish and North-country dialect than anything else, varied frequently by Welsh. He finds a confusion of peoples—strangers from utterly different environments, with sharply-contrasted habits, settling down among a native population who do not cordially appreciate them.

The external effect that strikes the visitor first is the prevalence of the unfamiliar accents.

"Tur-r-n richt by yon traffic-lichts, and it's a wee way doon", answered the man of whom I asked a direction on leaving the station. After an hour in the town, it was surprising if, on passing a group of young people gossiping, the same Scottish accents did not fall on my ears. In the Town Council offices later on, it was the open-vowelled Bedfordshire speech of the clerks that seemed strange.

Something queer about the aspect of the streets also will strike the visitor. Luton is not pretty. It has none of the homely, cosy attractiveness of the usual Southern town, being just a welter of buildings that are ugly when they are not merely dull.

But what is definitely foreign to it is the appearance at every main street corner of those loose groups of silent loafers which are a familiar feature of most Northern industrial towns. They stand with hands in pockets, collarless, staring blankly about them, exchanging brief words at long intervals. It is the inherited habit of the dwellers in Scottish "closes" and sea-port tenements and colliery village slums, unused to home life, because such homes have neither room nor attraction for them. Luton people dislike it, and not without reason, for the corner groups sometimes fall out with one another, and then there is fighting, conducted sometimes in the savage gang-fashion of

Glasgow, with razor-blades and knives. Coming largely from the Clyde, the contingent from Scotland includes a good proportion of Irish, and Glasgow will know what that means.

The municipal problems created by the influx begin to be regarded with anxiety by the ratepayers. With a population increasing at the pace of 10,000 a year, it is obvious that the services which sufficed before the immigration began must be suffering a serious pressure. And so they are. The situation, in fact, has taken the town authorities by surprise, for which they cannot be blamed. They are faced with the urgent need of considerable expansion in all departments.

Deficiency is most marked in housing. Most of the new houses have been built by private enterprise and do not aim at working-class tenants. So the majority of the newcomers have to squeeze in where they can, and there is consequently a good deal of overcrowding. The trains from the North constantly unload the wives, children, and more distant relatives of men who have got work in the town, and they have to be tucked away in already congested premises. There are as many as seventeen in a house. Also, the men, who probably paid 5s. a week rent where they came from, will take the new houses at 17s. 6d. to £1 a week on wages averaging, say, 45s., and let as many rooms in them as they can. Slum clearances are in danger of being balanced by new slum creations.

So there is much to do in house-building. The drainage system and the street-lighting are also undergoing large extensions. A new hospital is to be built. New open spaces are required. The newcomers have much larger families than the native Lutonians, whose women, being numerously employed in the hat factories, are not prolific mothers; and temporary premises have had to be converted into school-rooms while new schools are being erected.

The Industrial South of the future may learn from these facts what material problems await it. But other problems, no less disturbing, are involved. For industrialism, changing from one area to another, means also an infusion of new population following the movement of employment, with its consequent upsetting of social, religious, and political values. It can be predicted, from the experience of Luton, that there will be a stern wrestle

between what amount almost to two different civilizations. No doubt the South, different in climate, scenery, and tradition from the North, richer in the comforts and amenities that do so much to soften asperity, and close to the microcosm of the world that London is, will conquer and naturalize the invaders in time; but there will be an interregnum of clash when many details will suffer change. Similarly with politics. The invaders of Luton have not yet had time to exercise an important influence on elections, but there are already sufficient new voters—practically all Labour—to make it very doubtful whether the long Liberal tradition of the town is not overthrown for good.

Perhaps that is the sharpest portent of all. An industrialized South will have to brace itself to meet a rougher challenge from democracy than it has been accustomed to.

THE LITERARY CAFES OF PARIS

By N. Scarlyn Wilson

PARIS, bereft of its cafés, would be unimaginable. These institutions have played throughout history a notable part in the social and political life of France. They have also been closely associated with literature and art, and their influence in this connection goes back far beyond the seventeenth century, when coffee was first introduced, to the Middle Ages when men of letters forgathered in the taverns to talk and take their ease, while, in the quaint phrase of Prynne, the Puritan pamphleteer, " refocillating their wasted energies " with food and wine.

It was in 1603 that Walter Raleigh established a poets' club at the Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street, to which on the first Friday of each month came Shakespeare, Donne, Inigo Jones, Francis Beaumont and many others. In Paris there were no such pre-arranged meetings, but literary history makes mention of the taverns two centuries earlier than this. It was from the Mule in the Rue Saint Jacques that Master François Villon issued forth, with four companions, one night just before Christmas, 1456, to rob the Collège de Navarre. But his favourite haunt was the Pomme de Pin, whose windows of coarse glass or oiled linen looked out on to the Rue de la Juiverie, just opposite the Madeleine Church in the Cité. The landlord, in his time, was Robin Turgis, who was doubtless the victim, on occasion, of Villon's ingenious efforts to get wine long after his credit, though not his thirst, was exhausted. In the seventeenth century the host was Crenet, whom Boileau mentions in his Third Satire. In the interim, such men as Rabelais and Mathurin Régnier, the satirist, had visited the tavern, but it was in the early part of the seventeenth century that the Pomme de Pin became more than ever the resort of a motley collection of authors.

The list of the minor tavern poets is a long one, but most of

them are, at best, only remembered by an occasional poem in an anthology. There were 5,000, or more, taverns in Paris, and many of them were far from being mere drinking dens. The larger ones supplied food as well, though the fare consisted mainly of seasoned and salted dishes artfully designed to provoke thirst. The habitués of such places were not just tipplers. The tavern was for them both a restaurant and a club. However lean the purse might be, good conversation was cheap, and Molière, Racine, and La Fontaine all found their way into the Pomme de Pin.

The first shop where coffee was sold in Paris was opened in 1643 by a Levantine, near the Petit Châtelet, and had only a brief existence. Seventeen years later both Mazarin and the Marshal de Gramont brought men from Italy to illustrate the means of preparing tea, chocolate, and coffee, all new and strange beverages. Armenians tried to create a taste for them, not wholly without success, for in the doggerel gazette known as *La Muse de Cour* (December 2nd, 1666) Subligny wrote of the merits and defects of coffee. Three years afterwards Louis XIV received a deputation from the Ottoman Empire which, though politically unproductive, was later responsible for the burlesque ballet in " Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme ". Moreover, the emissary, Soliman Aga, offered coffee to his visitors, and in this way the new beverage was made known to the court.

Coffee houses sprang up in different parts of Paris. An Armenian, named Pascal, opened one at the Foire Saint Germain, and when the fair closed as usual on Palm Sunday, he moved his business to the Quai des Écoles (Quai du Louvre) where he sold his coffee at 2 sous 6 deniers a cup. The venture failed, and he departed to tempt fortune in London.

It was then that Francesco Procopio dei Coltelli, a Palerman, or possibly a Florentine, came on the scene. Originally an assistant of Pascal, he stayed in Paris after his employer's departure to England, and, following a brief sojourn in the Rue de Tournon, settled in 1686 in the Rue des Fossés Saint-Germain.

The accommodation in the old taverns had been poor : the company often suspect. But in this new establishment the walls were hung with mirrors—then a great luxury. Marble-topped tables stood on the floor Cut-glass chandeliers hung from the

ceiling. The seating was comfortable; a large stove warmed the room, and, round the pipe leading from it, notices were fixed bearing the news of the day. The success of the Café Procope was assured!

From that moment the use of coffee spread rapidly, though there were still some who viewed it askance. Malebranche considered it an excellent purgative, while Saint-Simon condemned the future Regent, not only for his revelling and his blasphemy, but also for the incredible number of cups which he drank "of this pernicious liquid, fit at the best for the very dregs of the people". Voltaire, whose health was none too good, shared with the Duc d'Orléans the taste for coffee, but in his day it was only drunk after it had been well diluted and boiled ten times, and was therefore far weaker and less bitter than the modern drink. It was taken with milk by some as early as 1685, but it was only about 1760 that it came to be prepared by infusion.

The popularity of the Café Procope was responsible for the establishment of many others. By 1723 there were 380 in Paris; by the end of the century, 1788; and seven years later the number had increased to 4,000.

Many of these cafés quickly assumed a character of their own, and some of them retained it over a long period, despite political events, chance, and the fickleness or caprice of the public. Thus the Café Bidaut was the resort of chess-players, the Café des Boucheries the haunt of theatrical folk, especially at Easter, when managers assembled there to engage their companies. The Café Hardy was frequented by Bourse speculators, and the Café Marion, in the Rue de Valois, one of the oldest in Paris, was patronized by writers.

But among all the cafés of Paris the Procope was for long supreme. d'Alembert and Beaumarchais were constant visitors. Crébillon, the writer of horrific tragedies, went there often, accompanied sometimes by stray dogs, which he fed and took home in order to teach them tricks, subsequently turning into the street again those that did not prove sufficiently apt pupils.

Voltaire was seldom there, and once his presence passed unnoticed, for he put on the soutane of a priest and sat in a corner for an hour and a-half, so as to learn the candid opinion of the

frequenters on his tragedy "Sémiramis", which had had its première the night before. Rousseau visited the Procope on his return from the court performance, at Fontainebleau, of his operetta "Le Devin du Village." Thirty years later he was seen at the Café de la Régence, where such throngs of people gathered to see him that the police were obliged to forbid him to show himself in public places.

The Régence, at the corner of the Rue Saint Honoré and the Place du Palais Royal, was for a long time the only serious rival to the Procope. In 1777, its clientèle included Chamfort, Marmontel, Le Sage, and Franklin, and it was here that Diderot was first introduced to Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, newspapers, both French and foreign, were available for the use of café customers, but in the early days it was the almost total lack of newspapers, which are now such a feature of café life, that contributed to the success of the cafés, and made them centres for the exchange of news. Semi-professional gossips went from one to the other, and in his novel "La Valise Trouvée" (1740) Lesage drew a picture both of a typical café and of the *nouvellistes* who haunted it.

As early as 1721 Montesquieu saw the significance of this feature of café life. In his "Lettres Persanes" he makes his mouthpiece, Usbek, remark: "If I were the ruler of this land, I would close the cafés, for those who frequent them exalt their brains dangerously. I would rather see them get drunk in a tavern. There they would only harm themselves, but the intoxication they find in the café makes them dangerous for the future of the country".

La Reynie, the Lieutenant-General of Police, realized this danger, and saw to it that the cafés should be freely visited by spies, who brought all suspicious or seditious talk to his notice. It was probably the presence of spies that made Voltaire so chary of going to cafés, and Marmontel and his friends devised a code in order to be able to carry on their philosophical arguments. Thus, the soul was "Margot"; liberty, "Jeanneton"; and God, "M. de l'Etre". One day a listening spy asked: "Who is this M. de l'Etre who has behaved badly so often, and against whom you have such a grudge?"

"A police spy", was the bland answer. In some such way

are critics of the Fascist regime in Italy wont to refer to Mussolini.

But police supervision and counter propaganda by the Government were not enough to still the murmur of criticism which swelled suddenly into an overwhelming roar. For twenty years literature was a secondary preoccupation, and politics the absorbing theme. The Palais Royal became *le camp des patriotes*, and the Café Foy, ceased to be the resort of aristocrats, and became a storm-centre of the Revolution, with Camille Desmoulins haranguing the crowd from a table-top, while Robespierre, still biding his time, played chess at the Café de la Régence, and ate quantities of oranges for the good of his complexion.

The feverish years of the Revolution, the Directory, and the First Empire over, the cafés ceased largely to be a focus of extreme political agitation. The centre of amusement shifted to the Boulevards, a process rendered easier by the improved paving, and by the introduction of gas lighting in the streets, which was a great attraction.

Famous among the cafés of the Boulevard de Gand (now the Rue Drouot) was Tortoni's, at which Ballanche, the mystical writer, breakfasted daily on bread and Brie cheese, washed down with innumerable cups of tea, before going by omnibus, in his black coat and white cravat, to the Rue de Sèvres to spend the day with Mme. Récamier and Chateaubriand.

Equally well known was the Café du Divan, in the Rue le Peletier, frequented by Théophile Gautier, Berlioz, Gérard de Nerval, and Balzac. It was from here that Henry Monnier, a practical joker as well as a brilliant caricaturist, one evening virtually drove a bourgeois couple, by pretending to be the city executioner and indulging in appalling reminiscences of his pretended calling.

At the corner of the Rue Marivaux stood the Café Anglais, at first a humble place, patronized by impecunious English officers after the Napoleonic campaign. But its rise to prominence was rapid, since it was here that Balzac placed an episode of " Père Goriot ", which was supposed to occur in 1819. The most frequent visitor at this and other cafés between midnight and one o'clock in the morning, was the celebrated Nestor Roqueplan, at one time the editor of the *Figaro*, at others successively director of the Opéra, the Opéra Comique, the Nouveautés, the Variétés, and the Châtelet, and throughout his career a great gourmet, a notable wit, and a sprightly observer of contemporary life.

The Café Momus, opposite the office of the *Journal des Débats*, was the haunt of Murger and his friends, Wallon and Schaun, who appeared as Colline and Schaunard, respectively, in *La Vie de Bohême*. This trio, with their associates, more or less forcibly expelled the bourgeois of the quarter from the café. Presently, however, and, one imagines, to the relief of the owner, they withdrew to the Café Génin, in the Rue Vavin, the *dame du comptoir* of which attained a certain notoriety on the ground of having formerly been the mistress of Fieschi, the would-be assassin of Louis-Philippe.

It is worthy of note, in passing, that, whilst some café or other was the centre of most political or literary movements, this was not true of the Romantics. Theirs was a literature of the salons rather than of the cafés, and their meetings took place either at Hugo's house in the Place Royale, at Mme. Récamier's, or in Nodier's salon at the Arsenal.

The taste for beer rendered the brasseries, for a time, more important than the cafés, though the two soon became indistinguishable. Under the Second Empire, one of the chief resorts of writers and artists was the Brasserie des Martyrs. Here Baudelaire and Claude Monet were generally to be found, though it was actually at the Lemblin that a friend suggested " Les Fleurs du Mal " as a title for Baudelaire's poems.

The Procope, now lit by gas, its famous mirrors replaced by portraits of eighteenth century celebrities, still endeavoured to keep its place in a changing city. Anatole France went there in his youth. But the most eminent habitué was Gambetta, who talked and argued incessantly. When his friends grew weary, he would fall back for an audience on strangers, and once talked passionately for two hours to a couple of men, only to find at the close of his exposition that they were deaf mutes. Even Gambetta's eloquence, however, could not save the Procope. Its glory had departed, and the younger generation preferred newer and noisier cafés.

Absinthe-drinking, brought to France by troops who had taken part in the conquest of Algeria, a practice now forbidden, was at one time widespread. It was at the Divan that Alfred de

Mussset imbibed the sinister mixture of beer, brandy, and absinthe which hastened his end. At the Café de la Source, Verlaine, with his unhappy associate, Arthur Rimbaud, drank it to excess, and it was to meet Verlaine here that Moréas, his most fervent admirer, brought Pierre Louys, the author of the erotic masterpieces *Aphrodite* and *Woman and Puppet*, André Gide, and Henri de Régnier. For the last fifteen years of his life Verlaine spent most of the time, when he was not in hospital, dreaming, drinking, discussing, and chattering at the cafés, and every Saturday evening, at the Café Voltaire (Place de l'Odéon) he presided over an assembly of such men as Rodin, Gauguin, Maurice Barrès, and others more or less connected or in sympathy with the Symbolist movement. At about the same time the painters, Manet, Pissarro, and Degas, were frequenting the celebrated Chat Noir.

In the early years of the twentieth century, Montmartre was still a genuine centre of artistic life. The Rat Mort was the rendezvous of contributors to the *Courrier Français*, but the most crowded of all in the quarter was the famous Lapin Agile, kept by Frédéric, and the resort of Carco, whose books on apache life are well known, and of Roland Dorgèles, who shares with the late Henri Barbusse the distinction of inaugurating the long list of realistic " War " books. It was Dorgèles who hit on the idea of getting the host's donkey to brush a canvas with its tail dipped in paint. The result, grandiloquently entitled " Sunset over the Adriatic ", was triumphantly exhibited at the Salon des Indépendants, and was duly praised by a considerable number of art-critics !

Montmartre and Montparnasse are now only shadows of what they were. The Boulevards, too, have lost much of their character. Voisin's, for instance, is no more. This does not mean that the literary café does not exist, but it is hard to find, and its atmosphere has changed. The drunkard who was also a genius, has vanished, and his successor at the table may well be a drinker of orange juice. But the café, literary or purely social, though superficially different, remains fundamentally the same. It is seemingly eternal, and for good reason : " A man can find everything in a café, even happiness ".

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

A Monthly Commentary

The Young King

AFTER a funeral ceremony in which the leading figures were more widely observed than has ever before been known or been possible in the world, one note seems to have run through the comment of all onlookers. All the world was sorry for the young King. King Edward's subjects think of him as young, though Napoleon and Wellington were only a little older when they met at Waterloo. But the English education, of which he is a typical example, produces and almost desires (everywhere but in the Navy) a slow development. He is young in fact ; and unless all public belief is wholly in error, unless also his bearing at that ceremony misled all eyes, he comes unwillingly to his great and undefined responsibilities. He is far away, seemingly, from Prince Henry's soliloquy, when by the old King's bedside he put on the crown—vacant as he believed—

> Lo ! here it sits
> Which heaven shall guard, and put the world's whole strength
> Into one giant arm, it shall not force
> This lineal honour from me.

At all events, it is a far cry from King Henry's IV's reproach :

> Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair ?

The people of England are in love with sincere modesty. They think that the King would have preferred for himself a less terribly conspicuous place of service ; but they have entire confidence that he will bring into this new dignity the same energy and alacrity, and the same desire to serve, that he showed when

Prince of Wales. Yet it is with a touch of sympathy, even of compassion, that they wish him well.

His reign has begun at a critical stage in the attempt to define the liberties of civilization. Not only to define, but to establish them; for they are challenged. Civilization, it is not denied, has the right to form a League whose purpose is to protect its members against aggression. Collective security, it has been pointed out by that very able Spanish statesman, Señor Madariaga, is a secondary object, attained by creating collective protection. That primary object may be attained by collective agreement to abstain from aggression: but if and when agreement is violated, collective protection becomes necessary. It is sometimes argued that the League is a nullity because the United States refuses to join, and the Monroe doctrine implies that the States will not allow anyone else to protect freedom on the American continent. This goes beyond the truth. The League of Nations intervened, to some extent, though to little purpose, in the Chaco dispute. There was no protest from the United States. Suppose the League had decided to name one of the combatants as the aggressor, and had then called upon its members to impose economic sanctions against the aggressor, is it conceivable that the United States would have resented and resisted this as a breach of the Monroe doctrine? I think not. The United States would probably—indeed, certainly—have left its citizens free to supply the aggressor, but no more. Yet military intervention would have raised more serious questions.

The Oil Embargo

In the Italo-Abyssinian dispute we are faced with the fact that Italy claims the right to say how far the nations in the League may use their right to refuse supplies. An organized refusal, if it extends to oil, will be treated, we are told, as an act of war. If the League submits to this limitation, then the liberties of civilization are singularly restricted. The aggressor, after aggression has been committed and defined as aggression, may threaten war against the Power or Powers that he chooses to regard as responsible for the League's action; and the League, in its abhorrence of war, will have recognized it as its duty, and its interest, to submit.—There is, however, this one limiting fact: Italy, judging by the previous cases, the Chaco and China, could not, or anyhow did not, foresee this organized refusal. The position is not the same as if the circumstances of aggression had been laid down in advance.

"Encirclement" of Germany

There is the further case of a Power which threatens aggression, which refuses to abandon the pretension to pursue its objects by force, and equips itself openly (or secretly) with the means to do so. If Powers within the League organize among themselves the means for prompt resistance to such aggression, the threatening Power protests against "alliances" directed against it. It talks of "encirclement". Some advocates of peace and of the League protest against arrangements that can be so described. Mr. Lloyd George protests against the encirclement of Germany. Now, Germany is surrounded on all sides by States which belong to the League, and which are not disarmed. Germany, by its own choice outside the League, becomes a sort of island. Is Germany, or is Europe, responsible for Europe's attitude to Germany? Is it necessary that those Powers which, if Germany undertook an act of aggression, would have to cope with it, should refrain from making such arrangements as will ensure that resistance shall be at once formidable? If so, the liberties of civilization are again notably curtailed.

It is in this light that not only the question of refusing to supply oil ought to be considered, but also the further question of making provision against possible acts of aggression in the east of Europe. Indeed, that is perhaps too narrow a statement of the object. *The Times*, which does not deal in sensational journalism, published on February 7th an article concerning the increase of military and naval outlay which Holland feels called upon to undertake. The same article indicates the very material facts which have pressed Dutch statesmen to this very unwelcome increase of burdens on their taxpayers. There could indeed be no stronger symptom of the anxiety which presses upon Europe; East and West, Great Britain and France have their full share.

Immediate danger lies, of course, in the Italian quarter. It is

now settled, the world has full warning, that if Italy strikes at either England or France, the attack will call out both these Powers, and the ultimate issue cannot be doubtful. But the initiative would rest with Italy, and public opinion should realize that great damage might be inflicted.

Limits of British Action

The other topic which preoccupies men's minds is the question: what would Germany do if Italy decided to run amok? France, above all, wants to know how far, in that case, English support against aggression would be forthcoming. The answer seems plain if aggression were directed against France, Belgium, or Holland. But suppose that in such a case Germany proceeded to militarize the demilitarized zone by the Rhine in contravention of all engagements. How far would English opinion support an English government in resistance? No further certainly than the League of Nations would authorize. Or again, if aggression took place in the East of Europe, defined as aggression by the League, what could be expected of England? It seems as though the present Italo-Abyssinian dispute presents an answer. England might probably lay down as a general rule that where the League defined an aggressor, England would on principle join in imposing economic sanctions, provided the League at large took the same course. Military action could only be counted on where a British interest was clearly affected, and only against an aggressor. But France, which with England stands at the head of those Powers that seek collective security by collective protection, must be free to organize other means of joint action where she cannot count on England. In other words, a Franco-Russian pact is just as necessary to civilization as an Anglo-French one. Colonel de Watteville's article elsewhere in this REVIEW is for that reason rather reassuring than alarming. We have advanced a considerable way in the past six months. The League of Nations can be counted upon to denounce an aggressor. Action, up to a point, has followed, though it has not yet been made clear that such economic action may be undertaken as a duty —that all states joining in it will be protected. In practice a clear distinction is drawn between military and non-military sanctions. It is recognized also that resistance by military force

to aggression is fully compatible with the League's principles. The peace of Europe seems to depend on the spread of a conviction that an aggression will meet with strong military resistance from any power in the League which feels itself specially affected, and this resistance will be backed by economic sanctions, imposed by all members. But the essential is that everyone shall know this in advance.

No Ill Will to Germany

Herr Hitler's chief spokesman announces to the world that he for his part prefers to depend "on guns" rather than on guarantees. Europe must take warning by the fact that in Germany, war is still regarded as the supreme expression of the nation's life. Further, each year in Germany the population and the army become always more closely identified, and the General Staff is more and more the Government. On the whole, this is preferable to a government by the Nazi party. But it is not believable that if an opportunity presents itself to attain an end by force, or by threat of force, the General Staff will not profit by it without considering whether it does or does not constitute an act of aggression. The limit to that disposition will be a knowledge that grave impediments to attainment exist. If as a consequence Germany feels herself encircled, that is matter of regret, but not for abandoning the precaution. There is no ill will to Germany, as Germany, in England. The present King, when Prince of Wales, speaking to German ex-servicemen, said that the bitter things of the last war were forgotten and forgiven. That sentence found no echo in France or Belgium—indeed, how should it?—but it truly, I think, represented the mind of the average Englishman. The things for which Germany is disliked in England date from long after the war; they are things repugnant to the English conception of a civilized freedom. They have not, however, been felt as a menace to England. But already the attitude of Germany begins to be regarded, even in England, as a menace to peace. Even the English, who do not like thinking ahead, begin to ask themselves how far it is necessary to be prepared. And in thinking out preparedness, thought must centre on German armament. That, and only that, is what people mean by the encirclement of Germany.

This is the central disturbance. Further away from the danger is Greece, where the death of a strong man, General Kondylis, has perhaps made the restored king's task more desperate—and perhaps made it easier. A stronger and stabler Greece would make the Mediterranean problem more tractable; and Greece is gaining strength. But along the line of the Danube, all countries have political barometers that run up and down. Czechoslovakia, governed since the war by the most practical idealists that Europe of our time has produced, contributes by its poise and clear outlook to steady things; Rumania also appears comparatively free from nerves; but Yugoslavia, with its Croat problem unresolved, keeps the balance dancing. It is not reasonable, it is not just, that any of these Succession States should claim the right to say how unhappy Austria should or should not be governed; but owing to the Croat difficulty, Yugoslavia is violently opposed to a Habsburg restoration; and when representatives of these lesser Danubian Powers were parleying in Paris, on their way back, presumably, from other parleys in London, the Archduke Otto thought to advance the Habsburg chances by adding himself to the council; and the hope of a common policy uniting the interests of the Little Entente with those of Austria and of Hungary is deferred in a way to make any heart sick. Decision is postponed as to the orientation of Danubian hopes and fears. Between Italy and the League of Nations, with France and England leading it, choice was not uncertain. But does the future lie with the League or with Germany? Which conception is to prevail? The rule of law or the rule of force? Guns or guarantees? As things are, only one fact is certain: there must be an adequate provision of guns behind the guarantees, and behind the guns, a publicly announced determination of all who stand for the League to refuse all supplies and services to the aggressor.

Guns or Guarantees

Scotland has been kind to two very distinguished Scots; the return of the MacDonalds makes pleasant chronicling. Scotland will also enjoy the ironic touch by which the ex-Prime Minister owes his seat to that university representation which he once proposed to abolish. Democracy, like other things, can die of too much logic: Mr. MacDonald is providentially saved from the rigidity of his own principles.

No other writer of the first rank in our day reached so wide a range of readers as Kipling, and very few have had so much effect on the mind of England. Or rather, perhaps, he gave utterance to the dominant mood of England in a full-blooded period in her history; both political history and the history of literature will see in him the spokesman of England between Queen Victoria's Jubilee and the close of the Boer War. There were two strains in him: the journalist and the poet, and the journalist on occasion exploited deplorably the poet's gift for writing verse that would be remembered. But the poet, who lay deepest in that mixed nature, insisted on finding a poetic reason for the desire which then became a rage in England. "What I want, is to see all that pink on the map", was the vulgar expression: Kipling turned it into a theory of the "White Man's Burden", and Mary Kingsley, who usually read her Kipling with delight, raged against this perversion of truth. England, she held, did not go abroad and occupy country in philanthropic care for the nations, but to secure markets for her own English people: this involved certain duties, carried out as a matter of justice. But Mary Kingsley had her roots in the English commonalty: Kipling had his in that singular society of a few thousand picked English folk whose whole existence presupposed their right to govern as many millions of Indians. His patriotism, the leading motive of so much that he wrote, was for an abstract England, England the imperial Power. "What do they know of England who only England know?" He accepted so fully the conception of Englishmen ruling everywhere by right divine that much in his work jars. I can imagine an English-speaking Malay reading Conrad's tales with no less pleasure than any European, but I cannot feel that any Indian would have that enjoyment of Kipling. Even in his *Ballads of East and West*, a thing as good as any of Walter Scott's, he writes, it is true, of the Border robber as Sir Walter of the Lowland Scot might have written of a Highland cateran; yet in the end the Eastern brigand sends his son to be part of the Western police. Or, again, in *Kim*

The Two Kiplings

(though in honesty I must say that this has never lessened my enchantment) the story that he tells is the making of a secret agent. Kim is to be a spy. The very attractive Afghan horse dealer is a spy, over and above his trade—and Kipling likes him the more for it. Yet, whatever Indians may feel about this wonderful book, no European reader can have an unkind thought of the writer who created Kim's old lama. In that figure is all the best of Kipling, the best of his interpretation of the East.

Kim* and the *Jungle Book

By *Kim* and by the *Jungle Book* he came in his lifetime to hold rank as a foreign classic in France. Anybody who puts his work to the crucial test of reading it aloud will find these books gain by it, and even by a second reading: whereas in the stories of Anglo-Indian life, *Soldiers Three* and the rest, the same test at once shows the commoner streak, which was the journalist's, breaking in. *Kim* and the *Jungle Book* are each in themselves all of a piece, work of pure imagination; in the others, journalistic memory will every now and then obtrude some image, or some phrase, that has not passed through the transmuting fusion. Yet what a deal the poet owed to the journalist's insatiable curiosity, and insistence on familiarity with every detail of what he observed, and on the right name for every object! Kipling possessed the whole English language if ever a man did in our time. I belong to the generation that discovered Kipling for itself; I can remember when and where I first picked up *Plain Tales from the Hills* knowing nothing of book or author, and read *The Taking of Lung Tung Pen*. I can remember being reproved by a person of culture for maintaining that *Departmental Ditties* had passages in it of true poetry. I can remember scandalizing a literary society which had listened to a superior person's discourse on "The Decay of English Fiction" by maintaining that two young men, called Rudyard Kipling and J. M. Barrie, were driving the heavy artillery out of the field with their short stories. Since then, the vogue of both these writers has far passed my anticipations, and now the superior persons begin again to be heard in disparagement. But on the whole, if out of the books of the last fifty years I had to pick my candidate for immortality, I incline to think that it would be *Kim*.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A CHALLENGE TO ORTHODOXY

By Professor Arnold Plant

THE GENERAL THEORY OF UNEMPLOYMENT, INTEREST AND MONEY, by John Maynard Keynes. *Macmillan.* 5*s.*

What will impress the general reader most forcibly about Mr. Keynes's new treatise is the opening paragraph, in which this eminent economist, editor of the journal of the Royal Economic Society, solemnly condemns orthodox theory, "which dominates the economic thought, both practical and theoretical, of the governing and academic classes of this generation, as it has for a hundred years past", as "misleading and dangerous if we attempt to apply it to the facts of experience". The book is issued at a price destined to give it a circulation far beyond the ranks of economists. True, "the general public, though welcome at the debate, are only eavesdroppers", for Mr. Keynes writes primarily to convert his fellow economists to heresy, and the ordinary reader will follow little beyond the passages of rhetoric and ridicule. The atmosphere of the public meeting may be intended to provoke thought in unaccustomed places, "for in the field of economic and political philosophy there are not many who are influenced by new theories after they are twenty-five or thirty years of age", but the move was a bold one, for Mr. Keynes's mind travels quickly, and if he should come to recant, a grave and lasting disservice may have been done to economic science.

Only early impressions from a first reading can yet be set down. General interest will probably centre on Mr. Keynes's practical conclusions. He believes firstly that those who wish to use direct taxation—income tax and surtax and death duties—in this country to reduce inequality of wealth and income need no longer fear repercussions upon the supply of savings. Secondly, he favours state action to lower the rate of interest. Thirdly, we might aim at an increase in the volume of capital until it ceases to be scarce, so that the functionless investor will no longer receive a bonus". "But beyond this no obvious case is made out for a system of State Socialism" . . . . "If our central controls succeed in establishing an aggregate volume of output corresponding to full employment as near as practicable, the classical theory comes into its own again from this point onwards" . . . . "There will still remain a wide field for the exercise of private initiative and responsibility. Within this field the traditional advantages of individualism will still hold good. . . . Individualism, if it can be purged of its defects and its abuses, is the best safeguard of personal liberty in the sense that, compared with

any other system, it greatly widens the field for the exercise of personal choice". Mr. Keynes's belief in orthodox economics remains so strong that it is the purpose of his political proposals to secure such alterations in the facts of experience as are in his opinion necessary to fit the theory.

Wherein lie the errors of the classical economists? Firstly, says Mr. Keynes, in that their theory assumes full employment. But if he will re-read (as I did recently at the suggestion of Professor Lionel Robbins) the essay on *The Influence of Consumption upon Production* written over a century ago by John Stuart Mill, he will find it argued that because of errors due to imperfect foresight it is normally the case that some producers ought to be contracting their operations while others expand, and that if all are extending their operations it is a certain proof that some general delusion is afloat. Again Mr. Keynes alleges that the orthodox theory concerning the relation between wages and employment is erroneous. (His own presentation suffers incidentally through an unnecessary preoccupation with the "marginal disutility of labour", for the behaviour of workers can be adequately explained in terms of available alternatives.) The orthodox theory is *inter alia* at pains to exhibit the causes of rigidity of individual wage rates and its effect on mobility and earnings. But to Mr. Keynes, such analysis reveals the "inexperienced person", for when practical policy is in question it is precisely changes in relative real wages which are resisted by Trade Unions. "With the actual practices and institutions of the contemporary world it is more expedient to aim at a rigid money-wage policy than at a flexible policy". A rise in prices secured by central action will, he argues, both reduce the burden of debt and diminish real wages without being resisted. These judgments of political expediency nevertheless in no way invalidate the classical analysis of the effects of monopoly restriction in preventing the poorer workers from improving their relative position, and in hindering the attainment of mobility and flexibility which would increase employment without necessarily lowering the average wage-rate at all.

If Mr. Keynes's colleagues are not all converted, he must attach part of the blame to his new terminology. Definitions introduced in his *Treatise on Money* are now largely superseded. In the discussions of employment, employment is reduced on Marxian lines to standard labour units, the money wage of which is called a wage-unit; and aggregate employment is taken as a measure of real income. Confusion inevitably arises when employment is measured in money wage-units which themselves are liable to fluctuation, and on occasion (e.g., p. 172) it is not certain that Mr. Keynes has remembered his own terminology. He makes too high a claim for his important definition of money Income, which is carefully built up on a business-accounting basis from sales, purchases, wear and tear, and opening and closing stock. Since both the stock figures are admittedly mere valuations based on expectations of future income-yield, the resulting income figure cannot be termed "a completely unambiguous quantity". Difficulties encountered in the handling of accruing sinking funds might have been lessened by consideration of Mr. R. F. Fowler's study of *The Depreciation of Capital.*

Mr. Keynes's new definitions are largely required for a central section, which I imagine will be least readily accepted by his fellow economists, in which he makes use of the concept of the Multiplier introduced by Mr. R. F. Kahn, of King's College, Cambridge. Briefly the argument runs as follows: Imagine a community in receipt of a given income, and suppose that income to be increased by a given increment. The part of the increment which will be consumed is determined by the Marginal Propensity to Consume; the balance will be invested. The increment of income can be expressed as a multiple of the amount invested. So far Mr. Kahn. Mr. Keynes now proceeds: "It follows, therefore, that, if the consumption psychology of the community is such that they will choose to consume, e.g., nine-tenths of an increment of income, then the multiplier k is 10; and the total employment caused by (e.g.) increased public works will be ten times the primary employment provided by the public works themselves, assuming no reduction of investment in other directions". Because, *given* an increment of income, one-tenth would be invested, it is now asserted that a new investment will create ten times its amount of new income. I have still to discover in the book a demonstration of this proposition. If it were true, it might be supposed in the given case that since for the last previous increment of income the "marginal propensity to consume" would also approximate to nine-tenths, a decision by the community to save and invest an additional one-tenth of this last increment and consume only eight-tenths would also produce a corresponding increment of total income. But not so: Mr. Keynes apparently will have none of it. He excludes throughout the possibility of changes in the propensity to consume, the importance of which his own emphasis on changing "liquidity-preference" has well brought out. New investment by a government is even now apparently not excessive, despite his view that the supply of capital is already more than adequate. But, even at the margin, new investment arising from additional saving by individuals will in his view *diminish* employment and income, multiplier or no multiplier. It should be said that Mr. Keynes makes it clear that he entertains no such extravagant view of the magnitude of the multiplier applicable to public works in this country.

There is nevertheless much stimulus and instruction for economists in this book, and "orthodox" students will find much that is parallel to their own recent thinking. Mr. Keynes develops very effectively under the name of the Marginal Efficiency of Capital the same concept as Professor Irving Fisher has enunciated in his *Theory of Interest.* He draws together and skilfully elaborates current ideas concerning "liquidity preference", and educes a definition of the rate of interest as the price which those desiring liquidity have to pay to others who possess cash, in order to persuade them to part with it. Much remains to be done to link up this approach with that which stresses the function of saving in making liquid resources available to those who want them. "Interest has been usually regarded as the reward of not spending, whereas in fact it is the reward of not hoarding". Better still, it is the reward for not spending *and* not hoarding. On the more realistic side, his Chapter XII on Long Term Expectation is a brilliant discussion of the clash between speculative and investment interests on Stock Exchanges, revealing (in the criticisms and proposals it contains) the preoccupations of an insurance company chairman.

Mr. Keynes may prefer to regard himself as a heretic: certainly there is much in this volume with which his fellow economists will disagree and indeed some sections which they will deplore. But there is much also to suggest that the differences which exist arise more in the field of policy than of analysis. Economics is concerned far more with the scientific study of human behaviour than with giving opinions on matters of political expediency.

WELSH AMBASSADORS : Powys Lives & Letters, by Louis Marlow. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

BOOKS about living writers by their devoted friends are very rarely satisfactory and, indeed, are usually bad. Even when the subjects allow complete candour to the author, friends and relations generally resist. And the result is always flat, tentative and one-sided. Mr. Marlow's book on the Powys family has all these faults, and the only possible approach—that of literary criticism—he has purposely avoided for the mainly biographical one of personal reminiscence. He has been given considerably more licence to criticise than is usually given, for the Powys family are people with strong views and original habits and do not believe in concealing them. But some conventional reticence is necessary, and it is even more tiresome about the unconventional person than about the conventional. Moreover, the book is badly arranged and, but for a chapter on the alleged masochism of John Cowper Powys, is not very illuminating for all its copious use of family correspondence.

Mr. Marlow's devotion and friendship for the rather intimidating Powys family dates from over 20 years. He has loved them, quarrelled with them, put them into his novels and known their ways. To him, who presumably lacked the clan spirit, there was something impressive and fascinating in this family which was above all a clan, and he has read many aspects of their characters pretty acutely. From their Welsh blood they seem to have got a theatrical element; at least this is fairly obvious in the cases of John Cowper and Llewelyn, and the correspondence of these two, when one has the patience to wade through it, is full of those posturings which were no doubt endearing in the family circle but which are wearisome to the ordinary reader who finds himself pushed on to the stage. Theodore and Littleton (the latter, a strangely and rather admirably conventional figure which this gifted family has produced), come off best because there is less of this posturing about them. And Theodore is by far the most interesting writer. Most of the family remain peculiarly isolated from the modern world, but Theodore's isolation seems the most genuine. It has also given rise to many good stories.

It must have been plain to all who have read any of the works of these writers that their personalities present fascinating psychological material. There is a curious mixture of the simple and the monstrous in their imaginations which makes them quite unlike any other writers of distinction that we have. If literary criticism is barred and the excellent Victorian model of family portraiture is discarded, the modern biographer could have made much more than Mr. Marlow has done of some sort of psychological investigation. Not doing this and remaining undecided between spirited candour and sudden discretion Mr. Marlow has erected a considerably over-inscribed monument to his warm friendship, and one which is likely to engage the malice of the reader in search of unconscious humour.

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MURRY ON SHAKESPEARE

By STEPHEN POTTER

SHAKESPEARE, by John Middleton Murry. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

WITH all my admiration of Murry I approached this book with a kind of qualm. Would there be here yet another re-statement of Murry-Jesus, Murry-Keats, Murry-Blake? Would his Shakespeare follow former patterns, and be traced through that new seven ages of man in which descent into hell, rebirth, and final acceptance are invariables? The steps of the descent, via *Hamlet* and *Troilus*, from the certainties of *Henry IV* to the Everlasting No of *Timon*, seem ready made. And for text of the Acceptance stage there is that aside near the end of *Lear* waiting to be extracted again from the hollow-voiced inaudibility of an O.U.D.S.-like Edgar sitting uncomfortably in the midst of an Old Vic battle scene—"Ripeness is all." Such a correlation, by repeating, would lose its old power, would become formula. But this is not that kind of book. Shakespeare is interpreted more completely in Shakespeare's own terms than one would have thought possible.

The book starts quietly. It is, of course, an account of development. Some old and a few new autobiographical quotations are extracted from the plays. There is the game, which perhaps the reader will prefer to play for himself, of spotting "first authentic Shakespeare" in the earlier plays. Then the import of the sonnets is quietly, unsensationally, and, I think, truly described. It is an unemphatic book, but soon the reader feels that Shakespeare is being re-described for him, that the godlike warmth and geniality of Shakespeare has been intensified for him. The character which Murry has chosen to discover is Faulconbridge in *King John*. Cousined by Mercutio, dividing later into Falstaff and Hotspur, re-uniting in Henry V, the Bastard embodies an essence of Shakespeare, genial and reckless, royal and humane, which is complemented by the other "Shakespeare man," the man who in sooth knows not why he is so sad, the Antonio of the *Merchant*, the Feste and Jaques of the middle comedies, until—Hamlet, in whom all Shakespeares are contained or latent.

> Prince Hamlet *is* the Bastard, and Mercutio, and Benedick; he is that man, sprung from their root, debonair, generous, witty as they—the same splendid ship, but with the wind dropped from his sails.

In the chapter "Whether 'tis nobler" there is a little of the old-style Hamlet analysis. Nothing very deep, nor do I think that the verse rhythm of the opening five lines of the famous soliloquy allow the accent to be placed anywhere but on the "mind" of the second line. But there is a valuable implication in the point that Hamlet delayed out of fear of death, of the supernatural, of the undiscovered country; that at the ghost's tale each particular hair of his head really did stand on end. We forget that the reason Shakespeare is so completely for all time is *because* he was so completely of his age. As Murry says, we forget the particular in the general. In Shakespeare's age fear of the supernatural had reality, and we must remember to include this in Shakespeare's world just as we have to remember, in the historical plays, that

for Shakespeare and his contemporaries the fact of the anointed king, the divine right of kings, had a validity which it has now lost, but which forms the background to a play like *Richard II*.

From Hamlet, to Macbeth, where the meaning of the "brief candle" speech is cleared and tended. Then to Othello, where Murry speaks nearer to the truth than Bradley, who described Iago as a man delighting to make the lovers his instruments, while Murry shows Iago to be, like all machinators, a machine himself, not more than instrumental in the widening of the flaws and cracks always latent in perfect love.

But none of this is enough to explain the excited enthusiasm I feel for this book, nor the reason for the acclamation it will undoubtedly receive. My own feeling seems too obvious and simple to state. It is merely this—or no less than this. Murry's book has enabled me to re-see Shakespeare truths which I have always known. To see once more that he is different in kind from all other writers. That he is like a phenomenon of nature, that he is nature, capable of perpetually differing true interpretations. That he is a great poet. That in his completeness he achieved, among other consummations, complete Englishness. This sounds bald. If I were to particularise, I should point to Murry's ability to supercede the moral judgment, the "what a pity" attitude, in his criticism. The difficult fact, for instance, of Shakespeare's dependance on a popular audience for his success, because it is not taken for granted that this dependance is a pity, seems no pity at all: the whole bewildering problem is made comprehensible and no problem.

We are at the end of an epoch of Shakespeare criticism. The Shakespeare created by Coleridge, Shakespeare the subtle creator of character, has been submerged beneath the scientific extensions of Coleridge's followers. The pattern has become stereotyped into endless Analyses of Shakespeare's Characters, a process to which even such fairy tale creatures as Jessica or Hermia (as Murry shows) have been subjected. Coleridge saw these creations as rooted in Shakespeare, as incarnations of Shakespeare: but in the process of mechanical analysis they have been separated clean away, leaving Shakespeare standing, ghostly and anonymous, in the background. The criticism of this century must turn for the first time to Shakespeare himself. And this change Murry attempts. There is one chapter of his especially which might be made the text for this new criticism. He shows the irrelevance, in the *Merchant of Venice*, of trying to reconcile the human Shylock with the inhuman, the reality of some of the Rialto scenes with the folk-tale quality of the business of the caskets. Judged by the criterion of consistent character drawing, the play is a tangled mess. Judged by its own values—consistency of mood and balance of emphasis—the play is as right a unity as anything Shakespeare wrote.

"And wouldn't Shakespeare himself have been astounded at all the subtleties his critics have found in him?" This question is always coming to shake our faith. Can we really imagine him discussing these problems with hearty friends at the Mermaid, or arty Earls of Southampton? Murry has an answer here too, a steady reply which he repeats again and again:

> To ask whether Shakespeare meant this, is to ask a foolish question. On one level—that of deliberate and detailed contrivance—he cannot have meant it; on another level—that of imagination, and the unconscious creativeness which rejects from a given story all that impedes the manifestation of its finest potentiality and slowly adds to it all that can conduce to it—Shakespeare cannot not have meant it.

GUIDE TO PHILOSOPHY, by C. E. M. Joad. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

I AM not among those who think the highest possible praise of a book of this kind is to pronounce it as exciting as any novel; but that, for what it is worth, can certainly be said on this occasion. If Miss Sayers sells her thousands (as I have no doubt she does), Mr. Joad should sell his tens of thousands. And if, as Ovid declared, whatever delights is accounted by Jove to be righteous, then Mr. Joad has done a work of notable righteousness. His subject is the largest and the most fascinating in the world, and he brings to that subject, not only an acute intelligence, but a remarkable gift of clear exposition. Let me first of all say what this book is not. It is not a piece of potted knowledge; it is not an encyclopædia of philosophy; it is not a bird's-eye view of the universe of thought; it is not a cram-book for students with examinations to pass. Any one of these things it might have been, or attempted to be. Mr. Joad is a facile writer, with a wide knowledge of the subject he professes, and he could have knocked together a compilation of potted philosophies with much less trouble than he has spent on this book. But he chose otherwise, and the book he has in fact written is an orderly and brilliantly clear account, first of the problems confronting philosophy, and second of the main lines of thought along which solutions have been propounded. Having structure, balance, and organic unity, it is a work of exposition that is also, in some sense, a work of art.

The book falls into three parts. We begin, necessarily, with epistomology, with the twin problems "What do we know of the outside world?" and "What are the origins and nature of that knowledge?" These questions are fundamental, striking at the very roots of thought, and the two opposed answers to the first—the answer of Subjective Idealism and the answer of Realism—may be said to divide the whole field of philosophy between them, either the one or the other lending its colour, if not its form, to every constructive metaphysic. The second part of the book deals with Substance, Change, Causation, and the problem of the Self; and the third and largest part expounds to us the most important constructive endeavours of various philosophers, beginning with Plato and Aristotle, ending with Materialism (both dialectical and scientific), Bergson, and Whitehead, and taking Kant and Hegel, Pragmatism and Aesthetics, on its way. Not only is Mr. Joad extremely lucid: he is also, and this is no less important, scrupulously fair. When he is conscious of bias he is at pains to warn us against it in advance. In his Introduction he frankly confesses that his general predilections "are in favour of some form of Realism and Pluralism"; yet his statement of the opposed views, those of Idealism and Monism, is as careful and as cogent as anything in the book. Constantly, as one reads his arguments, one is tempted to raise objections and expose fallacies, only to find these same objections stated, these fallacies exposed, in the very next paragraph.

Not that one always ultimately agrees with Mr. Joad on the few occasions when he expresses his personal view. I myself suspect him of an undue tenderness for Plato, and I remain unconvinced by the argument concerning "Universals in Literary Criticism," in which what I conceive to be an artificial difficulty is made concerning the "existence" or "subsistence" of the play of *Hamlet*. But to make converts is not the author's aim, and in what *is* his aim he succeeds brilliantly. That the questions asked by philosophy admit of no final answer is

a commonplace. But to be aware of these questions, and to understand their implications, is an enrichment and enlargement of the mind for which many readers, hitherto unacquainted with them, will have Mr. Joad to thank. He in his turn acknowledges a debt to Bertrand Russell, whose influence is apparent in many pages.

GERALD BULLETT.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE by Ralph Dutton. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE ENGLISH ABBEY, by F. H. Crossley. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE LEGACY OF ENGLAND, by various authors. *Batsford.* 5*s.*

LOVERS of the English scene will delight in these books. What at once strikes one is the beauty and the technical perfection of the photographic reproductions, at which those who know the countryside will continually exclaim with surprise and pleasure. The publisher, besides exhausting the usual available sources for illustration, wisely interested the owners of country houses in his undertaking, and thus most of the photographs which appear in the first of these books were expressly taken for this purpose. Nor is the artistic merit of the illustrations their only praise. They are not scattered here and there in the text, but are provided on so lavish a scale as apparently to imply a publisher who has forgotten production costs. From such a preposterous inference we are saved by remembering the wide appeal that such attractive books may be expected to have. For the appreciation of our inheritance from the past is not confined to the fortunate few. The motor-car, as Mr. Crossley reminds us, has revolutionised the face of the country, so that the aspect of abbeys and historic houses and cathedrals has become familiar to people of all classes, as one ruefully realises on straying into Stratford or Glastonbury on a Bank Holiday.

But the view of these lovely manor houses and monastic remains prompts the thought of what is being done to preserve our treasure. The First Commissioner of Works, in a foreword to *The English Abbey,* points to the Ancient Monuments Act as a turning point, and it is certainly matter of satisfaction that Tintern and Rievaulx and Byland and so many other majestic ruins are being scientifically conserved under the guardianship of the State. But that is not all. Some time ago a plea was advanced in this REVIEW for the preservation of the ancient private houses which contribute so much to the beauty of the English country, but which heavily taxed owners have perforce to neglect. The suggestion was made for a triple co-operation—by the State, which should remit some of its burdens on the owner, by the wealthy owners themselves, and by a small payment by visitors, to go to a central fund for the repair of the historic places of indigenous owners. This suggestion has not been in vain, for now a scheme on somewhat similar lines is afoot. One cannot but hope that it will be successful, for while the Office of Works has been carefully guarding the precious ruins of abbeys and castles, all too many of the historic homes of England which have come down from Tudor times seemed condemned to fall into dilapidation and decay. It would be an ironic comment on the times if the combined effect upon their owners of Death Duties and post-war changes of fortune proved as destructive as the vandalism of Henry VIII.

The authors' work has been somewhat neglected in this notice, but it is well done. Though it seldom represents original research, the result is always readable and explanatory of the pictures; but it is undoubtedly by the fine photographs, especially of the first two of these books, that they will be remembered.

H. R. WESTWOOD.

THE BATTLE GROUND, by Hilaire Belloc. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

IN his varied presentment of the Catholic interpretation of history Mr. Belloc has now turned to Syria. He calls it the battle ground for several reasons: geographical, religious, and political. Geographically, Syria is the neck or saddle between the desert about Mesopotamia and Egypt, and so the master of Syria holds the chief land line of communication between the East and Africa. In religion, it was the cradle of Judaism and so of Christianity, for the Jews were unique among worshippers of tribal gods in that they proclaimed a more than local divinity, One God, supreme over all. The purpose of the book is to explain how the land of Syria was prepared for Judaism, and so for Christianity, since the author affirms a purpose in the story of mankind.

The early chapters, after the geography has been described, recount the parts played by its great neighbours, Egypt, Assyria, and Persia, in preparing the country for the emergence of the intense growth of the Jewish national spirit: the one unit that not even a transportation of population could destroy. Certainly these chapters present us with a phase of the very early "Jewish problem" that seems inexplicable by ordinary reasons. They make us ask: "If nothing could assimilate the Jews, did they have something unique to contribute to human history"? Under Cyrus the Persian the Jews were permitted to return to Jerusalem and then, with the defeat of Persia by the Greeks, they, too, fell under the influences that were preparing the united European polity completed by Rome.

The chapter upon the life of Our Lord, called the Climax, is different from all the rest. It reverts to the method so successfully employed in Mr. Belloc's earlier book, *The Eye-Witness.* The next chapters briefly sketch the immediate rise of the Church and, with its conversion of the Roman world under Constantine, its next struggle with heresies within itself—in particular the long battle with Arianism. This originated in the East of the empire, and then Syria again became the battle ground when the Mohammedan invasion, with its new heresy, a simplified religion, poured in. A chapter on the Crusades completes the body of the book.

But it will be to the Epilogue that many will turn for immediate interest, since this discusses the position in Syria today. There, divided unnaturally into two parts, Syria under France in the North, Palestine under England in the South, for the true lines of division are longitudinal, the country is deprived, Mr. Belloc insists, not only of natural unity, but also of social, since its native Arab population is bitterly hostile to the Jewish immigration that England has sponsored. Now Islam, like Jewry, seems immortal. This immigration, he says, has all the immediate material resources on its side, but without our continued support would collapse. Now as the political frontier is unreal and the social structure artificial, England, Mr. Belloc says, has only to be deeply engaged elsewhere and the present arrangements will succumb. Syria as a battle ground may be far from played out in history.

The conception will have many critics, but the dubious should ask themselves how far it meets the test which should be applied to all history—the test whether it explains, better than other conceptions, how things came to be as they are so that the interpretation explains the present instead of reducing it to a mechanical development or an "inevitable" progress. Certainly this book makes Syria, past and present, a living entity in a way few, if any, recent books have done.

OSBERT BURDETT.

DICTATORSHIP AND DEMOCRACY, by Sir John A. R. Marriott. *Clarendon Press.* 10*s.* net.

THIS is a book which is very urgently needed at the present moment; and it is written by an author who is better qualified than most men to write it. This problem of dictatorship or democracy is facing us every morning when we open the daily newspaper, and unless we can find some logical solution of it the world may become even more chaotic than it is already. Now, the answer to this—as to all political and social problems—can only be discovered, with accuracy, in the history books, and the only searchers therein who are likely to find that correct answer are experienced men of affairs, who can interpret the past facts of history into the present facts of everyday life.

Sir John Marriott is both historian and man of affairs. He has given a very scholarly and wide-sweeping sketch of those periods in history (Greek, Roman, medieval, post-Reformation, and so on) when the issues between the people and their rulers have come to their ever-recurring crises; and he has ended by a more detailed examination of the history of the existing dictatorships in Russia, Germany and Italy, and glances at the lesser ones in other countries. It is possible that the dictatorship in Turkey may be the most remarkable of all.

This examination is a remarkably fair one, and altogether in a higher world of thought when compared with the hysterical ravings of the partizans on both sides. It is difficult to keep one's temper when examining the story of dictatorships which have established themselves by the murder or exile of their opponents. But the historian, unhappily, is accustomed to blood and injustice on almost every page; and the democrat who objects to German and Russian terrorists has the uncomfortable memory that they probably learned their lesson from Marat and Robespierre. A reading of history is convincing proof that it is of trivial insignificance whether a man with an insane lust for power calls himself a democrat or an autocrat.

Perhaps the chief value of Sir John Marriott's analysis of this question is that it brings it down to the hard ground of facts, and dismisses the theories of idealists to the cloud-world where alone they can have any footing. A worldly statesman with his feet in the clouds is a dangerous element in national life; one is not unjustified in suspecting (from his position) that he is standing on his head. As this author insists, the best government is not a matter of theory; it is a matter of very hard fact. No one can be such a fool as to imagine that anything approaching a Fascist or Nazi tyranny would work in Great Britain; or that Britons would be dictated to, however much for their good, by the dictators in Russia. But then, on the other hand, it is equally certain that the parliamentary system when planted in Italy (by the brotherly assistance of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, plus the aid of Napoleon III) was nothing short of a national orgy of corruption and inefficiency.

The unanswerable lesson of history is that political theories have usually been the smokescreen of adventurers, and that real statesmen have contented themselves with facts. It is pitiable listening to the chatter of bourgeois Communists assuming that a theory is more important than a fact. This most admirable book will perhaps make them face the realities and dismiss some of the hypotheses until they can discover some facts that will give them a foundation.

This volume should be read from beginning to end. For it is an exceeding illuminating statement of a problem which lies near the root of the present day mismanagement; and it is written with an impartial judgment which is very distinguished. G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

JAPAN'S PLACE IN THE MODERN WORLD, by Ernest H. Pickering. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE real problem of Japan's relations with the world is far more psychological than economic. No power on earth can check the expansion of an intensely virile people of 65,000,000, increasing by 1,000,000 a year, cooped up in a small and naturally poor country. But the expansion can be made much less inconvenient for other nations if they try, as they have not yet done, to understand the Japanese feelings and point of view.

This is the importance of Mr. Pickering's absorbing book, based on four years as teacher in Japan, intimacy with her leading men, and a long recent visit. Writing as an avowed friend of Japan, he strikes a happy balance between the violent extremism, "pro" and "anti," to which so many writers on Japan are prone, and presents us with a convincing and most interesting study which deserves very careful consideration.

It is in no way underrating Japanese military aggressiveness—certainly Mr. Pickering does not underrate it—to say that Japan has a strong case against the West. In the 1850's it took advantage of her ignorance to impose upon her humiliating treaty restrictions. In 1895 Russia, France and Germany combined to deprive her of the fruits of her war with China; which fruits Russia promptly took for herself. Great Britain's dissolution of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was a bitter and (not only in Japanese eyes) undeserved blow. To Japan it seems that the West has a double standard of morality, one for itself and one for her. Today the best parts of the world are closed to her, tariffs are rising against her, she feels herself a pariah in the world, sore and angry, with all her nerves on the surface.

These conditions are all the more serious among a people so closely knit together as the Japanese by ties of family, devotion to the Emperor and belief in the sacredness of their origin.

Politically, of course, things are very different. Politicians have a bad name as the mere tools of "big business," and this has enhanced the power of the Army already uniquely buttressed in the Constitution. Mr. Pickering believes that the civilian element in the Government is beginning to gain the upper hand. Be that as it may, discrimination against Japan can only play into the Army's hands. Mr. Pickering insists that there is still much fundamental good will for Great Britain in Japan, and that trade agreements, though difficult, are both possible and, in fact, the only way of coping with her inevitable expansion. O. M. G.

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THE MASTER MUSICIANS, Edited by Eric Blom. (Mozart: Eric Blom. Tchaikovsky: Edwin Evans.) *Dent.* 4*s.* 6*d.* each.

OF the most recent additions to this admirable series of musical biographies (it now numbers twelve volumes, either revised or wholly new) the best is *Mozart* and the most disappointing is *Tchaikovsky*. The latter was Mr. Evans's first book and, as such, may well have aroused interest thirty years ago, when it was written. Today it is very nearly redundant. The time has surely come for a courageous and informed book on Tchaikovsky; but Mr. Evans has contented himself with referring to the circumstances of the composer's marriage as "such that one does not like to discuss them at any length" and with putting the blame on his "exaggerated sensitiveness". There is no reason why, in 1936, the whole matter should not be dealt with frankly, the more so since without an understanding of the psychology of the case Tchaikovsky's music can never be rightly assessed. Mr. Evans's chapters on the music have rather the look of better concert-programme notes than of incisive studies of the music developing out of the previous chapters on the man himself. In fact, the vital book on Tchaikovsky has yet to be written. Interest in him is at a peculiarly critical juncture just now; the greater the pity, therefore, that Mr. Evans should have let his opportunity slip by.

Mr. Eric Blom's book, on the other hand, is entirely new and an honest attempt to sketch the life of Mozart in the light of research-work to date and to estimate his music in terms both of that knowledge and of itself. Half of the book (as against a quarter of Mr. Evans's) is devoted to a biographical picture that is at once persuasive and exact. Mr. Blom writes with humour and with far less concern for the wonder-child aspect than is common in books about this most profound of all composers. At the age of thirty-six (when he died) Mozart had attained a knowledge of life and humanity which, in its extensiveness and total lack of illusion, is nearer to Shakespeare than to anybody else. A genuine appreciation of the operas alone would convince one of this: beneath their gaiety, their birdlike ease and their sophistication lies an understanding of humanity in almost all its aspects such as few others have ever achieved. Indeed, it is doubtful whether Mozart's art could possibly have been extended; it is complete and wholly mature—so that some of the last works have "the unearthly quality of music one cannot imagine to come from any human being but one facing extinction". Those critics who approach Mozart's music academically often miss the rich and sensuous profundity that is its mainspring. "There are times (says Mr. Blom) when one would gladly give up the understanding of a score of which one need never fear to reach the bottom . . . for that first rapture on coming into touch with the *Don Giovanni* music." But he less than most need fear this dread dulling of joy. For all its necessary brevity and its rather disappointing absence of sufficient quotation from the invaluable letters, Mr. Blom's book scores over others just because it is, avowedly, "a declaration of love". Until a masterpiece arrives (and Mozart of all composers deserves no less) this is as good an introduction to him as could be wished.

C. HENRY WARREN.

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SELECTED FICTION

LIFE WITH FATHER, by Clarence Day. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MICHAEL AND HIS ANGELS, by Lewis Gibbs. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

DUST OVER THE RUINS, by Helen Ashton. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

I HAD finished reading *Life With Father* before the news of Clarence Day's death reached England. The book had delighted, soothed and pricked me when I was feeling particularly ill; I had read it forwards, backwards, then a page or two at random while I was sitting in the tube or thinking of going to bed. Most comic books, let me say—Mr. Wodehouse's or Mr. Harry Graham's—I read with clenched teeth, not because I dislike humour, but because the particular unæsthetic exploitation of it which goes by the name of "comic" seems to me as unjustifiable as a strict devotion to corpses, Black Masses and the Trump of Doom. I do not find life altogether a good joke and I can't pretend to understand the writers who do. Mr. Wodehouse affects me like a composer who would score all his works to be played by a musical-box. It *may* be—no doubt, for many people it is—great fun; but I don't see it.

At any rate *Life With Father* possesses qualities which lift it out of the category of "comic" books. That does not mean that the humour is diluted; on the contrary, you will find (I hope) more laughs to a chapter of *Life With Father* than in any other book published during the last eighteen months. But at the same time Clarence Day has drawn an admirable picture of a middle-class family in New York, from the 'nineties to the period of the War; there are delicious touches of an autobiographical childhood; and Father—well, Father, of course, is the book. He is realistic; he is utterly fantastic. We see him, autocratic and faintly dandified, "waking up the village" because his supply of ice water has run out; dismissing his wife's *musicales* as "all tinkle and twitter"; roaring because he has been "poisoned" by the new cook or thrown by his latest horse; roaring, groaning and damning in all the minor crises of an affable but tempestuous household. The telephone bell rings: he takes the call (meant for someone else), and discovers in it a personal affront. How foolish, how unreasonable, how blind—and yet how likeable—he is! He is master of every situation; his "damn!" settles everything. Despite his outrageous behaviour, observe that all who came in contact with him liked and respected him; as the reader does, too. *Life With Father* is not just another rebellion against Victorianism and family life (we've had enough of that for the time being), nor a modern pastiche, Rex-Whistlerised, but a portrait, sympathetic, satiric, and incredibly lifelike, drawn with limpidity and grace. Note the style: nothing could be simpler, not a trace of facetiousness. No jokes, thank God, which will be repeated in bars or at breakfast tables; to retail Clarence Day's jokes, you would have to begin by describing the book—or better still, opening it at any page and starting to read.

It has knocked the other two books—*Michael and His Angels, Dust Over the Ruins*—clean out of my head. The first is a quietly written story of a parson's son who falls in love, runs away from home, is unemployed, joins up for the war, returns to find his first love waiting. It does not surprise or thrill. Except for some excellent pages describing adolescent passion, the novel runs as conventionally as a tram. *Dust Over the Ruins* has a specialised appeal for those who like archæology, digging expeditions, and the Near East. It is one of the injustices of reviewing that books, as obviously pleasant as these two, should have to compete with such a minor masterpiece as *Life With Father.*

G. W. STONIER.

VULTURES IN THE SKY, by Todd Downing. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MURDER ISN'T EASY, by Richard Hull. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

REDUCTION IN STAFF, by F. J. Whaley. *Sheffington.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

DEATH GOES TO SCHOOL, by Q. Patrick. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THERE was a time when a body on the library carpet was considered ample material for a full length detective novel, but that, apparently, is not so today. Of the four books under review, three provide a double murder and one, *Vultures in the Sky,* musters such a regiment of corpses as to strain the credulity of the most sensational-minded. A train hurtling through the desert wastes of Mexico, a murderer and his many victims isolated in one compartment—here is the very stuff of horror and the author has used his material unsparingly. No one knows who will be the next victim and before the end of the book the reader is too dazed to care.

It is a relief to turn to Mr. Richard Hull's clever piece of work *Murder Isn't Easy.* The *mise en scène* is the same as that of Miss Sayer's *Murder must Advertise,* but one feels that her vast palace of publicity would never have recognized as a rival the ineffectual advertising agency of Messrs. Latimer, Spencer & Barraclough, a firm whose only consistent policy is shown in the efforts of each partner to thwart the schemes of his co-directors. In such an atmosphere of mutual hatred it is not surprising that the triumvirate comes to a sudden and sinister end, or that the police should evince considerable interest in the dissolution of the partnership. The moral to the story, if moral be needed, is never to keep a diary that an ingenious author can twist to his own ends.

In the other two books murder not only stalks through the playing fields of England, but seriously depletes the Common Room personnel. The murderer in *Reduction of Staff* shows an uncommon facility in poisoning, but his character, as drawn by the author, is hardly that of a man who would make a second cold-blooded attempt after liquidating the wrong man. It is nevertheless a well constructed and exciting tale. *Death goes to School* could only appeal to those who demand little either of probability or style.

M. M.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

When the Jubilee was celebrated last May **Professor Barker** wrote in these pages a broad survey of the movement of national life in King George's reign. His present article will recall the notable book he published on *The National Character* in 1927, the year in which he took up his present post of Professor of Political Science at Cambridge.

William C. Atkinson is professor of Spanish in Glasgow University and author of *Spain, A Brief History* (1934). Yearly visits to Spain for many years past have made him intimately acquainted with the country and its politics.

H. E. Bates has definitely taken his place in the first rank of English short story writers; his volume *Cut and Come Again*, was published recently. In the Kentish village in which he indulges a taste for country pursuits varied by the practice of literature he is now engaged in finishing a long novel, due in the late summer.

At the beginning of the Abyssinian campaign **Colonel de Watteville** wrote for the FORTNIGHTLY on the militarization of Italy. Similarly the occasion for his article this month is offered by the gigantic increase of the Soviet Army and, on the political side, the ratification of the Franco-Soviet Pact.

Malcolm Muggeridge acted as *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Moscow during the last famine, and has since taken a realistic view of Communism in practice.

Brooke Claxton is one of the rising younger men of Eastern Canada. He is a Montreal barrister, active in politics, and writes of Mr. Vincent Massey with the knowledge of a personal friend. **Graham Greene** is film critic of the *Spectator* and the author of several novels, notably *Stambul Train*.

Anonymity is often a necessary precaution in writing from Berlin, but the assurance may be given that the author of the article "Re-arming the Mind" is a well informed as well as an impartial witness of what he describes. **Leo Walmsley** is a Yorkshire novelist. *Three Fevers*, one of the books which made his name, is a chronicle of the life of a fishing village.

W. H. Chamberlin was for twelve years correspondent in Moscow of the important American daily, the *Christian Science Monitor* and published last year his book on *Russia's Red Fascism*. His paper has now posted him to Tokyo as its principal correspondent in the Far East. **Jean Giono's** short stories, somewhat surprisingly, have not hitherto been published in English. The one here translated appears in the volume *Solitude de la Piété* (Librairie Gallimard.)

Stephen Clissold graduated at Oxford only last year and has since been engaged in research, with the B.Litt. degree in view, into the political influence of broadcasting.

Adrian Bell is a novelist whose sensitive pictures of country life (*Corduroy, The Cherry Tree*, etc.) are partly autobiographical; **Horace Thorogood** is a free-lance journalist well known in Fleet Street; and **N. Scarlyn Wilson's** interest in the byways of French literary history was shown in the article on the French Academy published last year.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

APRIL, 1936

BRITISH POLICY IN THE CRISIS

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE LOCARNO TREATY

By ARTICLE 1 the signatories engage to observe the stipulations of Articles 42 and 43 of the Versailles Treaty, by which Germany is forbidden to assemble armed forces in the demilitarized zone, or to construct fortifications there.

ARTICLE 4 provides for action by the Council of the League of Nations. If the Council is satisfied that a breach of Articles 42 and 43 of the Versailles Treaty has been committed it will notify its finding to the Locarno Powers, "who severally agree that in such case they will each of them come immediately to the assistance of the Power against whom the act complained of is directed".

ON March 19th matters affecting all Europe hang in the balance. England, occupying the central and controlling position, has not yet spoken decisively. One must only attempt a temperate survey.

M. Herriot in a recent speech said that Great Britain, after a period of hesitancy, had so completely identified itself with the League as to have become the conscience of Europe. Since British statesmanship cannot move in advance of British opinion, the question which the plain man must ask himself is how British opinion reacts to Herr Hitler's dramatic move. Could a British government reply to it by measures which might lead to war? Those measures would necessarily consist in an imposition of economic and financial sanctions, and could only be carried out, consistently with present British policy, in concert with the League of Nations. The onus of recommending them to the League must lie upon Great Britain, as a Power less directly threatened by militarization of the Rhineland than France or Belgium, who at once demanded this. The British

public's first instinct was to ask itself whether the bold step which Hitler had taken was taken with hostile intent: whether it seriously increased the danger to France, to Belgium—and to England.

Nobody can deny that it brings danger nearer; for the suggestion of agreement to a corresponding demilitarized zone was derisory, as it would mean asking France to scrap the defensive works with which at vast cost her eastern frontier has been strengthened. But the German manifesto furnished two reassuring answers: the offer of a pact of non-aggression for twenty-five years; and a suggestion of willingness to rejoin the League of Nations. Both these appealed strongly to the British mind, and disposed it to see in Germany's reassertion of right, denied by threatened penalty, no more than an emphatic and final repudiation of "war guilt". Finally, the suggestion to separate the Covenant from the Treaty of Versailles found a considerable popularity in England, since England has come to consider the dictates of Versailles as having proceeded solely from France and been simply the expression of French unreasonableness.

Beyond this, visions were raised suggesting the possible curtailment of a huge financial burden, and the lessening of those apprehensions which have induced the British public and Parliament to undertake it. For the great, though unacknowledged, political change in the last two years is that England has grown apprehensive and is no longer inclined to scoff at the French. Collective security, which formerly was discussed with a detached philanthropic approval, is now very definitely recognized for what it is—a supreme British interest, to which Great Britain must make its full contribution. The real question for the British public is: Where does security lie?

Apprehensions are justified. The British Dominions lie far out of range, but Great Britain is now the most vulnerable of targets, and Germany the most formidable of possible enemies, as not only the experience of the last war shows, but day to day observation. She excels in the use of machinery, but her best machine is her thinking machine. The formidable and balanced product of thought with which the world was confronted on March 7th bore all the marks of highly organized collaboration—just as evidently as in the Italian history of the last eighteen

months we can see the presence of one masterful but impulsive mind. Yet both these Powers have advantages over England and over France in dictatorial control of their nations' resources. Italy and Germany pay for this by enormous sacrifice—sacrifice of personal well-being, for both are in financial stress and even short of some foods—but above all of personal freedom. France, like England, allows to every citizen some share of a voice in shaping policy: and however fractional that share, policy reflects the fluctuating mind of a community that is only now and then actuated by a common will. In France there is frequent change of the directing persons—at least of those nominally directing: policy stays a good deal in the hands of great civil servants. In England, where it is usual to laugh at French inconstancy, the same persons have remained in charge of government for several years, but the policy has changed out of recognition. Against two States so hampered by their freedom, Germany gains an overwhelming advantage by sacrificing freedom. But in one vital respect France is on a level with Germany: the military obligation is universal. Here England differs from the rest of Europe, except Denmark. The numbers of its population are not a source of strength but of weakness. "*Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati*". Her citizens are all mouths and do not produce enough food to keep them fed. Their existence depends on the functioning of a complex machinery, which is defended by a body of men paid for the purpose; and it is not easy to keep this force at full strength. Further, if it came to war, the British Government could not give orders to the trade unions. That is somewhat different in France; totally different in Germany. If the conscience of England were strongly moved, as it was in 1914, trade unionists would act again as they did then. But it does not seem conceivable that the marching of German troops into German territory should have the same effect on English minds as the marching of them into Belgium. English statecraft must take account of working class feeling.

All this will have been present to the mind of English statesmen; and further they must be aware of every Englishman's disposition to count on the effect of friendly intercourse. England remembers that Soviet Russia, while kept at arm's length by

everyone was regarded as a general menace ; Soviet Russia in the League begins to be regarded as a principal guarantor of the League's principles. Unfortunately, Germany does not share this feeling : Germans either have, or profess to have, a real fear of Russia ; Sweden, a very different country, shares this fear ; and probably Sweden would feel much more secure with Germany in the League. The Scandinavian Powers are anything but negligible when we come to ask how the conscience of Europe responds, and Sweden's attitude to the German proposals will weigh with British statesmen who do not wish to force Scandinavia to choose between the League and Germany.

The ideal solution from the British standpoint would be one through which Great Britain, having induced the French to regard Germany's action as merely irregular and untactful, should then lead Germany back into the League and finally confer a supreme benefit on Europe by reconciling these two ancient enemies.

But the French say, " No " ; and a large section of the British public will therefore say that the French are impossible to work with. One extensively circulated paper instituted a plebiscite to ascertain whether its English readers prefer the Germans or the French, and reports that the Germans are the more sympathetic to England. That may be so. Italians are more acceptable personally than English people to the French (strange as the English may think it) ; but when Italy had become France's valued associate for mutual defence, France nevertheless, under strong pressure from England, took steps distasteful to Italy in order to maintain law and good faith within the League of Nations. France sees in Herr Hitler's action a violation of international law not less grave than Italy's. She did not refuse to discuss the new system which Germany proposed to substitute for that previously existing. She claimed simply that, since troops had been moved into the Rhineland, secretly and suddenly, against Germany's pledge voluntarily given and publicly renewed, these troops should be withdrawn before any discussion took place. She claimed that England should back her demand. Was this unreasonable ?

M. Sarraut has set out with perfect clearness that for France the essential concern is not protection of her frontier, but the

maintenance of law in Europe. His demand is simply that the right to lawless action shall be repudiated with all the authority of the League, and if necessary by action to make clear the consequence of lawlessness. Germany could move out her troops, as she moved them in, without altering in essence the military position. Nobody is going to invade the Rhineland. The only argument against this withdrawal is that Herr Hitler's prestige would suffer. But that prestige depends upon Herr Hitler's power and willingness to override all international obligations and his pledged word when it appears to him convenient. Is it proper that Europe should augment that prestige by bowing once more before the *fait accompli* ? Facts have to be faced. Unless France and Belgium can count on support from the League when right is so patently on their side, the plain conclusion is that these countries will revert to the old system of alliances, pursuing solely a national and not an international end. The League will disappear because its members run away before the show of force.

If law is reasserted the proposals which Germany makes can be considered as a whole ; and there is no doubt which way the influence of England would be thrown. On condition of Germany's entering into the engagements which Herr Hitler has proposed, and returning to the League, the Rhineland could certainly become a normal part of the Reich. But it is not a mere formality that the French insist on ; it is an assertion of the necessity that negotiations shall be carried on as between peoples equally observing their compacts.

The Treaty of Locarno was made for mutual protection in the West of Europe. Behind the shelter of that Treaty Germany has built up armaments with great skill, at great sacrifices, and in disregard of the obligations imposed by the Treaty of Versailles. Now, having profited by the Treaty, she tears it up. Englishmen should ask themselves whether if Germany had been in France's place, Germany, fully armed, able to prevent the expansion of armament on her border, would have allowed it. The reason why France allowed it is that France, like England, has a real detestation of war. Germany profits by maintaining the will to war ; France loses by a deeply ingrained pacifism, that will fight, but only if fighting is unavoidable. It is truer to say that

if nations are to be judged by military efficiency, France loses, as England loses, by the practice of freedom. Above all, by the freedom of teaching. In Germany no teaching is permitted which does not serve to promote military efficiency. In France, it is notorious that a very large proportion of the State-paid teachers are pacifist in their instruction, even to a point that goes beyond loyalty to the State.

What England is asked to do by Germany, and by those who advocate bowing to the *fait accompli*, is to countersign an advantage seized in defiance of a compact to which England was a party, at the expense of England's closest allies in the War. She is further asked to accept the privilege of leading the law-breaking State into a League whose purpose is to substitute law for force as between nation and nation. Germany will say that German honour is committed to maintaining Germany's action. England also has her honour to consider. Loyalty to her allies is indeed safeguarded by the pledge that an attack on Belgium or on France will be treated as an attack on England. But loyalty to the League ? Would the League gain by condoning a flagrant breach of public faith ? Would the League be stronger by welcoming back the pledge breaker ?

Against the course demanded by France it is argued, not that economic sanctions will be inefficient, but that they will ruin Germany and so inflict loss on all Europe. England is warned to count the cost. Germany in pursuing her own conception of justice by her own methods has already accepted great sacrifices and faces great risks. France and Belgium are willing to face risks. They count on England's support. England certainly must consider her own interest. That lies further ahead. If Germany emerges triumphant from the crisis of her own creating, she can at her chosen moment raise the question of her former oversea possessions. East and West Africa are less dangerous, but South-West Africa and New Guinea may be wedges to break up the British Empire ; and the Power that has taken all risks will play for the highest stakes. Between the disputant who is ready for sacrifices and the one who will not accept them, there can be no doubt which will prevail.

Mr. Baldwin has his back to the wall. Those who know him best say that only then he becomes formidable. His choice of

Sir Thomas Inskip as Minister to co-ordinate armaments has been construed as a sign of irresolution. It has certainly not the obvious significance that would have attached to the appointment of Mr. Churchill, whose intervention in debate, like that of Mr. Lloyd George, reminded the House what powerful abilities remain unutilised. But Mr. Lloyd George out of his commanding experience stressed the impossibility that Germany should want war now. The conclusion is that Herr Hitler gambles on the unwillingness of other States to face war. He may have counted too far on Mr. Baldwin's reluctance in the last resort to lead. Faced with a firm lead from Great Britain, having such backing as is behind it, the German General Staff would scarcely allow their country to face the odds which Mr. Lloyd George counted up arrayed against them.

ANALYSIS OF AMERICAN RECOVERY

By André Siegfried

DURING the past few months a definite improvement has been apparent in business conditions in the United States. No doubt this improvement originated partly in a policy which is systematically spendthrift, as is clearly manifest in the unbalanced Budget.

The deficit which has been accumulating during the past four years has now reached 13,000 million dollars. Nor is it likely to disappear, judging by the colossal expenditures which have been set on foot, sanctioned, or suggested on every side. The agricultural policy of the A.A.A.—of which the future is now very uncertain—placed a great deal more money in the hands of the farmers in the form of innumerable cheques. Also, the Government's policy of public works, which has increased steadily in volume, is disseminating subsidies, salaries, and profits on every side. Congress has invested in one man, the President, an unprecedented power which enables him to spend as he sees fit the astronomical sum of 4,800 million dollars, a sum so enormous that the imagination can scarcely grasp its significance, and even the Government itself is finding a difficulty in using it.

One gathers the impression that the Government is doing its utmost to make use of these vast sums, but its efforts are not always successful. Anyone who asks for funds—no matter who and no matter what for—can count on a favourable reception, especially if he happens to be a political supporter. At the moment the most useless and amazing pieces of work are liable to be undertaken. Under such conditions the amount of money in circulation is very great, and owing to its repercussions on purchases and sales, is contributing in part—perhaps an important part—to the creation of the present economic activity. Without doubt it is the political factor that is bringing about

the economic recovery, owing to the Government's policy of intervention.

Strangely enough, the platform of the Democratic Party in 1932 included balancing the Budget and cutting down expenses—in short a retrenchment worthy of Gladstone. Nevertheless, President Roosevelt's policy has been characterized, more than by any of his other activities, by this flood of credits, subsidies, premiums, indemnities, relief, and economic stimulants of every kind.

This is the most popular part of his programme. When the Supreme Court condemned the immense edifice of laws, decrees, and codes, known as the N.R.A., the people accepted it without batting an eyelid. Similarly there was no vehement protest when this same Court repudiated the A.A.A., but it would probably be with very bad grace that they would consent to abandon a financial policy which consists of spending without stint. The Government in these circumstances, and especially on the eve of the Presidential election, finds itself more or less obliged to leave all taps turned on. Even if it does take fright over the financial uproar it has created, the Senate and House of Representatives will not be actuated by the same scruples, for the conviction of the electors, yesterday, today, and tomorrow, is that America is a land of " unlimited possibilities ", and there is no bottom to the United States treasury.

In order to procure the fabulous sums which they are forcing upon the economic organism in monster doses of one, two or three billion dollars at a time, the State has resorted almost entirely to borrowing. The Budget is not balanced and is not likely to be, for it is out of the question to raise by taxation the vast sums required by such a programme. It is the same in a war when one makes use of every possible resource, and promises that all will be put right later when the crisis is over.

In the present case, however, what most puzzles a visitor is the extraordinary facility with which the State finds all the money it needs. Its loans are raised so easily that they pass unnoticed. The Government has not had to go to the public but only to the banks, and owing to the abundance of deposits the rate of interest remains extremely low : less than a fourth

of 1 per cent. for short term loans, 1½ to 1⅝ for medium, and under 3 per cent. for long term loans.

In Europe common sense tells us that distrust followed by panic should be the natural and inevitable effect of a policy which laughs at unbalanced budgets. Actually the experience of the past few months has proved that the Government's ability to borrow is far from exhausted. In spite of the increase in public debt from 19½ billion dollars in 1932 to 30 billions today, and the likelihood of its reaching 35 billions tomorrow, America, in contrast to Europe, is still able to preserve a margin of security so considerable that it is generally felt that there is no cause for alarm.

A European critic need only spend a few months in the atmosphere of the New World to lose in his turn all sense of proportion. He becomes American, which means that he believes that what would be fatal in the Old World is not necessarily so in the New. The health of a man of sixty requires care and prudence which are unnecessary for a young fellow of twenty-five. This brings us to a conclusion which is the reverse of Thiers' famous formula that America has not yet reached the point where there are no mistakes left to make.

American impunity, revealed once again, always seems to us to have a tinge of immorality about it when viewed from the standpoint of economic sanity. The most serious thing is that the people are quite aware of what is going on. In perfectly good faith they believe that their country can go to any lengths, indulge in any panacea, any folly, any fantasy. In a sudden revelation at the worst moment of the crisis they were faced with a fact to which they had been oblivious, that like the rest of the world they too were mortal. But here they are, forgetting it already. America will be America, to the very end !

Let us try to analyse what is taking place as a result of this policy of planned and chronic disequilibrium. When the Government borrows, a credit is opened in a bank, without reference to the thrift of the savings depositor, and on the basis of this credit the State by means of cheques freely distributes money to its beneficiaries. These innumerable beneficiaries spend the money, which eventually returns to the bank in the form of steadily increasing deposits.

This forces us to conclude that the recovery, in so far as it results from the Government's financial policy, is artificial. It can last only while the rhythm of State expenditure is maintained, which will be only so long as it is easy, or simply possible, to borrow. For the moment this fear of not being able to borrow is hardly felt. . Nevertheless one can foresee that the needs of the Treasury, far from diminishing, will move in the opposite direction and increase steadily up to the Presidential election. Congress has just voted the Soldiers' Bonus, which will cost two billion dollars ; and who can say that the Townsend Plan—a pension of 200 dollars a month to every one " over sixty years of age "—will not be adopted as the result of the pressure of an astonishingly well organized agitation ? If this comes to pass, the number of billions which will have to be spent passes the bounds of imagination !

A few wiseheads do occasionally tremble a little when they think about these possibilities which, although they seem to belong to the realm of fancy, may one day or another take shape as realities. The State is borrowing mainly for short periods, no doubt because neither the banks nor the public are anxious to let out their capital on long terms. So suspicion really does exist, though not overtly expressed and coinciding curiously enough with a renewal of confidence. This confidence is in the destiny of the country, however, and not in the Government, for the Americans have few illusions on the latter score. There seems to be a battle—a race if you will—between the amount of wealth available and the absurdities that it must neutralize and absorb.

If the day does come when the Government is confronted with the impossibility of borrowing further the consequences will be terrible, since the whole banking system has become inextricably involved with the credit of the State. The Americans are not worrying about such an eventuality, and much more water will run under the bridges before they realize it is possible. Meanwhile President Roosevelt follows the advice of Nietzsche, and goes on living dangerously.

So much for the first aspect of the situation. There is another, however, more important perhaps and in any case much healthier, which certainly justifies optimism. The State is

borrowing and spending dollars by the billion, apparently without even taking the trouble to count them. But these sums, colossal as they seem, are a mere bagatelle in comparison with the enormous mass of deposits lying idle in the banks. These deposits are accumulating furtively, as people dare not invest in industrial securities. When the time does come to release them, they will give a magnificent impetus to recovery. It is not an artificial stimulant that is required to thaw them, but the return of normal healthy conditions. Thus it should suffice to leave Nature to do her work, and wait for the economic structure to be borne up on the rising tide. Now it seems that the turning of the tide is not far off. This phenomenon is independent of politics. Its alternating rhythm is a natural law which extends into economics, and indeed is apparent in every aspect of life.

For on the North American continent the depression seems to have spent its force, and consequently the needs which have been accumulating without being satisfied will assert themselves. During the past five years construction has been slowed down, even completely stopped at times, while industrial equipment has been sparingly maintained and rarely developed or renewed. The United States may be over-equipped, but had there been a recovery, even a slight one, it would have had to renew a considerable part of its machinery.

Into what channels of consumption are the budgetary distributions of the State actually finding their way? Less it would seem towards the heavy industries—the production of machinery—than into those catering for daily wants. The unemployed and the farmers who are receiving indemnities do not buy machinery. They pay for a motor car, a radio set, or household utensils. The more prudent use some of these windfalls to pay off their debts. So, in a general way, it is not the heavy industries which are benefiting, for in the recovery which has taken place so far they have lagged behind. Those which profit from this financial irrigation are of another type.

According to the National City Bank, certain industries are more active at the moment than they have been at any time since 1929, while others are today more prosperous than ever before. This is shown in the following table, showing volume

of business, which appeared in the bank's Bulletin for January, 1936:

Highest since 1929.	*All-time High Records*
Machine tool orders.	Electric power.
Automobiles.	Rayon.
Vacuum cleaners.	Wool consumption.
Mail order sales.	Shoes.
Petroleum products.	Washing machines.
Hosiery production.	Oil burners.
	Electric refrigerators.
	Air conditioning equipment.
	Petrol.
	Plate glass.
	Air transport.
	Cigarettes.
	Mechanical stokers.
	Nickel.
	Electric lamps.
	Radios.

This is interesting, as it shows that the State can put money into circulation, but cannot direct it exactly to the points where it is most needed. According to the most competent experts, recovery in the United States will be neither serious nor lasting until the heavy industries, those which supply capital goods, regain their former activity.

What is needed to bring this about? In the first place the idle bank deposits must be invested in industries which are now vegetating, but this obviously will not take place until there is some hope of profit. Such a profit is hardly probable unless production costs can be brought low enough to stimulate consumption, thus giving back to the masses the purchasing power which they have lost. As a matter of fact the Government's policy of intervention in industry is working in the opposite direction by maintaining prices at a high level.

This explains why the condemnation of the N.R.A., far from proving to be a discouraging factor in the business world, actually provoked a return of confidence. After this verdict early last summer, manufacturers and business men—in other words the social classes contributing directly to recovery—were able to say, and did say, that they still looked upon the Constitution as a guarantee, and that liberty of contract and free competition were still the basis of the American economic

system. This optimism—in any case purely negative—is offset by the fear of a new period of reform and intervention. Thus the uncertainty attached, not only to the result of the next presidential election but even to the President's intentions should he be re-elected, still remains a serious obstacle to recovery.

It is possible, however, that political vicissitudes may in the last analysis prove to be less important than the natural movement of economic seasons or tides. The tide now appears to be turning, if it has not already turned. There is nothing unreasonable in this. Since 1932 the price level has not declined further, and a marked rise in gold production is discernible. These and other such symptoms are more influential than the policy of any American president, even when he is called Roosevelt. This evidently is what they think in Wall Street, where they would like nothing better than to set off on another boom exactly like its brother booms of the past.

America soon forgets. During the depression she forgot what it was like to be prosperous, and with the re-birth of prosperity she will forget still more quickly the lessons of the depression.

There are two trends of recovery, both developing at the same time but differing in character. The first is the result of a policy, the second of a rising economic tide which has been neither provoked nor hastened by this policy. At present these two types coincide, mutually supporting each other as they advance shoulder to shoulder in parallel directions. The Government's expenditures act as a starter to put the motor in motion, but it is still necessary for it to contain enough petrol to keep running. One does not drive a car on the starter alone, but this is what the President would be trying to do if he endeavoured to bring about a recovery, and then maintain it without the conditions of normal lasting prosperity being fulfilled.

What are the healthy conditions that will carry industrial recovery into the future and then maintain it? Do the Americans always accept the principles which were proclaimed over and over again before the depression as the basis of their economic system? Has the crisis taught them anything new? Along what lines are they now working? It is not easy to reply, for there are many tendencies, often divergent and varying with the different industries.

During the 25 or 30 years preceding the War, the policy of the trusts was to lower the cost of production, this being regarded as the most definite advantage of amalgamation. At the same time, however, they sought by arbitrary intervention to maintain a high level of selling prices, in order to increase their profits at the expense of the consumer. In short, they practised a policy of restriction based upon coalition. The Sherman Act certainly made combines and monopolies illegal, but Big Business discovered how to get round the law and use it for its own ends. Thus, although public opinion was decidedly hostile to trusts, they remained powerful. It is not certain, however, that they were serving their best interests in pursuing this course, for had they lowered their selling price instead of consolidating it, they would have stimulated consumption. What these great industries, with their wonderful prospect of expansion, required above all was an enormous market.

The axiom that mass production must cater for the masses was discovered by Ford after the War—indeed by the whole motor-car industry. Ford's policy, which one cannot praise too highly for its daring, its vision and simple wisdom, had to be completely different. He reduced the cost of production by increasing its volume—like the trusts—but he allowed the public to profit by the reduction by doggedly and systematically diminishing his sale price. At the same time he increased wages to a maximum compatible with his output, or at least maintained them even during a depression, in order to raise the standard of living of the masses, and therefore the purchasing power of the country. Although American industry pays high wages they do not weigh heavily on costs, for its organization, mechanization, and the standardization of its mass production, result in complete efficiency on the part of the workers. In no other country in the world is labour so well paid as in the United States, and yet motor-cars are cheaper there than anywhere else, so almost everyone is able to buy a car. Ford has taught us that industry should try to increase the purchasing power of the people by offering low prices, and that the more prices decline the more the public can buy.

American industry seemed to have adopted this theory in the marvellous years of prosperity that followed the War. But,

now that time has passed and we can look back, it is apparent that its leaders were not courageous enough. They usually tried to speed up sales without lowering prices sufficiently, and as a result consumption was behindhand. They then had to resort to stimulants—the economic equivalent of an injection of cacodylate, which puts life into tired people. The best known of these stimulants is the system of hire purchase which discounts future revenue ; another lies in the systematic application of publicity ; another in better organized distribution, which goes in search of the customer, tracking him into his home, sparing him all effort and making it harder for him to refuse than to buy. Such methods are expensive, for they require a large staff and finally add to the cost of production.

At the height of the boom in 1927 and 1928, one observed that the cost of actual manufacture was declining steadily owing to constant technical progress, but that the cost of distribution was increasing in like proportion. In the end it weighed down overhead expenses, and therefore slowed down consumption instead of stimulating it.

When the depression started and then assumed catastrophic proportions, two methods were available to combat it : the policy of the trusts and the policy of Ford. In his New Deal President Roosevelt decided to adopt the former, after having recommended and practised severe deflation in his electoral campaign and in his first measures after coming into power. The business world, demoralized and gasping, was at his mercy, ready to accept and even be thankful for any measure that the saviour might choose to adopt.

Instead of looking for a solution in the reduction of costs and prices, the N.R.A. on the contrary advised consolidating them. Far from discouraging industrial agreements which hitherto had been proscribed, his policy encouraged combines by virtually suspending the Sherman Act. Industrialists thus obtained what they had vainly sought for forty years : the right to come to terms and control prices by methods of restriction. But they were invited to pay the price of this tolerance by allowing the Government to impose its social policy, consisting of recognition of trade unions, limitation of working hours, wage control, etc. The old spirit of the trusts reappeared, in youthful form

and stamped with " corporatism " on the Italian model and a vague imprint of Marxism. The consumer bore the weight of this combination, in which the workmen and the industrialists were to share the profit, while the State installed itself in the role—new to it in America—of mediator and arbitrator.

Was this really beneficial to those interested ? Would it not have been more effective to continue to aim persistently at lowering costs, which would in turn have lowered selling prices and revived consumption ? Now that the N.R.A. has ceased to exist, and the judgment of the Supreme Court has freed production from this ill-considered government control, the question has to be dealt with afresh, for industry can continue to do voluntarily what the Government by its codes undertook to impose on it. The response varies in the different industries. Some of them, such as iron and steel, seem to be wedded to the conception of fixed prices, guaranteed by combines and tariff protection. The motor-car industry, on the other hand, remains true to the methods of Ford and is getting on well. Others again, such as cotton textiles and coal, are struggling with competitive rivalry leading to unhealthy price-cutting, which does not leave sufficient profit on the capital invested.

At heart the industrialists hope to see the Sherman Act repealed so that they can be free to combine, and at the same time throw overboard Roosevelt's social legislation. It is hardly probable that they will obtain such advantages, unless in the precarious form of illegal " hoodwinking ". They are not unanimous in their views, but it seems to me that Ford represents the true, the traditional American spirit of initiative, courage, and readiness to take risks.

When an industry in the United States tries to reduce costs, what does it do ? Its first efforts are not concerned with wages, but rather to increase output in order to diminish the weight of overhead expenses. Meanwhile it is systematically replacing workmen by machinery in order to obtain, without asking a sacrifice from the remainder of the staff, the equivalent of a decline in wages. A solution is thus sought in organization instead of in economy. Where American industry differs chiefly from European is that its social organism, rather than its policy, is instinctively opposed to reducing wages. The manager

must find some other way, and if he does not he is disqualified in competition.

America thus has a choice of two methods of overcoming the depression, one orthodox and the other involving the use of stimulants. What does the public think, especially the electors on whose sovereign vote will depend the final reckoning?

If the crisis gives rise to any movements of protest, either social or political, they will be the outcome of "populism", a tradition entirely different from that of Europe, and one which turns by instinct to the demagogy of inflation. To this tradition we must attribute the recent tendencies which aim at social reform, by reorganizing distribution and artificially increasing the purchasing power of the individual. In this connection it is rather curious to find a certain religious sentiment closely and inextricably bound up both with the policy and the economic remedies, especially as one goes farther West, where the resentment felt against the depression develops an apostolic character. Whenever a leader apostle is defeated, he is quickly raised to the rank of martyr, in an atmosphere of passion and fanaticism which reminds me of the heroic days of the Dreyfus case in France.

In the category of economic contagions must be classed the Social Credit movement which surged irresistibly over the Canadian province of Alberta last summer, carrying its leader, Mr. Aberhart, almost unanimously to the post of Prime Minister. In this same class must also be put the Townsend Plan which —truth still being stranger than fiction—may yet be voted by Congress. Although these two movements have no apparent relation to each other, both belong to the New World, both to the West, the latter originating in California and the former having been given a chance in Canada. They are thus spontaneous products of the countryside, as we must bear in mind if we wish to understand such contagions and the atmosphere in which they flourish. Townsend Clubs have been set up everywhere—not for discussion but to agitate; to stir up the electors to get the system passed through Congress.

When Prohibition came to an end, many trained Anti-Saloon League agents were thrown out of work, men of experience who were past masters in the art of intimidating the electors in order to force them to vote a certain way. Their services being

available, we are told, they agreed to work for this new cause. The members of the House of Representatives are being asked to say without beating about the bush, whether they will promise to vote for the Townsend Plan. If not, apart from all considerations of party politics, they will lose the Townsend supporters at the next election. So who can say that Congress will not vote in favour of giving $200 a month to "everyone over sixty"?

In 1933, when America was floundering about in the depression, demoralized, terrified, and without hope, it turned to President Roosevelt, who was able to restore the confidence it had lost. At the same time even the commercial world, in a fluster, accepted him as leader. Now that the tide is tending to rise again, the one thing that industry wants is to be rid of government intervention, and to be free once more to direct its convalescence in its own way. Its present attitude towards the Administration is one of hostility, which it no longer even tries to conceal.

Its adversaries say that it has learned nothing, and from the point of view of social service this may be true, as America is at least forty years behind Europe. The chances are that the policy of *laisser faire* will be abandoned, as the general public is thinking on other lines. Big Business has little idea how unpopular it is when it discusses its affairs in terms of common sense and profits, while the masses are speaking the language of humanity, of sentiment and relief.

While prosperity is being born anew like the spring, the politicians are trying to coax it back by their policy of demagogic spending. This would prove less efficacious in increasing employment and speeding up sales than a programme of official *abstention*, and in the end might be fatal alike to the credit of the state and the stability of the currency. Once again the opposition have good reason to declare that nothing can teach the demagogues a lesson.

A stage in the depression has now been reached when the cure is worse than the disease.

(Translated by Doris Hemming from an article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of March 1st.)

A VICTORIAN GRANDE DAME

By Ethel Smyth

IT must have been in the middle 'eighties that I first set eyes on Lady Ponsonby. I had accompanied some foreign ladies who were staying with the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough Hill to a minor military function at Aldershot—sports, I fancy—and one of the Princesses was giving away the prizes. Madame Arcos, a sort of unofficial lady-in-waiting to the Empress, who was shepherding the Farnborough Hill contingent, after presenting her homages to the Princess exchanged a few words with a short, striking looking woman evidently in attendance on Her Royal Highness. So instantly did she arrest my attention that I asked who she was. " Oh, that's Lady Ponsonby—wife of the Queen's private secretary", said Madame Arcos ; and another woman, reputed to be in the know as to Court gossip, volunteered, " a very clever woman—said to be the only person the Queen is afraid of " ; or it may have been " the only person she is afraid of is the Queen". In after years I related this incident to Lady Ponsonby, adding that my informant had a relation who was something or other at the Court. " Probably one of the footmen ", said Lady Ponsonby, and indeed, whichever way it was, a sillier statement cannot be imagined. The Queen can never have been afraid of anyone, unless perhaps of him who had mastered her by love. As for Lady Ponsonby, capable in matters of feeling of sounding deeper depths than most people, her sentiment for the Queen was certainly one of the major emotions of her life. But to use the word " fear " in connection with that dauntless spirit sounds as fantastic as it would in the case of Richard Cœur de Lion or Queen Elizabeth.

Then came the years when I was so much at the Deanery at Windsor, and gathering on all sides that Lady Ponsonby

was, in truth, a remarkable woman, of course I longed to meet her. One day—I think it must have been in 1890—her two daughters, Betty and Maggie, came to tea ; and shortly afterwards, on the " cutlet for cutlet " principle, Edith Davidson and I were duly bidden to Norman Tower, the official residence of the Queen's private secretary, and at last I found myself in the presence of the lady of the house.

But not for long. Afternoon tea was a ceremony that bored her, and what she had heard so far of Edith Davidson's friend, Ethel Smyth, had not inspired her with a wish to make my acquaintance. On the contrary ! True, Sir Walter Parratt, the beloved organist of St. George's Chapel, had specially praised my counterpoint, and as the Ponsonbys were musical this should have told in my favour. But Lady Ponsonby was also aware of my passion for hunting, and declared that a contrapuntist *doublé* with Fred Archer, as she put it, sounded very tiresome. As soon, therefore, as politeness allowed she pleaded urgent letters and vanished.

In my youth I sang a great deal, and Edith now suggested I should sing my own edition of the beautiful Irish melody, " Come o'er the sea ", to the girls. No sooner was it over than Betty jumped up saying, " Mama *must* hear that ", ran out of the room, and presently came back with her reluctant and deeply sceptical mother. The song was repeated, and after that there were no further difficulties ; in fact, it became my habit to bribe her with music and then settle down to the interminable talks that were to be my joy for the next twenty-six years.

My very first encounter with her brought me one of the sharp joys that, so far, the rough file of piled-up years has been powerless to blunt—the strange, half physical pleasure a beautiful speaking voice can still induce, and if this looks like extravagance of sensation, it is an extravagance permissible in a musician. In Lady Ponsonby's case the effect was heightened by a clean-cut enunciation slightly tinged with a soft Northumbrian burr, no doubt a feminine edition of the same thing in Harry Hotspur's speech, and, as in his case, the charm lay perhaps in the fact that it was so emphatically herself. I never knew what my Christian name could sound like till she came to use it.

The next visit provided another vivid impression. She was seated at her writing table, the appliances of which were as carefully thought out as a conjurer's stock-in-trade, and anything with steel, silver, or brass about it had a burnish one came to associate with her mental operations. But what specially struck me was the way her small, extremely strong hands tackled ordinary little tasks, such as sharpening a pencil, sealing a letter, adjusting a lamp, finding her place in a book—rapid, delicate, accurate movements as of a world in which fumbling is unknown. Later on I grasped the fascination these things had for me; it was the suggestion of force combined with restraint—the swift, controlled energy of the violent. Once I said to her: "there's nothing exciting about picking up a pin with an old pair of scissors. But suppose some huge hammer, capable of squashing a Great Northern engine as flat as a flounder, and furnished with tiny claws at the end, were to descend rapidly, noiselessly, and pick up that pin, wouldn't it thrill you"? And though told not to talk nonsense I think the idea pleased her, for she was rather proud of her muscular strength, and only a couple of years before her death made me feel her biceps, remarking "not bad for eighty-two".

I think I did not see her again till I was at Cap Martin with the Empress Eugénie in April, 1891, when she and the girls who were at Mentone came to lunch and I used to go over there. In Mentone I acquired a new feather for my cap inasmuch as I persuaded Lady Ponsonby against her will to read Anatole France. She was a great authority on French literature of a certain kind, St. Simon, Pascal, Brunetière, Jules Lemaître, and so on, and had no reason whatever for confidence in my literary judgment. Finally, after I had threatened to train a parrot to say "Anatole France" and send it to Windsor—the Empress adding "*vous savez elle en est capable*"—she consented to accept the loan of my *Thaïs*, and from that moment the author became a standing dish in her menu. In after years, admitting that she liked undefeatedness, she once said: "The first symptom of it I noticed in you was the way you bullied me into reading Anatole France".

After that we must have met occasionally, for in a letter to my brother I find mention of a "wonderful new friend of mine, stepped straight out of the Eighteenth Century". But this was true in a limited sense only, for in essential matters, as beseemed the granddaughter of Earl Grey, she was a modern woman. When Girton College was started in the early 'sixties, Mrs. Ponsonby, then a young married woman, was, together with Miss Emily Davies, one of the hardest workers on the original committee. And ten years later when the first Trade Union for women came into existence, no member of the board was more indefatigable than she. Like other young women she was fond of riding, skating, dancing, and society, but she seems always to have gravitated towards people who had serious interests in life. Indeed, such was her respect for intellectual achievement, that when presented to George Eliot, before she realised what was happening, she suddenly found herself in the midst of one of the profound curtseys she reserved exclusively for the Queen.

Never was a woman of more catholic tastes. From the first she had been devoted to music and painting, and like all Bulteels, took her own line in all things. She told me that she fancied the Queen had selected her as Maid of Honour not because she was the niece of her private secretary, General Grey, but partly because she had the reputation of being a first-rate actress, and chiefly because she was of a different type from the generality of courtiers. None the less, when Sir Henry, who had been equerry to the Prince Consort, succeeded General Grey, according to Lady Ponsonby it took his Sovereign Lady ten years to understand that the former Maid of Honour had no ambition to pull strings. Shrewd though the Queen was, I suppose no potentate can be expected to assume complete indifference to intrigue in the wife of one so near the throne as the royal private secretary—particularly if that wife is a woman of brilliant intellect and strong personality.

Casting my thoughts back across the prelude period of our relation I recall one intensely comic episode that took place in the Spring of 1892.

When the Queen was away her opera and concert tickets were often put at Lady Ponsonby's disposal, and on one of these occasions she asked me to dine and go with her to hear the Joachim Quartet. She rather liked being thus franked by her

Royal Mistress, and sailed into St. James's Hall cursorily displaying the Royal pasteboard to an awed policeman. At the door of the Concert Hall an exceedingly dirty attendant, much bewildered, began spitting on his fingers and fumbling with the cards, till Lady Ponsonby's peremptory " Don't do that, man ! " so alarmed him that he hastily pushed them back into my hands and ushered us into the front row of—a Christy Minstrel entertainment !

Lady Ponsonby had mistaken the date, and the Christy Minstrels, whom repairs had driven from their downstairs haunts, had been permitted for the time being to perform in the Hall sacred to highbrow music and political speaking. I did not know her well enough to give way utterly to laughter, than which nothing would have gone worse with her evident fury as she whirled round and left the premises. It can rarely have happened to her to find herself in a ridiculous position, and I doubt if she was in the slightest degree amused.

That summer I was held down by pressing work, and though I did not know it at the time, a terrible anxiety hung over my new friend. Lord Revelstoke, head of Baring's Bank, was Lady Ponsonby's brother-in-law, and ever since 1890, when the bank failed, the health of her specially loved sister, Lady Revelstoke, had also been failing. In October she died. Not long afterwards when I was lunching at St. James's, Lady Ponsonby made a brief allusion to her sister's death, and then, in the inflection of her voice, the look on her face—it was but a flash and quickly veiled—I surmised one secret of the hold she had on all who came within her orbit—her power of deep passionate love. Lady Ponsonby's equipment included many other qualities it is easy to catalogue—intelligence, culture, sense of humour, courage, inflexible rectitude, sense of duty, and a religious instinct which I once pleased her by defining as a blend of paganism and Christian mysticism. But in no human being I have ever met were hidden such inexhaustible stores of fire as in the heart of this apparently calm, deliberately reserved, rather sphinx-like being, who possessed among other peculiarities the art of settling down with her book or newspaper in her armchair, or in a railway carriage—quiet as the hills and as though established there for all eternity.

A chief peculiarity of her diction was a habit that might have been irritating in anyone else, of interlarding it with French phrases to such an extent that one never heard her use the English equivalents of *hochements de tête*, *l'infiniment petit*, *injures*, *mesquineries*, *inepties*, *à tête reposée*, and dozens of similar words. And a thing she never could get over was that the fluent French speaker I think I can claim to have been in those days should be so hopelessly inaccurate in her genders ; " and you a musician, too ! " I once asked her nephew Maurice Baring how they felt towards her when they were children, and after reflection he replied : " Well, we felt it would never do to get our *genres* wrong in Aunt M'aimée's presence ".

This accuracy expressed itself in the extreme daintiness of her person, a point of coquetry which she considered obligatory in the old. Not that she appeared to take much interest in the actual cut of her clothes, in fact I suspect that many women of her age and epoch whom no one could accuse of over-fussiness in such matters gave them more thought in a month than she did in a year. And though I never saw her " trying on ", I feel convinced that, patient up to a certain point, the moment would come for a decided " thank you, that will do ", after which, let the fitter plead as she might, no further pullings and pinchings and pokings would have been submitted to.

But when she sallied forth to dine with the Queen or to attend some function it would not quite do to disregard, I loved to see her for once in a way in a handsome gown, wearing her ribbons and orders and all the rest of it. *Cela ne gâte rien*, as the Empress's old *Dame d'Honneur*, Madame le Breton, used to say when urging me to put my hat on straight, and even the most precious stones (I am alluding not to myself, but to Lady Ponsonby) look none the worse for a fine setting.

I often think of the careful ritual that determined the later stages of Lady Ponsonby's toilet. I can see her now, ensconced at her dressing table, static as though sitting for a portrait by some French painter (he would have to be French) called " La Toilette de Madame . . . " And when the hair brushing and cap adjusting were finished to her satisfaction, her maid would pin round her neck a very fine towel, holding up its lower edge while her mistress, with rapid unerring aim, would trim

her nails. Then the four corners were gathered together and the splinters carefully shaken into the fire, or, if there was none, still more carefully carried out of the room; after which Lady Ponsonby was ready for the labours of the day.

* * *

"Lady Ponsonby was alarmingly *clever*, wasn't she"? someone asked the other day—a question that induced reflections on a subject no two people agree about; what the word "clever" means. Excellent judges like two great friends of hers, Arthur Benson and Edmund Gosse, would certainly have called her one of the "cleverest" women of their acquaintance, and so would many other people. Yet to my mind it was more a case of the highest degree of intelligence, including a rapid, far-reaching grasp of any subject she cared to consider, an intuitive perception of the other person's point of view—"the spirit of Monsieur le Comte de Juste Milieu", as she used to call it—and the mental habit of always taking a beeline to the essential. If all this means cleverness, then that is the right word for her, but to me it suggests brains of various other types, and not exactly hers; people like Aldous Huxley, Bertrand Russell, George Eliot, Rebecca West, Mrs. Benson, Vernon Lee, or G. Bernard Shaw, for instance.

* * *

I spoke of the fire that underlay everything and come now to the quality in her I chiefly delighted in: the extreme violence of her temperament. But let me preface by saying that what must have struck the ordinary observer most strongly of all will have been a serenity it would seem impossible to ruffle.

In my opinion the two things, violence and serenity, are absolutely compatible. Each has its hour. But violence is not one of the traits that figure in epitaphs or even in obituary notices; and perhaps it is this discretion, this delicacy, this training of an unreal roseate light on the departed that makes all epitaphs and the majority of obituary notices such unsatisfactory reading. No one is more acutely aware of the inadequacy of this little tribute to Lady Ponsonby than its writer, but that particular defect it shall not have; so without further ado I once more turn to what I have always looked upon

as one of the most attractive, the most lovable symptoms of intense vitality.

There was a housekeeper at St. James's, a most efficient woman with a temper so fierce that the mildest request on the part of one of the Ponsonby sons—for instance, that the kitchen maid be told not to boil the eggs hard—often resulted, so one of them told me, in a scene which left him pale and shattered for the rest of the day. But here his mother was in an element that had no terrors for her. Swiftly descending to the housekeeper's room she would shortly reappear, radiant, triumphant, rejuvenated: "I don't think", she would say, "there'll be any more trouble with Mrs. X. yet awhile".

I remember her telling me at Gilmuire of a heated dispute with the old gentleman who owned the property next to theirs, how in the night he had clambered over the fence and staked out a yard or so on her side of the ditch, declaring that this was the true boundary; how she had marched down with the man-servant, commanding him to pull up the stakes, and how, while this was proceeding, the old gentleman suddenly appeared on the bank and bade the man stop at once or he would have the law of him. Whereupon Lady Ponsonby not only ordered him to go on, but began pulling up the stakes herself (I have said she was very muscular) and flinging them back over the bank on which the old gentleman was still vociferating. "You can't do anything to me", she told him. "I have no vote and am not a citizen so don't come within the operation of the law. But let me tell you" (here a vigorous pull at a stake) "I intend to stick to my rights all the same. And as for you" (whizz, bang went the stake—but *not* aimed at the enemy!), "how dare you come skulking over the fence at dead of night, trespassing on my property?" And stake after stake flew over the fence while W—— murmured nervously: "Oh my lady, you'll hurt yourself".

Another time it was the police she defied. That part of South Ascot was then in the making, and the roads were mere heather tracks—all holes and ruts. One evening a message arrived that the Queen intended coming next day to see dear Mary's new house. The gardener and the boy were despatched first thing with shovels and barrows to an adjacent communal gravel

pit to dig wherewithal to mend the road, but ere long back they came in perturbation having been told by a policeman that they would be summoned for stealing. Gathering them under her wing Lady Ponsonby marched them and their barrows straight back to the pit, and meeting the policeman on the way informed him that she did not choose that the life of the Queen of England should be endangered because the Ascot Urban Authorities neglected their duties. Let them summon her if they liked, but she intended to take as much gravel as suited her purpose. No more was heard of the incident, but as far as I remember nothing much was done to improve that road during her lifetime.

* * *

Speaking for myself, though she was dearer to me than anyone in the world except one, never in my life, except perhaps with my mother, have I had such elemental rows with anyone as with Lady Ponsonby, particularly during the first year or two of our friendship. Accustomed to being considered rather violent myself, it always seemed to me that compared with her I was milder than milk and water, but this may have been a delusion. Also one readily allows that a person of violent temperament stirs in another fires that as a rule slumber peacefully beneath the crust superimposed by years and philosophy. All I know is, that when angry—with me at least—she would literally say anything: I mean really outrageous things, such as accusing me of taking and losing her favourite penknife (for twopence it would have been her purse !) and being afraid to confess ! Finally, having goaded me to madness, she would say in icy tones : " Pray don't let us have the *scène aux cheveux* about a piece of cutlery." (*Scène aux cheveux* was an expression applied by someone to the moment in melodrama where the heroine, betrayed by her lover, lets down her back hair.)

After the break up of my old home I took a cottage at Frimley, about seven miles from Gilmuire, and often used to bike over and stay the night, while Maggie, rightly judging that " two's company and three's none ", would dine with their neighbour, the Ranee of Sarawak. One night after dinner in the midst of some extra-fierce argument, a remark of hers so enraged me that I jumped up, ran into the porch and began

lighting my bicycle lamp. It was 9.30, a wild, wet, blustering King-Lear night, and the long Bagshot Hill and seven miles of pedal work against the wind lay between me and my cottage. The drawing room door opened and Lady Ponsonby advanced into the hall. " What on earth are you doing " ? she asked, and I flattered myself her voice sounded rather alarmed, " don't be absurd—put out that lamp ". I uttered one word only : " Goodnight ", and shot out into the storm. Next day Maggie wrote to Betty : " When I got back Ethel had been gone half an hour, and the house was still rocking ".

But if she thought she had been in fault or had gone too far, the warm generous note on which the *amende honorable* was pitched might almost have tempted you to work up another tempest ere long. The fact is one could not take them quite seriously ; not, at least, if you knew she was fond of you, and in many of her letters I find remarks of this kind : " The worst of it is that when one is full of remorse and ready to *abaisser* oneself before you, you stare and don't seem to know what one is talking about". Perhaps I was the only person in the world who had *scènes aux cheveux* with Lady Ponsonby, but if there were others, I am sure they will have thought about it afterwards—if at all—with a blend of amusement and increased affection. As for her, though of course you apologised in all sincerity for your share in the *bourrasque* (it is impossible to write about her without dragging in French words) you felt it was rather like apologising to the flagship of the High Seas fleet for heading into a hurricane.

How give an idea in a thumbnail sketch of qualities like lovableness or charm—of the warmth, the loyalty, the appreciativeness she put into her human relationships ? And then the unmitigatedness of her, the fun of her ! Pour out a glass of wine, hold it against the light, and possibly you may guess something about its pedigree, but not until your lips have done their part do you know the full meaning of the words " a beaker full of the warm south ". How, then, pass on the flavour in words ?

Probably vitality is one of the very few qualities the value of which none disputes (unless in the case of an odious rich relation whose fortune you hope to inherit), and if I have not

given my readers some faint idea of Lady Ponsonby's vitality, then this sketch is a lamentable failure. I remember many instances of the vigorous way she would throw herself into the interest of the moment. Here is a typical one. After seeing the great Japanese actress Sada Jakko, she was proceeding home alone in her brougham—a royal conveyance with the royal crest on it—when the traffic was held up for quite a long time, and she gradually became aware of pitying, horrified faces gazing in at the window. No wonder, for quite unconsciously she was imitating the convulsive epileptic contortions which appear to be on the Japanese stage the accepted convention for unrequited love. Being a wonderful mimic she was working up the role of Sada Jakko's lover for Maggie's benefit.

I remember Maggie (who, alas, died in 1934) telling me that when they were children they were never allowed to idle about aimlessly, but taught from the first to have resources in themselves. " I shouldn't object to your being bored ", she would say, " if it were not that people who let themselves be bored end by becoming such terrible bores themselves ". This picture was completed by Fritz,* my particular friend among " the boys ", who once wrote to me : " Mama entered into everything we did or tried to do to such an extent, that I often think if I had been a shoeblack she would have taken this up, bought books on the subject, and told me how the French black boots, etc ".

From the above may be guessed in what spirit she followed her sons' careers when they grew up. She was a good Liberal and delighted when her youngest son emerged on the Labour side. Also, perhaps with a view to getting a rise out of a Tory like myself, there were many allusions to the Conservatives as " the stupid party ". Nevertheless, as I often told her much to her annoyance, there was a remarkable similarity between some of her views and those of Lord Salisbury. " Have you read his speech " ? I would ask. " No, and I really cän't be bothered to " (she pronounced her *a*'s north country wise, making " can't " rhyme with " pant "). " Very well", I would reply, " then I will tell you what he said ", and here would follow a rapid summary of the speech. And Lady Ponsonby's

*The late Lord Sysonby

probable rejoinder would be " I don't expect it was quite as *glib* as that ! . . ." But I won't touch upon politics, particularly as during the last five years of her life I was only interested in them from the point of view of Women's Suffrage.

The duets of married couples are always amusing to listen to ; and when, as in the case of the Ponsonbys, both performers are really remarkable people, superabundantly endowed with sense of humour ; when they perfectly understand and are devoted to each other, to watch them can be better than going to the play. I knew Sir Henry very little, and was rather frightened of him, partly because of his extreme courtesy, than which there is no more effective shield ; also because rather formidable, or perhaps I should say impressive qualities peeped out through his very quiet manner—indifference, for instance, and matchless integrity. You felt he never had sought, never could seek anything for himself, not even in the way of recognition. If the right thing were done he didn't care two straws who did it, and one cannot imagine his saying or even implying that the suggestion came from him. One of the finest attributes of the old Queen was her instinct as to the choice of her intimate advisers, or of such instruments of her will as would naturally be much in personal contact with her. The Queen once told Lady Ponsonby that her uncle General Grey, who had been Sir Henry's predecessor, was the only person who had ever said to her " right across the table, before everybody ' : ' Madam, that is *not* so ! ' " And it was amusing to read somewhere the other day that she once asked Lady Ponsonby " to tell Sir Henry kindly " (she didn't like to tell him herself, she said, for fear of hurting his feelings) " that when she made a remark he really must not say ' that is absurd' ". One would have enjoyed being present when Lady Ponsonby executed this commission. And I have often wondered if it ever came to Her Majesty's ears that when a certain Prime Minister asked him to find out whether she would sanction the Beefeaters going to Cowes to receive the German Emperor, Sir Henry's answer was : " The Queen says she'll be damned if the Beefeaters shall leave London ".

I think what chiefly headed me back was a feeling that this not particularly strong looking man had a heavier load of work

and responsibility on his shoulders than was good for anyone nearer seventy than sixty; and from the way he looked at and spoke to her, I guessed that his chief joy, relaxation, and refreshment was, whenever it was possible, to steal half an hour with his wife. Hence a slight sense of guilt on my part, and a suspicion that in his heart he must often be saying as he opened the door: "There's that damned Smyth woman again". If so, it couldn't be helped; as long as she liked me to be there, there I should be. To refrain would have been asking too much of human nature. But if I correctly divined his feeling, mine would have been: "Small blame to him!"

I have often asked myself if Lady Ponsonby was popular with the Queen's Household. A French Abbess has written *Dans les couvents on n'aime pas beaucoup la supériorité*, and if the Empress Eugénie was right in maintaining that nothing is more like convent life than life at a Court, that should settle the question.

Like all passionate natures she had a horror of gush and sentimentality, not to speak of sycophancy and certain other qualities that seem to flourish in the soil of courts. Betty remembers a characteristic outburst of hers at —— Cottage. Someone was fingering the piano, and suddenly a well-known mellifluous clerical voice was heard murmuring outside the window: "As I came up the drive I fancied I caught the sweet strains of an Erard". Instantly from behind a curtain where Lady Ponsonby was writing, came in exasperated *sotto-voce*, "Tell him it's a Stinkheim".

Another quality of hers must have militated against universal popularity; no one suffered fools less gladly. If craftsmen she employed were liars, drunkards, thieves, or, as a maid of hers said of the carpenter, "a mask of immorality", she didn't mind in the least provided they were clever at their job; but with stupidity she had no patience. In all closed communities stupid people abound and flourish like the green bay tree, but such could not look for Christian tolerance from Lady Ponsonby. Not, of course, that she would be unkind, let alone rude, but they would be skilfully kept at a distance.

Hence I daresay some people may have failed to perceive wherein lay the fascination of which they heard so much. But

every single soul she liked and cared to attract, all her old friends, most of them now dead and gone, like the Cornishes of Windsor, Arthur Benson, and Edmund Gosse; others who are still with us, not to speak of all her surviving relations, would not only subscribe to the appraisement here attempted, but would bear me out in saying that she was one whose infinite variety custom was powerless to stale; also that the real source of her dominion was the automatic working up to the surface of a deep, noble, most lovable nature.

During the last four years of her life I only saw her intermittently. In 1911 I got involved soul and body in the frantic fight for the vote, and in 1913 came my "Flight into Egypt"—sole hope of struggling out of the suffrage whirlpool and getting back to music (which Mrs. Pankhurst and I had always agreed should be done as soon as my two years of militancy were absolved). And then, while I was returning to England in 1914, war broke out.

After my return I only saw her occasionally, for almost immediately I took up radiographic work, first in Italy and then in France. But mercifully, in September, 1916, I returned to England for a few days and learned from Betty that her mother was very, very ill, and that though of course I could come over I must not count on seeing her. Her spirit, so it appeared, was the same as ever, and only that morning, while Betty, thinking she was dozing, was reading the newspaper, a voice from the bed suddenly remarked: "Don't read *The Times* with that reverend face". I went in for two or three minutes, but she had a temperature, so I only kissed her dear hands, gave her, to her evident pleasure, a message from Maurice who was at the front, said I would come again when she was better, and went away—knowing full well I had seen her for the last time. Less than a week later she died.

* * *

For the sake of completeness I have carried the story to the end of her life; but, as was stated farther back, it was only in the autumn of 1892, just where I dropped and now propose once more to take up the autobiographical thread, that our real friendship began. So "the best is yet to be".

O

Meanwhile all the time I have been writing this little monograph I have been asking myself: " What shall be the last word ?

And now an idea has come to me of which I think she would approve, although from modesty she might dispute its appropriateness. Or, if not from modesty, then from spirit of contradiction—a well-known Grey characteristic, in fact a family tradition upheld by no one more gallantly than by Mary Elizabeth Ponsonby. Without asking his permission I will venture to apply to his father and mother words written by their youngest son Arthur* about the diarist John Evelyn and his wife—another Mary.

" They were neither of them great in the generally accepted sense of the word. But perhaps they were greater than the great. Perhaps by their ceaseless endeavour, their wonderful purity of motive, their almost instinctive resolve never to abase their standard, their sustained effort to turn the passing hour to good account, and their constant preoccupation to help others, they may have set in motion those little currents of influence hidden from the eyes of men, yet reaching further than mortal man can grasp—not only in their own day, but to the years beyond."

Lord Ponsonby of Shulbrede.

LAND RAIDS IN THE HEBRIDES

By Compton Mackenzie

THE ordinary summer visitor to Skye or the Outer Hebrides will, if the weather favours him, return home from his vacation with impressions of a peaceful land of surpassing loveliness, for the most part surprisingly well populated, in view of the apparent sterility of much of the soil, a country where the inhabitants, although noticeably handicapped by obvious shortcomings in the matter of transport, have the appearance of being reasonably well settled and secure.

Such a visitor might express considerable astonishment on hearing that almost every amenity now enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Hebrides has been acquired within the last two generations. If one went on to tell him that many of the Hebrideans had been, until recently, in the grip of a land hunger and poverty so terrible, that forcible attempts have been, and still may be made by the peasantry to acquire the land that is here the prime necessity of life, and that within the last sixty years warships have been sent to the Minch and marines landed in Skye, Tiree and Lewis to overawe the inhabitants, it is likely that one would be met with complete incredulity.

" Respectable " histories of Scotland do not mention this, neither do the guide-books of the railway or steamship companies. Yet the fact remains that the Hebrideans, through no fault of their own, underwent three or four generations of grinding poverty and intolerable insecurity and that many of the most prosperous settlements now exist upon land which was taken for the people by force, in the teeth of a law which gave almost unlimited rights to the proprietors of the land, and of official procrastination and neglect which have often proved unendurable.

No less than Ireland the Highlands and the Hebrides have suffered from evictions, transplantation, and absenteeism. The policy of Cromwell has been only too well imitated, and in this

case, to Scotland's shame, the imitators were frequently Scottish landowners of long standing. After the failure of the 'Forty-Five had shattered a system that was already a hopeless anachronism, the social position of the Highland laird ceased to depend upon his following or " tail " and became dependent on his rent-roll. With the added expense now involved of maintaining this position in English society, the lairds began more and more to look to their own interests alone. The discovery, made about 1775, that sheep could stand the rigours of a Highland winter unhoused, meant that the laird's rent-roll might very well be in inverse proportion to the population of his estate. So to make the large farms, the small cultivators had to go either to Canada or Australia or, if unwilling to go abroad, to poor land near the shore, where it was supposed they might find a livelihood making kelp or fishing. Or they were transplanted to holdings already occupied which were divided for them. Often the common grazing attached to a number of crofts was taken away for the sheep farmer, while the crofts remained, held perhaps at the same rent, but now unable to provide a proper living for the inhabitants from tillage alone. Gradually there grew up a system by which large farmers occupying the best land marched with small tenants drawing a wretched existence from the worst ; for example, in the Island of Uist in 1883 the Crofters' Commission found that out of a total rental of £5,983 18s. 4d. thirteen large farmers paid £2,763 2s. 6d., while the remaining £3,220 15s. 10d. was paid by 787 crofters. When it is further considered that, while the farmers all possessed good leases, the crofters were tenants at will and utterly insecure, it will be apparent that all the material for a violent conflagration lay at hand.

The outburst came in the 'eighties. The first significant happening took place in 1881, when the Highland land reformers and the Irish Land League held a meeting at Glasgow, at which Parnell was a speaker, and the two organizations pledged themselves in alliance. From that time the agitation was fairly begun, and for the next decade the Hebrides were sufficiently disaffected to cause the authorities considerable alarm. The Crofters' Commission sat in 1883, and while recommending fair rents, security of tenure, and the enlargement of existing holdings,

made no proposals for the creation of new settlements or for the breaking up of the big farms. Nor did any machinery for the compulsory acquisition of land for small holdings exist until the Pentland Act of 1911, although the Congested Districts Board created in 1897 did have the power to purchase land for such settlements with the agreement of the landlord.

This lack of opportunity of acquiring land is at the root of every land raid that has taken place in the Hebrides, and even now, although machinery for the compulsory acquisition of land for small holdings does exist, the proceedings involved are so cumbrous and procrastinating that it is not to be wondered at that land raids have continued down to the present day, and are likely to happen so long as it is possible in practice for Highland proprietors to keep large areas of land, like the island of Rum, in a state of empty desolation. The first of these raids took place in 1882, when the crofters of the Braes of Portree in Skye refused to pay rent until the grazing of Benlee was restored to them, deforced a Sheriff despatched with summonses of ejection, fought a pitched battle with a body of fifty policemen sent down from Glasgow, and, after five of their leaders had been fined at Inverness, kept their stock on Benlee, which the proprietor, Lord MacDonald, eventually agreed to let to them.

The process of these land raids usually followed the same system. When the lease of a large farm was about to fall in, the neighbouring crofters and cottars would petition the proprietor for the division of the farm amongst themselves. This petition would be met with refusal, sometimes on ridiculous grounds, as when the island of Vatersay, which now maintains a population of 240 people, was refused to the crofters of Barra because the then proprietrix thought the water supply insufficient. The same process took place at Park in Lewis a few years later, when the crofters invaded a deer forest and killed over 200 deer after their petition had been refused. The Aignish Raid by the crofters of Point near Stornoway in Lewis occurred a few months after, to be followed by a pitched battle between the crofters and police and marines. In 1906 crofters in South Uist raided the farm of Gerinish, an action which forced the Congested Districts Board to arrange for the division of four farms in South Uist, with the reluctant consent of the

proprietrix, Lady Gordon Cathcart, who visited her Outer Islands property of Uist and Barra *once* in the fifty-four years of her ownership! At the same time the Barra crofters and cottars raided Vatersay, and after protracted negotiations, interdicts, arrests, and so on, the Congested Districts Board had to purchase the island at an exorbitant price, when fifty-eight families were settled on it. Three years later the crofters of Idrigill in Skye successfully raided the farm of Scuddaburgh, and in 1913 Reef in Lewis, and three more farms in South Uist were similarly raided. As late as 1920 the Barramen, taking the promise of "land for heroes" at its face value, successfully raided Eoligarry, the last big farm left on the island.

The success of these raids proves that direct action has, in remote districts, great effect in overcoming official indifference and sloth. But it is also a sign that no effective means have yet been devised to assuage the persistent land hunger that still exists in the Hebrides. When we have, side by side with islands such as Barra, Eriskay and South Uist which are fully occupied with a vigorous peasant stock, empty land like the Small Isles, with no effective State policy for settlement and the breaking-up of big estates, these explosions are bound to occur, and it would be a great mistake to think that the day of land raids is past until a properly unified and co-ordinated policy for the development of the Hebrides has been adopted.

THE POWERS AND RAW MATERIALS

By H. St. John Philby

THE claim of Italy to a place in the Ethiopian sun threatens very seriously to become a text for the justification of imperial expansion the world over. Mussolini has at least been downright honest in the statement of his case. He is greedy of gain and intends to come by it if he can. There is still, strange to say, a goodly part of the earth's surface not occupied by the great Powers. Towards those "empty" spaces he looks yearningly. Today it is Abyssinia. Tomorrow it will be the Yaman. Beyond that doubtless he looks darkly as in a mirror.

The fact remains that Italy might have had a large slice of Abyssinia with the exclusive control of a further slice without going to war at all—with the approval of the Assembled Nations. Only it was not enough for Mussolini, who wanted more. And still the nations are divided on the issue of offering him more as the price of peace or risking the contingency of his getting more by the method of the sword. Abyssinia, the victim, is left with the alternatives of surrender, destruction or victory. No dog would surrender his bone in such circumstances to the strongest challenger. So the war goes on.

But the example of Italy, accompanied by the proclaimed nervousness of the League, has given more definite shape to ambitions elsewhere, partly dormant and partly in process of realization by different and ostensibly more peaceful methods than those favoured by Mussolini. Japan, earlier in the field than Italy and safer from interference, is evidently finding the present confusion of world opinion helpful to the more vigorous prosecution of her claims. And the action of Japan brings Russia more clearly into the picture as a claimant to some share in the Chinese spoils. But the greatest threat to peace on the colonial issue arises in a direction from which

hitherto we have heard no more than a voice crying in the wilderness. Germany is ready to receive back her colonies peacefully, but she is making no secret of wanting her colonies back. There is unmistakable evidence that the frustration of her peaceful ambitions may lead to more practical demonstrations of her will to satisfy her crying need.

Thus four of the great nations of the world are dissatisfied with the shape of their maps and determined to rectify their deficiencies by any process within their means—not excluding war, if war be necessary.

Are there any nations indeed wholly content with their lot? Some certainly among the smaller Powers, for instance, Holland, Belgium and Portugal, whose colonial position is enviable enough in the circumstances of our time. But of the great Powers are there any content? Perhaps France with her huge empire and heavy commitments—at least we hear little of any restiveness among her people on the ground of inadequate room to move and breathe in. Probably also the United States in their splendid isolation from the naughtiness of the old World, their abounding economic wealth and their political idealism recently manifested in the proclamation of the independence of the Philippines. Yes, perhaps France and America may be counted among the nations content to be as they are and therefore, particularly in the case of France, anxious to avoid any disturbance of the present equilibrium.

But which of all the Powers can be voted truly content if not Great Britain? That surely is axiomatic. She has nothing to gain by any possible reshuffling of the cards. She has much to lose by playing them badly. A pattern to the world in empire-building, the cynosure of envious eyes for the mass and variety of the wares displayed in her shop-window, Britain at least has every ground for satisfaction. Perfectly happy herself, she has all sympathy for the manifest unhappiness of others, some of them indeed former owners of some of the splendid wares displayed in her window. Britain cannot be truly happy till she makes them happy too. It was indeed with that familiar tune that six months ago Sir Samuel Hoare sought to charm Mussolini into the bowers of peace, as he donned his armour to go forth to war.

The words of the British Foreign Secretary, reaching the zenith of his prestige in his famous speech of September 11th, fell on deaf ears in the country to which they were primarily addressed. But in his own country they have ever since given rise to a flood of comment which not only shows no sign of abatement at home but comes pouring in from the most distant tributaries in a ceaseless stream. The Empire is all agog at the very thought of a reshuffle. It is not perhaps certain beyond a peradventure what exactly was meant by the words of Sir Samuel Hoare. It is by no means certain that he knew exactly what they meant himself—as may be said also of his reference to Egypt in his Guildhall speech of November 9th—and it is at least demonstrable that, if his words meant what they seemed to mean and what they have been widely taken to mean ever since, they were spoken with his tongue in his cheek or perhaps in the conviction that Mussolini would not be tempted by his offer. In that case Great Britain would have the credit of a noble gesture without the inconvenience of having to follow it up with corresponding acts of abnegation. It is indeed demonstrable that at the moment of speaking those words Sir Samuel Hoare—or the Foreign Office—was actually engaged in delicate secret negotiations for the extension of the territorial limits of Britain's sphere of exclusive economic and political control and predominance in another part of the world. But of that more hereafter in its appropriate place.

To return to his words—it must be fresh in the public memory that, when Sir Samuel Hoare spoke at Geneva on September 11th, he added immensely to the prestige of himself and his country by indicating, almost in the form of an ultimatum, the firm intention of the British Government to stand by the League Covenant uncompromisingly in resistance to any breach of the world's peace by Italy. At that time those words could only mean one thing—the denying to Italy of the use of the Suez Canal. This threat, clear enough though politely veiled in as good a piece of English as has been spoken for many a year, was followed by an offer—the offer we are here concerned with. It was of course conditional on Italy refraining from an attack on Abyssinia, and it lapsed automatically when that regrettable event took place on October 4th.

It matters therefore little what the words used actually meant. What does matter greatly is their future possible implications, and it is precisely round this point that all the literature inspired by the offer has converged. The world in general and the British Empire in particular have been seriously concerned to thresh out the matter with a view to discovering what might be the practical consequences of the suggested international conference to review the sources of supply of the world's essential raw materials and to consider ways and means for securing a more reasonable distribution thereof among the industrial nations. That in effect was the gist of the offer. The public reaction to it in the British Empire has been exceedingly unfavourable. We are told on all hands that no part of the British colonies, mandated territories, etc., would willingly pass from British overlordship into the control of any other Power; and that, with possible or partial exceptions—for example, Cyprus or Malta,—is probably true. We are told on the other side that we cannot lightly divest ourselves of the sacred trust committed to us in respect of any such area whatever; and that is mere claptrap.

We can do in such matters exactly what we want to do and have plenty of precedents to go on—the recent transfer of the Juba territory to Italy for instance, and a similar transfer of a considerable part of British Somaliland to Abyssinia forty years ago. On the other hand the anxiety of such areas not to pass from our control into the control of others does not argue any passionate desire on their part to remain under ours. There is a perfectly simple and feasible alternative to such exchanges, and there is already a marked and ever-increasing tendency in subject races and mandated areas to insist on the realization of that alternative as soon as possible. The desire for independence is widespread and, theoretically, there could be no surer method of securing to all comers without distinction access to the sources of raw materials than by recognizing the reasonableness of such a desire and facilitating its realization. It is unfortunately the great Powers that stand in the way of such a solution. They argue speciously that such territories as we have in view are incapable of managing their own affairs without guidance. It is a convenient argument which, behind the

scenes, means no more to the government producing it than that it would not be in a position to control the policy of such a country should need arise, and would not be able to close it to its own enemies in the event of war except by committing an act of war against it.

But it is a fundamental error to suppose that the search for colonies is necessarily a search for new homes for overgrown families. Johannesburg has provided work and wealth for millions who have never seen and never want to see the town. Kenya, the white man's paradise of post-war imagination, has proved a land of illusion in which exiled and disappointed whites struggle with teeming blacks for a bare living. Of coffee and corn and cotton the world has enough and to spare, though the poor go hungry and naked.

No, it is not homesteads they seek, the great Powers. A few families may go forth to try their luck in the world, content with the modest obscurity of farming, like the French settlers in Algeria. But the governments seek other things—wealth and power, the exploitation of the coloured man in agricultural areas to turn the wheels of commerce, the exploitation of the coloured man to dig and delve in the mines, the exploitation of the coloured man to make roads and railways, harbours, bridges and great houses that the white man may carry the banner of civilization to and fro through the forests and the deserts and exercise his sacred trust for the regeneration and education of the savage until the savage turns upon his masters demanding—what? Not money or food or clothes but independence! Base ingratitude? Perhaps! folly certainly, but the inevitable result of the white man's rule. The passion to rule (an end in itself) on one side comes into conflict with the passion not to be ruled (also an end in itself) on the other. The philosophy of empire collides with the philosophy of freedom. What is good for the individual is not necessarily good for the race.

We return therefore to the facts of the situation created by the cryptic offer of Sir Samuel Hoare. There is no question of a conference to consider the ethics of imperialism. There is no question of changing the status of any subject race or area. The underlying idea is to consider, in solemn conclave of the great Powers themselves, the imperial surpluses or deficits

of each; to explore avenues with a view to remedying the declared deficits with the least possible disturbance of the declared surpluses; and, if the worst comes to the worst, to pool part of the latter to meet part of the former as an alternative preferable to a general resumption of the old game of grab; or, in the alternative, to devise some scheme which may have the practical effect of such pooling without involving any surrender of sovereignty by Powers with a favourable balance. And, of course, the ideal of satisfying the poor without involving any substantial sacrifice by the rich would justify the contemplation of all the undistributed colonial assets of the world with a view to determining whether, when, and how certain desirable areas still enjoying independence though palpably unworthy of it should be relieved of the burden of self-government and given the benefit of civilized rule. Mr. Bernard Shaw (*vide* his letter in *The Times* of January 21st) is a doughty advocate of such a course.

The suggested conference would indeed open up an immense field for the display of altruistic imperial philanthropy. The great Powers, standard-bearers of civilization, would not shrink from the immensity of the self-imposed burden, but those would be expected to bear the brunt of it whose existing commitments are least heavy. Italy and Germany, Japan and Russia would be expected to shoulder the new packs and might even be asked to relieve Great Britain of some part of her overwhelming burden. And the great Powers would march forward in peace and amity for evermore to the millennium, having finally and definitely by mutual consent parcelled out among themselves the uttermost parts of the earth. Nothing could resist such a settlement; the armaments of the world could be scrapped in safety; the declared satisfaction of the great Powers would be a solid guarantee of peace; and each, at negligible cost to its nationals, would merely have to maintain a small air force to drop messages or bombs on would-be disturbers of public security. The millennium would be near indeed.

Unfortunately Italy has chosen to put some other interpretation on Sir Samuel's vision of the future and has preferred to make certain in her own way of a more limited present objective. At the same time imperially minded Britons the

world over have raised the most strenuous objections to that part of Sir Samuel Hoare's project which seemed to argue a dangerous access of imperiophobia. Had he not already done his best to lose India—happily without success? Was he not on the point of giving away Abyssinia? Was it not more than likely that a man so sick and tired would have been only too glad to give away the colonies also? Indeed the only trace of healthy imperial blood left in a constitution thoroughly undermined by the bacillus of defeatism was a certain determination to keep Egypt at all costs and to close the Suez Canal in certain contingencies—until Mussolini and the Cairo schoolboys called his bluff and had their way.

Small wonder that the British Empire has been uneasy at the prospect of being given away for the sake of world peace. Apart from Italy's rejection of the proposed conference, it is not unlikely that Sir Samuel Hoare would have been forced by public and parliamentary indignation to resign on his proposal to give away parts of the British Empire if he had not already resigned on the issue of his intention of giving away the Ethiopian Empire first. He fell like a man—justifying and proud of his error—while the British Government, loudly repudiating him and his unfortunate lapse, has kept steadily on the course set by him. There is no likelihood now that it will risk another brush with public opinion on the issue of the colonial conference. That, like the oil embargo for the time being, is dead. Italy may take what she wants of Abyssinia if she can, but she will not be offered any substitute compensations at the expense of the British Empire.

The whole of that far-reaching issue has been summed up by Lord Lugard in *The Times* of January 13th and 14th and in the paper's leading article of the 13th. The opinions expressed in these articles command the respect to which they are entitled. They do, however, seem to be based largely on the thesis that the grievances of Italy and Germany either arise out of the errors of their ways or are both unjustifiable and irremediable. That attitude provides no solution of the dilemma. The grievances exist, and are loudly proclaimed from the housetops. The only solution suggested in the countries aggrieved is a return to war as an instrument of policy. One of the

countries concerned is already at war for the purpose of colonial expansion. Japan, if she is not actually at war, is certainly waging something that we can scarcely call peace; and Russia is doing something of the same kind. It was indeed precisely with a view to discouraging such unilateral attempts to secure satisfaction for real or imagined wrongs that Sir Samuel Hoare made his offer of a conference to discuss the whole question in a peaceful atmosphere with a view to providing such remedies as might prove acceptable and feasible.

That offer, as already pointed out, has lapsed and the British Government is no longer bound by it. But what country could possibly have agreed to taking part in a conference on the lines suggested with the pre-knowledge that its results would be entirely, or almost entirely, negative, as indicated by *The Times* and Lord Lugard? And surely no good purpose whatever could be served by asking Italy and Germany to realize that "Great Britain has nothing to be ashamed of in the way her colonies were acquired or how her trusteeship of the native races has been conducted".

Such a statement is far too sweeping and smug to commend itself to the acceptance of independent opinion. Has Britain never acquired territory by the sword? Has she never been guilty of an error of judgment or of harsh conduct? It is surely unnecessary to answer such questions. Nor is it necessary to condemn Italy for her present attempt to carve out a colony in Abyssinia by the sword. We had, in common with other nations, the right to oppose that attempt but, having preferred not to exercise it in any effective way, can we justly blame Italy for seeking to obtain by force advantages, some at least of which we in 1925 and we and France in 1906 had already recognized as hers by right? At the worst we can extend our sympathy to the unfortunate victim of international covetousness and regret that Italy, despairing of ever obtaining her share of the agreed bargain by peaceful methods, has drawn the sword to vindicate her claims. On purely moral grounds Italy is in no worse plight than Great Britain herself. Mr. Peter Fleming would apparently have Great Britain take a hand against Russia in securing for herself a fair share of influence and trade in Chinese Turkestan. His suggestion has doubtless

been noted in the proper quarters which, in common with him and the Soviet Government, are nowise concerned to insist on the maintenance of Chinese territorial integrity.

And now *The Times*, in referring to Lord Lugard's articles, suggests an "arrangement . . . to ensure to all industrial countries fair opportunities of access to the raw materials produced in colonial areas, including protectorates and mandated territorities". That is suggested as a preferable alternative to the handing over of any part of the British colonies and, from our point of view, it is certainly the better way. But would Italy concur in this view, or Germany or others? In any case the suggestion postulates a precedent agreement among the colonial Powers. Meanwhile we can ourselves play the game they want to play and acquire further colonial advantages for ourselves pending a common agreement to call a halt to colonial expansion. Would it not be more honest ourselves to take the initiative in refraining from creating new bars to the access of others to sources of raw material in addition to those that already exist, and in considering ways and means for reducing the existing ones to a minimum?

It is true that the claims of Italy and others are by no means solely, if at all, dictated by genuine market considerations. Short of having colonial possessions themselves which they can close to their enemies in case of war, they want to be assured that any new access to supplies accorded to them under the proposed agreement will not be liable to be cut off in the event of their becoming involved in war. Otherwise the whole arrangement would be stultified. The only alternative acceptable to the "have-nots" is a general redistribution of the territories of the "haves" and of such areas as can without difficulty be deprived of independent status. In this last respect agreement might indeed be possible, but no British Government could live a minute on a declared policy of a substantial diminution of British colonial assets. No British Government would indeed dream of giving away such assets. The present British Government is actually engaged in adding to them, as we have already indicated.

Lord Lugard confines his attention to Africa as the most important scene of tomorrow's scramble. There, apart from

Abyssinia and Liberia, practically the whole country has been parcelled out. And Lord Lugard has shown conclusively that with the possible exception of an open door policy in respect of areas now barred and bolted, nothing can be done to satisfy anybody at the expense of Great Britain. But what of Arabia across the way? There we have an exceedingly interesting spectacle, the spectacle of an independent Arab Government exercising full sovereign rights over by far the greater part of the peninsula. And in that territory, as we might expect, there is complete freedom of trade for all comers of whatever allegiance, and unrestrictedly fair access to raw materials subject to the protection of its own and its people's interests by the Government of the country.

To Solomon and Cæsar, Arabia was known as a rich country, and she may yet prove to be vastly more wealthy than we have hitherto suspected. Neglected so long on account of her poverty and anarchy, she has flowered at the right moment in an age which pays at least lip service to the rights of peoples. And today she is as good an object lesson as can be found anywhere of the great advantage to the world in general of a completely independent country, free of political or economic domination by any of the great Powers. Her trade is free, her resources are open to all, and no one will accuse her Government of having granted the Hasa Oil concession to an American company at the instigation of the British Government. No one can seriously contest the statement that the territorial expansion of Sa'udi Arabia would mean an extension of the free field for all those seeking access to sources of raw materials. The same may be said of the Kingdom of the Yaman, whose recognized independence enables it to treat all comers alike subject to the safeguarding of its own essential interests.

It is strange therefore that Great Britain, professing its desire to facilitate the access of all not only to the advantages available in still independent territories but also in territories under her effective control, should actually be engaged, *vis-à-vis* Sa'udi Arabia and the Yaman: firstly, in limiting the natural tendency of both these countries to extend their influence over the hinterlands which geographically, racially and politically belong to them; and, secondly, in securing by the simple

argument of *force majeure* the exclusive right to control those hinterlands and to enjoy such resources as they may possess. It is unnecessary to go into further detail regarding this matter, but it can be stated, beyond any possibility of contradiction, that Great Britain, having duly acquired absolutely exclusive economic and political rights in and over the various Arab principalities that fringe the Arabian shores of the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, is now actually engaged in an effort, viewed askance by the other party to the negotiations, to extend the territorial limits of those principalities as far as possible into the interior of Arabia.

This is a fact which stands out in strange contrast to the protestations of the open door policy of which we hear so much. The elimination of the "uncivilized" communities of the world in favour of the various great civilized Powers cannot but have the effect of restricting industrial access to the still unappropriated sources of raw materials and of accentuating the antagonisms which make the policy of the great Powers a perpetual menace to the peace of the world. This is presumably what Mr. Bernard Shaw means by "collective civilization". The actual practice of the great Powers has secured the advocacy of a powerful convert, but there must surely still be many—or at least some—who can see no moral difference between the slaughtering of the Danakil and the slaughtering of the population of Portsmouth by the humane killers of modern warfare. Lord Olivier is evidently one of them. Many will agree with him that "this war is . . . an abominable crime", and that it "has got to be stopped". But let him and Lord Lugard and other leaders of opinion in colonial affairs not altogether disregard the mote in Britain's own eye when prescribing for the beam in Mussolini's.

AMERICAN JOURNEY

By Harrison Brown

THE European who has visited the United States twice begins to think he knows something about the country. When he has travelled it half a dozen times he realizes the extent of that illusion.

That is abundantly true if a knowledge of the psychology is meant. It is even more so with regard to the country itself. For that matter it applies equally well to all but a handful of Americans. It was on a bus somewhere in Wyoming, I think, that a fellow passenger began to expatiate on the wonders of a petrified forest he had seen down in Arizona. The driver interrupted him : " Say, friend, see those mountains over there ? " with a sweep of the hand towards the horizon. " I could take you twenty miles across them and show you a petrified forest "—he paused for a simile, and finding none continued—" fine as anything in Arizona. Yeah, and the folks down in this hick town we're coming to don't even know it exists". Then with a shrug, " Only difference is, they advertise in Arizona ".

There is still a great deal of North America which is not " advertised ", for the good reason that it remains unvisited, if not virtually unexplored. But even where exploration has been so thorough that it has resulted in a magnificently engineered highway, one is struck by the relatively small number of people who have travelled the territory.

For instance, I drove recently down the Oregon Coast Highway, described as the most scenic road in North America. Until we had travelled it we were inclined to think the description a characteristic example of the immodesty of the booster. Later we became boosters ourselves. But we could find few to share our enthusiasm, for hardly anybody down the coast had been the whole length of it. Quite early in the trip we gave up consulting local residents about the road or stopping-places. Even

filling-station men have rarely been the half of one's next day run. We became discouraged from asking advice at filling stations when one of them wanted to send us, on a wet night, over a hundred and fifty miles of winding cliff road to " the next decent stop ".

There is today a vast army of stay-at-homes who minister to the wants of travellers. They live on the whirling fringe of a mad world which is beyond the reach of their imaginations and, like limpets on a rock, they are visited by many queer fish whose lives are mystery to them. Into their calm backwaters drop men and women talking of hearsay places far away. They pause a moment, laugh and eat and drink, and then the stay-at-home goes with them to the door—" Good-bye, come again". But already the wanderers are speeding off to other hearsay places, and few know even the name of the place they stopped at. It was at breakfast in the coffee-room of a small hotel " with every modern comfort " that I asked the waitress if she knew when the mail went East. " Who ? " she asked blankly. It was the m-a-i-l, I explained. " Oh ", said she slowly, " I've often wondered about mail myself—but I never did find out ".

The Oregon Coast Highway is only one link in the amazing chain of perfect roads which now skirt the Pacific from British Columbia to Mexico. In the course of that one link there are some three hundred miles mostly of hairpin bends. But the reward is a kaleidoscope of scenery such as no other motor road of the same length can surpass.

For hundreds of miles the Highway twists and winds, now at sea level, where the great Pacific rollers crash on the rocks and the spray sprinkles the car ; now high above them, clinging to the face of the cliff. It skirts lagoons alive with wildfowl, crosses great rivers, plunges into ravines where the sunlight hardly penetrates, or scales a mountain through primeval forest which seems unending.

" San Francisco has only one drawback, 'tis hard to leave ", said Kipling without exaggeration. I left it in summer weather one January morning, with a bus ticket in my pocket which was to take me over nearly four thousand miles of roads, most of them covered thick with snow or ice. Throughout that long

journey the buses clocked in on time at all the chief cities. The average running speed, with halts and climbing, was about 35 miles per hour. Actually we travelled most of the way at over fifty.

To a European such schedules sound suicidal, and when we read that in the United States last year 36,000 persons were killed by automobiles, we are apt to exclaim " No wonder ! " In point of fact statistics seem to show that it is the private owner who is overwhelmingly responsible for the high toll of accidents. From my own experience I should say that the best drivers in America are those on the buses, and a close second would come the long-distance lorry drivers.

When fully loaded, the big Burlington Route bus on which I left California weighed over twelve tons. But that is nothing compared with some of the monster " trucks " one meets on the road. Between Salt Lake City and the Coast there runs a regular day and night service of petrol tank lorries which, with their trailers, weigh over 35 tons. Their route is a 700-mile run over desert and mountain.

There are over three million miles of roads in the United States, of which some 270,000 miles are surfaced with concrete or other hard substance. Rarely, except in the South, have the latter grown up with the country from horse-buggy days. They are speed tracks for automobiles pure and simple.

A map of the bus routes of America shows that every corner of the huge country is now covered. It is in such problems as transportation that American genius is most successful. A very few years ago there was no such thing as either long-distance air or bus travel. Today both are as well organized as any form of transport in existence.

But the buses have proved a heavy last straw added to the load of the railroads during the depression. So much so that many of them have either started their own road service or have purchased an interest in such services as compete with their own rail traffic.

The success of the bus is not surprising. They compare reasonably in safety, speed and comfort with other means of travel, and they are twice as cheap. There are halts every two hours or so, permitting far more of the country to be seen, and

tickets, which are valid for long periods, allow the breaking of a journey at any point without notice or formality. Night travel is certainly not as comfortable as a Pullman berth, but even so the reclining " aeroplane " seats of a bus are decidedly better than the hard ones of a railroad day coach. Nobody but the sick or soft need fear an occasional night on a bus. As for the cost, my ticket from San Francisco to Montreal cost just over $45, a rate of about 1¾ miles for an English penny.

In crossing America from West to East one has roughly fourteen hundred miles of mountain and desert to traverse, followed by about the same distance of plains before reaching the hilly region of the Eastern slope. The mountain group of the Western United States encompasses some of the finest scenery in the country, and it is that part of the trip about which I propose to write. In certain other respects also it is unique ; in more than one sense the air is clearer.

The difference in atmosphere may perhaps best be described by saying that there is a refreshing lack of that suspicion which experience has implanted in the mind of the human race elsewhere. If, for example, you are saluted at the " fountain " lunch counter with a loud " Well, friend, how things go this morning ? " the chances are that the slap on the back which heralds the salutation will be the introduction to an entertaining chat. In the East other forms of introduction are more usual, and on the whole more advisable.

The West is also the land of the unexpected, and that, too, is a quality to charm all travellers. On one occasion, having had business in a remote small place off the beaten track, I was invited to partake of liquid refreshment. No time, I explained regretfully ; the only train was due to start almost immediately. " Oh, that's all right ; we'll take the engineer with us ", replied my host. We did. And the only comment was that of the engineer's wife as we rocked down the mountain valley later : " My ! but Jim is making this old train buzz today ! "

Even in such mundane things as buses this atmosphere of informality still pertains in the West. Drivers are changed about each 250 miles. Almost without exception the passengers at the end of each stage say good-bye to an old friend and trust-

fully welcome a new one. Perhaps I was lucky in my choice of route this trip. I prefer to think, however, that the credit should go in part at least to the West.

The places at which buses stop for " eats " are many, and as varied as the advertising. My neighbour on the high stool at one counter was a young truck driver who was giving a poetical description of the Rockies as he had seen them from his brother's aeroplane. I looked up to see a notice on the wall : " Patronising us ", it announced with emotion, " is like making love to a widow —you can't overdo it ".

Humour in road advertising is unfortunately not always so conscious. I can pass with a smile the pawnbroker who offers " Dignified Credit ", and I raise my hat respectfully to the psychologist who calls his underwear shop a " Bridal Parlor ". One is hardened, of course, to the use of sex appeal in the selling of cigarettes, but when it comes to purloining the film star's toothy smile in the interests of gasoline, I register a bilious protest. This last is terrible. I lost count of the number of grinning mechanics in tennis shirts who offered me " friendliness " from hoardings—and somebody's petrol as an afterthought.

Indeed, one must have more than a dash of humour in one's philosophy in order to survive with equanimity the outskirts of some American towns. Sickened by the crass sentiment of patriotic societies and depressed by the grisly forebodings of the gloomier religious sects, one must still be prepared to withstand the assaults of Painless Parker the Chain Dentist. I found myself wishing he could get to work upon the painted gasoline salesman.

For light relief from the more stomach-turning effusions the palm must go to a certain shaving cream which raises smiles from one end of America to the other by means of a line of doggerel on four successive boards, so spaced as to be read with ease from a fast car. Of an endless variety one must suffice :

" His face was smooth
And cool as ice,
And—Oh, Louise !
He smelt so nice."

Amongst the unexpected, too, must be accounted the believe-it-or-not Ripleyesque spectacles met with in endless succession.

In one place it was a coal mine which had been burning for twenty-five years. When I passed it at night it showed like a great naphtha flare a few hundred yards from the roadside. That was near the region where dinosaur remains are discovered, and just about there we travelled 111 miles in 122 minutes, along a broad white ribbon of ice.

In unexpected natural features the road abounds. They range from the Devil's Slide near Salt Lake City to the great slab of rock on the Continental Divide. From the centre of the rock a tree sprouts gaily, having apparently dispensed with mother earth for its sustenance. One night in Wyoming we scrunched over scores of jack rabbits in their white winter coats. For a hundred miles the road was spattered with the flattened corpses of earlier victims, as though there had been a massacre of children's pets. And once, near the foothills of the Rockies, I counted a herd of forty-five antelope grazing quietly near the roadside.

Leaving San Francisco, the bus reaches the summit of Donner Pass on the Sierra Nevada in about nine hours, more than 7,000 feet climbed from sea level. By the drivers it is said to be one of the hardest runs in the country ; it is certainly one of the most varied for the passenger. It begins with a half-hour ferry ride across the Bay to Oakland. There the first thing to strike one's attention is the city's contribution to the safety-first campaign. It takes the form of a large notice affixed to each lamp post. At a distance the only word visible is " DEATH ". The rest is imprinted upon one's startled mind only on nearer approach, and reads " ——walks with the Pedestrian who Jaywalks ".

In Oakland an old farmer and his wife joined us, homeward bound for Omaha. They were to ride two nights and two days, since they were doing the 1,800 miles without a break. As we were leaving the bus station a man strolled up to me. " Hear you're going to Montreal ", he said. " I'm Canadian, too ; see this ? " and he showed me an Active Service button on his coat. " Just thought I'd ask you to say hullo to Coburg, Ontario, as you go through ". He laughed and waved a hand and we were off.

Thence through the Suisun Valley, with its vineyards and

fruit orchards, its cypress and mimosa and the shocking spectacle of quantities of grapefruit lying rotting under the trees. After Sacramento the road begins to rise; soon there are no more palms or fruit trees and the colour of the ground changes to the gold-bearing red soil on which grow fir and manzanita.

Dusk fell as we reached the snowline, dusk and a procession of cars rushing happy ski-ers down from the snow to their summer-like valley homes. Soon we were winding up the first of many mountain roads, all sign of human habitation had gone, except for the occasional flash of a lamp in some gold camp far below.

On the crest of the Pass we halted. A full moon shone from a cloudless sky upon the tangle of white mountains around us. Directly at the foot of the precipice on which we stood lay Donner Lake, its white expanse ringed with the silent army of snow-laden pine trees. Beyond it was Truckee and the canyon through which lay our road.

Just ninety-six years ago this spot between Truckee and the summit was the scene of perhaps the most ghastly episode in all the long saga of pioneer adventuring. Thirty-seven of the eighty odd men and women who formed the Donner Party died of starvation and exposure in fighting their way across this mountain. Those who survived did so by feeding upon the bodies of the dead. The site of their terrible camp lay just where we took off our skid chains.

A violent past which was but yesterday; a present crammed with anomalies in which the outworn past survives to rub shoulders with the ultra-modern; it is all part of the fascination of travel in America. That and the insistent question mark surmounting every horizon—what of the future?

There was an old lady in Denver, Colorado, when I was there, whose parents had been pioneers from New York State in covered wagon days. Ploughing across what must have been largely trackless waste, they came at last to the shores of Lake Michigan. There the sick and travel-wearied man wished to settle, but his wife refused to consider it. "Joshua", she said, "so long as you're going West for your health, there's no sense in pitching camp in a mudhole". The despised "mudhole" became the

ite of the present Chicago, second largest city in the country, ifth in the world.

The canyon from the Donner Pass led to Reno, Nevada, and Reno is also an anomaly. We reached this gay city of the deserts on a Sunday evening, at an hour when other American cities make every outward sign of observing the proprieties. Not so Reno. It is in every sense "a wide-open town".

Main Street was a dazzle of Neon lights and lined with parked automobiles. As the swing doors of the various "clubs" flew open a cheerful noise came forth. Inside it was more than cheerful. A stranger transported there blindfold might have been hard put to it to name the city, but at least he would have known he was not in Boston. Silver dollars lay in piles on green baize tables. There was eating and drinking too, but gambling is the chief industry of Reno, with divorce and re-marriage as a runner-up. For gambling they are thoroughly organized; from dice throwing through kino to roulette and baccarat, I can think of few games of chance which are not represented. And as my Californian driver remarked, a little incredulously, "In this State, you know, a gambling debt is a legal debt".

The State of Nevada is about the size of Italy; its total population is considerably less than that of Blackpool. There is probably no spot in the State from which mountains cannot be seen. In the cloudless atmosphere of these middle Mountain States the eye loses its power of judging distance. Rocks and hills have no fixed dimensions; of trees, fences or houses there are none. A cowboy on his horse, or a herd of grazing cattle, show up with crystal clearness but in minute size, at what must often be a prodigious distance.

"The Great American Desert" begins in the north-east of Nevada, although there is so much desert around that one feels its delimitations must be hard to fix. The bus-rider has a gauge of his own, however, which especially serves at night. Winding across mountain ranges or rushing through canyons, he travels to the constant accompaniment of the hiss of air brakes. On the desert proper, where the road often stretches ahead for thirty miles without a bend, progress seems almost noiseless and the flash of the revolving air beacons does not flit from window to window but winks monotonously from the same point.

Going East it is in this country that one first becomes aware of real distance. The driver had been amusing me by switching his searchlight on to the coloured rocks of a canyon through which we were passing. The canyon traversed, we came out on the desert again, the alkali shining white like snow under the moon, as far as the eye could see. " Here we leave civilization ", said my friend the driver, though for an hour past any trace of it would have been hard to find. " You may as well take a nap ; the next little town is sixty-five miles ahead ".

A large part of the Mountain Group is plateau country averaging from six to over seven thousand feet above sea level. As might be expected, the rising and setting of the sun are usually displays of colour which make the heart sing. Two in particular remain unforgettable, a sunrise over the Ruby Mountains of Nevada, and, on another day, sunset on a strange rock desert in Utah. The latter in particular survives against the later background of weird night. Before us there jutted up the long low tableland of Biglow Bench, like a ship marooned in a sea of sage bush. But behind us the jagged, snowclad range of the Unita Mountains were silhouetted a steely blue-grey wall against the golden yellows of the afterglow.

Across the Great Salt Lake Desert the road runs straight as a rod for forty-five miles. Around on every side are the mountains, often far away, but those nearer show clearly the old level of the Lake when vast stretches of this country were under water. Controversy is ranging around the crusted shores of this dead sea. For the Lake has been shrinking fast of recent years, as the salt content has increased from about twenty to nearly thirty per cent. If the present rate of shrinkage continues there will soon be no Great Salt Lake.

It is impossible to pass through Utah without mentioning the Mormons, that sect so much abused by the gutter press of two continents. Salt Lake City is uninspiring and strangely lacking in character for a capital which grew up under the ægis of strong personalities. Beyond it one is constantly reminded of the Mormon flight in 1847 from their persecutors of Illinois and Missouri. There is the Devil's Gate at the entrance to Weber Canyon where the weary refugees were turned back by a flood ; at Echo City stands Pulpit Rock where Brigham Young

preached his first sermon in an attempt to hearten the discouraged. Other names and monuments mark this later wandering of a people in the desert.

" My mother was a Mormon. I'm not ", said one young man to me. But he added, " If I needed a religion I guess I'd join their Church. They're swell guys ". " I'm no Mormon ", said our ruddy-faced driver, " but once when I was out of a job and my kid was sick, it was a Mormon who clapped me on the back and said they'd see the boy got to hospital. And they've never asked me to join the Church, before or since". Then with characteristic independence he added, " So happens I got a lucky break and didn't have to take any help. But they're swell guys, those Mormons ; they do as they say ".

The drive through the Wasatch Mountains and over the next deserts was much enlivened by that driver's fund of folklore. " Guess this country 'es quietened down a whole heap ", he would say. " There's one or two tough little places about here though, still. Now there's a town you'll go through presently, name Medicine Bow. It's a mining town, and one time the bosses had got in a lot of cheap Chinese labour. So the rest of 'em upped one fine night and bumped off over four hundred Chinks ". There was a pause for us to assimilate this information about the bloodthirsty town on our path. " Course ", went on the driver, " that was a long time ago. But they've still got sixty-eight different nationalities in that little dump, and it ain't always so quiet ".

We had a stowaway one night. Nobody seems to have seen him get on, but we all saw him get off. Probably he slipped aboard at a coffee stop, and no doubt he was tying his shoelace when the driver counted heads before moving off. Anyhow, he seemed very sleepy at first when the relief driver asked for his ticket farther on. Then he shook himself violently and started up : " Why, what town is this ? " he asked in alarm. " Rawlins ", said the driver. " Gee ! This is where I get off ! " exclaimed the rider without baggage. " Like hell you do ", answered the driver. But like lightning the intruder had dashed out into the snow and vanished up a side street. An actor perhaps.

THE SIEGE OF EVEREST

By C. F. Meade

It was in the early 'nineties that Clinton Dent, surgeon and mountaineer, first expounded the belief that Mount Everest could be climbed. Not long before the days of Dent, an interest in science was considered to be the only proper motive for mountaineering, and it was scarcely thought respectable to climb any important Alpine peak, without at least boiling a thermometer on reaching the top. Professor Tyndall had even reprimanded the great literary critic and mountaineer, Leslie Stephen, for venturing to be flippant about a barometer, and Dent, in discussing the projected ascent of Everest, was careful to pay his tribute to science by welcoming the important discoveries that he believed would be made in respect to altitude, and by accepting the advancement of science as a justification of the adventure that he was advocating.

Times have changed since the days of Dent, and it is now no longer necessary to justify a taste for mountaineering by lip service to the gods of science. A fondness for mountains is nowadays considered an adequate excuse for climbing them, and although there is no longer much hope of gathering scientific fruits on Himalayan peaks, there have been four expeditions to Everest, in the years 1921, 1922, 1924, 1933 respectively, and a new attempt is now to be made. In the meantime last year a reconnaissance party accomplished much brilliant mountaineering in the neighbourhood of Mount Everest for the purpose of acclimatizing new personnel and studying the weather. Finally, a fully equipped expedition is at this moment at the foot of the mountain.

Certainly the facts revealed by past expeditions only confirm the truth of Dent's theory of mountain-sickness.° He held that the more distressing symptoms were caused by lack of oxygen, and that the sufferings resulting from this lack and from

diminished pressure could be mitigated by acclimatization. He pointed out that these sufferings would be more likely to occur in a balloon or in a pneumatic cabinet, since in neither case would there be any opportunity of acclimatization. He referred to " that grain of fact which proverbially outweighs a pound of theory ", and it is evident that he would have understood more readily than modern scientists that only the most uncertain inferences are to be drawn from the results of experiments on animals in a laboratory.

Since Dent wrote his forecast, the recent expeditions have established a good many fixed points in the tactical problem of the ascent. The positions of the three high camps, IV, V and VI, have been settled, and are likely to remain at about 23,000, 25,000 and 27,000 feet respectively. At any rate, Camp VI cannot be much higher, and to establish an extra camp above Camp VI perhaps a thousand feet higher up would be difficult, as it would immeasurably increase the problem of supply and transport.

Again, it is not likely that there will be any change in the strength of the assault parties on the last lap, for it is practically impossible at these great altitudes to organize accommodation for more than two men. If it were possible to make the highest camp (VI) commodious enough to hold a reserve pair of men, such support would greatly increase security as well as likelihood of success. But the doubling of the size of the highest camp would involve an embarrassing amount of extra outfit and supplies with a consequently increased risk of casualties among the numerous porters that would be required. Nevertheless, means must be found to improve the standard of comfort at this camp, for, as one of the climbers has written, " the misery of two men enclosed in a tiny tent, seven feet by four, perched insecurely on a sloping ledge, so narrow that a third of the floor projects into space, may be better imagined than described".

Now the plan of attack upon Everest may conveniently be divided into two parts, the climax of the first being reached when Camp IV has been successfully established at 23,000 feet on the summit of the North Col. Access to this camp, however, is difficult, and might easily become impossible. To reach it from Camp III it is necessary to climb two thousand feet of

precipitous ice, of which only four hundred feet can be ascended without step-cutting. On the way up is a vertical cliff of ice on which a rope ladder has to be fixed to enable the heavily laden porters to ascend. Not only is this part of the route extremely awkward for the transport of tents and supplies, but in bad weather avalanches are a constant menace. Heavy snowfall, such as occurred in 1933 owing to the phenomenally early monsoon, might easily convert these steep slopes into a death-trap, and cut off the climbing parties from any assistance. Indeed, the absence of avalanches in 1933 was supposed to have been solely due to the continuous trampling of the snow by ascending and descending convoys compacting it into a relatively stable condition; surely a rather precarious kind of security!

The camp itself, too, is awkwardly situated on the narrow crest of the col, which is terribly wind-swept, but offers no alternative site, since the shelf just below the col is exposed to avalanches, and is therefore unsuitable for tents.

The expedition in 1933 certainly achieved a notable triumph in carrying the comparatively warm and comfortable double-walled arctic tent up to this camp, and the result was that its occupants were able to endure the violent storms that might otherwise have compelled them to retreat. It must not be supposed, however, that life anywhere on Everest is at all luxurious. Even at the foot of the mountain the temperature sometimes drops to twenty below zero.

It is above the North Col that the second part of the attack begins, with its intervals fixed at the two highest camps, at 25,800 and 27,400 feet respectively. It is on the upper section of this route that critical difficulties are now known to exist. In the crest of the great north ridge of Everest there is a huge rock-step, barring the way. It has been described by one of those who have seen it from below as "towering above the ridge like the bows of a battle-cruiser", enough to deter the boldest rock-climber. Mallory, in 1924, not realizing the dimensions of this obstacle, had planned to keep to the ridge during his attempts, but a reconnaissance of the great step decided later parties against this course, and in favour of Norton's route, which from Camp VI avoids the ridge in order to make an easy

traverse almost horizontally across the precipices of the north-western flank till the edge of the great couloir is reached, whence, by crossing the couloir, it is hoped, the summit of the mountain may be gained.

A severe handicap here is the altitude, which is acutely felt, so that from Camp V upwards the climber has need of all his strength, and special rations of invalid food are provided. To the very few human beings who reach this upper region of Everest it must seem the sort of country that is only met with in nightmares, a country where the laws of nature are paradoxical. Here you must go slowly if you want to keep warm, or you may even have to stop altogether if you feel that the cold is overwhelming you. This is because the rapid gasping for breath occasioned by the slightest attempt to increase the pace induces a sensation which, according to the very few men who have experienced it, takes the form of a sort of deadly central coldness, due, it seems, to a general cooling down somewhere in the region of the lungs. To combat this fatal chilling process a special respirator has been ingeniously devised which allows the air breathed out by the lungs to warm that which is drawn in. Unfortunately, however, the apparatus is liable to become choked with ice.

Another paradoxical peculiarity of these extreme elevations is that the snow is never hardened except by the wind, nor is it ever melted, for here even the Indian sun has little power. At any moment, too, out of a clear blue sky there may burst upon the startled climber a gale blowing at eighty miles an hour. In this uncanny region the influence of the seasons seems to be reversed, for the snow lies in summer, and disappears in winter. This is because in summer the damp monsoon winds load the rocks with snow, and then winter strips them bare again with the ferocity of its westerly squalls.

As to the quality of the climbing on these upper slopes of Everest, it seems that up to the last stage, as far as the great couloir, it is for the most part easy enough for experts in full possession of all their powers. On the other hand, an inexperienced or exhausted climber would be utterly at a loss here, for he would be continually tempted to delay progress fatally by helping himself with his hands, instead of relying on the security

of his balance, or on the grip of a single boot-nail in the normal manner of an expert.

At the great couloir, however, the situation changes, and the most serious of Everest's defences are concentrated against the attackers. At the entrance to the couloir, and at every point in its crossing, the precipice steepens, and the rocks are now recognized to be formidable, even when judged by the standards of climbers who are familiar with the most difficult ascents in the Alps. The strata not only dip steeply, but the rock formation resembles tiles on a roof, so that on these deadly, smooth slabs a covering of snow half an inch thick becomes a prohibitive obstacle. It is at this point that every attempt has failed, and always must fail, unless fine weather happens to create favourable conditions both of rock and snow.

Indeed, all hopes of success on Everest must depend on fine weather, and on the progress made recently in the technique of high climbing, especially in regard to acclimatization. Veterans whose powers are already known stand in a class by themselves. As for the others, the leader must observe their performances, and classify them accordingly, either as fast or slow acclimatizers.

Unfortunately it appears that simultaneously with the process of acclimatization a gradual deterioration of stamina takes place, and this has a disastrous effect in diminishing resistance to fatigue. In order to give some idea of the two processes, Dr. Greene, writing as medical officer in 1933, explained that an unacclimatized man is a fit man under difficulties, whereas a man who is both deteriorated and acclimatized is an unfit man with his difficulties greatly reduced. Major Hingston, medical officer to a previous expedition, has supplied an ingenious analogy; he compares the interaction of acclimatization and deterioration with the interaction of a drunkard's increasing toleration of alcohol with a concomitant undermining of the general health.

This whole subject, however, is still insufficiently explored, and although it seems to be the rule that quick acclimatizers are quick deteriorators, and that slow acclimatizers are slow to deteriorate, it is too soon to be dogmatic. In 1933, at any rate, the season was cut short so early by bad weather that it was impossible to test the slow acclimatizers at all thoroughly. At

the same time the significant fact must be remembered that in no expedition so far has any member ever been fit for a second attempt on the summit, and none of the high climbers have got off scathless. In 1933 one pair suffered from slight frostbite, and another pair were discovered to have slightly strained their hearts. It is unfortunate that no method is known of testing beforehand a man's capacity for acclimatization. The fact is that authorities differ as to the time required for getting the best results. Some say that at Camp IV a few days are enough, even for slow acclimatizers. On the other hand, two former leaders have agreed that in the case of exceptional individuals three weeks at each stage would be satisfactory, were it only possible.

Opinions differ, too, as to whether the delays caused by the storms in 1933 resulted in excessive deterioration, and whether the time spent at the North Col was not longer than was desirable, so far as the fitness of the party was concerned. Four of the climbers actually suffered the hardships of this camp at 23,000 feet for as long as eighteen days. These men certainly suffered in condition, nor is it surprising that another climber, after inhabiting Camp V at over 25,000 feet for eight successive days, "stood in considerable need of medical attention". There is no doubt that above this height mental as well as bodily powers decline, and there is great danger that the climber may not have sufficient mental concentration to enable him to check a slip that at normal elevations he would be able to control without any difficulty whatever.

Yet despite such severe handicaps the altitude records of the last two expeditions have been remarkable enough. In 1924 four men reached 28,000 feet, and the same height was reached in 1933 in conditions that were much more unfavourable. In 1933, indeed, an early monsoon, accompanied by serious storms, left only thirteen days during which it was possible to work, often only for a few hours a day. Nevertheless not only did the climbers reach 28,000 feet, but eight of the porters were able to carry loads to an altitude exceeding 27,000 feet, and would have gone higher if required.

In estimating the chances of a successful ascent, the question of pace is all important. It is thought that a climber must

achieve more than 250 feet an hour if there is to be any hope of his getting to the top. Norton, in 1924, in the long ascending traverse across the face of Everest on his final day's climb, when he attained 28,000 feet, only accomplished 1,300 feet in six hours. It is as if a party on the ordinary route of the Matterhorn were to take sixteen hours instead of the usual four or five in climbing from the Swiss hut to the top. On Everest in 1933 Smythe was three hours in ascending his last six hundred feet. In his case, however, the conditions were bad, and every year improvements in method tend to accelerate the rate of progress, so much so indeed, that it is now believed possible to keep up a speed of four or five hundred feet an hour throughout the final stage. This would mean that the top of Everest might be reached from the highest camp in four hours, a reasonably safe time-table, since it would allow an ample margin for the return journey, even if the anticipated three or four hundred feet of extremely difficult ground greatly prolonged the time. It is at any rate encouraging to reflect that Smythe and Shipton accomplished a phenomenal improvement in Everest speed records by climbing from the North Col to 24,500 feet at the surprisingly fast rate of a thousand feet an hour. It was only later in the season, as they began to suffer from deterioration, that their rate of progression declined.

Probably the policy of the leader today will not differ radically from what it was in 1933. No doubt to begin with, just as in 1933, the slow acclimatizers will be employed in making the great ice-slopes below the North Col accessible to laden porters, and will subsequently be expected to establish Camp IV on the col. The fast acclimatizers should then follow, ready to make the first attack as soon as they are in condition. To some extent the general policy of the leader will depend on the information obtained by the preliminary reconnoitring party last summer, and no attempt will be made to persevere after the monsoon period has begun. The oxygen machines will probably be reserved for use only on the last lap. In the early stages reliance on this delicate and intricate apparatus, rather than on acclimatization, would, it is believed, be dangerous.

Finally, good weather is the most important factor of all. There must be at least three consecutive fine days, and at least

four men must reach the top of their form simultaneously. Unfortunately the chance of fine weather lasting for as long as two days in succession instead of merely for twelve hours is comparatively slight.

However, if the weather is propitious and the campaign proceeds according to plan, the fast acclimatizers should be in position to attack the summit in the second half of May, while the slow acclimatizers would be ready in the first half of June. With our increasing knowledge of Everest, and the progress made in the persevering siege of the mountain, the odds against a successful ascent in any given year have gradually diminished. Mallory once estimated them at fifty to one against the success of any single expedition, and Shipton, who led last year's reconnaissance, agrees with him. Ruttledge, the present leader, has expressed the opinion that five to one would be a fairer calculation.

In any case it is true to say that each expedition stands on the shoulders of its predecessor, so that, apart from the uncertainty of the weather, the conditions become more favourable every year. There is some reason to hope, therefore, that the coming efforts will be crowned with success.

WHITE PRESTIGE IN CHINA

By Wilbur Burton

THE foreign population of China has always in modern times been a very important element in the country. In recent years, however, there has been in China proper (that is, excluding Manchuria) a considerable change; the prestige of resident foreigners as a group has declined, while foreign investment, though constantly increasing, has rather moved away from direct business and takes the form of finance capital.

In other words, Chinese are more and more engaged in operating the machinery of foreign investments and even of direct business; and as a result wages have fallen and opportunities for foreign employment, except in the highest executive or supervisory positions, are smaller. This is especially true of Western investments; not so true of Japanese investments. The status of the foreigner has also been affected by the arrival in the country since the War of several thousand Russians who, perforce, had to adapt themselves to whatever standard of living they could get; thus these miserable refugees, particularly in Shanghai, have lowered the *average* standard of other Western foreigners.

In the import and export field foreigners used to be completely predominant, and the firms were staffed almost entirely by foreigners except for minor clerks and office boys. Today, more and more Chinese firms are in this business; and, in order to compete profitably, the foreign firms increasingly employ only Chinese staffs or those who, like the Russians, will accept wages little above the native level.

The early foreign business men in China were all traders. With the protection afforded by extra-territoriality and their Concessions, they were set apart from, and above, the Chinese people. This naturally gave free play to the superiority complex

that most persons feel when they come into contact with an utterly alien people whose customs and culture they neither understand nor appreciate. W. N. Lay, first Inspector-General of the Chinese Customs Service, gave most forcible expression to the early foreign attitude in stating that his position was "that of a foreigner engaged by the Chinese Government to perform certain work *for* them, not *under* them. I need scarcely observe that the notion of a gentleman acting *under* an Asiatic barbarian is preposterous". It is true that the Chinese equally regarded Lay and all other foreigners as "barbarians". The superiority complex was mutual; indeed, if there was any difference at all, it was even more pronounced on the Chinese than on the foreign side.

In the early years of Sino-foreign relations, the only contact that foreigners (with the exception of diplomatic and consular officials and missionaries) had with the Chinese was with those they employed as servants, and with the go-betweens in native-alien business who are known as *compradores*. The latter looked after the actual selling to and buying from Chinese, and many of them became very wealthy. In fact, they were outstanding among the pioneers in modern native capitalism, and were responsible for much of the Chinese development which has led to such competition with foreign business firms.

But until the last decade, the foreigner was generally the cock of the walk everywhere. From clerk to *taipan* (head of a firm) he maintained a standard of living that was not only infinitely higher than that which any except the wealthiest of the natives could afford, but much higher than standards abroad among persons in comparable lines of work. It was nothing for a mere salaried foreigner to spend more in a cabaret in one evening than he paid his cook directly or indirectly in a month; yet a cook, by Chinese standards, is a well-paid person, making in salary and "squeeze" from $40 to $50 (Chinese currency) a month—which is as much as many Chinese university graduates receive in clerical positions. Many mere salaried foreigners are still able to make such displays, but their number is constantly decreasing.

The heyday of the imperialistic era for the resident foreigner was between 1850 and 1925, and rarely in history have a greater

number of persons shared as liberally in the usufructs of exploitation of an alien land. The Japanese kept pretty much to themselves on a standard somewhat higher than in Japan, but distinctly lower than the Western standard. There were some gradations among western foreigners, with the Portuguese occupying the lower-paid jobs, but there were practically no invidious distinctions between the pure whites, whatever their wealth. Everyone was paid enough to maintain " white prestige " ; the working-day was short and holidays numerous ; long home-leave was granted every five years with all expenses paid ; and most companies made provision for eventual retirement on handsome pensions. For the most part, cultural life was decidedly low, and the Concessions had many of the characteristics of " Main Street " ; but in creature comforts little was left to be desired except relief from the atrocious summer climate. Such drawbacks were more than made up to the Westerner by his being " master " of the greatest array of servants ever employed outside of India or on a Hollywood motion picture set.

Apart from this superiority complex, all foreigners had the strongest possible incentive for a firm united front against any Chinese encroachment upon their " rights ", and this explains their attitude in every crisis that arose. Clerk, no less than *taipan*, was moved to do anything he could to maintain the *status quo*, and thus friends and relations in England and the United States were always bombarded with appeals for strong action whenever the Chinese went on the rampage, as in the Boxer uprising and in the crisis of 1925-27. In England particularly such appeals—both from China and from India — have undoubtedly had a vast influence on government policy.

The very success of the imperialism of the 1850-1925 period was, in part, responsible for its undoing. On the one hand, many of the Chinese employed as minor clerks prepared themselves for more responsible positions, while still other Chinese went abroad or to missionary schools to study the Western technique ; and, on the other hand, Chinese business men gradually started competition with the foreign firms in their own line. Some of these latter Chinese had been *compradores ;* some were native capitalists of the old order who, however

much they might despise foreigners, learned to respect foreign technique ; others were overseas Chinese who had many obvious advantages in bridging the gulf between East and West.

In all cases lower-paid labour, which had been trained in the Western technique, was employed; and in the case of Chinese Western-style firms, there was a willingness to accept lower profits. Thus, Western firms found at the same time that they could employ Chinese for many positions at one-fifth or even one-tenth the salary paid to foreigners, while exclusively Chinese firms were beginning to under-sell them.

This inevitable course of events was sharply accentuated in the first half of the last decade by the arrival of the Russian refugees alluded to above, who settled in Shanghai and the other Treaty Ports. The effect on " white prestige " of this horde of poverty-stricken people is an oft-told tale ; more important in the long run has been their competition with other foreigners. At first, for linguistic reasons and lack of training, they were no more than an eyesore to the white men of the China coast, but within a few years the younger generation adapted themselves to their new environment, and having no other home, they had to make the best of things in any case. The consequences can be seen today in the retail store trade in Shanghai. Formerly, foreigners dealt at a few British stores in which there was practically no Chinese staff. Then some overseas Chinese established three large and well-equipped modern department stores staffed exclusively by Chinese ; these were run as one-price stores instead of by the old-fashioned method of bargaining, which is one of the most ancient and outstanding of Chinese arts. At first, many foreigners thought it disloyal to buy at the Chinese stores, even though identical articles could be got there at much lower prices than in the foreign stores. In the long run, however, the economic incentive prevailed, and the foreign stores almost went bankrupt. Then, a few years ago, they reorganized and came into line with the times. Today they employ no highly-paid foreigners save for a few supervisors ; the clerks are Chinese or Russians, who are willing to work for wages only slightly above those earned by Chinese.

It is the same in all branches of trade. Purely Chinese

organizations are engaging in business which formerly was monopolised by foreigners, and foreign firms are being forced to reorganize accordingly. Even the humble stenographer is now generally a Russian, Chinese, or Eurasian girl. A few years ago American stenographers with the *Wanderlust* used to ramble through Shanghai regularly and rarely fail to find a job there for as long as they wanted it at from 300 to 400 dollars (Chinese currency) a month. They continue to come—all the more since the depression in the United States—but most of them are lucky indeed if they get a job at all at $150 a month, which is exactly half what I calculate is necessary to maintain a modest American standard of living in the city.

From what I have written it must not be inferred that the foreign standard of living, save among the Russians, has been substantially reduced. The 13,500 British, 7,000 Americans, 9,000 French and 3,000 Germans in China are still, for the most part, better off than their fellow-countrymen in comparable positions at home, but a definite trend towards lower wages and less employment has been perceptible in recent years.

On the other hand, the status of the biggest *taipans*, particularly those who have shown the greatest alertness in appreciating the changing nature of imperialism, has improved during the same period. A notable example is the British Sassoon interests. Displaying rare foresight, Sir Victor Sassoon —head of these " Rothschilds of the East ", who in the course of four centuries have traversed the coasts of Europe and Asia from Spain to Shanghai with a steadily growing fortune—moved from India to China in 1929 with upwards of $100,000,000 (Chinese currency). Since then this fortune is said to have been trebled, largely through investment in Shanghai real estate, office buildings, apartment houses and hotels. In coming to China, Sir Victor not only sought to escape taxation and growing unrest in India, but frankly stated that he believed Cathay to be the best field for future imperialistic investment.

The vast Sassoon organization is typical of the new order, although more of its money is in direct business investment than finance capital investment. There is, for example, the monopoly formed to exploit the Hunan antimony mines. Except for executives and supervisors, Chinese are almost exclusively

employed, and totally lacking in that attitude of leisurely lotus-eating for which the " old China hands " still pine.

There continues, of course, some conflict between foreign companies and exclusively Chinese companies, but imperialism has recently become so interwoven with the whole bourgeois fabric of the country that no repetition of the intense nationalism of the 1925-27 period is likely in the near future. A thing that has contributed to this new harmony has been the breaking down of the virulent anti-Chinese prejudice which formerly prevailed among foreigners. This is due in part to the closer contact between the white and yellow races under modern conditions, in part to the " new deal " inspired by the events of 1927. In that time of crisis when nationalism threatened to turn a vivid red, foreigners and the Chinese bourgeoisie equally were fearful of Communism, and the former were willing to grant such concessions as customs autonomy and the opening of foreign parks to Chinese to prevent any further revolutionary foray. Modern development under Chinese auspices has provided not a few openings for foreign experts, who, unlike Inspector-General Lay, are happy in these times not only to work *for*, but *under*, " Asiatic barbarians ".

But with the virtual end of the Chinese anti-imperialist struggle has come intensified competition between various national groups to take the fullest advantage of the situation. Japan started the race in 1931, and has been setting the pace ever since. Germany, deprived of her extra-territorial advantages since the World War, has made a partial recovery by supplying General Chiang Kai-shek with a large group of army advisers in the anti-Red warfare. Italy, whose investments in the country have been exceedingly small, started expanding her interests in 1934 with an aviation mission to General Chiang, and then stole a march on the other Powers by raising her Legation to an Embassy—all largely in the effort to oust the Americans from the lucrative field of aeroplane sales. Great Britain has been using her Boxer Indemnity Fund for development under her supervision of Chinese railways and a merchant service.

Out of this new era of exploitation will come further changes in the status of foreign interests, with every present indication that Japan will score most.

COLONIAL POLICY FROM A NEW VIEW

By Professor G. E. G. Catlin

DESPITE Thomas Jefferson, he who travels may come back, not only a wiser, but a happier man. Some months ago I happened to be dining next to Mr. Bukharin, the late Secretary of the Communist International and the famous author of *Imperialism and World Economy*, to which Lenin wrote the introduction. Mr. Bukharin is one of the fathers of the Russian Revolution. The conversation turned upon the difficult position of Great Britain as a country of which the grain of the industrial structure has been set by Free Trade, in an epoch of economic nationalism. " Britain ", commented Mr. Bukharin, " can scarcely suffer from any very serious economic crisis. She has her colonies ".

The comment was one that, at first, arrested my attention by its unexpectedness and which, subsequently, I was inclined to put on one side as a mere abstract deduction from the Marxist theory of the capitalist exploitation of imperial possessions. Mr. Bukharin appeared to be saying no more than that the colonial orange had not yet been sucked dry to the pips. Further reflection, however, left me dissatisfied with this judgment. Were the Colonies as disconnected from prosperity at home as I had supposed ? Was not the often repeated Russian boast that there is no unemployment in the Soviet Union due to the existence of a vast backward area in Siberia, comparable only to the American Middle West and awaiting development ? Did not the British Colonies constitute a comparable area ?

The Colonial problem is the vastest and most neglected issue in British statesmanship. " No elections are won on colonial policy". It is therefore readily abandoned by politicians as a field where reputations can be lost, but not made. The Colonial Secretaryship is treated as a stepping stone to more promising posts for ambition. The Colonial issue is one on which Con-

servatives have had few views of imagination since Joseph Chamberlain. It is one which Socialists (owing to the strong strain of Liberalism in the Party tradition where Colonial matters are concerned) have scarcely faced with the determination to deal with it in a fashion consonant with their own basic principles.

The two major issues of our age, those of Peace and of Poverty, are both inseparable from the Colonial question.

Mr. Frank Simonds, in an exceedingly able book, written conjointly with Mr. Emeny, entitled *The Price of Peace*, wrote :

> The price of peace must be paid by those nations whose material resources bestow the largest measure of economic self-sufficiency. . . . So far, in the post-War period, all attempts to establish a virile system of order have failed because of the resolution of the more fortunate peoples, and particularly of the British and Americans, to combine the profits of exclusive nationalism with the benefits of internationalism.

Apparently, in Mr. Simonds' view, unless the United States either abandons her tariff on her foreign trade ; unless the U.S.S.R. abandons her policy of self-sufficiency ; and unless Britain cedes many of her colonies, we may expect the Next and Greater War. " War remains ", Mr. Simonds continues, " for the Germans, the Italians, and the Japanese, the sole means by which they can remedy evils which they conceive to be the consequences of injustice, and are resolved not to suffer voluntarily."

The argument for colonial re-allocation, now openly advocated in Germany by Dr. Gœbbels, on January 17th, 1936, is not only one of power and sovereign prestige. The pleas both of Germany and Italy are economic. It is claimed, whether justifiably or not, that colonial areas are required as markets for the disposal of goods in an epoch of economic nationalism, and as outlets for surplus population. It is fully recognized that the ultimate warfare is not one of tanks and aeroplanes, but of the birthrate. Neither Germany, Italy, nor Japan proposes to encourage birth control, which Fascist philosophy denounces as " race suicide ", but to demand new areas for that surplus fertility which it is a matter of public policy to encourage. The future quality of the population of the earth's surface depends upon the colonial issue.

Issues so vital have yet not struck the imagination of Englishmen with the force that they should because of lack of vision ; because they seemed remote from " bread and butter " issues ;

because politicians were convinced that their political futures did not depend upon these matters. The English, unlike their Elizabethan and even Victorian forebears, have ceased to look outward and have become parochial-minded. They have not seen that the problem of how to build a better England for Englishmen to live in, or Canada for Canadians, cannot be divorced from the policy adopted towards the commonwealth as a whole.

Briefly, colonial policy presents itself in three aspects. Each aspect requires separate treatment. The task of statesmanship is to balance and co-ordinate these treatments. The three aspects are: The Colonies as possessions affecting the policy of other nations; the Colonies as the homelands of native populations; the Colonies as integral parts of a commonwealth that must be made a place worthy to live in.

Let us consider this issue from the point of view of H.M. Opposition. Socialists are committed to opposition to "imperialism", specifically defined as the economic development of the territory of one people for the benefit of some *other* nation that holds political control. Hence, the Labour Party must reject the use of such a term as "possessions". Especially it must object, as Lord Lugard objects, to Colonial or African areas being regarded as spoils of war, or of business enterprise, which ought periodically to be redistributed between "have" and "have-not" powers. The superficially equitable claim of the "have-not" powers is entirely unjustified in so far as this claim ignores the wishes of the inhabitants themselves of the territory and treats them as chattels. Abyssinia is a "have-not" power, and the only ground for preferring the claims, in this context, of Italy to Abyssinia, or of Japan to China, is that Italy and Japan can threaten to use force. Any genuinely equitable claim must be balanced, in discussion through the channels of international law and organization, against the claims of all others concerned.

Further, however, H.M. Opposition is also committed to a policy of social planning—of planning designed to raise the standard of living of average citizens in the commonwealth. It is patent that any such system of commonwealth planning, in the area in which alone it could be controlled from Westminster (i.e., not the Dominions, except by spontaneous collaboration), involves the elaborated organization of this area as integral with Britain, and a large measure of freedom, during the working out of the experiment in planning, from foreign intervention and from tying international commitments and economic treaty obligations.

The major task of colonial statesmanship, from the point of view of H.M. Opposition, is to reconcile these two superficially conflicting principles of social planning, with its implications of a closed economy, as in Russia, and of internationalism, with its implications of Free Trade.

The case for social planning, as advocated not only by the Labour Party or Mr. Sidney Webb, but (with a difference . . .) by Mr. Harold Macmillan and the "Five Year" group, and even by Lord Melchett, is far less easily made out in an area of old traditions and complicated social structure, where even small men, wage-earners, and "proletarians" have "vested interests", than in virgin country or backward areas, such as Siberia. If planning can be successfully carried through in these newer areas, the chance is redoubled for its being made effective in countries of a highly articulated civilization.

The astounding development of production in Asiatic Russia during recent years has been due partly to the fact that, under the earlier regime, it had remained largely untouched, and partly to the singular applicability of planned production methods to areas of this kind. If the British Commonwealth is to heed the advice recently given in an expert report from the International Labour Office that, in order to maintain her position, she must greatly increase her production, it is to her own backward areas that she must look. *The Times* has editorially exhorted Englishmen to consider the growth of production in Russia. It is more to the point to consider what can be done in those of our own areas that are comparable, in their stage of development, to much of Russia.

In certain regions, such as the Union of South Africa, in the case of crops, there are instances of State-encouraged planning that have been inconsiderately adopted and that have not been conspicuously successful. In other regions the opposite is true. The elaborate undertakings of the Mineral Union of

the High Katanga in the South-east Congo, and of the Colonial Sugar Refining Company of Fiji, are of a chiefly, or entirely, commercial nature. The Gezira Irrigation Land Project in the Sudan, however, has required precisely that collaboration between State, industrial syndicate, and peasant proprietor which satisfactorily indicates the function the State can perform. The Sudan Plantations Syndicate here undertakes (and, within its limits as a capitalist enterprise relying on state collaboration, quite successfully) the details of " management ". This success, however, would have been out of the question without this collaboration. It could probably be carried much further, for example, in cotton or in West Indian sugar, were the collaboration or initiative increased.

It is patent that, whatever may be the advantages of private capitalism, the promotion of investment in areas where there are neither speedy returns in the shape of dividends nor secure returns is not among them. Here, if development is to be undertaken at all, it may be urged that it must be by some authority, whether State, chartered company, or socially-controlled corporation, that is prepared to undertake heavy risks because it can afford to do this in view of ultimate returns (not necessarily of an exclusively pecuniary nature).

Planning Commissions, or commonwealth " Development Boards " (to use Mr. Lloyd George's phrase) sitting in Pretoria, Nairobi, Kingston (Jamaica), or Georgetown (Guiana), would be competent to say : " Here railroads must be laid down ; here steamship lines must be encouraged ; here roads must be developed, bridges built and rivers rendered navigable. We are convinced that the standard of living in this community can only be raised along certain lines which constitute the basis of this plan. Complementarily, we propose to encourage the development of the economic life of this community in such a fashion as to make this plan successful, and the investment of capital justifiable".

Such a scheme opens up opportunity for creative experiment worthy of some of the most glorious periods of our history.

Such projects must necessarily have an immediate effect upon the employment of local labour. Provided that some adequate survey can be made of what would be the probable form in which

an extra 2d. a day in wages would be expended, the local market can be made absorbent of goods whose production will give employment elsewhere. The first consequence of colonial planning, advancing beyond the blue-print stage, would be a boom in heavy industries, from which not only Rhodesian copper but British steel would profit. It would, further, have the consequence of providing employment for those engineers who, prepared in our technical colleges, have exceedingly little prospect of employment in Britain.

A conference on migration was held some months ago at Newcastle. The consequences have not been more encouraging than in the case of previous conferences. The Australian Minister of the Interior has announced that the Australian Commonwealth is not contemplating any immediate immigration policy, and the Premier of Victoria has declared, with no small emphasis, that " this does not seem to be a time to bring migrants to Australia to increase unemployment ". Lord Lugard and Sir Daniel Hall, writing with a background of wide experience, both declare that there are conclusive reasons against European colonization in a tropical Africa populated by races whose lands are already overcrowded. Does it follow that every emigration policy is condemned to fail ? The answer must entirely depend upon whether the economy of the area in question is to be static or to be raised to a new level so that, especially in certain fields of employment (for example, engineering) the new economy provides new opportunities. Immigration does not provide the key to colonial development, but colonial development does provide the key to successful immigration.

Throughout the nineteenth century colonies were regarded as the " possessions " of imperial powers. Today, this notion of inferior races, and of "possessions" comparable to the privileges of private property, has given way to a new conception. Colonies and homeland alike must be visualized as fused in one Union, itself a federation of commonwealths—perhaps a British Union of Socialist Commonwealths—which federation cannot be broken up or infringed save by the wish and consent of the parts affected. Such an organic notion of the union, instead of a mechanical one, is implied in any consistent scheme of planning for a population, all the members of which are to be regarded as equals in citizenship.

The task of the twentieth century is to co-ordinate this notion of an integrated and planned Commonwealth with the obligation to fit the Commonwealth itself within some sovereign system of world organization, under which all member states will be beneficiaries, such as can alone obviate the endless recurrence of wars to maintain the balance of power. The two duties, however, are consistent, and even concurrent. There is no need, with followers of Mr. Simonds' school of thought, to regard them as mutually exclusive. It would, however, be a small service to regard either the free trader's solution of the colonial problem or that of the national planner as alone adequate.

AMERICAN FAIRY TALES

By Clemence Dane

THERE is a snarling, intolerant school of Anglo-American thought which asserts that an independent American literature does not yet exist. It asserts that Poe, the son of English actors, is completely European in feeling and expression : that Mark Twain, co-equal of the great Victorian novelists, would have displayed precisely the same genius if he had written of an English instead of an American village : that Walt Whitman is the mere Macpherson of the States, and that his poems will have as transitory an effect upon the American literature as the Ossian poems had upon eighteenth-century European literature. It argues that the use of commercial spelling and the misuse of punctuation, do not constitute a new literary form. In fact, says this snarling intolerant school, America's only real contribution to world letters is her slang.

I do not propose either to maintain or deny these assertions. I merely point out that the critics, whether English or American, who sincerely believe that American literature still sleeps in the womb of its English mother, who still await that imminent bright, terrific birth, are ignoring two very noteworthy facts. One is the American public's insatiable demand for tales of modern American adventure. The other is this public's growing liking for a form of short story which I can only describe as a scientific fairy-tale—using the word " scientific " in its loosest, clumsiest, and most inaccurate popular sense.

Some years ago in an article called " American Primitives " I suggested that America's ' Wild West ' novelettes were worth attention. For years stories of the Wild West, the Frozen North, and the Tropic South have multiplied in the cheap magazines. Indeed they resemble in their incessant increase some tropical forest, whose trees shoot up, mature, decay, and

in death fertilize their own seedlings, until the jungle is choked by its own vitality or some single tree outgrows its neighbours and becomes king of that formless wood.

Such processes occur in art as well as in nature. Just as the saga owes its life to a thousand forgotten folk tales, so, as I believe, will the literature of America owe its birth and life to the endless quantities of magazine tales which amuse the vast American public today and are forgotten tomorrow. Just as the *Nibelungen Lied* or the *Morte d'Arthur* was the final version of a thousand legends based on long-forgotten facts, so will the American epic in its final form embody the cowboy legends of America, and have—who knows?—instead of Siegfried—Billy the Kid for hero. For every nation must have its folk tales, its epic, and its poet, and America is already a nation.

And even as every nation must draw together its legends into an epic, so must every nation crystallize its dreams in a fairy-tale. Its fairy-tales will be the literary expression of its particular sense of wonder, its peculiar ideal of beauty, its special fear, its unique horror, its individual conception of delight. "Fairy" is a word degraded by the vicious slang of the day. One is half afraid to use it for fear of spoiling the beautiful conception which it has so long embodied. But by comparing these myths of—let us say—fauns, nymphs, sylphs, gnomes, sprites, brownies, nixies, pixies, peris, genies, elfs, and fays one with another, it is possible to acquire a very fair idea of the peoples and countrysides which they haunt.

The peri of *The Arabian Nights* is a majestic female, differing from her human sister only in her superior beauty and in her magic powers. She inhabits the heights of the air or dwells in subterranean caves, and her enchantments are grossly material. She rewards her hero by loading his camels with bales of diamonds. Displeased, she beats him into insensibility, or turns half of him into a marble statue, or the whole of him into a black dog.

The English elf, on the other hand, lurks in a cowslip bell, and has an irresponsible sense of humour. Mab and Puck embody the English love of animals, flowers, little things. An English elf can only live in the flowery, well-groomed English woodland. The Irish leprechaun, again, has more malice than

wit, and the banshee is a tragic creature with a private woe and a private war on her hands—as befits the dream of a people temperamentally "agin' the government" of fate or man. And the sturdy kobolds, the chilly ell-women, the elegant fays in turn reflect the character, the desires, the ideals, the dreams and the dreads of the race whose high places they haunt.

Indeed there is no country in the old world which they have not haunted, no land which is not "fulfild of fayrie"—except the United States of America. This republic has not domesticated the Wendigo and the Summermaker of the American Indian. It is a modern state, a machine-run state, a state whose wonders are material, "scientific". And since science is the absolute foe of mystery, how, then, can there be magic in America?

Yet the most modern human craves sometimes to be illuded. He has moods in which he feels that it is his right to understand the speech of the wind and see the light that never was on land or sea. He must put the moon in his pocket sometimes, and split open an orange so that a princess may step out. Beasts must befriend him, birds advise him. He must wield an invisible sword, wear an invisible cap, and be shod with goloshes of fortune. This is his need: this it is in his nature to desire: and no material splendours nor abstraction of the arts will do instead. He is hungry for magic and nothing else. In short, he must have his fairy-tale.

But the moderns do not believe in fairy-tales! What is to be done? The old world squares the circle by feeding itself with fairy-tales in childhood and renouncing belief in them afterwards. But the new world has only fading Indian legends—the fairy-tales of another race. What, then, is the American to do?

Go without? Not at all. He is not to be cheated of a good thing, and he solves the problem of supplying this lacking vitamin in his spiritual daily food in a characteristically American way. He has invented, or he is at present about the business of inventing, an entirely new system of fairy-tales that shall satisfy all his desires for the unknown, shall give him breathless illusions and incredible visions, and yet shall satisfy his machine-governed, machine-stimulated, scientific consciousness. A pump-

kin which turns into a fairy coach is a piece of silliness, but he is perfectly ready to accept (within the limits of his magazine story) the super-speed ship which takes him in one turn of the handle beyond the further star of known space and into another dimension altogether. He will accept a robot, but not a dragon. He will travel to Jupiter, but not to the Islands of the Blessed.

I found my first American fairy-tale on a bookstall in, I think, Chicago. It was a magazine with double columns of clear print on coarse greyish paper with crude black-and-white illustrations and the usual unattractive preliminary advertisements. *Astonishing Stories* is no bad name for it. The cover was as astonishing as the title, though I have seen so many covers since that I forget if it was a picture of a pterodactyl struggling with a seven-handed robot, or whether it was merely a man and woman in divers' helmets, clinging together in the interior of a globular machine surrounded by goggle-eyed footless Martians. At any rate I became a passionate searcher-out of these amazing twenty-cent-worths. I located sister magazines, notably *Marvel Stories* and *Unearthly Tales*. I learnt their American dates of appearance, and recently found that one of them appears irregularly on a Waterloo Station bookstall, to the confusion of the apologetic clerk. He hates me to ask for it.

For three years, in short, these papers have been an enormous amusement to me, for crude, illiterate, slangy as most of the stories are, they do none the less represent a stirring of the ancient sense of wonder, the human love of magic, in a continent poor in legends and peopled by aliens from all over the world. These amazing magazines call themselves " science fiction ", but they are nothing in the world but America's fairy-tales.

We go to the past for our fairy-tales, America to the future, that is all. The Old World knows that once there was a golden age. The New World knows that some day there will be a golden age, and all her fairy tales concern this future.

But what amazing tales they are. *Marvel Stories* calls itself frankly " the magazine of popular fiction ". It lives up to its boast. It describes flying ships and rays of unknown power: rays that will fuse a planet as easily as a burglar can fuse the lock of a safe. It describes supermen who can become invisible, can travel faster than light, who can take themselves and their entire ship's company on travels beyond our universe altogether, and after some sixty million years of adventures, arrive back the day before they started. It describes inhabitants of worlds not yet born, and the eccentricities of world-conquerors long after the known planets have vanished. But whether a group of human beings travels into eternity in the space of a minute, or a Great Brain controls a civilization of lesser brains all the stories prove one thing. They prove that the New World has the Old World's gift of belief in the unbelievable. Magic has come to stay in America.

And not only magic. The ghosts are returning also, especially in the *Uncanny Tales Magazine*, which, however, is pulled up sharply if it becomes too " scientific", as you will see by this letter to the editor:

> Though I have read *Uncanny Tales* since it started, I have not added my voice to the general clamour. So here goes. In the first place, keep *Uncanny Tales* uncanny. Stories of other planets are O.K. But there are too many other magazines with the same type of story. As one of my friends remarked the other day: " Goodnight! First they tow the moon around, then the earth, then the sun, then the universe, and then to cap it all they start in on galaxies ".

I join hands with the writer—there *have* been too many galaxies of late in these *Uncanny Tales*. Yet in the same issue we find another correspondent asking: " How about more vampire and good old-fashioned ghost stories? And less of these planetary yarns ". This suggests that readers of American fairy-tales are able to share the delightful uncertainty of the Old World's small and big children as they listen to:

> A woman's story at a winter's fire
> Authorized by her grandam.

The belief in magic dies hard, even in a modern state. Certainly the editors and contributors to *Uncanny Tales*, *Astonishing Stories* and *Marvel Stories* have resolved that it shall not die the easier through them. I opened *Astonishing Stories* recently on a picture of a piece of travel machinery much more marvellous than Prince Camaralzamen's flying horse. It is lit by Aladdin lamps and guarded by two " terrestials "; for in these stories people of our earth are never called human beings. They

are invariably " earthlings," " earthmen," or " terrestials ", and they generally share their adventures with Venusians, Plutonians, Martians, or Mercurians. " Moonmen " occur seldom, and H. G. Wells's " Selenite " has not caught on, though there is little doubt that we may find in *The First Men in the Moon*, *The Time Machine*, and *The Sleeper Awakes* the parent and original of half these stories.

But to return to our picture ! Facing the " terrestials " is a semi-transparent figurelet with a huge head and a figure hardly human, as weird as the artist's pencil could make him, and underneath is written :

> " I welcome you to Norlamin, Terrestials ", spoke the projection. " I suppose that you are close friends of Seaton and Crane, and that you come to learn why they have not communicated with you ? " Self-contained as Du Quesne was, this statement almost took his breath away. . . .

Here, you see, is the phraseology of the schoolboy, who wants to get on with the story and doesn't care tuppence about style. The writers of these tales perfectly understand the point of view, and indeed I suspect that they adopt a style deliberately crude, slangy and illiterate in order to accommodate themselves to their special audience. I suspect this the more since a rising young dramatist, author of one of the hits of a recent season, confessed to me that he had at one time contributed to these magazines. A month or two later a distinguished editor unblushingly made similar confession.

And why should he blush ? The tales are nonsense, but they are entertaining nonsense, and they do stimulate the imagination of many thousands of readers. They are not for a delicate palate, nor for a literary palate. Nevertheless they are a kind of food. There must have been many useless variants of *The Youth Who Learned to Shudder* before that weird tale was perfected, or *The Loathly Worm* or *Tamlin*. Educated people may laugh at these crude American fairy-tales ; but I imagine that the educated American will laugh louder than the educated Englishman, while neither will deny that they excite the sense of wonder.

And of wonder poetry is born.

MOSCOW TURNS TO THE CLASSICS

By Hubert Griffith

I HAVE just concluded the rather unusual experiment of taking a holiday in Moscow in the months of February and March. As I know the city well from visits in many past summers, when it is crowded with foreign tourists, there was something piquant in the feeling that one was probably the only visiting Englishman in the place. (I certainly saw no other the whole time I was there.)

My business was with theatres, and I went to the theatre almost every night for a month. I got one main impression—of a positive wave of popular enthusiasm returning to the classics ; and a vivid memory of two particular performances.

To illustrate this fervour for the classics, of their own and all other countries, I will simply quote the theatre-list of plays to be seen during a single week of my stay. The list is no special " Theatre Festival " list, such as is drawn up in Moscow each September for the benefit of foreign visitors to the Festival. Being an Englishman alone in Moscow I had simply come in for a normal cross-section of the normal winter programme.

Here are some of the plays, all occurring in the repertories of the theatres once, or sometimes twice, during a period of seven days. There were four Shakespeare productions, *Othello*, *Twelfth Night*, *King Lear* (said by Mr. Gordon Craig to be the finest he has seen in his life, but I did not see it and so cannot pass judgment), and *Romeo and Juliet*. I will come to *Romeo and Juliet* in a minute. But here it may be mentioned that no four Shakespeare plays have been running concurrently in London since the day they were written.

Among other English classics I find Sheridan's *The Rivals* (a recent great success), Fletcher's *The Spanish Curate*, a play which only English connoisseurs of Elizabethan literature know about, but which has been turned into a Moscow success ; and, yes, my eyes do not deceive me, a play done by the first

theatre in Moscow, the original Moscow Art Theatre, called *Pickvicksky Klub*! This magnificent theatre, that still retains all its traditions, has recently found a wild popular success in its adaptation of our own *Pickwick Papers*!

Among classics of other countries, again in this same week, are Schiller's *Don Karlos*, Scribe's *Verre d'Eau*, two plays made from novels of Balzac, Dumas' *Dame aux Camellias*, Shaw's *Devil's Disciple*, and a long list of Russia's own classic plays.

After reading this list, and seeing many of the plays carried out, sometimes competently, sometimes superbly, one is amazed at the wealth and variety of the Moscow stage of the moment. It is no amateur or enthusiast dazzled by his first visit (for I have been observing Russian plays for the last six years) who now pronounces the opinion that the Moscow stage is easily the first in Europe.

A particularly vivid impression remains of the *Romeo and Juliet*. It was played in a huge barn of a theatre, the Theatre of the Revolution, holding two thousand people. The interest was as much in the audience as in the play. The play was finely staged, and was taken seriously, quickly and excitingly. Even without the magic of the native verse one got the magnificence of the tragedy of the two young lovers crossed either by their stars or the rivalry of their two houses. But the sudden thrill of the occasion, for me, was to realize that I was among an audience of two thousand people who did not know the plot —who had no idea of what was coming next! They were staggered by it. The astonished "ooooh . . . !" that went through the whole theatre, when the supposedly dead Juliet sits up from her tomb, was like a breath of wind. It was an audience as innocent and impressionable as that at Shakespeare's own first night. And at the end they gave the young Juliet fourteen curtain-calls.

Another occasion was a new Soviet play, written by a young Soviet author, Afinogenov, called *Dalekoe* (*The Distance*). I may be wrong about this, but it seemed to me the first complete and mature play that has come out of Soviet Russia. Plots of plays are boring as a general rule, but this much may be said of it. Its central character is a General of the rank of Army-

Corps Commander, who has been given only three months by his doctors to live. He knows this fact, but does not think that his wife knows it. His wife knows it, but does not think that her husband knows it. The scene in the last act where someone blurts out the secret, and husband and wife stand before one another, each at last knowing that the other knows, is one of the most moving I have ever seen in modern drama. Enthusiastic Russians have told me that the play is "too indeterminate", that it is "not propagandist enough", and so forth. It is precisely for this reason—that because whatever "propaganda", i.e., point of view of life, is in it, is deeply hidden in its inward mesh and comes straight out of the heart and situation of the characters—that I hail it as a great and moving play, and in the great human Russian tradition. I have arranged to translate it, and the London public will, I hope, have a chance of forming their own opinion of the matter.

Some details remain to be noted. Theatres are full nearly always in Moscow. I have marked this point in successive years. Theatre seats are cheap—but not absurdly cheap. A stall at the Opera or Ballet costs roughly eight or nine shillings. (I am not allowing for the artificial rate of exchange, which would make it cost about twenty-five shillings, but interpreting it into terms of proportionate income and buying-power of a Russian.) A stall at any ordinary theatre costs five or six shillings. The gallery anything from sixpence to one-and-six.

A Moscow theatre company is coming with a repertory to London in May. It is the Kamerny Theatre, which has always specialized in doing "foreign" plays to its Moscow audiences. In its time it has done Shakespeare, Shaw, Singe, Wilde, O'Neill and a host of others. Its programme will probably consist of one Russian classic, Ostrovsky's *The Storm*, one modern revolutionary play, *The Optimistic Tragedy*, and several foreign plays, and possibly a couple of O'Neill's.

There are people in Moscow who disparage the Kamerny from different angles, first, because it is not as naturalistic as the First Moscow Arts Theatre, and, secondly, because it is not as wildly experimental as Meyerhold and others. But its medium course and its broad international outlook make it a notable Moscow theatre.

A CANOE IN NUBIA

By Major R. Raven-Hart

BEYOND the noisy Egypt of the agitators lies Upper Egypt of the peasants, desiring only to be left in peace under a reasonably uncorrupt Government, and of this Egypt we hear little; but beyond Upper Egypt lies Lower Nubia, the district from Aswân to the frontier of the Sudan, of which we hear nothing.

I went down the Nile from Wâdi Halfa in the Sudan to Aswân last autumn (and on to near Luxor) in a canoe: I wanted to see the riverside temples, and I had not the money to hire a sailing-boat. As I was alone, one partner after another having had to let me down, and as I loathe cooking I ate at the villages, camping near them or sometimes sleeping in them. Doing a cruise in that way you do get to know the people of a country, and to like or dislike them intensely. I liked the Nubians so much that I made a point of seeing all I could of them in Cairo after the cruise: I found them there by the hundred, their honesty making them preferred in positions of trust even by Egyptian families and firms. They look on these years among the "flesh-pots of Egypt" as years of exile, to be got through as soon as possible, but few Nubian families could exist without the money sent them by the sons in Egypt.

Although their country is part of Egypt politically it has very little in common with it. The Nubian is not of the same race as the Egyptian, even if they sprang from a common stock six thousand years ago: his nearer kindred are over the frontier in the Northern Sudan, a successful mixture of that ancient stock with all sorts of later invaders—negroid, and Blemmye (whatever that virile race was that forced Roman Emperors to pay them tribute), and Arab, and Turkish. You can tell a Nubian from an Egyptian at a glance: he is blacker, usually better built and often superbly so, with long greyhound lines

that make the lads when stripped for work or bathing look like Greek bronzes of a good period.

My first contact with the Nubian was in many ways typical. At Abu Simbel the only decent landing I could see was below the temples, near a group of about six houses, all the village that there was. I foolishly landed without shoes, and at once picked up three vicious thorns from a branch half-buried in the sand. Still holding the mooring-line I sat down to remove them; and just at that inopportune moment a man and a boy of about sixteen arrived and greeted me. Experiences in Egypt had prepared me for a chatter of monkey-like inquisitiveness, and for demands for *bakshîsh* as a prelude to limited helpfulness; and for the need to keep a close watch on my gear.

Before I could search for words the man had taken the rope from me and made fast to a tree (with a round turn and two half-hitches as I noted with interest later) and the lad was down on his haunches and had those thorns out—and he patted the sole of my foot when the third was out, with a smooth smile at it, quite perfectly conveying "There, old foot, you're all right now". He then slipped off his baggy trousers and rolled up his long outer robe so as to plunge, quite unasked, ankle- and calf-deep into the mud and get me my shoes. Then he and his friend helped me to unfurl and pitch the tent (with those little exclamations of wonder that do so flatter a camper); and as we worked they began to ask questions—"You come alone from Wâdi Halfa? Ya salaam! I hope you like our country?"

And then, just as I began to think of tips and *bakshîsh* I found that they had unobtrusively slipped away, with farewells so casual that I had not appreciated them as such.

After a needed rest I prospected, and a dear old man set out from his house to greet me. He talked Italian, learnt as a storekeeper in Cairo: he brought me bread and butter and dates and tea and milk, all that I felt like for the moment—the bread took the form of the flapjacks that I came to like so much, made from millet flour in paper-thin discs two feet or more in diameter. The dates were also a novelty to me, dry and nutty-flavoured, not the sweet and rather sickly ones exported. I found them perfection to eat meditatively while paddling, spitting the stones overboard with a satisfying plop.

Refreshed by rest and food I visited the temples: the old man first looked astonished and then amused when I said something about leaving all my stuff lying about with no one to watch it: "This is Nubia, not Egypt," he said. Later he brought me similar food for supper, with the addition of hard-boiled eggs, and sat with me and smoked and told me stories (traditional ones of Goha the Simpleton, always being fooled and yet usually coming off best in the end). He made great difficulties about taking payment for the food, but I managed to mix it up with a hand-shake and the remains of a packet of Italian cigarettes, bought at Naples on my way out, and a treasure to him because of their associations with his Cairo days.

The Nubian is hospitable in the extreme: there was never a day but I had half a dozen invitations to land, to eat with a group near the bank or to drink tea with the crew of a tied-up boat. Sometimes I was simply forced to accept the pressing invitations, eating biblically from a common dish of stew with bread-padded fingers, or drinking very sweet and strong tea, milkless but flavoured with mint.

It was at one of the rebuilt villages, up on the rocky heights where nothing will grow, so as to be above the reservoir-level, that I was the guest of the village carpenter, in baggy white trousers and an embroidered waistcoat over a torso of polished black diorite. He entertained me in his workshop, his house having one room only. I supped on eggs and bread and vegetable marrows and a pigeon, and slept there: there are few countries where I would leave my boat and all my gear a good four hundred yards away, down on the bank, over-night, but I had by now realised fully that Nubian honesty, though proverbial, was not merely a proverb.

Next morning my host awakened me with the usual tea; and then flatly refused to accept payment for anything. I had often difficulty in paying, but here there was definitely nothing doing, neither by putting it on his work-bench, nor under his tablecloth, nor by saying it was for his children, two rather sweet and very shy little girls.

Sixty years ago the Nubian was a savage, going himself practically naked and his children entirely so, using bows and arrows and hide shields and boomerangs, washing little but

smearing himself with castor-oil: he was, in fact, hundreds of years behind even the Egyptian peasant.

In those sixty years he has caught up and passed Egypt. Nubian villages are cleaner than those below Aswân; Nubian children are better cared-for, and rarely run naked except when bathing; his houses are better built and more interesting architecturally, using very effective brick-work ornamentation and excellent proportions. A good example of Nubian progressiveness is their boat-building. In Upper Egypt the method described by Herodotus over two thousand years ago still flourishes, small pieces of wood being built up into a laborious mosaic, and the boats are hogged, with a huge rudder: in Nubia long imported planks are used, centre-boards often built in, and except for the rig they might well be British-built craft. Again, my carpenter host had not only the old frame-saw but also modern ones, tenon and keyhole included; and not only gimlets but also a brace and bits.

Six centuries in sixty years is good going; and into the bargain the Nubian has had the sense to take the good and leave the bad—his morality is still very high, alcohol is rare, and he has not succumbed to European clothes (regrettably made compulsory in higher-grade Government schools in Egypt), nor even allowed the silly Turkish *tarbûsh* to displace the dignified turban. In fact, the only Western "vices" that he seems to have adopted are tea and tobacco.

In the evenings at the larger villages I nearly always had a circle of visitors at my tent-door. At Dabûd they even included the *imâm*, the prayer-leader of the village mosque: until his arrival the group of men had included no one who could read, and a cutting about me from a Cairo Arabic newspaper was handed over for reading aloud to one of the smaller children present, a boy of about seven. He performed the task to general satisfaction and earned envious applause: at these larger villages they see to it that their children get the education which they themselves missed. He was a nice infant: he sat next to me and listened, and was always gazing solemnly at me whenever I glanced round, instantly looking away with a shy smile when he caught my eye. A cord round his neck carried a small amulet-pouch, and I asked the *imâm* what the amulet was: he

said that they often contained a list of the ninety-nine Names of God, Who alone knows the hundredth (though the camel thinks he does, which is why he is so supercilious). He was very pleased that this child had been able to read my cutting, and made him write the name of the village in the sand for me, and his own names, first however making sure that the name of the Prophet was not among them " since the sand might not be clean ". Afterwards he rewrote them himself, in superb flowing curves: Arabic looks as if it had been designed with sand as a medium.

The group continually changed its composition as people came and went, once rising to about twenty when some men with camels joined us, their mouse-grey beasts remaining in the background and looking very like a Great Lady Not Being Amused. One of the standard subjects of inquiry, here as previously, was for news of the Italo-Abyssinian War. The first time that the query was put to me I was completely stumped by " Habash ", and got there only after an elaborate pantomime between two men, one tapping himself on the chest for " Mussolini " and producing a very fair parody of his glare, and the other taking the part of " Habash "; and a war ensuing. Needless to say they were violently anti-Italian and, to my surprise and pleasure, they not infrequently made a clear distinction between " Italiano " and " Mussolini ".

One thing at least I learned from my cruise: that Lower Nubia is not Egypt, in race, or language, or sympathies. I believe that if the Nubian could be given a chance to express his wishes he would vote overwhelmingly for a transfer of the district to the Sudan, provided that it remain an *Anglo*-Egyptian Administration. His chief reason for desiring such a transfer is his distrust of Egyptian officials, probably unjustified today: in the past there was a most unfortunate habit of disciplining minor officials by sending them to Nubia. The distrust, however, persists, as does his dislike of and contempt for the Egyptian generally; and it would be better for all concerned, Egypt as well as Nubia, to deal with the discontent arising from his prejudices now, when the question of the Sudan comes up for final settlement, rather than to leave it as a source of trouble for the future.

DEATH OF MICHEL TURBIN

By Albert Jarosy

At four o'clock in the afternoon they brought the prisoners into the yard and " stood them against the wall ". They were ten men, ten damned capitalists who had been caught in the act of escaping over the Finnish frontier. They did not waste much time over them. Why take them to the town? The village soviet was good enough. " You've only to look at their faces, comrades! Fat bourgeois they are, who wanted to sell our country to the foreigners! " yelled the president. And when Nosoff the shoemaker suggested they ought to be handed over to Lenin, he bellowed at him, " *I'm* Lenin here! Shoot 'em! "

They locked them up in the village school. The Red Guards were ordered to dig a grave big enough for the lot. Nosoff the shoemaker drew up the report. He was the only one who could write.

It was a bitter cold afternoon. Since early dawn the snow had been falling in big flakes; they floated down like soft white feathers. At four o'clock it was already dusk. The soldiers on guard before the school were freezing; from time to time they stamped their feet, or whirled their arms about like startled birds. The soldier Riwosch would have liked to talk to his comrade, but the Lett understood neither Russian nor Yiddish. A hopeless people!

Riwosch was feeling uncomfortable. He had been through the war, fired off a lot of cartridges, but never seen the enemy. He had lain in the trenches weeks, months at a time; grenades exploded, you crawled under cover, you fired, you were transferred to the rear, you got leave, you were packed into cattle-trucks, you crawled out again somewhere, you fired, you crawled under cover—but the enemy remained far, far away. Riwosch

felt uncomfortable. Here there would be only ten paces between. One would see the enemy!

The sergeant and eight men came marching up. The two sentinels were ordered to fall in behind. The doors were thrown open and the prisoners driven out into the yard. Riwosch was at the end of the line. He peered at the faces of the unfortunates. He felt no pity. They were damned capitalists, counter-revolutionaries! It snowed and snowed unceasingly. In the left-hand corner of the yard a black hole gaped—the grave. Ten men stood against the wall, old ones and younger ones; they uttered despairing cries, bellowed with terror. One of them fainted. They propped him up with his face against the wall.

"Ready!" commanded the sergeant. The soldiers stood at attention, facing each his destined victim. "Present! Fire!"

A volley crashed, then another. A flock of jackdaws shot, cawing loudly, into the air. They screamed like tormented children, circled round the cupola of the church, darkened the sky, disappeared. Ten corpses lay in the snow, ten dark shadows. The soldiers did not wait for the word of command; they ran out of the yard, and the sergeant followed. In the school-room they brewed tea, and set the gramophone going. It was an old model with a big horn, and played only two records: the *Internationale* arranged for a brass band, and a speech of Trotzky's that all the soldiers knew by heart.

At the end of an hour the sergeant reappeared. Two soldiers were to throw the bourgeois into the grave. Again the lot fell to Riwosch and his fellow-sentinel. Why must it always be he? The others laughed. Riwosch, the hero, is afraid of dead bourgeois! One of them began barking loudly. These Jews are more afraid of dogs than ghosts!

They stamped in the darkness through the snow. A white shroud of glittering flakes covered the corpses. The Lett grabbed Riwosch by the arm and held him back. "Heh"! grinned the soldier, raised his left leg, pointed to his broken boots, pointed to the dead men, gesticulated. Riwosch understood: ten pairs of boots! The Lett counted on his fingers. Riwosch nodded: the spoils should be divided. They fetched the shovels. Then they took the first of the bourgeois, one by the head, the other by the feet. They tugged in unison:

h . . . Hrrrumpf! Then the corpse was swung twice back forth, and shot into the grave.

The Lett wiped the sweat from his face. Eight pairs of ts stood against the wall. Some of them had been the devil get off. They stuck to the feet as though they had been cast one piece with them; one had to pull like mad! Two more, ught Riwosch, five pairs of boots, first-rate goods; that's bad! He'd sell four pairs. That'd mean a lot of money. ldenly a disturbing possibility occurred to him.

Heh!" he said to the Lett, and pointed first to the boots then to the schoolhouse. The soldier did not understand. e stupid lout! It was a long while before he caught on. e others! If the boys were to see the boots they'd simply off with them. That would be the end of the deal. The t scratched his head behind his ear. Then he threw the vel down on the snow, went up to the wall, came back again drew Riwosch along with him. The wall was barely two n's height; in the corner a big piece had broken away. ey understood each other. Riwosch was to bury the two last pses by himself. Meanwhile the other would hide the loot he village, and old Zukoff would sell it in the town.

The boots flew over the wall. Then Riwosch held out his ds for his comrade, like stirrups. The Lett climbed on to shoulders, drew himself up by the wall, sat astride the top, let himself drop into the snow on the other side. There no sound.

Riwosch was alone. He seized one of the dead men by the and dragged him towards the grave. He was heavy, the rgeois! At first he slid along the snow like a sledge, then head hit against something hard. A shudder went through body and suddenly he gave a little moan. Riwosch let go terror. A paralysing horror took possession of him. He t over the dead man.

The dead man opened his eyes and stared at him in silence. od of righteousness!" gasped Riwosch. The man lay re motionless; then he whispered, "Pomilui! Have mercy me!" Riwosch's head began to spin. He remembered he had aimed at the man—no, he hadn't aimed! He had d like you did in the war, anywhere, straight ahead. The

bourgeois raised his head slowly, a bald head. Sat up, felt over his body, stood up. He was absolutely unharmed !

" Pomilui ! " he repeated. Riwosch said not a word. He led the man to the wall. " Quick ! " he whispered, and held out his hands like stirrups. The man swayed as though he were drunk. Riwosch had to support him. At last he was astride the wall, with his head sunk on his breast as though he meant to wait up there for the dawn.

" Go to the devil ! " swore Riwosch. The man disappeared. Riwosch listened. No fall was heard, nor footsteps. He stood there a long while thinking the same words over and over : God of righteousness ! God of righteousness ! He could not get away from it ; he could not tear the thought from his soul. God of righteousness ! Riwosch, the soldier, had not killed his enemy !

The Lett stole back into the yard. They threw the last corpse into the grave and shovelled the earth over.

" There's a pair of boots missing ", the Lett showed on his fingers.

" Idiot ! " snarled Riwosch. His teeth were chattering as though he were in a fever.

Michel Turbin was still standing on the other side of the wall. The tears ran down his cheeks without stopping. He wept unrestrainedly, like a little child. Sobbing, he wiped the snow from his bald pate. What had happened ? What had they done to him ? They had killed him !

He saw the muzzle of the gun aimed at him, heard the crash of the volley. His heart beat as though it would burst. Then he heard Riwosch's voice, quite plainly, cursing : " Idiot " ! He took fright, began to run, lost his way in the dark, blundered against posts and fences, fell, scrambled up a slope and found himself all at once on the high-road ; ran on till he had left the village behind him and gained the open fields. Then he halted.

Once more he felt all over his body as though afraid of being mistaken. The back of his head ached ; a big bump, that was all. He struck his breast with his fists, pinched his arms and his thighs, moved his limbs about. He was alive ! The others were all dead, mouldering clods. Only he, Michel Turbin . . .

Hurriedly he searched his pockets. They were empty. They had robbed him of his papers, his money. . . There was something special about the money . . . He remembered dimly that there was something special about it, but what it was had been blown away out of his brain.

The snow. was leaving off. It was freezing. A pale moon ventured out between the clouds. Michel Turbin reflected : Whither ? His friends were dead. There was nobody to take him in and hide him. He thought with all his might, but not a name occurred to him. It was as though the names had all been wiped out. He felt as though the soldiers had shot away all his memories, everything that had filled his life up to the day when he and the others had decided on the plan to escape.

He sat down exhausted on a milestone by the side of the road. He was hungry. His head was as heavy as lead ; he was tired, deadly tired. With his head buried in his hands he sat there . . .

The creaking of sleigh-runners roused him from his stupor. It was a flat peasant sleigh, drawn by a shaggy little horse, which pulled up a few feet away from him. In the hay lay an old peasant with his fur cap drawn over his ears.

" Hey, comrade, would you like a lift ? "

Michel Turbin got up. Trembling with cold he approached the sleigh. " Have mercy ! " he wanted to say, but he could not utter a sound. He looked like a ghost. His terrified eyes stared out of dark caverns, his wet scalp gleamed in the dim moonlight.

The peasant was sitting up now. When the ghost of the dead bourgeois rose up before him he uttered a piercing shriek. Kneeling in the hay he tore his cap from his head and crossed himself. Then he sprang up, swung himself out of the sleigh and ran like a hunted animal back to the village. Michel Turbin watched him till he disappeared in the darkness. Then he mounted the sleigh, seized the reins and drove away. His blood grew warmer, and gradually the numbness of his brain gave way. He could feel distinctly that it was beginning to work again. Quick ! Quick ! it said. On, on, as fast as possible ! He whistled through his teeth, yelled " *Spishi !* " to the horse, and was scared by his own voice.

The little nag trotted along, panting hard ; it shied when

a deep rut frightened it, galloped whenever the road ran downhill. Michel Turbin wound the reins round his forearm. With the other hand he covered himself with the hay up to his hips. He felt something soft and drew it out. It was the peasant's fur cap. He put it on, and felt his lips twitch in a trembling smile. It was warm, deliciously warm! Greedily his hand felt around in the hay. There was a sack there, and beside it, wrapped in a cloth, a piece of bread and half a sausage. Michel Turbin gulped down great mouthfuls in frantic haste.

A dark forest closed round him, sinister and threatening. The little horse raced past the snow-laden fir-trees, shying whenever the whimpering cry of an owl rent the silence. A village came into sight. Michel Turbin slackened the reins. Through the frozen windows of the cottages shimmered the soft light of the little oil lamps under the ikons. In the distance could be heard the noise made by the night-watchman, clattering two pieces of wood together. Dogs barked. The road wound steeply up towards the shadow of a monastery. The little horse trotted slowly on.

Michel Turbin lay in the hay and thought things over. He was dead. His name would have been erased from the *Kommissariat*. Michel Turbin, forty years of age, born in St. Petersburg, engineer . . . shot on such and such a day . . . buried with the others, without benefit of clergy, without rites, like a dog. Hide! He must hide himself, but where? In whose house? Most of his acquaintances had fled the country, some had fallen in the war. Others had "conformed". It would not do to run up against *them*! One could not die twice. His brain was working now at high pressure. He did not notice that the dawn was breaking and a greenish light struggling through the dusk. Not till he met another sleigh and had to pull aside to let it pass did he attempt to take his bearings. The neighbourhood seemed to him familiar.

He brought the exhausted horse to a standstill. Where, where should he go? Once again he began hunting through his pockets. They were empty. Then his eyes fell on the sack that lay in the sleigh. He undid the string. Eight pairs of boots came into view, big ones and smaller ones, some of them spattered with blood. Michel Turbin wiped the spots from the leather

with a wisp of hay, and examined the soles. They were in good condition. He dropped the boots back into the sack and tied it up again. Then he mounted the sleigh again and drove on. He knew now where to go.

At the very hour when old Zukoff was swearing by all the saints that he had not stolen the boots, but that the ghost of the dead bourgeois had appeared to him suddenly and grabbed the sack with a spectral hand (which only the Lett believed, while Riwosch spat contemptuously) Michel Turbin reached the Rag Market.

He tied the reins to a lamp-post, threw a heap of hay on the ground before the horse, shouldered the sack and mingled with the thousands of peasants, soldiers, and dealers who even at this early hour filled the market-place with noisy chaffering. The goods lay on the ground. It looked as though the town had vomited all its rubbish, everything that had been rotting in its warehouses, mouldering in its cupboards, rusting in its cellars, every sort of broken, worn-out, useless object on to this spot. Amid the babel of voices and screeching of gramophones rang the curses of soldiers and the shrill whistling of street-urchins.

After a prolonged search Michel found an unoccupied space. He laid the eight pairs of boots on the ground and waited. There could not fail to be customers for them among the dense throng of people streaming past him. But all at once it occurred to him that he had no idea of the price he ought to ask. Hurriedly he filled the sack again and walked past the long row of dealers till he came upon an old Jew who also had boots for sale. He was a little lean man with a grey goat's beard; on his nose a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles sat precariously. His bloodless face was as yellow as parchment. He wore a moth-eaten fur coat, from which his neck protruded like that of an aged bird of prey.

"What price?" asked Turbin, pointing to a much-mended pair of shoes.

"Two thousand roubles!" croaked the old man. "Good solid stuff, too!"

"A thousand?" suggested Turbin.

" A thousand " repeated the Jew, throwing the boots down in a temper. " I pay a thousand myself."

Turbin put his hand into the sack and shoved a boot under the Jew's nose. The latter examined first the uppers, then the soles. Then he looked long and critically at Turbin through the dim glasses of his spectacles.

" Let's go away from here ", he said, and bundled his goods together.

They crossed the market-place. The streets were still dead and empty of traffic, the window-shutters all closed. From time to time the old man turned round as though afraid of losing his customer. In a narrow side street he opened the door of a tumble-down wooden house. A suffocating smell of drying hides met Turbin as they entered. They mounted the narrow staircase to the top story. The Jew opened the door of one of the attics under the roof and told Turbin to go in. The attic was crammed with hides, leather straps, kitchen utensils of all sorts, heaps of books, endless rubbish.

" Sit down ", said the dealer, and pointed to a mountain of old newspapers piled on the floor.

" Haven't you anything to smoke ? " asked Turbin.

The old man ferreted about under boxes and tins, till at last he found a dried-up cigar and handed it to Turbin. Then he examined one pair of boots after another with the utmost care. Turbin drew a couple of puffs, then he turned giddy. The attic began to rock, the heap of papers on which he sat rose and fell, the Jew disappeared somewhere in a fog. When he recovered consciousness, he saw the melancholy eyes of the old man fixed upon him, and felt the taste of brandy on his tongue.

" Are you better ? Would you like something to eat ? I've got a bit of cold horse-meat left . . ."

Turbin refused in a weak voice, and tried to rise. His legs were as heavy as lead.

" I'll give you ten thousand roubles. I can't do more. I've my profit to make, haven't I ? "

Turbin nodded dumbly. The dealer hesitated a moment ; then he fished out one of the dusty volumes, opened it, and took out the notes. Turbin put them in the breast pocket of his coat. The dead men's boots disappeared in the corner.

" Wait a moment ", said the Jew, and seated himself beside Turbin. He closed his eyes. His skinny fingers tugged at the sparse hairs of his beard. He swung his body to and fro as though in prayer.

" Have you any papers ? " he asked at last.

" No."

" Where will you go ? "

" I don't know."

The Jew nodded silently to himself. Outside, the street was beginning to wake up. Voices were heard.

" Can you play the foreigner ? " Turbin heard the old man whisper.

" The foreigner ? "

" Yes. Can you speak French, English, or any way the foreigners do ? "

" French, yes ", said Turbin, and hope flooded him like a hot wave. Play the foreigner ! The one way of escape for him !

The Jew scrutinized him closely, measured him from head to foot as though to imprint his features on his mind.

" French is good ", he said. " Like that you can be a man from Belgium—that's a long way off. Perhaps a man like that died a few weeks ago of typhus—no family, no one to bother about him ; they dragged him on a sledge outside the town and left him lying there. Perhaps. You never know. What will you pay for a real passport ? Can you bring real money ? Dollars ? "

Turbin was aghast. Dollars ! How was he to come by foreign money ?

" Bring me a hundred dollars, and I'll find you the passport. You can stick your photograph on it afterwards. You haven't got one ? There's a man in the market will do one for you. Come back to-morrow evening—but not before it's dark. Now I must go."

Michel Turbin had not the strength to refuse the offer outright. He had not the slightest hope of raising the dollars, but he stammered words of thanks and promised to come again the following evening.

" That's all right, that's all right ", said the old man depre-

catingly. " When you get out of this hell, you'll understand how often *we* have had to die—one gets used to it."

Michel Turbin went aimlessly through the streets. He repeated to himself the name of the street and the number of the house where the old Jew lived. He must on no account forget them. In a tavern, among carriers and peasants, he drank several glasses of hot tea. There was nothing to eat but little round cakes of coarse black meal, fried in linseed oil, The peasants were smoking odds and ends of tobacco that they rolled in pieces of newspaper. Thick clouds of blue smoke drifted through the room.

The buzz of voices, clink of glasses, soft singing of the samovar made him drowsy. He laid his arms on the table, his head sank lower and lower; sleep overcame him irresistibly. The landlord's voice startled him out of it. The tavern was empty.

" If you're drunk, you can have a bed upstairs. What will you pay ? "

Michel Turbin named a sum in a thick voice. Leaning on the landlord's shoulder he dragged himself up a winding staircase. In a dark dungeon he dropped on to a bed. The landlord pulled off his boots for him.

Michel Turbin awoke in the dark. He lay there a long while cudgelling his brains, trying to remember where he was. By degrees the events of the last few days recurred to him. He sat up with difficulty. He had been sleeping fully dressed and in his overcoat, but his feet were icy cold. Where had his boots got to ?

He felt his way to the door and opened it. A faint light fell into the room. A rusty iron bedstead, a dirty coverlet, a couple of broken chairs. How had he got here ? From down below came the noise of the tavern parlour. Michel Turbin sat down on the bed. " Where does the old Jew live ? " he thought, but he had forgotten the name of the street. He sat there motionless, trying to follow in his mind the route they had taken from the Rag Market.

A slight noise made him turn his head. Against the wall, in the half-light, he saw his boots. A mouse crept in and out of them, nibbled at the leather, stood on its hind legs and pulled

at the laces. Turbin watched it without stirring; but when the mouse began tearing at the lining, he started up with a hoarse cry.

" Something special ! Something special ! The money !" In a second he had scared the mouse away and shut the door. In the darkness he felt round the inner lining of the boots. It was there ! He could feel them plainly under the linen, the dollars ! They had shot him—and he was alive. They had robbed him—but not discovered his cache. Michel Turbin dropped on his knees and prayed. . .

The landlord gave him an evil look.

" You've been snoring here for two days. Look sharp and get out of it ! I don't want the Cheka nosing round. . . "

Michel Turbin crumpled up a thousand-rouble note in his pocket and slid it into the man's hand. The latter opened his fist a little way, stared in amazement, and let Turbin out by the back door.

" God go with you, *Barin* ", he whispered, and bowed low.

It was seven in the evening. Michel Turbin started in the direction of the Rag Market. Like a sleepwalker he went to the place where he had met the old Jew. Then he turned into a side street, without speaking, without hesitating, and found himself before the dark entry, whence the smell of drying hides assailed him.

The train which had been allotted to the Red Cross for the transport of foreigners had left Leningrad an hour ago. They were penned together in three cattle trucks with their wives and children : people of whom many did not know their own country. Now they were going as beggars to a strange fatherland. In the dim light of a smoking lantern they cowered among their handbags and bundles. The soldier on guard, leaning on his rifle, sang softly to himself. When he opened the sliding door of the truck, the icy wind blew the lantern out, and the travellers could take a peep at the starlit winter night. They avoided talking to one another. Fear of spies and the terrors of the bourgeois war had made them dumb. Only when one of the children whimpered in its sleep one heard the soothing whisper of a woman's voice.

The train stopped not far from the frontier at an abandoned station. The foreigners were to cross the frontier on foot. The trucks emptied themselves. Soldiers, led by a Kommissar, sorted the people into groups. Passports and baggage were once more examined. These were the same soldiers who a day or two earlier had shot the fugitive bourgeois.

The Kommissar read the names of the passengers from the list, and one after another they had to come forward to receive their papers. Behind the Kommissar stood the soldier Riwosch. He held a lantern in his hand, and as each terrified foreigner put out a trembling hand for his passport, he held the lantern high and lighted up his face. The Kommissar compared it once more with the photograph, then he shouted, " Next one ! "

Michel Turbin, a bundle under his arm, heard his false name called out : " Dupuis ! Belgium. . . ."

" Dupuis ! " repeated the Kommissar, and searched among the passports. The soldier Riwosch held the lantern up. Their eyes met. God of Righteousness ! It was *his* bourgeois ! They stared at one another transfixed.

" Next one ! " said the Kommissar. " Rogers ! England. . . " But Turbin did not move, and the soldier did not lower the lantern. Rogers the Englishman stepped forward, stood waiting.

" Go to the devil ! " yelled the Kommissar to Turbin, and as the latter walked slowly on, he heard him shouting to the soldier : " Idiot ! "

In those words lay the death of Turbin the Russian, and the hope of a new life for the Belgian Dupuis.

(Translated by Violet Macdonald)

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE HISTORY OF JEWRY

By E. H. Carr.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE, by Cecil Roth. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

THE EXPULSION OF THE JEWS FROM SPAIN, by Valeriu Marcu. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Roth's substantial volume, though it contains 450 rather closely printed pages, really is a " short history", for it covers three thousand years and touches four continents. It is a commonplace, and almost an understatement, to say that the Jews present a phenomenon unparalleled in the history of the world. They have a record three times as long as that of any other people except the Chinese ; a geographical distribution wider than that of any race save the Anglo-Saxon ; and a unique persistence not only in their traditions and their characteristics, but in the reaction which they produce in other races among whom they live. The Jewish problem of today can be traced back in substantially the same form through the Middle Ages, and has its beginnings before the foundation of the Roman Empire.

The first dispersal of the Jews from Asia into Europe began during the Maccabean rebellions of the second century B.C. After the capture of Jerusalem the Jewish population of the Mediterranean was reinforced by tens (Mr. Roth says " hundreds ") of thousands of Jewish slaves, many of whom in the course of time acquired their freedom. But the period was one of stability and prosperity ; and the Jews, though there are many contemptuous references to them in later classical literature, escaped the persecution meted out to the Christians. It was when the persecuted Christians obtained the upper hand that, on the threshold of the Middle Ages, the long persecution of the Jews set in. It reached its height in the period of the Crusades, when religious passions were stimulated on a scale and to a degree of intensity unknown in the world either before or since ; and its horrors and brutalities have not been adequately taken into account by that school of modern historians which has set out to rehabilitate the Dark Ages.

One of the most harrowing episodes of this mediæval persecution—the Inquisition and the expulsion of the Jews from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella—forms the subject of Mr. Marcu's short sketch. Mr. Marcu is vivid, emotional and picturesque, where Mr. Roth prefers to be dry and matter-of-fact. The ultimate importance of this episode is that the Jews were on this occasion persecuted for the first time on national, and not purely on religious, grounds—in the interest, not of religious orthodoxy, but of racial purity. The blow therefore fell with equal, or even greater, force on Jewish converts to Christianity. " The search for impure blood grew into a mania ; and the most esteemed persons were the State-appointed informers."

But the ghetto system which, begin-

ning in Italy, spread all over mediæval Europe wherever Jewish communities existed, was more decisive for Jewish history than isolated acts of persecution. It confirmed and established the position which the Jewish religion had already assigned to the Jews—the position of a peculiar people sundered by divine and human law from their fellow-men. They lived in a ghetto, separated by walls and gates from the rest of the city. They were compelled to wear a distinguishing mark, in some cases a coloured hat, in others a badge affixed to the outer garment—a "supreme indignity, which put Jews on the same footing as prostitutes". They were excluded from the municipal baths except, sometimes, on a specified day. They were forbidden to employ Christian servants. "A love-affair between a Jew and a Christian was regarded as a most serious offence, punishable by flogging, the galleys or worse." They were excluded from the liberal professions, and usually from all forms of commerce except money-lending and dealing in second-hand articles.

One result of this system was to make the ghetto a sort of state within the state. The ghetto administration, with the Rabbi at its head, made rules, levied taxes and, though without any other means of compulsion than excommunication and ostracism, performed all the functions of an autonomous municipal government. This was a convenience for the national or city authorities, who could thus deal with the Jewish community as a whole instead of with individual Jews. It was also more than a convenience, it was a refuge from persecution, for the Jews themselves; and in some places the anniversary of the establishment of the ghetto was, for all its humiliations, celebrated by the Jewish community as an occasion for rejoicing. On this basis, degrading but yet tolerable, a compromise between Jew and Christian had been reached almost everywhere by the sixteenth or seventeenth century.

It was not until the latter half of the eighteenth century that the ghetto wall at last began to crumble. (The final demise of the ghetto came a century later still.) Ever since the Renaissance, kings and ministers and even generals had come to find the Jewish financier or the Jewish factotum indispensable to their comfort and their efficiency; and the *Hofjude*, or "Court Jew," became a familiar and privileged figure not only in all the little German states, but everywhere in Europe. The rationalism of the eighteenth century made religious conflicts and religious intolerance definitely obsolete. The Jews could not be denied the benefits of the theory of the Rights of Man or of the revolutionary slogans of Equality and Fraternity; and when national armies grew up all over the continent, Jews were not exempted from the conscription. All these factors combined with the wave of economic expansion to break down the ancient barrier between Jew and Gentile. Mr. Roth takes "the magic year 1870" as the high water mark of Jewish emancipation and equality. In the later 'seventies, the seed of modern anti-Semitism was sown in Germany. It spread through Austria to Russia (where the first pogrom of the modern age took place after the assassination of Alexander II in 1881) and to France (the Dreyfus case). Since then, save for a certain relaxation during and immediately after the war, anti-Semitism has been continually growing over the greater part of Europe and in the United States of America.

The changed conditions of the nineteenth century confronted Judaism itself with new problems. Nationalism had taken the place of religion as the force most liable to inflame men's political passions. The way out for the Jew who wished to reconcile himself with his neighbours was therefore no longer conversion but assimilation. Judaism was split into two camps, the Nationalists and the Assimilationists, the former sometimes appearing to despise the latter almost as much as the Orthodox Jew of the Middle Ages despised the convert. But the rise of Nationalism had another remarkable repercussion. It gave the Jew a desire for a visible symbol, not of his religion, but of his nationality. The Zionist movement, which was anathema to the Assimilationists (who believed that it would provoke and encourage anti-Semitism), was the outcome of this longing; and in 1917 the "Balfour declaration" promised Palestine to the Jews as a "national home" under British patronage. Jerusalem which, in Mr. Marcu's words, "has played an incomparably larger role as a lonely Wailing Wall than as the capital of an independent kingdom", became once more, after two thousand years, the political metropolis of Judaism. It is the latest tribute to the persistence of the Jewish spirit.

Only here and there does Mr. Roth's thorough and scholarly history call for a word of minor criticism. It is surely an exaggeration to suggest that even now Hebrew has made any serious progress as "the lingua franca of the Diaspora". The autonomous Jewish republic in Siberia, here referred to as a "hope", has been in existence for several years, though it is extremely hard to get reliable information about its progress. Social anti-Semitism was rife in the United States even before the war. More important, one would have liked to have had a fuller analysis of the causes, in particular the economic causes, of the recurrent waves of anti-Semitism which have swept Europe for 1,500 years and which seem to follow certain more or less constant laws. But one cannot have everything in a short history; and on the factual side Mr. Roth has given full measure.

POETS AND PROPHETS, by André Maurois. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE poets and prophets of M. André Maurois' new book are figures which have been so much discussed by English critics in similar volumes, that one despairs at a repetition of the familiar exposé, the inevitable, conventional criticisms. Kipling, Shaw, Chesterton, Wells, Conrad, Lawrence, Lytton Strachey, Katherine Mansfield—what more can be said about them than has already been said? And particularly in a collection of lectures to French audiences, who desire, as we always do when foreign authors are concerned, chiefly information. Once again it will be brought home to the expectant reader that the only tolerable criticism of such well-worn figures is that of a new generation, unsympathetic to its mentors or at least reacting from them. A mere exposition of writers, however illuminating, may inform the public, but has no value as criticism.

M. André Maurois probably would not make this claim for his intelligent but exceedingly cautious and conventional book. Kipling and Conrad seem to be the most favourably received and this is natural. The stress on loyalty, order, discipline and empire in Kipling has been attractive to the empire-building Frenchman, who is further allured by the combination of an exotic scene with his peculiar brutal and morbid pessimism. It is odd that the people who called Hardy pessimistic should have closed their eyes to the same characteristic in their Anglo-Indian idol. The moral problems of honour propounded with such intellectual elaboration by Conrad, so that the sea ceases to be water and becomes a spiritual laboratory, appeals also to the Frenchman's love of the intellectual for its own sake. Wells is admired for his scientific fantasies. The exotic in Lawrence, in spite of his callowness—from the French point of view—

about sex, has its own attraction, and while a Frenchman is pained by the feuilleton puritanism of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, he is excited by the sinister, dark self talk in the Mexican books. In so far as any English writer can be translated into a movement or a doctrine, he will be taken seriously in France and M. Maurois has been careful to stress this aspect of his subjects, after a brief and sometimes telling biographical sketch. In writing upon the mysticism of Katherine Mansfield he seems to carry the method to the point of exaggeration. The undoubted exception to French favour is Shaw. That complete and perfect puritan, who had the effrontery to describe woman as an economic and scientific manifestation of the life force at work, the gallantry of the French nation could accept on no terms whatever. M. Maurois expounds him fairly and patiently, but the Fabians have never thrived outside the mild English climate.

The main framework of these essays is the view that the nineteenth century ended with the withering of the hopes successfully raised by the industrial revolution, science, overseas trade and liberalism. The older of the writers discussed came forward with new doctrines for the renovation of society. Conrad the foreigner and convinced reactionary in politics stands alone. But the war revealed these prophets as being isolated in late Victorian and Edwardian security, with a message suitable and salutary to such times, and one utterly unsuited in climate and temper to the post-war situation. Lytton Strachey—obviously admired by a fellow feline in biography—belonged really to the pre-war period, though he caught the temper of the twenties. M. Maurois might have stressed the ardent liberal passion which lies hidden beneath his " detachment."

M. Maurois' chief gift is for graceful portraiture, and for a deferential sympathy which identifies him for the time being very closely with his subject. He does not take us into the laboratory like Taine, but gracefully encourages us to speak for ourselves. He is self-effacing at the right moments and the explanation of those weird creatures, the English, has become his passion. It is gratifying to have our writers so conscientiously, skilfully and graciously explained; and yet explanation has always left the English uncomfortable and vaguely dissatisfied. It is their own aim in life to attain to a perfect, almost god-like complacency, and for this reason they have preferred always to be attacked. M. Maurois flatters us by expounding us; will he now not start attacking us and so allow us that longed for pleasure—the most English pleasure of silently flattering ourselves?

V. S. PRITCHETT.

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VICTORIA REGINA

By ARTHUR WAUGH.

VICTORIA OF ENGLAND, by Edith Sitwell. *Faber & Faber.* 15*s*.

AUTHORITY may forget a dying King; but it is often eager enough to protect his memory after death. A few months after Queen Victoria died, there appeared in one of the quarterly reviews an obituary estimate of a strictly respectful but rather audaciously critical temper. It made public certain stories of the Queen's reign which had hitherto been held inviolate in her immediate entourage, and King Edward VII was extremely annoyed by the indiscretion. It was even rumoured that at least one illustrious lady was visited by the full penalty of his disapproval, being suspected of having whispered secrets. And yet the article was essentially blameless; its only offence was that it represented the late Queen as a human being, with human qualities and foibles. The fierce light which beats upon a throne had come into conflict with the divinity which hedges a king. That was all.

Some five and thirty years have passed since then, and Queen Victoria has been subjected to much keen question and analysis. She emerges from the ordeal with all the honours of her womanhood unclouded; her faults of temperament and temper only serve to bring her a little nearer to her people's understanding. And of all her portraits none surpasses Miss Edith Sitwell's in intimacy and insight. After all, it needs a woman to understand a woman; and to the sympathy of sex Miss Sitwell adds the interpretation of the poet. The setting of her portrait is often exquisite; the poet's touch lifts it continually into the realm of art. On the very first page the picture of Sidmouth in a chilly January dawn; a little further on, in Kensington Palace garden on a May morning; in the portrait of the young Queen " with the beauty of a swan, the melancholy grace and splendour of a cloud, with the pride and pomp of a wave marching"—in passages like these we are aware of the fancy of the poet transmuting her material into gold. Yet all the while the natural femininity of the artist keeps peeping out in little touches of observation—the darned muslin of the child's frock, the white silk pelisse and swansdown trimming of the bride's trousseau—the frills and furbelows of Victorian decoration. But these, it may be objected, are the superficialities of workmanship. Well, then, let it be added that the poet's native sense of beauty, and the woman's intuitive insight into character penetrate into the very heart of the interpretation. Here, one feels, is a portrait that will stand, when the mists of gossip and speculation have melted away.

Victoria is revealed, always with kindliness and sympathy, and yet with no vain indulgence of her weaknesses, as a woman " conceived, born and bred to be a queen "; little in body, but great in heart; from her nursery the bondwoman of destiny. " Intensely malleable as to moods, but never as to deeds", she knew what was her own, and guarded it jealously. " You must not touch these; they are mine", she said to a playfellow who stretched out a hand to her toys. It was the same woman, responding to the same impulse, who obstinately refused to have the Ladies of her Bedchamber changed with the change of governments.

Miss Sitwell is particularly happy in her picture of the young Queen's relations to her counsellors; they passed, one by one—Uncle Leopold, Baroness Lehzen, Lord Melbourne, Disraeli—each had a time of unchallenged authority, during which he or she could do no wrong. Then the kaleidoscope turned, and the pattern changed. For all her narrowness and spite, it is difficult not to be sorry for Lehzen, when her long reign ends; difficult to forgive the chilly and formal regret with which the Queen at last heard of her death. "After I came to the throne, she got to be rather trying, and especially so after my marriage, but never from any evil intention . . . " It is a poor tribute to a life's devotion.

The Prince Consort, however, retained his wife's heart alike in life and death; when once he had established himself, there was "no room for any other influence". Miss Sitwell deals sympathetically and shrewdly with the difficulties of Prince Albert's position. At the beginning, his lot was far from enviable; and, though he may have found his share of happiness in his wife's love, and in the company of his children, he continued all his life the slave and the victim of Duty. But the Queen idolized him, and cherished his memory, so that the clever, super-courteous Disraeli soon appreciated that, if he was to live down his Sovereign's first instinctive dislike of him, his trump card must be praise of the dead Prince. So he grew eloquent in eulogy, extolling the Prince's manly grace, his sublime simplicity, his union of "chivalry with the intellectual splendour of the Attic Academe". At first, it may have been a device like any other; but in time it yielded to sincerer emotions. If he played upon her feelings, he gave her new confidence and interest in life. He aroused her from the melancholy of widowhood. In Miss Sitwell's own words:

> "He loved her because of her great nature, because of her wise heart, her eagle's view, the glamour that surrounded her, the incredible majesty and splendour of her walk, her natural love for her people. In return she gave him a noble friendship."

So the pageant passes—"ghosts crumbling away into a little dust in the happy sunlight"; and all the while, like a thundercloud in the summer distance, the great Industrial Revolution was slowly sweeping up to its triumph. Miss Sitwell premises that her book does not attempt to deal with politics, but it most certainly does not miss a political, or at any rate a social atmosphere. The chapters labelled "Early Days" and "March Past", indicate with rare imaginative power the stealthy rise of the middle class, the cry of the workers, and the fœtid mass of suffering and wrong upon which the commercial prosperity of the Victorian era erected its bulwarks. Victoria lived to see the worst of those evils reformed, but even her "eagle eye" could never have imagined one tithe of the changes her England was to see in the years that followed. Perhaps she was happy in the moment of her death. At least, it is good to think so.

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TO STAND ASIDE AND GAZE

By Naomi Mitchison.

QUESTIONS OF OUR DAY, by Havelock Ellis. *The Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It must be an inspiration to a man like Havelock Ellis to realize that humanity has been benefited by one's life and work, to know that one has helped to set free and make happy thousands of individual men and women. One can publish a volume of a hundred tiny essays, such as this, with the knowledge that they are a gentle pushing forward towards that fundamental decency and kindliness which they all postulate as the Good. For many years Havelock Ellis has had to be a fighter, as all original thinkers, whose thinking deals with social problems, are bound to be in society as it is; nowadays it would take more than a bench of bishops to stop the ordinary, intelligent man or woman from giving him his due as one of the most obvious great leaders and helpers of our time. He has arrived at an old age whose quality must be judged by his own essay on its coming: "THE BURDEN FALLS AWAY". Or, as he says at the end of his essay on the present Age of Faith: "I stand aside and gaze".

That is the key-note of these essays on the many problems which beset us all, and especially the young, problems for the most part of personal conduct. And yet it is a standing aside which is helpful, as though the secure gazer were always willing to lend a hand. Most of the essays are inspired by correspondents, and the quotations from letters are in themselves extremely interesting, coming as they do from all over Western Europe and America, often from women; one of the letter-writers is a working-man, a great reader, as most upper-grade industrial workers are when they get the chance. These letters show hopes and fears and depressions, and most of them end with that fierce modern question-mark, which our various faiths—political mostly—try to assuage. And there is always something helpful to be said, on marriage, education, leisure, crime, queerness, religion, kissing, America—and so on. Sometimes there is literary criticism, and there are one or two biographical notes, as in the little essay on Freud, which, again, begins with a fascinating quotation from a correspondent. One of the most charming pieces of writing deals with the Art of Cooking.

Many of the writers are young, and some of them, perhaps, may be a little cross with Havelock Ellis for refusing to allow certain assumptions into his field of thought. The word "commufascism," which he seems to find pleasure in using, is not worthy of him, and I am afraid it is rather a symptom of having taken the Wells-Stalin argument as the very last word on the subject of the U.S.S.R. and its political philosophy. No doubt poor Marx had his neuroses, but there is more to him than that! I take it that Havelock Ellis has spent most of his life in dealing with personal problems, mostly on the psycho-physical plane, and mostly among the upper and lower middle classes; the economic problem has not faced him at its most acute, and he feels it can, very largely, be disregarded, although this does not stop him from doing some excellent, sane thinking about some of the subsidiary problems arising from it. However, he

has, at any rate, the biologist's point of view—he does not consider us politicians quite as silly as some of the physicists do!

But I think the main point of *Questions of Our Day* is the insistence on good personal relationships between individuals and on all matters which bear upon good relationships. It is quite plain that, personally he has established good relationships with an enormously varied field of persons; he has cast down barriers right and left, and, no doubt, those who have the luck to be friends with Havelock Ellis are all the better friends for the rest of the world. He wants to see these good individual situations made possible everywhere and for everyone, and he hates all tyrannies, in this country and elsewhere, which put barriers between the possibilities of friendship; the barriers which he perhaps sees most clearly are the barriers of sex repression and ignorance, especially biological ignorance—one of his most practical essays is that on the teaching of biology to young children—and surely he has done more than almost any other one person to break these particular barriers down. This volume should help with that good work, not only for what it says, but for the manner of saying. Not all scientists are graceful writers who can handle the English language and make quite difficult things sound acceptable!

WORDS FOR TO-NIGHT, by George Buchanan. *Constable.* 5*s.*

MR. BUCHANAN continues in this volume the diary he published three or four years ago under the title of *Passage Through the Present.* Readers of that book will recall that he was not concerned only with public events seen from the point of view of the man in the bus, but he went about his daily way in London noting oddities, looking for those things which had contemporary significance, observing people in a line or a paragraph, recording pregnant phrases from his reading and showing an alert concern for those things in urban life which disturb the intelligent man or give him a small measure of hope in a civilization in which he commonly sees little to please. Thus an analysis of the Press and the B.B.C., a few notes on modern poetry, give Mr. Buchanan opportunities to show a severely cautious but earnest faith in the future of these things. Earnestness, gentleness a little feline, a sharp moralising eye, a tongue sometimes almost piously epigrammatic, are his characteristics; simplicity, sometimes rather consciously sought, is his aim; a soft irony, rather than open attack or satire, is his tool.

A notebook, by the striking brevity of its entries, stimulates as much to disagreement as agreement. Who, I wonder, for example, ever described the Irish character as "weak"? I should like to hear less talk about the wickedness of living in the country or of going abroad on parties of exploration. What is the adventure of modern industrial life, shop life, office life—where the special virtue of it? Some of the entries are trite. Here again the diarist has put down a conclusion where the interesting thing is the path which led to the conclusion.

These sins are forgivable because of the liveliness and variety of Mr. Buchanan's record. He hears the Budget read, he wanders through the streets among the Jubilee crowds, he sees Charlie Chaplin, notes how people receive the war news, he invents an excellent summary of the probable behaviour of his friends if war is declared. He catches the chief glint of our printable daily behaviour. He is very seriously and earnestly concerned with a full moral life. On every page there is something worth reflecting upon. N. R. LISS.

THE GERMAN LAWRENCE

By KENNETH WILLIAMS.

WASSMUSS, by Christopher Sykes. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE son of the late Sir Mark Sykes, that brilliant generaliser to whose influence on the British War Cabinet the Middle East owes at least some of its confusion to-day, has taken for the "hero" of his book one of whom scarcely an Englishman outside that select circle who know their Middle East has heard. The German Wassmuss was unquestionably a remarkable man, whose soul found affinity in one of the dismalest spots on the earth's surface, the hinterland of Bushire, in Southern Persia. He has indeed been called "the German Lawrence," but that is a journalistic description which misses accuracy by a considerable margin.

It is true that Wassmuss knew Southern Persia before the War—he was Consul at Bushire—just as Lawrence knew Arabia before the War; it is true that, during the War itself, he endeavoured to stir up the fickle Persian tribesmen against the British, just as Lawrence stirred up the Arab tribes against the Turks; it is true that, after the War, he was put in charge of the Eastern Department of the German Foreign Office, just as Lawrence was put in charge of the Middle Eastern section of the Colonial Office; and it is true that, after that, he went back to live in Southern Persia just as Lawrence often remarked that he felt sometimes like returning to the land of his exploits to lead the simple life of the tribesmen with whom he had fought.

But there the parallel virtually ends. Wassmuss was set the impossible task of raising a *Jehad*, or Holy War, against the Allies in the Middle East, and strenuously though he and a few extraordinarily courageous Germans strove to set Persia and Afghanistan in flames against the British, they never really had a dog's chance. Mr. Sykes claims that Wassmuss was largely responsible for the British disaster at Kut, but the evidence adduced in support is not very convincing. The utmost that Wassmuss could do, by means of his dominating personality over simple tribesmen—and it is to be remembered that he at no time had anything like the money which was at Lawrence's disposal—was to keep Southern Persia in effervescence against the British, who, in consequence of the 1907 Agreement which divided Persia into respectively Russian and British spheres of influence, held it in fee. His ultimate failure was no discredit; it was but the inevitable result of playing a lone hand with poor material.

It is likely there will long be controversy on the real character of the man who both before and during the War did his best to thwart British hegemony in the region of the Persian Gulf, and who afterwards returned to his haunts in order to pay back the debts which he had incurred and which his own Government could not be induced to redeem. In Iran to-day you may hear a score of different opinions, but Mr. Sykes, by travelling in Tangsir and Dashtstan, has satisfied himself that Wassmuss was truly beloved of the tribesmen, and that "the Wassmuss legend" still has potency.

It is a moving, picturesque story that

has been made out of this romantic, conscience-ridden German Consul. On his own experiences of the land in which Wassmuss moved Mr. Sykes draws freely, and some of his descriptive passages, alike in their sensibility, their pungency, and their humour, recall the best things in his father's works. He has drawn his portrait on a very wide canvass, not always troubling to keep Wassmuss in the centre of the picture; yet his digressions, numerous though they are, are always stimulating, and contain much individuality and courage in expression.

Whatever history makes of Wassmuss, Mr. Sykes has made on extremely readable book of him. He can be blunt and polished, mordant and sympathetic, frivolous and serene, and he does not disdain the purple patch. To the varied splendours of Iran his own varied style is admirably suited: if he never returns to that inaccessible land, he has extracted for us already some of its peerless charm.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND THE RULE OF LAW, 1918-1935. by Sir Alfred Zimmern. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

WRITING under the impact of Italy's blunt rejection of any social obligation to the existing community of nations Sir Alfred Zimmern is moved to observe that "the first and major function of the League is to eliminate once and for all the fear of war". Yet most of his new book, cogent and brilliantly-phrased like everything he writes, is given up to explaining that ordinary men and women have pitched their hopes too high, that "Geneva" is no more than an instrument of co-operation between sovereign States, only differing from previous consortia of Powers by that "impalpable something communicated by the will of the peoples". Not the superseding of power-politics, then, but the evocation of a *will to co-operate*, i.e. the establishment of an international social consciousness, is the task of the immediate future.

The author's purpose is to place the League in historical perspective. In Part I we have a survey of the pre-1914 system of intercourse. Because of the root fact of conflicting policies of power the limit of inter-State co-operation was the occasional diplomatic conference, except in respect of purely non-controversial matters of administration. Of the latter the Universal Postal Union, with its secretariat and permanent organ, was the prototype.

For "The Elements of the Covenant", the theme of Part II, we are referred, first, to the practice of war-time political and economic collaboration, then to sundry unofficial schemes for a League of Nations and a hitherto unpublished Foreign Office Memorandum of November, 1918, and finally to the various official projects tabled in Paris. The Italian scheme, brushed aside somewhat unceremoniously, is particularly interesting, in the light of recent events. Drafted no doubt by the master hand of the late Signor Scialoja, its distinctive feature was the provision of an international equity council as a *guarantee* of "the necessary conditions of independent and autonomous development of every Member . . ."; while at the same time it made ample provision for sanctions, no less than seventeen varieties being enumerated! Among the fundamental principles for such a guarantee is "the international distribution of the foodstuffs and raw materials required to sustain healthy conditions of life and industry". We know that Italian delegates returned to the charge in the early sessions of the League. But the possessing Powers turned a deaf ear.

Perhaps the most notable feature here is the record of a House of Lords debate on March 19th, 1918, in which the late Lord Parker (a Lord of Appeal), while opposing schemes such as that of Taft as being based upon a *simpliste*, if not false, analogy between municipal and international law, insisted that the community of States might straightaway evolve a reign of law on the basis of the "hue and cry" expedient familiar to English history. The first American draft of the Covenant took up this conception in a phrase which is reproduced in essence in Article XI of the present Covenant. (Article XVI, by contrast, is either an old-style alliance of Powers or a travesty.) It requires, however, in the words of a letter from Senator Elihu Root to Colonel House (August, 1918):

> "a limitation of sovereignty making every sovereign State subject to the superior right of a community of sovereign States to have the peace preserved . . ."

Alas! this clear principle was replaced, in Paris in 1919, by the British idea that it was premature to establish any overriding authority, that the League should be regarded rather as "an agency not for the restraint of crime but for the gradual formation of law-abiding habits". Sir Alfred Zimmern declares that the aim of the League, in our time, had to be "to make the practice of Foreign Offices safe for the world". In practice it has been construed as being to make the world safe for Foreign Offices! What he overlooks surely is that "public opinion" i.e. the common sense of ordinary men and women, whatever their national differences—apart from any nuisance value—does here and now furnish a solid basis for the erection of institutions proper to a rule of law: whereas any assemblage of official national representatives is, in the nature of things, non-co-operative, "a meeting of attorneys, each conscious of a separate purpose, their obligation towards their client"—in his own words.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

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TWELVE NOON, by Richard Church. *Dent.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

In his new collection of poems, which contains some of the best and subtlest things he has written, Mr. Church shows himself to be bitterly conscious of belonging to what he calls "the middle generation". If this were merely a personal and self-regarding bitterness it would invite no comment. But it is something more, or other, than that: the emotion is universalized, and the rhetoric of disillusion rises to the status of that "criticism of life" which Matthew Arnold looked for in literature. On further reflection I wonder whether bitterness is the right word in this connection, for Mr. Church's mood varies between a nostalgia for youth and a philosophical acquiescence in its having in some degree vanished. In some degree only: for the periods into which we divide a man's life are arbitrary and largely conventional. "It is time for us, the middle generation, to stop singing", says Mr. Church. But here, surely, he is dramatizing a mood, not expressing a conviction; for the quality of his book is itself a disproof of the statement. No doubt it is a sign of grace in him that he is ready to give way to the younger generation of poets, to greet them with true Chinese politeness as his elder brothers, and to say in effect: No doubt but ye are the poets, and wisdom shall die with you. But politeness can be carried too far, and he is perhaps the victim of a romantic superstition in his readiness to accept youth at precisely its own valuation. "We are dumb creatures who deserve veneration", he remarks. And he goes on to say:

> But the younger men coming, with proud, hard voices
> Untainted by war, we cannot expect them
> To pity the broken music within our breasts.
> Why should we hinder the new-comer who rejoices
> Over his new world, which he and his friends are raising
> On the ruins we made?

But in cold fact Mr. Church and his generation are the inheritors not the makers of a ruined world; and what the younger men are going to do about it remains to be seen.

However this may be, it is not to be disputed, except by such critics as Dr. Leavis (with whom it is a pleasure to disagree), that Mr. Church is one of the most sensitive and searching of living poets. For the extremists of either camp, for those who demand that all poetry must sound like Tennyson and for those others who think poetry was invented in the nineteen thirties, his verse can have no appeal; for its peculiar distinction, from a technical point of view, is that it harmoniously combines elements of the central (and imperishable) English tradition with novelties of idiom and cadence charactertistic of the modern temper. He is a liberal-conservative poet: a man of his own times but, unlike some of his younger contemporaries, a man not unmindful of the fact that poetry had been written before him, and even before Mr. Eliot. Not everything in his new volume is worth its place, but it contains a substantial body of distinguished work which at any time less coterie-ridden than ours would be sure of a warm and a wide recognition. Here, one out of many, is an example of his unobtrusive technical skill, his command of cadence, his power of quickening traditional metre with a highly individual accentuation:

> At Michaelmas the purple daisy-dust
> Shakes in the mist and falls heavy with rain.
> We have had enough of apples and grain,
> Great ricks and threshing, hedge-cider and crust.
> Our muscles ache; we have survived the lust
> Of the sun, stirring in artery and vein
> Madness and longing. Autumn has come again,
> And the old earth turns over, smelling of must.
>
> Into gloom she rolls, but we, being more
> Than her creatures, look to another fire,
> Another summoning of blood. Desire
> Still burns within us, mounting to the mind.
> That is light which was but heat before,
> And we hear music in the leaf-strown wind.

In the penultimate line of this memorable sonnet the poet provides an answer and a corrective to his own premature misgivings. That being light which was but heat before, it is time for him, not to stop singing, but to sing with a new confidence.

Gerald Bullett.

MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE, by Lin Yu-tang. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The charm of this book can hardly be exaggerated. Dr. Lin belongs to that little band of modern scholars like Dr. Hu Shih and the late Dr. C. C. Wu, who combine the widest knowledge of both Chinese and Western literature. He writes beautiful English (with the one exception of using the ugly Americanism "back of" for behind), has keen powers of observation and a delightfully caustic wit—sometimes, perhaps, too caustic, for surely the New Life Movement is worthy of less flippant treatment.

Withal he gives us a picture of the Chinese people with all their virtues, failings and essential lovableness, unequalled by any other writer.

Dr. Lin tells us that the Chinese mind is akin to the feminine in many respects:

> The qualities of the feminine intelligence and feminine logic are exactly the qualities of the Chinese mind. The Chinese head, like the feminine head, is full of common sense. It is shy of abstract terms, like women's speech. The Chinese ways of thinking is synthetic, concrete, and revels in proverbs, like a woman's speech. Women have a surer instinct of life than men and the Chinese have it more than other people.

On the other hand the best qualities in the Chinese character are too often the indirect cause of China's continual misfortunes. That "mellow understanding of life and of human nature," which Dr. Lin justly claims as "the Chinese ideal of character," easily degenerates into ironic acceptance of things as they are, which Dr. Lin defines as "old roguery": like Mr. Utterson in Stevenson's fable, the cultured Chinese is over-prone to "let his brother go to the devil in his own way." And patience and endurance, working against idealism and action, end in exasperating submissiveness to gross social and political wrongs. Inspired by the lofty teaching of their philosophers, the Chinese "instead of a government by law have always accepted a government by 'gentlemen'"—under the pathetic delusion that "there are enough gentlemen to go round". The result is that there

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are only two classes in China, the yamên (*i.e.*, corrupt official) class perpetually filling its pockets at the expense of the non-yamên class.

The truth about the Chinese, as the exhibition at Burlington House so strikingly showed, is that they are first and foremost a poetic race actuated by a continual passion for beauty, which their philosophy has translated into certain clearly defined rules for attaining beauty in the inward life. The "superior man," master of his own soul, can afford to be indifferent to affairs of State, and, enabled by his training to extract the utmost beauty from his surroundings, is contented with a simplicity of life which is always the wonder and may well be the envy of the restless West.

On this side of the Chinese character Dr. Lin writes most fascinatingly, particularly in his account of Chinese poetry, too little known to the West. Even in translation some of the lyrics he quotes are exquisite. His account of the Chinese novel is also very interesting. It is curious to note that Chinese scholars were ashamed to put their names to a novel, just as Bacon, if he really did write Shakespeare's plays, could only do so under an alias.

Dr. Lin points out that "politically China has perished many times at the hands of outside conquerors" yet in the end has always triumphed over them. Today the invasion is less physical than mental, and the problem is still to see how China will combine what she requires of the West with her native culture. Mrs. Pearl Buck in the preface says that "one of the most important movements in China today is the discovery of their own country by young Chinese intellectuals". They are, in fact, going back to the wisdom of their fathers, as has happened many times in China's history, and always with the same result of national renascence.

O. M. GREEN.

GENERAL SMUTS. Vol. I. by Sarah Gertrude Millin. *Faber & Faber.* 18*s.*

MRS. MILLIN has written a biological study of General Smuts, which may be taken as authoritative regarding facts, for it has been submitted to the General himself, but is none the less a live individual work of art, written with a free pen — admirably readable, and generously balanced justice is done not only to Rhodes, another of Mrs. Millin's heroes, who was also at the beginning a hero to Smuts, and never ceased to affect his mind, but also to Milner, Smuts's bitterest opponent and, not less, to General Sir William Butler, the British officer who did his utmost to prevent the War. Justice is done to Botha—though perhaps here the appreciation is less full; and why does Mrs. Millin say that Botha looked like a Maharajah? He looked exactly like a Rembrandt portrait, of the darker type. Smuts, it seems, when he went to The Hague, thought how like he himself was to the men whom Franz Hals painted. That did not strike me. The visual impression of General Smuts that I preserve is significant for a contrast. In 1917 both Houses of Parliament entertained him, and in the chair was Lord French of Ypres—a little thick man, not distinguished in physical appearance, but in full dress uniform, plastered over with row upon row of decorations. Distinguished or not, Lord French looked a pleasant type of the professional soldier, full of *bonhomie* and enjoyment of living. Beside him was the austere figure of a professional student —in plain khaki, with only a brigadier's tabs and just one ribbon—I think the Legion of Honour. Lord French, in proposing their guest's health, told a story of how by some miscarriage of a complicated operation he just missed capturing the much-wanted raider—General Smuts. The Dutchman, in replying, told how he once missed the chance to hold up a train which carried the General opposing him — General French. But from this pleasant interchange, the student passed to the most lucid review of world politics to which I ever listened.

Mrs. Millin quotes in her book a letter from S. F. Oliver to Smuts explaining that he would have liked "to work with you, and under you. Intellect is a queer, tricky thing. Shrewd knowledge of the facts of life is apt to be a misleading thing. Imagination is a joy to its possessor, but ninety-nine times out of a hundred is a vain thing. Faith is too often a millstone rendering its holder immobile and drowning him in self-consciousness. But when you happen on a blend of all four, you get something worth having".

At the same time Oliver was writing his impressions to his brother, in letters that are now published: "Smuts is a wonderfully intelligent creature, and I should think really a very fine soldier. But somehow he belongs to a different race, and I don't think one would ever get to be quite on the same plane with him". Two months later when Smuts entered the War Cabinet, Oliver wrote: "So far as pure intellect goes, he is the superior of any member at present on it; and by intellect I don't mean merely the power of understanding what is written in scientific books, but that curious and most rare quality of seeing into the very heart of the subject, coupled with the further and still rarer quality of being able to state clearly what he has seen. . . . Just as a great artist cannot force himself to paint a bad picture, so Smuts cannot run contrary to the vision which his intellect shows him. The vision which he sees would be destroyed unless Germany is beaten: so that we may reckon on his most devoted services to beat her".

These passages make fine comment on Mrs. Millin's study.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE JACOBEAN DRAMA, by U. M. Ellis-Fermor. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

AN age of transition and disillusionment; of stale reaction after the heroism of a supreme national effort; of intellectual questioning and spiritual disgust tearing through the pattern of material prosperity; of old men dreaming dreams of past greatness and young men seeing visions of worldly advancement—such was the age of James I in England. At a distance and seen in the curious distorting mirror of "long-term" history, it is often undifferentiated from Elizabethan England, from which, in point of fact, it differs quite as much as does the unhappy post-War generation from the comfortable 'eighties. Shakespeare is always vaguely classified as "Elizabethan", despite the fact that all his greatest work is Jacobean. If "Hamlet" is perfect *fin de siècle*, the new age produced "Troilus" and "Timon" and "Lear" and, above all, "Measure for Measure", in which, as Miss Ellis-Fermor remarks in her brilliant study, "the lowest depths of Jacobean negation are touched". And, as Lytton Strachey reminded us long ago, the Jacobean Shakespeare's last word to his countrymen was Caliban.

If one were asked to select, from the welter of great literature which the age produced, the most perfect lyric expression of the Jacobean mood, it would be difficult to avoid choosing Fulke Greville's lines beginning:

> Oh wearisome Condition of Humanity!
> Borne under one Law, to another bound:
> Vainely begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
> Created sicke, commanded to be sound:

Miss Ellis-Fermor not only reminds us that these verses are the "Chorus Sacerdotum" from Greville's drama "Mustapha", but includes a short chapter on Greville in this work on the Jacobean

theatre—a proceeding which immediately confirmed one's belief that she is a critic worthy of the deepest respect, not only, or chiefly, by reason of her great academic knowledge (nearly every negligible critic has that, as a matter of course), but because of her sensitive intuition.

Greville disavowed association with the professional theatre of his day; he wrote only two dramas and, as they were intended for the study, even these lacked stagecraft: he was "difficult", both in thought and expression; and yet it was he who made "explicit statement both of the ideas themselves and of the conflict between them, which were characteristic of the thought of his contemporaries". And "in his dramas there is revealed not only a mind typical of its generation, bitterly at war with itself and deeply divided, but a group of ideas intimately connected with theirs, freely and explicitly set out".

With the other dramatists, Chapman, Marston, Ben Jonson, Middleton, Tourneur, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford and Shakespeare himself, the author deals chapter by chapter. In the compass of a single book they have never been so well interpreted or so surely differentiated. On page after page the reader comes across such revealing judgments as this on Ford: "He destroys evil, not by showing us in triumph the partial survival of the good, as does Webster, but by an illumination, shared in a very different way by Shakespeare, that convinces us that evil never was. . . . We assist, in Ford's plays, at the conversion of the seven deadly sins, not at their overthrow".

And the general thesis is treated as skilfully as the particular playwrights, though the idea of the dominance of the "Machiavel" villain has already been popularized to a certain extent by Wyndham Lewis and T. S. Eliot.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON.

THINGS ANCIENT AND MODERN, by C. A. Alington. *Longmans, Green.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE Dean of Durham has led a cloistered life. When he was a boy at Marlborough his one ambition was to be a Head Master. To Marlborough he returned after a brief sojourn at All Souls. In 1908 he succeeded Dr. Moss as Head Master of Shrewsbury. Eight years later he succeeded Dr. Edward Lyttelton, his brother-in-law, as Head Master of Eton. After more than sixteen years he succeeded a former Head Master of Harrow as the Dean of Durham. His has been a life of busied detachment, and his friends —men like A. C. Benson, Austen Leigh, Henry Luxmoore, Stuart Donaldson and Lionel Ford—lived in a world freed from the immersion of public affairs. One among them, Charles Gore, understood politics even when he despised them: the great Bishop "combined the traditions of old Whig families with the philosophy of Balliol", though "he prided himself on having outgrown them both". But it is not on the public life of Charles Gore that Dr. Alington prefers to dwell. What impressed him was the Bishop's "wonderful acquaintance with English literature and the geography of London. He was quite unable to believe that I did not know to whom all the great houses belonged, and it was a liberal education to walk the streets with him: we occasionally visited the Zoo, which, he used to say, tended to shatter his belief in a beneficent creator".

Because of this detachment one wonders why a Sunday newspaper agreed to serialize Dr. Alington's book. A former Dean of St. Paul's entered Fleet Street to demonstrate Dean Gaisford's belief that a knowledge of Greek can lead to positions of considerable emoluments. But Dr. Alington is no great theologian: he appears to have been the first clergyman to confess his dislike of William Sanday when he was lecturing on the Valentinians. Unlike Dr. Inge, he is not a prince of stylists, though his knowledge of literature is deep, and he manages to sustain a tea-party charm—too light to be effectively magisterial or decanal—from cover to cover. And yet Dr. Inge was himself an Assistant Master at Eton. There he enjoyed to the full an environment in which English prose, English verse and even versification won a swift recognition, and if he came to regret that English Socialists and the English working-classes cannot be managed or punished so summarily as little boys at Eton, this knowledge barbed his style. Thus in introducing the former Head Master of Eton to his readers the Editor of a Sunday newspaper was scarcely the innovator he imagined himself to be.

Head Masterships have led frequently to Deaneries and Bishoprics. No one who recalls Tait or Temple of Rugby, Perceval of Clifton or, in the present century, Temple of Repton will readily denounce the conventional elevation. For all we know, Alington will go down in history as the last clerical Head Master of Eton. It is, perhaps, fitting that he should retire to a Deanery: for the modern Bishop is busied with diocesan affairs and has become part of the cumbrous centralization at Church House. One suspects—as George the Third said of Sydney Smith—that Dr. Alington "would never make a Bishop".

But Armitage Robinson of Wells, Ryle of Westminster, and Inge of St. Paul's helped to enhance the prestige of the modern Deanery, and Dr. Alington has no need to write slightingly of his last preferment. He lives in a city almost broken by a long depression. But the gay and detached humour of Eton has not deserted him, and he ends his book with a description of two distinguished generals who visited Durham Cathedral. As they left the tomb of the Venerable Bede, one of them whispered to the other: "But I always thought Adam Bede was a woman".

This book is not in the strictest sense an autobiography. It rambles on. We learn what Dr. Alington thinks about the teaching of Greek, Latin Prose and Algebra. The wit is rampant and the wisdom not obtrusive. It is, in brief, an engaging book. The pomposity, invariably associated with non-Etonian Head Masters, never appears, though one envies Dr. Alington for finding himself treated with great respect and deference by Lord Curzon. After all, Lord Nelson quailed when he met his former schoolmaster. If the book has an elusive and very attractive quality, we should remember that when an old Etonian complained that for the life of him he could not tell what he owed to Eton, a wise man—was it Dr. Warre? —replied: "No, and the beauty of it is, he never will".

J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON.

CHRISTIANITY, HISTORY AND CIVILIZATION, by Roger B. Lloyd. *Lovat Dickson & Thompson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is an interesting, ably-written and discursive study designed to set forth the practical urgency of Christian ethics in the task of saving Civilization from disruption. The author's proposition is that Christianity is as necessary to Civilization as Civilization is to Christianity, because Christianity is now the guardian of all the virtues which pre-Christian civilizations manifested, and unless it can protect them they will die, like imperfectly budded shoots. The need for the proclamation and enactment of Christian principles is now greater than ever, since the world is not wanting in signs of the decay of Civilization. Mr. Lloyd is forthright about the necessity for the modern man. He must accept orthodox Christianity.

But is it easy to be a Christian? Is the enactment of Christian principles an easy matter, say, for the League of Nations? Mr. Lloyd sometimes writes as if to be a Christian were the simplest

and most natural thing in the world. He implies that we have only to accept a rational view of history, which "is either a valid interpretation of history, and, as such, Eternal Truth, or it is not true at all": acknowledge that such evidence brings us to the region of the mysterious (which, by being mysterious is not subject to reason, but appreciable only by faith): have faith in the mystery, and we are naturally and conclusively Christians. And he is in danger of suggesting that persons who resist this conclusion show that they love darkness rather than light.

The simplest answer to such assurance is that Christian saints have not found Christianity easy, and that St. Paul wrote voluminously to show that, so far from being natural, its acceptance meant a change in the individual that could only be typified by death and resurrection. In making his wide survey of Western Civilization and the history of Western nations, Mr. Lloyd is apt to forget this aspect of the truth. He fails to make allowance for those to whom the dogmas of Christianity are totally ineffective as statements of historic fact, and who—if they are to appreciate Christianity and see it as a projection of spiritual truth—will have to prove that truth upon their pulses and discover its validity by their own painful experience.

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If this is true of individuals, it will be found true of nations. Christianity, of a kind, comes naturally to the Latin races: the Italians are Catholics, and their religion is more stable and assured than their civilization. Russians, on the other hand, are nominally Atheists. Nevertheless, Dostoievsky is as truly national, and as profoundly concerned about God, as Dante; and the fact that Russia has always been in labour for religion, while Italy has accepted it in her stride, does not prove that Italy has a natural love of truth and aptitude for Civilization, and that Russia is possessed by the Devil.

Mr. Lloyd's thesis is that the great civilizations of the past collapsed because, while accepting the virtues of Reason, Beauty and Tolerance as cardinal necessities of Civilization, they failed to admit dependence upon a fourth: Goodness. Goodness he identifies with Love, Love with the person of Christ, and Christ with the virtue of self-sacrifice; and by these equations he goes on to prove that the only stable civilization must be one based upon orthodox Christianity, which is the demonstration of self-sacrificing love. Of course the fulfilment which Mr. Lloyd thus presents is one which will commend itself to the hearts and minds of many; but the rapidity with which he transforms a moral virtue into a specific of Christian revelation almost amounts to sleight of hand. "Goodness," and the knowledge and love of God are not identical in any experiencing mind, and this easy equation of them lays the author open to the charge of superficiality. Such identification Jesus himself resisted when he enquired: "Why callest thou me good?" And it may be confidently affirmed that he did not die to make us good, as the childish hymn states; but to bring us to God: to make us, in fact, not moral imitators of moral perfection, but beings who, by beholding truth, were changed into its likeness.

MAX PLOWMAN.

SELECTED FICTION.

THE OLIVE FIELD, by Ralph Bates. *Cape*. 8*s*. 6*d*.
SOUTH RIDING, by Winifred Holtby. *Collins*. 8*s*.
SALKA VALKA, by Halldor Laxness. Translated by F. H. Lyon. *Allen & Unwin*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS—that alert and privateering critic who occasionally makes a dash at our fiction—once devised what he called "the taxi-driver's test" for novels. When a novel was being generally talked about and backed by reviewers as a work of literature, Mr. Lewis would ask his taxi-driver to step in and open the book at any page, as one might cut a pack of cards. The two pages thus revealed would then be read by Mr. Lewis, and this sample of the author's prose would enable him to decide whether the book was good or not; because, as he pointed out, a genuine piece of literature is individual in every paragraph and sentence, and such a test would discover this originality at once. But—you may exclaim—how unfair! Nearly all novels, tried in that way, would look the same, and we really wouldn't be able to tell this one from the next!

Precisely, and that's the whole case against the novel. It is the least differentiated form of writing. Whole chapters, even in many of the best current novels, might have been written by any novelist possessing a certain competence. Could you tell, after reading a couple of pages of each, a Brett Young from a Frank Swinnerton, a Walpole from a Priestley? No, gentle reader, you couldn't, no one could; and I'm afraid that's what you like about them.

If novels were fewer and shorter, there would be chances of returning to a higher standard. The *length* of an average novel, for what the writer has to say, is utterly fantastic; he has an idea (one, perhaps two ideas!), he writes 300 pages; and these pages, of course, are padded with irrelevant detail of every kind, descriptions of scenery one has read before, conversations one hears every day in the bus. A test such as Mr. Lewis's reveals the featureless boredom of such composition with startling vividness.

The Olive Field, *Salka Valka* and *South Riding* are all long, immensely long. This, in my view, is a fault in itself; however, that is disputable. Mr. Bates's is the only novel of the three which would survive the taxi-driver's test. Before reading it I dipped into a page here and there and received the impression of a massy splendour, the sentences moving slowly across like those slow sunlit clouds one sometimes sees in an August sky. Since writing his last book he has improved his style out of all recognition, so that now it reflects the Spanish landscape he is describing, it carries the weight of Spanish words studded over the page, and the peculiar erudition of Mr. Bates's mind. On the side of fact, *The Olive Field* is packed with fascinating material about the Revolution in Spain, about olive fields, guitar music, local habits and character. That in itself would not be enough to make it a good novel, but, as I say, Mr. Bates has assimilated all this material—often intractable enough—his book is tremendously alive and he writes with the passion and caution of a true artist. His fifty

or so characters are not merely the expression of the need, felt by so many English novelists, to paint a broad canvas; they are there, moving naturally and individually, and contained by the vision of Spanish life and landscape from which Mr. Bates writes. On almost every page that vision, centred on the olive field which gives the story its title, burns itself into the reader's mind. We see it, vivid and unalterable, with the ash-grey shapes of its trees in sunlight, the men picking or grafting, the long days passing. The traditional toil of centuries and the new life which the toilers aim at making for themselves are brought together stubbornly and beautifully into a picture; we see them as a single thing, and that is the proof of Mr. Bates's success. As a writer Mr. Bates might be described as a lyrical realist, and his particular quality is a powerfulness, rare at the moment among sensitive writers, which is never assumed. *The Olive Field* is slow, emphatic and impressive. It is, I think, too long. The preliminary descriptions, when a new landscape or a new character is introduced, would improve with cutting; and in parts of the story I felt that a tendency to divide the prose into blocks of narrative and of dialogue might have been varied. But it is a fine achievement. I recommend it to all readers except gadflies, for Mr. Bates is a writer who improves with every book he writes and for those who cast a glance forward in literature now is the time to begin reading him.

Salka Valka and *South Riding* seem to me big without grandeur: they have all the quality of largeness except largeness of vision. The Communism in the first is, artistically, spurious; compare it with Mr. Bates's.

Miss Holtby's novel—unfortunately her last—may be recommended to admirers of her charming talent.

G. W. STONIER.

AN ORDINARY LIFE, by Karel Capek. *George Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

SIXTH OF JUNE, by Stanley Hopkins. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

X PLUS Y, by E. F. Bozman. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

VENUS OVER LANNERY, by Martin Armstrong. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

ORDINARY people, it seems, are increasing in popularity. Perhaps it is the deafening clamour of the big drums of today that drives us to the oaten pipe. The world is so full of rushing mighty winds that the still small voice is occasionally both comforting and diverting, but such a warren of ordinary lives as is presented in four novels this month is apt to leave the reviewer longing for lordlier game. Prolonged study of a large block of flats makes the Albert Memorial seem an exciting, even a beautiful object of contemplation.

Karel Capek has always been a good hand with a sow's ear. He deliberately chooses such unpromising materials for the delight of spinning silk out of them. His latest experiment in alchemy, wherein a Czech stationmaster recounts the simple progress of his life only to discover that it has been very, very complicated, displays once again a luminous style, a selective eye for detail and a love of looking at things from all possible angles. It might be either a plan for a novel or a series of reflections after reading one, but I cannot feel that it constitutes a novel in itself. Its virtues are many, and the reader's interest in an "ordinary" life is sustained, with but few lapses, to the last page. Its fault is perhaps the commonest fault in the better class of contemporary fiction—a fault of form. It is formal defects, again, which mar Mr. Hopkins' second novel. Close observation, intelligent invention, crisp dialogue and an impartial attitude to a variety of characters—all these suggest an early and remarkable maturity. The *milieu*, too, has its undoubted interest for the English reader, who is transported to a small Virginian township where "nearly everyone had made one trip to Europe or gone on visits to rich relations in the North. Almost everyone had a cousin in the government at Washington and some clothes that had been bought in New York." Nearly everyone, that is to say, led a life as fascinating to the uninitiated observer as the hidden joys and tumults of infancy. But the Sixth of June, on which day the whole of the action takes place, is not, as it ought to be, a day of crisis. True, there is a wedding, and certain decisions are taken and certain lives changed. But the dramatic advantages of a respect for the unity of time are not utilized, and one suspects that, apart from the traditional ceremonies of the Sixth, the Seventh of June was very much the same.

Cavil at *Sixth of June* demands censure for Mr. Bozman's novel. The irritation caused by referring throughout the book to two characters as "X" (male) and "Y" (female) can be forgiven as a legitimate eccentricity of genius of which there is no evidence here. "And she went, leaving her bedroom in its customary muddle, with all its imperfections on her bed, and her letter to Auntie Nina unsealed, unblotted, and unstamped". So much for the manner; as for the matter, there is no space here to outline a plot which says and bellies by turns.

Plots, indeed, are hard to come by these days. Even Mr. Martin Armstrong cannot find a very good one. After *X Plus Y* it is refreshing to turn to an author who maintains towards the creations of his pen a prudent detachment, but the difference of outlook between youth and age, which is the bald theme of *Venus Over Lannery*, fails even under his skilful guidance to be absorbing. Lannery is a country house thrown open to her friends of all ages by its wise and amiable hostess, Mrs. Dryden. Venus is in the ascendant over the speculations and reminiscences of eld and the torments and discoveries of youth. Very naturally, the greater part of the conversation is exceedingly trite, for this is a realistic novel. Those who pick it up, therefore (as many people do pick up novels) to relieve the banality of existence, will find nothing but a mirror to their own boredom; and I am not sure that that is quite fair. There is certainly a murder in it, committed by the one person who has the courage to belong more to fiction than to fact. But even that is turned all to favour and to prettiness, and made to subserve those verities whose very eternity makes them wearisome. The notion that the camera cannot lie has now been exploded, and it is high time that our kodak-novelists recovered their mendacity. Mr. Armstrong's technique is quite good enough to make him a most formidable liar, if he would only take the plunge.

FRANCIS WATSON.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

A PALADIN OF ARABIA, by Major N. N. E. Bray. (*Unicorn Press.*)

MONOGRAM, by G. B. Stern. (*Chapman & Hall.*)

EVEREST, THE CHALLENGE, by Sir Francis Younghusband. (*Nelson.*)

MODERN IRELAND, by Cicely Hamilton. (*Dent.*)

THE OLD MAN'S COMING, by Gustaf Janson. (*Lovat Dickson.*)

A MAN FORBID, by Elsie Reed. (*Cape.*)

UNCLE, GIVE US BREAD, by Arne Strorn. (*Allen & Unwin.*)

AMERICA CAME MY WAY, by Sir Anthony Jenkinson. (*Barker.*)

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Other affairs are so completely overshadowed by the Locarno crisis that **Stephen Gwynn** has concentrated this month on the subject that occupies all minds instead of writing his usual Commentary.

André Siegfried's writings are a familiar and much-valued feature of the FORTNIGHTLY. His last contributions to these pages, the series of economic studies entitled " Britain and the World Crisis " appeared in the spring of last year. *America Comes of Age*, a book which firmly established his reputation as a philosophic student of American conditions, appeared in 1927.

Ethel Smyth, distinguished composer and friend of Brahms, has since the war written a succession of lively and entertaining books of reminiscence, which have been widely read. The latest of them, *As Time Went On*, from which the present sketch is taken, is due to appear shortly from the house of Longmans. Of her music, which is heard all too rarely in London, the best known is her opera *The Wreckers*, produced at Leipzig and in London, and the comic opera, *The Boatswain's Mate*, 1915.

Apart from his novels, **Compton Mackenzie** is a zealous worker for Scottish Nationalism. As a " man who loves islands," he has made his home on Barra in the Outer Hebrides.

St. John Philby, as the greatest living authority on Arabia, has a natural interest in the ultimate reactions of Italy's adventure in the neighbouring country of Abyssinia. He lives in Mecca, is much occupied in mapping the country, and is at present working on a book on the Wahhabi Empire.

Harrison Brown was a very well-known free lance journalist in Berlin up to the beginning of the Hitler regime but then returned to England. He is a frequent visitor to America, and articles from him appear in the British press during his lecture tours there, from the last of which he has recently returned.

C. F. Maude is a former member of the Mount Everest Committee and former vice-president of the Alpine Club, and has spent three seasons exploring the Himalayas.

Wilbur Burton is an American journalist on the China coast.

Professor Catlin besides having been a lecturer on politics and history at Sheffield and Cornell, writes a good deal on the principles of politics, and stood as Socialist candidate at the last election.

Clemence Dane, better known as a playwright than an author, is at present engaged on the rehearsals of her new play *The Happy Hypocrite* (an adaptation of a short story by Max Beerbohm) which will open early this month in London.

Hubert Griffith is not only a dramatic critic and playwright, but an ardent admirer of the new Russia.

Albert Jarosy is a Hungarian musician and novelist. His stories, of which this is the third to appear in the FORTNIGHTLY, show a very individual talent, many of them being inspired by his own experiences in Russia, where he was a prisoner for five years.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MAY, 1936

THE LEAGUE IN A STORM

BY FREDERICK HAMMOND

WHEN President Wilson arrived in Europe after the Great War he was hailed by many as the prophet of a new order, and when he formulated his League of Nations his voice was like that of Moses speaking from Sinai. This was the high point of hope of peace for Western civilization. The causes of the quick disillusionment which followed are still, in Europe, not always fully understood. It is true that the American Senate refused to carry out Mr. Wilson's guarantee for France and declined to permit the United States to enter the League. Undoubtedly American partisan politics played a part in this decision ; as also did the revered precept of George Washington to " avoid entangling alliances ". But these were factors which appealed to the masses ; there was another motive which swayed the more reflective minds : this was the belief that the League of Nations was designed to defend the Treaty of Versailles and perpetuate the injustices and inequalities therein.

American statesmen and publicists, thanks to their distance from the scene, which permitted greater detachment, perceived very early what Europe is painfully learning : that the hasty determination of boundaries which transgressed racial entities and conflicted with economic currents, and the permanent limitations of the sovereign powers of various countries, promulgated in careless haste at Versailles, could not provide the foundation of a just and enduring peace. Mr. Baldwin has frequently stated that the League was weakened at the outset by the lack of American co-operation, and has as frequently expressed the hope that some day the United States would become a member of it. But there can be no hope of America joining the League, and little chance even for the continued

existence of the League as a powerful organism, until and unless it exhibits the proof of its worthiness to survive by the manifestation of its ability to punish an aggressor, and by the attainment of an elasticity which will enable it to cast off the shackles of the dead past and to adjust itself to the conditions and ideals of a changing world.

In view of the manner in which in December public opinion, clear in thought and fervent in feeling for the League of Nations, united to restore the moral prestige of England which had been jeopardized by the wavering of its statesmen, one is liable to be dismayed by the relative incoherence and disunion of British opinion in the present crisis.

And yet the present lack of unity is very natural. Public opinion in England had been educated for seventeen years by a thousand agencies to look upon the League as a brotherhood of nations united for peace. Mussolini's move against Abyssinia was an attack upon it of the most obvious and flagrant character; an act of unprovoked aggression, and by one member of the League upon another. The betrayal of the oath of brotherhood was something that affronted every mind, whether actuated by a delicate code of honour or simply by the elementary loyalty one gives to one's own group or clan. Without attempting to palliate Hitler's coup, it was clearly of a different character. Germany did not invade the territory of another nation; she violated a treaty, it is true, but she did not turn against a sworn companion, the weakest of the brotherhood, and attempt to murder him by every foul means known to man.

Psychologists tell us that man learns either by extensity or intensity: that is, either over a long period, or through a short period of intense concentration. England had many years to learn the moral, and presumably the political and practical, implications of the League. British public opinion, therefore, had time to become converted to the conception of the League, and, thus actuated by the motive of loyalty to their companions in a common purpose, was able in December to react definitely and immediately against the attempt to restore to good standing and to reward the betrayer of the common cause.

But up to the present England has had less than two months to think about Locarno and Germany's repudiation of it. Previous

to Hitler's coup, Locarno was to the English people as the Bible is to many persons—something "always heard highly spoken of but never read personally". Now the sudden invasion of the Rhineland, with its galvanic effect upon France, and thence upon the other European States—these things have led to that burning intensity of thought of which the Englishman is capable but seldom indulges in.

Out of this intensity of thought certain matters are already beginning to take shape in the fog. First of all, Locarno. England, to her surprise, has found that she had signed an engagement which might as easily lead to war as to peace. And while she is determined to fulfil every clear obligation, she is equally determined to find out exactly what these obligations are and to avoid, in future, anything of a similar ambiguous character.

And then of the League itself. Locarno is essentially an addendum to the Covenant of the League and to the Treaty of Versailles. British opinion is asking, for the first time, how many more obligations are intended or implied by membership in the League. The naïve, complacent acceptance of the League of Nations, with its apparently simple aim to promote peace, has been destroyed by Signor Mussolini and by Herr Hitler. The League and the Treaty of Versailles evidently lead to a variety of unknown commitments. One asks: How about Memel? How about all the controversies in the Balkans? The Polish Corridor? Austria? The Austrian and the Hungarian military reorganizations? What of the minority elements in the different Eastern European countries? In brief, if the League is to defend the Treaty of Versailles, what is England, as a member of the League, let in for?

Once in my youth I was intrigued by the philosophic thesis that the reaction against evil is more productive of human progress and happiness than the direct action of the good. From the good Emperor Charlemagne have come over a thousand years of strife; from the supposedly bad King John England received Magna Charta. Traced to its logical lair, this theory may lead to the conclusion that it is better to do evil than good. But in any event, it seems clear that during the past year Mussolini and Hitler, who from the international point of view

are men of evil, have done more to stimulate the thought of England and the Continent, and to bring to the light of day dormant and dangerous ulcers in the body politic than a host of well-meaning men such as, for example, Mr. Baldwin or Mr. George Lansbury. How much good Mussolini and Hitler may have done or may still do for their own countries remains for history to determine; but since decisive action in a democracy is dependent on public opinion, their raising of the international thought of England and France to a level of more intense activity has been of inestimable benefit. Already great problems which would some day have to be faced have been haled forth from the limbo of neglect and obscurity; and certainly some of these had better be met frankly now rather than later, when England as well as other nations might be still more deeply committed to unwise courses.

As for the two outstanding problems which urgently press for settlement by the statesmen of Europe, it is beyond the province of a mere spectator and commentator to suggest solutions in detail or to provide determining principles. He can only hazard a few remarks regarding the issues themselves.

First, an expression of regret in respect to Locarno and Hitler's remobilization of the Rhineland. It is perhaps a pity that Napoleon was not content to establish the Eastern limit of his Empire on the Rhine and make the Western Rhineland thoroughly French. Or that Foch was not permitted by Wilson and Lloyd George to hold and fortify the Western bank of the river. Or that France, if she is determined not to yield absolutely equal rights to Germany, did not wage a preventive war three years ago, when apparently Poland was willing to co-operate. For, aside from the question of international morality which has apparently largely gone by the board, any one of these measures would probably have prevented the present crisis between Germany and France. An Englishman might well ask whether the old quarrel between Germany and France is to disturb Europe for another thousand years. But the matter is not so simple as that. The German demand for equality of status only intensifies the fear of Germany's desire for European or World Empire. France, like many another nation, made her bid for Empire and found that it did not pay. But there exists

a widespread fear that Germany is preparing to make hers. Under the present circumstances, France is the safer neighbour for England, and already Mr. Baldwin's "frontier on the Rhine" has moved not only closer to France, but appreciably nearer to England.

But what can be done about it? Apparently very little, directly. The opportunities afforded by the past are gone; and now Germany is evidently united in demanding complete equality. This means either war, or else not only the military occupation but also the fortification of the Rhineland. If France does not want war, no appeals to international law or existing treaties, however logical, will affect the *fait accompli*.

The only hope lies further ahead and in other things. English opinion places its strongest reliance for the future on the League of Nations, a League so changed that it will be strong to punish the aggressor; quick to decide and to take action; and also a League that will not be chained to the past but will consider new facts and conditions as rapidly as they rise to prominence. And there is no reason why such a League should not consider and decide on anything, even Locarno; giving justice both to France and Germany.

But the attainment of such a League will not be easy. France, for instance, has been consistently opposed to a revision of the Treaty of Versailles; and her entire international policy is dictated by the hereditary fear of German aggression. And in Eastern Europe any proposal for a change of national boundaries or status stirs up a hornets' nest of traditional antagonisms and memories of historic wrongs. But unless France and certain of the other nations recognize that laws and treaties must change with a changing world, there can be no hope of an effective League of Nations. Certainly England cannot henceforth pledge her moral authority or military aid to the support of injustices that are embodied in antique treaties; treaties that may once have served their purpose but have now no relation to the changed conditions.

Despite the fact that official France was for a long time the chief proponent of the League of Nations, it has been difficult to observe any enthusiasm for the League among the masses of the French people. When sanctions were proposed against

Italy, they were not only opposed, in France, but the common remark was that " not one French soldier would volunteer to fight for the Emperor of Abyssinia ". In France the League is a purely mental conception : and there is apparently not the slightest sense of devotion to that sort of League which is a brotherhood of nations ; or of working, and if necessary fighting, for the glorious ideal of a peaceful world. Now, since Hitler moved his troops into the Rhineland, the situation is changed in fact but not in spirit. All Frenchmen will fight for the League, but only if the League opposes Germany. M. Flandin, adopting the phrase of M. Litvinov, states that " peace is one and indivisible " ; but he seems as anxious to abolish the sanctions against Italy as he is to apply them to Germany.

It is such things as these that make one wonder whether the world is yet ripe for a League of Nations. Undoubtedly the present chaos in international thought and morality illustrates the fact that the mental and moral development of the nations lags sadly behind that of the individual. Individuals can keep their words ; groups of them can be found who will fight and die for each other and for a common cause. Whether the nations are sufficiently advanced ideally and morally to undergo the sacrifices and discipline that alone can bring victory is a matter that doubtless will soon be revealed by the issue of the contest between the League and Mussolini.

If Mussolini is permitted to emerge with the spoils of war and glory of victory, it is difficult to believe that the League can continue as an effective or determining force in international affairs.

THE GERMAN DILEMMA

By R. W. Seton-Watson

To say that Germany's repudiation of Locarno has created the gravest situation since 1914 and has struck at the very roots of the whole post-war structure in Europe, is a mere commonplace ; and yet it must be the starting point for any constructive survey. Public opinion in this country has never been more unanimous in its desire for peace, and desires it so fervently that in recent weeks it has sometimes been in danger of shutting its eyes to awkward facts. It will be the aim of this article to sum up the underlying realities of the European situation, to explore the motives, internal and external, which prompted Germany's action, and to test British policy and opinions in the light of continental reactions.

I.

In the first place, it is well to remember that suddenness is of the essence of Prussian policy, under the Führer as under Frederick, the great exponent of the *fait accompli*. Frederick, whom Hitler admires above all the great men of German history, occupied Silesia first and explained afterwards ; he also wrote the *Anti-Machiavel*, while himself applying the principles of Machiavelli, whom Hitler regards as the supreme teacher of modern statecraft. It is, then, a wise precaution to note at the outset that we have to do with a statesman who prefers to work by sudden and often violent coups ; who first tried to attain to power through the Munich Putsch of 1923 and only fell back upon political agitation as second best, and whose main achievements during his three years of office are all the result of similar methods —the overthrow of the Reichstag, the withdrawal from Geneva, the " St. Bartholomew " of June 30th, 1934, the rearmament

decisions of last year, and now the repudiation of Locarno. For this spasmodic form of government no precedents are provided by Napoleon III and Nicholas I, the despots who bulked largest in the eyes of our grandfathers: it doubtless fits in better with an age of air warfare, yellow journalism and mass suggestion. It can only be countered by sleepless vigilance on our part. We must be prepared for fresh surprises at any moment of the day or night, and must try more than ever to think out in advance every possible contingency, remembering that if there *is* a " next war ", the military decisions may have to be made by telephone and wireless, with press and Parliament stumbling breathlessly in their wake. We must indeed follow Mr. Eden's advice and " think deeply " on European affairs.

Let us also dismiss from our minds the superficial view that the Locarno coup was due to " irresponsiveness " on the part of either France or Britain. The White Paper issued by the Government on April 9th proves, beyond all possibility of cavilling, that London had for a year past made repeated approaches to Berlin: and indeed it was already known that on the very day before the coup Mr. Eden informed Herr von Hoesch of Britain's desire to conclude a Western Air Pact. Of France it will suffice to add that no sooner had Herr Hitler's interview with M. de Jouvenel appeared in the *Paris-Midi* a week earlier than the French Premier, M. Flandin, instructed his Ambassador in Berlin to ask for an interview with the Chancellor, with a view to discussing practical steps towards a Franco-German accord. A government which acts thus might even be regarded as unduly responsive; and the particular form of response from the German side, coupled with the fact that on the very day of the coup Herr Hitler spoke to M. Poncet of a " purely symbolic " act in the Rhineland (a statement which had to be corrected by Baron von Neurath later in the day) not unnaturally increased the disillusionment and suspicions of Paris towards " diplomacy by *coup de théâtre* ".

It is unnecessary to dwell in detail upon the juridical aspect of the coup; for it has already perhaps received too much emphasis, and the Germans are fully entitled to argue that the political aspect is at least as important. It was peculiarly

unfortunate that in the search for a compromise it should in all seriousness have been suggested that troops of the aggressor-Power *par excellence* should be sent to the Rhineland as the vindicators of public order in Europe. British opinion rightly received this idea as stillborn, and endorsed Herr Hitler's view that it was an " insult ".

On the other hand, on Germany's own showing, the repudiation of Locarno was a far graver offence than that of Versailles a year earlier. For Versailles had been signed under duress, and a certain plausible case (by no means as good a case as sentimentalists in this country too often assume, but still a case) could be made out for its invalidity, in view of alleged non-observance by the victors of their side of the bargain. But no such argument could possibly be used in respect of Locarno, which was a voluntary act of Germany, and which (as Mr. Eden has reminded us) included the Rhineland Zone provisions at Germany's express wish.

In his great Reichstag speech of May 21st, 1935, Herr Hitler freely reaffirmed this, declaring that the German Government " will scrupulously maintain every treaty voluntarily signed, even though it was concluded before their accession to power. In particular, they will uphold and fulfil all obligations arising out of the Locarno Treaty, so long as the other partners are on their side ready to stand by that pact. In respecting the demilitarized zone, the German Government consider their action as a contribution to the appeasement of Europe ".

As Mr. Eden reminded the House of Commons, Herr Hitler had, during their conversation in Berlin in April, 1935, drawn a clear distinction between Versailles and Locarno, the latter being " freely signed ". In those days Hitler had advocated " a regulated evolution " of the treaty system, and though he had alluded with disapproval to the then projected Pact between France and Soviet Russia, had not yet thought of denouncing any such project as incompatible with Locarno. Once, however, a coup in the sphere of foreign policy was considered necessary, and once the demilitarized zone had been definitely selected for its operation, some excuse for so grave a step as repudiation had to be found; and as the treaty's voluntary character could not be denied, the main stress was laid upon the Franco-Russian

agreement, as convicting France of a previous infringement of Locarno and so freeing Germany from the need to observe it.

Leaving aside the merely technical point that the Treaty was still before the French Senate for ratification when the coup was carried out, we are bound to take note of M. Sarraut's argument, that Germany, if in doubt as to the validity of France's action, had had ten whole months in which to refer it to an impartial tribunal. It had long been a matter of public knowledge that just because Germany had objections to the conclusion of such a pact and had declined all idea of adhering to it herself, the document had been hammered to and fro by many eminent international lawyers, in order to ensure its perfect legality and " compatibility ".

Above all, Article 3 of the Locarno Treaty itself provided that any such cases of doubt should be referred to " judicial decision " between the signatories. After the accomplished fact M. Flandin's demand for a reference to the Hague Court was resolutely declined, and the suggestion of an *ad hoc* tribunal seems to have met with just as little favour. There is no escape from the conclusion that Germany recognises that nowhere in the world could a tribunal of independent jurists be constituted, which would give a verdict in her favour, and that she regards possession as nine points of the law. Let us face the brutal facts. She broke Locarno because she wants to render herself impregnable on the West before proceeding to put into effect her new Eastern policy : she knew that neither Britain nor even France, however much they might resent it, was ready to go to war on this specific issue, and that Italy, thanks to her African victories, was rapidly losing weight in the European scales. In a word, Hitler knew that there was no one to call his bluff.

This " unilateral repudiation of a treaty freely negotiated and freely signed " was described by Mr. Eden on March 9th as " a severe blow to that principle of the sanctity of treaties which underlies the whole structure of international relations ". It has " profoundly shaken confidence in any engagement into which the Government of Germany may in future enter " ; and this is not seriously affected by Germany's action in coupling repudiation with the offer of a new and fuller pact. This

argument, it is true, has been met with some impatience by the " plain man ", who would like to see the statesmen of Europe stop wrangling over legal points and " get on with the peace " which is already fifteen years overdue. But this sentimental attitude is wholly divorced from the facts. There are many patent faults in the post-war system, but at least its fundamental aim has been to replace the pre-war " European anarchy ", with its ultimate appeal to war and brute force, by a network of agreed international accords, based upon the principles laid down in the League Covenant, and in particular upon a renunciation of war and an acceptance of international arbitration. But now the absolute ruler of the biggest continental Power, having less than two years ago justified an internal *coup d'état* and wholesale executions by the plea that he was in his own person for twenty-four hours " the Supreme Court of the German people ", beyond whom there lay no possibility of appeal—this same man has again put forward an exactly similar claim for the decisions which he takes in the name of the German people in the international sphere. The old saw runs, *vox populi, vox Dei.* On March 14th, 1936, at Munich, Herr Hitler inverted this, and declared that " God's voice is the people's voice ", and that the German people " would not tolerate being sent from one international law court to another ".

If then unilateral treaty revision is possible, and no appeal beyond a nation's own arbitrary will is recognised, what other course is left for the settlement of disputes save the arbitrament of the sword, and what is the value of any fresh treaty save as a soporific ? The enthusiasts who press chalk and slate into our hands and bid us start again from the beginning, forget that the sponge is still wet and may at any moment be used again. They forget that the crux of the whole pacifist position is our desire to substitute the reign of international law for that of war. Once destroy the principle of supra-national arbitration, and you have cut the League of Nations and collective security at the very root ; and, as M. Sarraut has put it, the sole alternative is " a resolute return to military alliances, rearmament, and we must admit, to war launched by the strongest at the most favourable moment ". Herein lie those " real perplexities of the situation " which Mr. Eden begged the House of Commons to

face. The British Government stands pledged to consider the German counter-proposals " with an open mind "—its avowed policy being " to maintain peace, strengthen the League and uphold the sanctity of treaties ". But it is clear that these high ideals must fail, and the rule of tooth and claw must return to Europe, unless some effective guarantee against unilateral breach of treaty can be devised. Is " *Macht geht vor Recht* " to be the motto of the New Europe ?

Meanwhile, the result of the German coup has not altogether been what Herr Hitler had intended. Instead of driving a wedge between France and Britain, it has in effect (however shy we may be of the word) converted Locarno into a temporary " alliance " with France and Belgium—strictly defensive, it is true, and limited to certain contingencies, pending a new and wider settlement. Mr. Eden has not only calmed moderate French opinion by the explicit nature of his pledges, to which we were of course already pledged up to the hilt, but which required restatement in face of German repudiation and of the Olympian detachment assumed by a section of British opinion; he found it necessary to remind the country that " we are not arbiters . . . We are guarantors, and have certain commitments . . . and they are very definite ". The Government has thus avoided the fundamental error of 1919, when we induced the French to renounce the Rhine in return for a triple treaty of guarantee, and then, when their side of the bargain was already in operation, considered ourselves dispensed from our side of it, owing to America's withdrawal. The bitterness which remained from this incident contributed as much as anything else to French intransigence in the Poincaré period. This time our obligation towards France and Belgium is upheld, irrespective of German repudiation.

2.

The real key to Herr Hitler's action is supplied by the internal situation in Germany itself, which throughout last winter had grown increasingly precarious. National Socialism in its three years of power had tried to kill two birds with one stone : and its programme of rearmament had for the time being enormously reduced unemployment. Mr. Churchill's estimate of £1,500,000,000 expended in three years, or £800,000,000 in 1935

alone, corresponds not only to the *Daily Herald's* information from Socialist sources, but also to many serious estimates accessible to official circles, and even if we deduct as much as one-third for possible exaggerations, what remains is of immense gravity, fills all Germany's neighbours with intense alarm and makes of the Franco-Soviet Pact an obvious precautionary measure. But being on a scale hitherto unprecedented in history, this programme absorbed all the fluid monetary resources of the country, mortgaged a part of its revenues for some years ahead, and involved serious restrictions upon Germany's foreign trade and upon movements of capital. What international investors, and especially the City, regard as " Bolshevik finance " has effectually defeated Herr Schacht's repeated and desperate efforts to secure a foreign loan ; while at the same time the Army chiefs recognise that they already have amply made up arrears of material, and that the main problem which now confronts them is that of the cadres and trained man-power without which that material is useless. Thus, financially speaking, drastic reduction of expenditure is needed, if bankruptcy is to be averted, but socially speaking, this can only be effected by dangerously swelling the number of the unemployed. And all the time, according to such official statistics as are still available, prices have been slowly rising, while wages and purchasing power have correspondingly declined. It should be superfluous to add that the working-class has been deprived of all legal forms of redress, that budget control is non-existent, and that all free expression of opinion has disappeared.

The Führer thus found himself faced by a dilemma not unlike that of June, 1934. Two rival forces were again struggling to control him—on the one hand, the Left wing of his own party, which lays as much stress on " Socialist " as on " National ", though drawing a not very clear distinction between " Socialism " and " Marxism " ; on the other, all those Conservative elements which have rallied to the regime, in the hope of shaping its policy to their will, in the absence of the old dynastic, parliamentary and Federal restraints. It is not to be forgotten that though for the moment silenced and impotent, there are large masses of German opinion which (quite apart from personal vendettas) regard Hitler as having betrayed the *true* " German Revolution "

for which Röhm, Strasser, and even Schleicher, each in his own way stood. To them " the 30th of June " was a surrender of their social programme at the dictation of the Junkers, bankers and industrialists, no less grave than the surrender of German national rights towards Poland. It was this body of opinion which Herr Goebbels had in mind in his Cologne speech of January 26th, when he declared that the Nazi programme still had to be carried out, that what had happened hitherto was only the overture which, as in Wagner, contained the *leitmotif* of the opera itself. Meanwhile there are grounds for believing that monarchist feeling—but in favour of Hohenzollern as a single unifying force, not in favour of the twenty odd fallen dynasties—is steadily gaining ground in Germany ; that large sections of working class opinion consider that an Imperial restoration would be less intolerable than the present regime ; and also that Socialists and Communists alike have their own marching orders to fall in with the mock-elections and plebiscites of Herr Goebbels, but to set themselves to undermining the whole surface of the Reich in preparation for an eventual collapse.

All the Führer's associates both before and since his access to power have remarked one striking feature in his character—extreme and prolonged fits of indecision, ending in lightning decisions of an almost elemental kind. On June 30th, 1934, he suddenly extricated himself from his dilemma by a Tarquinian cutting-off of heads ; but while sacrificing the " S.A." to the Reichswehr, he continued to govern through an alliance of rival forces—Göring, Goebbels, Hess, Rosenberg, Schacht, the industrialists, and the all-important group of generals. Many close observers had for some time past held the view that when next a decisive choice of direction became inevitable, his sole possible exit from the dilemma would be a foreign adventure. They were to this extent right, that the decision of March 7th was taken in the field of foreign, not home policy. That no action was taken beyond the frontiers of the Reich, however, represents a compromise between the Reichswehr's known aversion to any " foreign adventure " (a memorandum in this sense, drafted as recently as last January, is believed to have had the approval of the General Staff, the Wilhelmstrasse and the Ministry of Finance) and its very natural desire to improve

its strategic position for the event of trouble in the East. The Rhineland coup had this great advantage, that it mobilized all the still latent resentment against the Versailles settlement, and perforce rallied to the regime even the increasingly critical. It thus postponed a really drastic decision and gained time in both directions—for the Army to make itself impregnable in the West and thereby automatically reduce France's offensive powers and her strategic value as an ally, for the Führer to ponder the swiftly approaching choice between a capital levy and higher taxation, between a social revolutionary and a capitalist programme.

There are some who believe that with this last coup the real usefulness of the Führer for what has not yet ceased to be the governing class of Germany is at an end, and that, the Moor having now done his duty, the only problem now is, how to get the Moor to go. At this point prophecy becomes more than usually futile ; for the most desperate of all Germany's problems consists in the fact that *no one* (and to this not even the Führer is an exception) knows exactly where the ultimate power now resides. That Hitler himself has a magnetic power over the masses, and with the help of an unexampled propagandist paraphernalia can force an issue or create an accomplished fact, is obvious : but that he really governs is not so certain, and that those against whom a second " 30th of June " would have to be carried out would allow themselves to be caught napping, is more than doubtful. To the conservative forces this nominally omnipotent Dictator has proved a far more convenient instrument than anyone could have dreamt of under William II ; but under Hitler they are living dangerously, and perhaps even 1936 may make him the instrument of their will, or the leader of a real National Socialist Revolution. There is a strange, almost messianic, trait in Hitler's character, which may still surprise us all. Besides intense vanity, the ever varying moods of a woman (some say, of a prima donna), a very low estimate of human nature, imperviousness to argument, and extreme ruthlessness towards friends who cross his path, there is also the conviction that he is no usurper, but the Elect of the People. " I go the way which fate has shown me, with all the certainty of a somnambulist." " If I have done wrongly, then I shall ask God Almighty to strike me down ".

What, then, are we to make of such a man's programme of peace in Europe for a quarter of a century? Public opinion, while fully endorsing the Government's decision to discuss it most seriously and " with an open mind ", will in the first instance turn for enlightenment to Hitler's own published works and to the record of his regime in its dealings with neighbouring States. They will take note that in a book, of which far more than a million copies have been sold and which is still officially distributed and commended as a sort of Nazi Gospel, France is spoken of as " the pitiless hereditary foe of the German people " (p. 699), whose aim it is to break up Germany into petty States and seize the Rhine (p. 763)—as an increasingly negroid nation, whose aims are identical with Jewish world-dominion (p. 704). Though French suspicions are kept alive by his steady refusal to erase such passages from the German edition and by his parallel insistence that they shall be omitted from the expurgated French and English editions, it is certain that in his present mood he disclaims all idea of aggression against France, and accepts the present frontier as definitive. In his public speeches he has frequently pleaded for a final reconciliation between France and Germany, and for " Hands across the Rhine "; and at Karlsruhe on March 12th he proclaimed his ambition " to win the repute of a peacemaker ".

Meanwhile he has concluded a ten years' Pact with Poland, based on a recognition of the fact that " the two peoples cannot absorb one another " and that Poland's access to the sea is also a fact, unpalatable, but not to be undone, and he has maintained a steady veto upon the anti-Polish press campaign.

In striking contrast to this is his attitude to Austria and Russia. In the former case it is only too notorious that the Nazi terrorist movement was directed and liberally financed from Munich and Berlin, that the Munich wireless conducted a fierce campaign against Austria, that the Reich deliberately killed the German tourist traffic in Austria, that an " Austrian Legion " was equipped and armed in Bavaria for use in Austria, that the unsuccessful Putsch of July 25th, 1934, culminating in the murder of Chancellor Dollfuss and a rising in Styria, was engineered from the Reich, and that two of its chief organisers, Habicht and Frauenfeld, have this month been nominated as " deputies " in the new German Reichstag. It is not surprising that the alarm caused by such patent designs on Austrian independence should have been increased by the omission of any mention of Austria among the border States to which the Führer offered pacts of non-aggression; and this was only very partially allayed when, in an interview to the *Daily Mail*, he made good the omission in favour of both Austria and Czechoslovakia.

While, however, Austria seems to offer the easiest objective for a fresh coup, the real test of the Führer's pacific intentions is provided by German-Russian relations. For on the one hand he has incessantly proclaimed Bolshevism to be the chief enemy of Europe, and the Soviet State to be a dangerous Asiatic intruder, while on the other the territory of Russia and the border States is in his view destined to provide the land (*Grund und Boden*) " necessary for our German people ". Only here can sufficient room be found for the 250,000,000 Germans of the future, who are to rely upon " the busy German plough ", but only after conquest achieved by the sword (*Mein Kampf*, p. 743). Expansion to the south and west is to be finally abandoned, and all efforts are to be directed towards securing " the most sacred right in this world, the right to the land, and the holiest sacrifice, the blood shed for it " (p. 755). Thus Blood and Soil (*Blut und Boden* " Blubo ") supersedes Bismarck's watchword of Blood and Iron. As Hitler expressly repudiates racial assimilation as contrary to the theory of pure blood, and as he no less explicitly links up with the colonising policy of six centuries ago in East Europe (which drove out or swallowed up the Slavs between Elbe and Oder), it follows logically that his aim is to expel the existing Russian or Ukrainian population and replace them by Germans.

This it is perhaps which explains his objection to the Franco-Soviet Pact, his steady omission of Russia from the list of countries with which he is ready to conclude pacts of non-aggression, and his eagerness to exploit Britain's very natural reluctance to link East and West in a single Pact. It still remains to be seen, however, whether his mentor in eastern questions, the Baltic German Herr Rosenberg, will in the end prove a stronger influence than the Reichswehr. If it really be true that the Reichswehr is hostile to all foreign adventure, then assuredly

it must oppose this wildest of all adventures, to which Poland would add yet another incalculable factor. It is notorious that till 1933 contacts were maintained between the German and Soviet Staffs, and their renewal is said to be still favoured in certain quarters.

It is obviously impossible within the scope of this article to survey all the complicated issues involved in the German proposals and the French counter-proposals. But the greater our scepticism as to motives and aims, the more essential is it to ensure that there should be really heart-to-heart negotiations between Germany and the Locarno Powers, in which the obscurities referred to above, and many others, may be at last dispelled. In the meantime the British Government and the Foreign Secretary may be congratulated on having kept their heads, combined firmness with conciliation, rejected the idea of sanctions against Germany while reaffirming their plain engagements towards France and Belgium, and so maintained a certain mediatory position, without ever forgetting their duties as guarantors or their loyalty to Geneva. During the exploratory period which is presumably before us and which is likely to last longer than any of us could wish, our main hope must be to preserve the peace front at Geneva, or in Mr. Churchill's words, to " weave the Powers into a confederacy of defence ", while giving explicit guarantees as to the inviolability of German soil, and against all designs of aggressive " Encirclement " We must not create the impression of " a rabble flying before forces which we could not restrain ", but must " invest with overwhelming power the collective forces of the world ". Today isolation is rank insanity, and is indeed another word for armed anarchy.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE *QUEEN MARY*

By Sir Archibald Hurd

SOME misconceptions exist as to the *Queen Mary*. They have arisen, perhaps inevitably, from ignorance of the conditions of international competition which have developed on the North Atlantic route in the last fifteen years or so and of the circumstances in which the new liner was designed and built. As Sir Percy Bates, the Chairman of the Cunard White Star Company, has reiterated time and again, the company did not start out with the ambition of building the largest or the swiftest or the most luxurious liner in the world, but an economic unit of the fleet of the oldest company in the North Atlantic trade, which in former normal conditions always paid investors reasonable dividends, the fruits of good management.

Under a complete misapprehension of what may be described as " the *Queen Mary* policy ", it has been implied that the construction of the *Queen Mary* was a wild adventure for which there was never any justification, seeing that the liner, as it has been claimed, can never yield a profit ; that when the mistake was realised, the Government had to step in and provide the money to enable the ship to be completed after work at the Clydebank shipyard had been suspended for two years ; and that the vessel is now virtually, if not actually, the taxpayers' property, her management subject, in the last analysis, to parliamentary control. There is also a widespread belief that, if and when a sister ship is built, she will be necessarily paid for out of funds provided by the Treasury and that the Government will have the right to decide when and where she shall be laid down.

The story of the evolution of the *Queen Mary* covers a period of ten years, 1926-1936. The Cunard Steam Ship Company, pioneers in linking the New World with the Old by swift shipping services—starting with the *Britannia*, of 1,140 tons

gross in 1840—suffered heavy losses during the Great War in fulfilling its duty to the nation in the hour of ordeal. Vessels amounting to over 205,000 tons gross tonnage were lost by the company. "In all, more than 56 per cent. of the company's gross tonnage was sacrificed in the performance of services of the highest importance to the nation in the hour of its greatest jeopardy."* When the war came to an end the company had consequently a greatly depleted fleet, consisting mainly of ships well advanced in age. Then came reports of foreign activity. The Germans were preparing to build two ships, the *Bremen* and *Europa*, of very high speed; the Italians were also intending to compete for the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic, then held by the *Mauretania*, which, though launched as long ago as 1906, was still the most wonderful ship afloat; and the French, having surprised the world with the luxury ship, *Ile de France*, were planning a liner which in size, in speed, and in luxury of accommodation was to surpass anything attempted in the past.

The Cunard Company could have thrown up the sponge. It could have argued that these developments, fostered at great expense by the respective Governments as a matter of national prestige, rendered its outlook hopeless, since it had no expectation of a subsidy from the British Government to build and operate new liners of corresponding size and speed and luxury. Sir Percy Bates and his colleagues, taking their responsibility very seriously, considered what course they could adopt without bringing their company to ruin. They had hitherto maintained an express service with *three* vessels. Since new ships had to be constructed in order to preserve the company's goodwill, built up during nearly a century's well directed enterprise, would it be possible, in view of the remarkable progress of marine engineering, to construct *two* new ships to do the work of three? The answer of the highest experts was in the affirmative.

In a statement made as long ago as September 24th, 1930, Sir Percy Bates, with the records of nearly a century of successful building for his guidance, declared:—

> The conditions which govern the construction of such a pair of steamers are speed and size. The speed is dictated by the time necessary to perform the journey at all seasons of the year and in both directions, plus the consideration of the number of hours required in port on each side of the Atlantic. The size is dictated by the necessity to make money by providing sufficient saleable passenger accommodation to pay for the speed. In the opinion of its technical advisers, so far from attempting to construct steamers simply to compete with others in size and speed, the Cunard Company is projecting a pair of steamers which, though they will be very large and fast, are in fact the smallest and slowest which can fulfil properly all the essential economic conditions. To go beyond these conditions would be extravagant; to fall below them would be incompetent, as the company would be simply leaving to others a direct invitation to compete with it on more economic terms.

* *A Merchant Fleet at War*, by Archibald Hurd.

Once the economic problem had been settled, the work of design began, and it became apparent that no vessel of less than about 1,000 feet in length—since length and speed are closely related—would fulfil the conditions—that is, have a service speed of about 30 knots in all conditions of sea without inflicting unbearable discomfort on the passengers owing to vibration.* Four years were devoted to the preliminary work in association with naval architects, marine engineers, and other experts. The question of the most suitable propelling machinery to be adopted was considered by a committee, under the chairmanship of the late Sir Aubrey Brocklebank, which included the late Sir Charles Parsons, Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir R. W. Skelton, the late Mr. Andrew Laing, Mr. T. McPherson, Commander Sir Charles W. Craven, Mr. J. Callender, the late Mr. Andrew Hamilton, Sir Thomas Bell, and Mr. G. Mc L. Paterson, the naval architect and Mr. J. Austin the superintendent engineer of the Cunard Line. It was eventually decided to entrust the building of the ship to Messrs. John Brown & Co., at Clydebank, who had an experimental tank and an expert staff, and had constructed the *Lusitania*. All the main details of the empirical design were submitted to tests by wax models so as to guard against error; in all, no fewer than 7,000 experiments were carried out in all kinds of weather conditions, artificially produced in the tank measuring 400 feet by 20 feet, and the results carefully noted and correlated. By this long process the *Queen Mary*, as she is seen today, gradually took shape in a wax model which was no more than 17 feet long.

* When the *Queen Mary* was steaming at her regulation full speed between Southampton and the Clyde, Mr. A. E. Mason, the novelist, reported by wireless that "sitting in the great dining room, we could hardly be aware that the *Queen Mary* was moving at all."

It was not until every doubt had been removed and the Cunard Company were satisfied that they had evolved a ship as nearly perfect in hull form and other respects as she could be made, that the keel was laid.

As the work on "No. 534", as the ship was known, proceeded, financial troubles in all parts of the world increased and the ordinary facilities of the bill market in London became increasingly deranged until at last the Cunard Company decided that progress must be interrupted—not from lack of faith in the ship of so much thought and experiment, but from lack of money on such terms as they considered it reasonable to pay if the economic basis of their two-ship plan was not to be so disturbed as to threaten all possibility of success. So, as a sequel to the resignation of the MacDonald Government in September, 1931, in face of a financial crisis which threatened the nation's future and the gathering economic storms in the United States, Canada, and elsewhere, the order had to be given that work should, for the time being at least, be stopped. Sir Percy Bates remarked at the time that to enable a company, with financial responsibility, to build ships it was necessary at least to earn depreciation on the old ships. This the company had not been able to do in 1931 for the first time for very many years. The decline in passenger and freight traffic seemed at the moment to have no limit, and the North Atlantic trade outlook for 1932 was grave. There was, in fact, a glut of tonnage on this route, and the company found itself in competition with other fleets, in the building and running of which, with Government assistance, the earning of sufficient profit to meet their annual depreciation charge was no longer a matter of primary importance. It had been the practice to finance the construction of a ship such as "No. 534" by making use of bill market finance and repaying such liabilities out of the earnings set aside annually to cover the normal depreciation of the fleet, and partly out of the earnings of the ship herself during the first few years of her operation. The international crisis had changed the whole financial background and made continued use of this type of finance, to state the matter conservatively, less easy than formerly.

For all these reasons the company reluctantly decided that it was necessary to suspend the construction of "No. 534", and

all bills of exchange current on the ship were paid off as they matured out of the company's liquid cash resources, which were ample for the purpose, and the men at Clydebank were paid off.

For upwards of two years the gaunt hull at Clydebank was a silent monument to the distress which had overtaken the nation. In the meantime the *Bremen* and *Europa*, with the German Government backing the owners, appeared on the Atlantic route, and the *Mauretania* had to surrender her supremacy; subsequently there came the *Rex* and *Conte di Savoie* from the Italian shipyard, setting up a yet higher speed record; and in 1934 there appeared the *Normandie*, whose construction had been pressed to completion at the urgent demand of the French Government; it was a symbol of French craftsmanship as well as of awakened French ambition. She was and remains, in spite of the *Queen Mary*, the largest liner in the world.*

Eventually the British Government agreed to intervene in order that work might be resumed on the "No. 534"—but on terms. On the one hand, under the Trade Facilities Act, it had provided immediately after the Great War "cheap money" for the building of ships for the White Star Line, and that concern was heavily in its debt. On the other, the German, French, and Italian liners had been brought under unified control in each case. In the circumstances, the Government stated that it was willing to facilitate the completion of the liner at Clydebank if the Cunard and White Star Companies were merged so as to reinsure the White Star liability to the Treasury and eliminate costly rivalry between British ships under two managements. The negotiations were successful, and in December, 1934, a Bill was presented to Parliament providing the necessary sum, *on loan*, for completing "No. 534", and working capital for the new merger company—the Cunard-White Star Company—besides giving the Treasury power to advance an amount up to £5,000,000 for the construction of a second ship in accordance with the original plan. In these circumstances the *Queen Mary* was completed.

It is doing no service to British shipping to lend support, as

* The *Normandie* is of 82,799 tons gross and the *Queen Mary* is of 80,774 tons gross.

some questions in the House of Commons have done, to the belief, held in some foreign countries, that the *Queen Mary* is a government ship. The idea of building such a vessel was conceived by the oldest company in the North Atlantic trade as a matter of business policy; the design was evolved without reference to the Treasury; the contract was placed with Messrs. John Brown & Co., in accordance with the ordinary principles of shipbuilding finance, without even the suggestion that the State should lend its aid, except in regard to insurance; only when the bill market became disorganized was the aid of the Treasury sought to complete the vessel; a part of the cost of construction only was provided under the North American Shipping Act, and finally, all the money advanced is to be repaid with interest over a series of years.

Interest in the matter of the building of a second ship is natural, involving, as it does, the expenditure in the district chosen for the laying of the keel of a large sum in wages. The advantage is not so much as some people imagine in view of the number of contractors and sub-contractors in all parts of the country concerned in the equipment of such a vessel. In the case of the *Queen Mary* work was provided for skilled craftsmen in 86 cities and towns, London receiving large orders, though the hull was constructed on the Clyde. Questions which have been asked in the House of Commons indicate some misconception as to the situation which will arise when it is finally decided to lay the keel. Even if the Treasury were asked, and consented, to lend the necessary money, Ministers could obviously not dictate when the ship shall be constructed, for that is a matter which lies with the Cunard-White Star Company, the eventual owners, nor where the keel shall be laid. The company is under no obligation to Parliament to build a second ship or to borrow under the Act for that purpose, but merely has an option to do so subject to the approval of the Treasury. Sir Percy Bates and his colleagues may conceivably find, since passenger and cargo business on the North Atlantic has greatly improved, that they can now secure as good terms in the bill market in accordance with the ordinary procedure of shipbuilding finance. The financial position in this country is not what it was two years ago. The crisis has passed. An immense amount of capital

is going begging; the nation is saving so much money that, in view of the continued ban on foreign investment, it is difficult to find employment for it. Consequently there is no ground for the positive assumption that Treasury aid by way of loan will be needed for the construction of a second ship, though probably the facilities may be accepted.

"She has been built for utility—that is easy to see". In those few words the King, after inspecting the liner *Queen Mary*, summed up her outstanding quality. Others have described her as the biggest ship ever built in this country, as the swiftest liner that has ever been designed, as a ship of luxury and, again, as the supreme triumph of the British shipbuilder; but the phrase of His Majesty, still—as he was when Prince of Wales—Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets, is the complete justification of this vessel of many wonders. The *Queen Mary*, as Sir Percy Bates has declared, was "the inevitable ship" for the conditions which were foreseen ten years ago—neither too big nor too swift nor too luxurious; she is not "a millionaire's ship", but will provide for passengers of all classes and not merely for rich people. And in that connection, it is a point of importance in reviewing her profit-earning possibilities that from 70 to 80 per cent. of the travellers passing to and fro across the Atlantic are Americans, who expect a high standard of accommodation, recreation and service. In order to form a judgment on the future of the ship, that fact must be kept in mind, in association with the governing considerations—that the *Queen Mary* and her sister—embodying the lessons learnt from the performance of the *Queen Mary* at sea—will replace three ships, and that they will be confronted with no competitors under the British flag. They will not be ships of a day but of a generation. As the *Mauretania* held her own in face of all comers for over twenty years and remained to the last the swiftest ship of her size, so the new liner, and in due course the companion ship, are intended to maintain British prestige for many years.

British supremacy on the North Atlantic will be assured as soon as the *Queen Mary's* sister is completed. But what of British shipping on other seas? On every trade route it is contending against vessels which have been built with State aid; the subsidies, it is estimated, amount in the aggregate to

£30,000,000 annually. The British Merchant Navy in the unequal struggle against heavy odds which it has been maintaining practically since the end of the Great War has suffered heavy casualties. Upwards of 7,000,000 tons of British shipping were sunk. Moreover, its very triumph in saving, in the last analysis, the Allied cause from defeat inspired foreign nations with the determination to create merchant fleets so as, firstly, to provide their navies with auxiliaries, and, secondly, to render their communities independent of tonnage under other flags. As under conditions of equal and economic competition such ambitions could not be realized, their taxpayers were called upon to help in financing the building of the ships or their operation at sea, and, in some cases, both forms of assistance were provided, backed by various forms of flag discrimination.

It was in face of such conditions that, on the recommendation of Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, who had studied the problem for many months, the British Government agreed early last year to ask Parliament to grant a subsidy of £2,000,000 for 12 months to the tramp section of the British shipping industry, which was threatened by collapse. The subsidy was granted—but under conditions dictated by the Board of Trade. It was insisted that internecine competition should be restrained; that the goodwill of liner owners, running to time schedules and carrying "parcels", as distinct from the bulk cargoes of the tramps, should be secured; and that the co-operation of foreign tramp owners should be sought. It was in these circumstances that minimum freight schemes were adopted for some of the principal trade routes, and enforced with the "big stick" (£2,000,000) by committees over which Sir Vernon Thomson presided with tact and firmness. The grant proved a blessing to foreign as well as British owners, since it checked the fall of rates, though it did not enable profits to be made.

When the twelve months were coming to an end, the Government had no alternative, if the aim to place this branch of the industry on an economic basis was not to be abandoned, but to renew the subsidy for another year. That has now been done, to the benefit less of tramp owners than of their officers and men; more of them are employed, and they have higher

pay than otherwise could have been provided out of the tills of the tramp owners, in many cases well nigh empty a year ago.

But this success has affected only about 4,000,000 tons of the 17,500,000 tons of shipping on the United Kingdom Register. The greater part of the Merchant Navy still has the dice heavily loaded against it on practically all the trade routes. Private enterprise, governed by economic laws, cannot survive, if unassisted, in a struggle against enterprise backed by all the resources of governments.

The conditions under which British shipping has for a long time been competing, in particular in the Pacific, have been described as "the worst scandal in the history of the industry", and it is not an over-statement. The company mainly affected is the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand, one of the companies of the P. & O. group, and its rival is the American Matson Line. The British company has to trade on an ordinary economic basis, but its competitor is State aided. In the first place, it received from the American Government, on loan, at a nominal rate of interest, three-quarters of the cost of its ships, which are now being operated with the support of subsidies. The financial position of the companies may be briefly summarised :—

Matson Line.	£	*Union S.S. Co.*	£
Saving on shipbuilding loans as compared with market rates	176,239		
Subsidy to company's mail steamers	265,733	Payment for carriage of mails	68,649
Subsidy to company's cargo vessels	43,349		—
	£485,321		£68,649

British wages are rather higher than the American wages, bearing in mind that payments are made for overtime and holidays as well as for the social services; moreover, the Matson Line, having a monopoly on the U.S.A.-Hawaian route, is able to use the strength which this monopoly gives it in competing for the Australian and New Zealand traffic.

The sequence of events is noteworthy. From 1885 to 1900, a period of 15 years, the Union Company, in conjunction with an American firm, carried on successfully a trans-Pacific mail service between Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii and San Francisco. In this way the traffic, at first far from remunerative, was gradually developed until it became profitable. Then,

in 1898, the United States annexed Hawaii, and two years later Congress extended American coastwise laws to Hawaii, though it is 2,000 miles from San Francisco, two-thirds of the distance from Liverpool to Canada. Thenceforward only ships flying the American flag were permitted to land in Hawaii either passengers or cargo embarked in the United States or *vice versa*. Having been shut out of the Hawaiian trade in this way, the Union Company, with fine enterprise, established a service to San Francisco via Tahiti, though it offered a poor substitute for the heavy loss it had suffered in having to abandon a trade which amounts to approximately a million tons of cargo a year and a large tourist traffic.

On the Trans-Pacific route the traffic in goods is almost entirely in one direction. Neither the United States nor Canada buys the agricultural and pastoral goods of Australia and New Zealand, but these two Dominions import manufactured goods from the North American countries. British ships northbound, owing to the operation of the American Law, must therefore run more or less empty, while American ships can, and do, call at Hawaii and there pick up their cargo for carriage from Hawaii to the United States. Apart from the subsidies, American ships on this trade route have consequently an enormous advantage. The "leg" of the route which lies between American ports, which are 2,000 miles apart, is reserved as a coastal voyage, but the "leg" of the route, which lies between British ports in Australia and New Zealand, 1,200 miles apart, is open to the ships of all nations. Such are the anomalous conditions under which British ships have to be operated.*

Unless the British Government, with the co-operation of the Australian, New Zealand, and Canadian Governments, comes to the rescue—and a conference on the subject began in London on the eve of the Easter holidays—there will not be a liner flying the British flag on this important trade route. The ships now serving are to be withdrawn in a few months because the losses incurred are so great.

Moreover, it is not only in the Pacific that British shipping, now reduced by 2,000,000 tons as compared with less than 3 years ago, is fighting a losing battle. The issue of the struggle is a matter of national prestige. It is also an economic matter in time of peace; it is a matter of vital import in time of war. As the Hon. Alexander Shaw, chairman of the P. & O. and associated companies has said: "*Laisser faire* is inapplicable to a situation where economic competition has ceased to exist". British shipping is in a state of emergency to which the well-tried theories of the past do not apply, and in the interests of this country, as well as the Empire as a whole, a well considered defensive policy must be evolved and fearlessly applied.

* *The Shipping World*, November 13th, 1935.

THE GRACE NOTE

By H. E. Bates

THE Chipperfields lived next door to us. There were eight sons besides Sep and his missus. At that time Sep was almost fifty, and the boys ranged from fifteen to about thirty. They were all musicians. Every one of them played instruments in a brass band.

To the Chipperfields the playing of instruments was a religion, a kind of creed. Their perfect heaven would have been a kind of eternal bandstand in which there was an eternal playing of angelic cornets and trombones, with God, no doubt, conducting. The whole of their spare life was dedicated to it. They began as soon as they could puff. They were fairly suckled on trumpets, and somewhere about the age of eight or nine they had their first cornets. After that nothing could hold them. They rushed home from school to get in a little practice before tea with all the enthusiasm of the fanatic doing a devotional exercise. It was second nature; cornet-blowing was in their blood. In a week or so they could scale like larks, and in a month they would have mastered "The Bluebells of Scotland". In another month they could do what they liked with bits from Sousa and Rossini, and in about three months they were in the band. The only one of the family who wasn't in the band and who didn't play at all was Sep's missus, Emma. Twenty years before, Sep had tried hard to teach her, but it was no go. "It's either cornets or kids", she told him. "It can't be both". So for the next twenty years she did her bit by producing potential cornet-blowers, and by the time Fred, the youngest, was fourteen, they were all in the band.

They were not only in the band, but they were the band itself. It was a good band, and without them it would have been nothing. And they knew it. Because they had other things in common besides instrument blowing. They were all proud

and they were all jealous. They were clannish to the same point of intense enthusiasm as they were over the practising of scales. Nobody played half so well as they did. Nobody even knew how to play half so well. They went to festivals and heard all the crack players and then came home and said they could do better standing on their heads. Once, in the park, when the band was playing on a floating bandstand on the lake, the whole affair capsized and the band was swamped. But the Chipperfields all went on playing, and Alf, the eldest, was still triple-tongueing when he went under.

That was their spirit : to do things wholesale and go on doing them no matter what happened and no matter who was upset. And at one time or another a good many people were upset by the Chipperfields. They were touchy. They were like cats. They had to be smoothed the right way or there was trouble.

And finally there was trouble. The Chipperfields left the band. It was an absolute sensation. It was like a congregation suddenly walking out of a church. And it all happened over nothing. The band was practising for a contest and a crack conductor had been hired from Manchester. The test piece was Tchaikovsky's " 1812 ", and suddenly the conductor stopped the whole band and as good as said that there was no chance at all for them at the contest if the trombones went on rag-tearing.

It was an insult. What the conductor did not know was that the trombones were all Chipperfields. To say that they were rag-tearing was an insult to the whole family. And when the band tried out the piece again the Chipperfields all did their worst, on purpose. It was chaotic. The conductor was furious. But it was no use. The Chipperfields simply blew the spit out of their instruments and walked out.

And that was the beginning of the formation of the Chipperfield brass band. It was in reality the fulfilment of a dream of Sep himself. It had always been his heart's ambition to see a band formed of his own flesh and blood. Besides his own family he had two brothers, both euphonium players, and though at that time only Alf and Harry were married, they both had sons. In a year or two they would be blowing their first cornets and Sep had visions of a Chipperfield band that, in a few years, would be famous.

It was exactly the sort of thing the Chipperfields liked. They got together at once. There were altogether eleven of them, with the two brothers, and they roped in a second cousin or two until, by the midsummer of that year, they could start practice with a band of fifteen, all Chipperfields.

Alf, Sep's eldest son, was conductor. There was no doubt that he was just the man : a fine musician, a firm critic, and the tallest of a tall family. All the Chipperfields stood as straight as trombones, and, gathered together for practice, they looked magnificent.

They sounded even better. At their first practice they tried out just a few things they knew by heart, a few hymns, a Sousa march, a couple of Victorian popular airs. But it was beautiful. They were born for it and for each other. In *pianissimo* passages they were as soft as milk, and in anything marked *molto vivace* or *con spirito* they played with a crisp and almost acid freshness that was exhilarating. They knew all the musical terms and they were artists. At the end of the first practice Alf made a short speech in which he said that hitherto brass-band playing in their district had been about as sleepy as a rotten pear and that he felt they could knock anybody else into the middle of next week. There was still time to enter for the late summer contests, and he suggested they go in for just the best of them. They all agreed. That same night they appointed Harry secretary, and within a week they had entered their applications for two top-notch contests in August and two others in September. " Next year we'll bust the Crystal Palace ", Sep said.

In another week they were really practising. They hired a school-room for three nights a week and they were like men at devotion. One of the test pieces was Mendelssohn's overture to " A Midsummer Night's Dream ", and it was pretty tricky. But they got the spirit of it at once. It was Alf who was responsible. He dinned it into them never to play a single note without the words of the title burning in their minds : that it was midsummer, that it was night, that it was a dream. " Play it ", he said, " just as if you'd had a pint or two, like that. Sweet and dreamy and about half-drunk ". And the way they responded was masterly. They got all the sweet dreamy intoxication of the dream into it wonderfully. They made it ethereal and unreal.

There was no doubt, at that time, that they were going to knock spots off everybody.

Then something happened. At the third practice, about half way through the Mendelssohn, when they already knew the thing inside out, Alf suddenly stopped them.

" We'll go through that again. First bar, second line down the right-hand page ".

They played it, and he stopped them again.

" Somebody's playing a grace note in the third line, second bar ", he said. " There's no grace note there, and whoever's playing it can't see straight. If Mendelssohn had wanted a grace note there he'd have put one in. Now, again. And no grace note ".

They played it again, and Alf nearly lost his temper.

" Who the devil's playing that grace note ? "

Nobody spoke.

" It's a cornet, somewhere. Who is it ? " Nobody answered. It was an insult to suggest that any of them couldn't read, and in his mind everybody blamed everybody else. " Well ", Alf said, " we'll try it again ".

They tried it again and the cornet played the grace note.

" Who played it ? " Alf shouted.

Nobody answered.

" Come on, who played it ? "

" I did ", Sep said.

Alf nearly broke his baton. " Then by God you ought to know better ! "

" It's here all right. It's marked in the copy ", Sep said. " D'ye think I can't see ? "

" Where ? Where's it marked ? Let me see ! "

Alf stormed round behind the cornets and looked over his father's shoulder.

" That's a fly muck ! "

" Who is ? What is ? Fly muck ! That's a grace note. Think I can't read ? "

" It's a fly muck, I tell you. Here, Harry, Charley. Is that a fly muck or is it a grace note ? "

Harry and Charley came to look and both said it was a fly muck. Then gradually the whole family crowded round and everybody said that it was a fly muck. The old man was absolutely humiliated. He felt disgraced before his own brothers and his own sons. But still he wouldn't have it that it was a fly muck and not a grace note. He was like all the Chipperfields : too proud to admit a fault, and he kept saying :

" It's there and I shall play it. It's there and I shall play it ".

" In that case ", Alf said, " the band goes smash ".

" Smash ? What ?—What——"

The idea almost smashed him himself.

The thought of the band going wrong was unthinkable and suddenly the old man did, for a Chipperfield, a very magnanimous and wonderful thing.

" All right ", he said, " I give in. I won't play it ".

" You'd better change copies with somebody ", Alf said, " or you'll be reading the fly muck again ".

" No ", he said, stubbornly. " I'll stick to my own. I ain't saying the note ain't there, but I won't play it. That's all ".

And, when they tried the piece again, he didn't play it. It was a great effort of will, but he succeeded. All the time everybody felt a little strained and much of the dreamy, drunken spirit of the thing was lost. And all the Chipperfields felt that the old man was to blame. He, in turn, felt them against him. It depressed him. For the first time in his life he felt a crack in the family unity.

Then, for a time, things went very well. The Chipperfields got to know the Mendelssohn inside out. They played it like angels. They were a small band, but they were so beautifully balanced and sure in understanding of the music and each other that nobody ever noticed that.

But all the time the old man was worried. He couldn't get the grace note out of his mind. Every time he came to the page showing the fly muck he went through a small agony of indecision and distress. It needed a constant effort of will and self-denial not to play a note which he was still sure in his own mind was there. Anybody else would by that time have forgotten it, but the Chipperfields were like that. Even about music they were as proud as horses and as stubborn as donkeys. All his life Sep had worked as a finisher in a shoe factory, and when he came home sometimes in the evenings, mucky and dishevelled,

he looked rather like a tired grizzly old dog who has had enough. The grace note wouldn't let him rest.

And when the contest day came it was still on his mind. The rest of the Chipperfields had forgotten it long since. But he was obsessed by it. He had begun to see it out of all proportion. And all that afternoon he kept wiping his grizzly moustache with the back of his hand in nervous distress.

The Chipperfields played late in the afternoon. Even before they played there was something of a sensation : a whole band of one name, almost of one single family. And they were as cocksure as fowls on their own muckle.

They began the Mendelssohn wonderfully, exactly as Alf had always directed, half-drunkenly, dreamily, almost ethereally. They could have played it standing on their heads. And then, about half way through, it happened. Tolstoy has related how, learning to ride a bicycle, he kept his eye on a lady in a frenzied effort to avoid her and only succeeded at once in knocking her down. Sep Chipperfield did the same thing.

Having striven for so long not to play the grace note, he only succeeded in playing it. And that afternoon, in the big concert hall, he not only played it, but played it well and truly, revengefully, with a kind of stubborn defiance against his sons and Mendelssohn and all who were listening. The minute the Chipperfields heard they knew that they were lost. They were furious. They went straight to pieces. They finished up like a lot of demoralized rag-timers at a circus.

Afterwards they went for the old man like dogs. Alf threatened to bust his cornet. The spit coming out of fifteen instruments was like acid.

" He played the damn thing a-purpose ! Played it a-purpose. By God ", Alf said, " I'd pawn my instrument and lose the ticket ".

The old man could say nothing. He just stood in the middle of them with open mouth, broken up, dumb.

" You wanted to smash the band ", Harry said, " and now you've smashed it. Well, I'm finished ".

" And me ", Alf said.

They were all finished. It was the last time the Chipperfields played together as a band. Their pride was smashed. It was

almost the last time they came together as a family too. Both Alf and Harry said they were never going home again, and gradually, one by one, the rest of the sons got married and gave up going too. In a year or two the family unity was broken as surely and irrevocably as the family pride had been.

And Sep could not bear it. It was a little thing, but it broke him up. Within a year it killed him. Any other family would have laughed at a little thing like a grace note. But not the Chipperfields. For them it was no joke at all.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRAHMS

By Ethel Smyth

THANKS to a broadcast and one thing and another, it seems to have become known that in my youth I saw a great deal of Johannes Brahms, which probably accounts for the arrival of a quite unexpected present, Dr. Karl Geiringer's biography of the master—a book that appeared in 1934, and under the title of *Brahms, his Life and Work*, has recently been published in admirable translation by Messrs. George Allen and Unwin.

Being incurious as regards the lives of great composers—a point of view one states without defending it—this is the first Brahms biography that has come into my hands ; and as a result of fluttering the pages of the human section of it I find myself struggling with a sense of bewilderment, and even recalling an ancient anecdote about a Hungarian (Hungarians are a favourite butt in Austria) who commissioned a painter to make a portrait of his father—a gentleman unknown to the artist of whom no photograph existed and who had died some years ago. Feature by feature the son described his parent, begged the artist, another Hungarian, to do his best, and went off to America on business. On his return, after gazing speechlessly for some minutes at the result, he was heard murmuring " But dear and honoured Papa . . . how sadly changed art thou ! "

Some such sensation would come over anyone who, having first met the composer in his middle life, reads of a gay affectionate adolescent, and a little farther on of an expansive easily approachable young fellow of about twenty-five called Johannes Brahms. When first I met him he was forty-five—an age at which character and peculiarities are set; and though, if you saw him often enough, golden glints from a golden heart occasionally worked up to the surface, that surface was painfully rough and the manner steeped in an uneasy irony that often degenerated into downright rudeness.

No doubt if one read this book carefully from cover to cover,

one might discover how and why the warm-hearted hero-worshipping Johannes of his third decade turned into the bear of genius he was in 1878. But having been often told that personal recollections of distinguished people are more likely to interest the majority of readers and convey a livelier sense of the person concerned than ever so ingenious analyses of their pedigrees, moral views, and artistic aims ; remembering, too, that such was the opinion of a no less serious-minded searcher after truth than Dr. Johnson, it is wisest to stifle reflections that might give pause even to a hardened autobiographer and jot down a few impressions of an English girl, suddenly hurled in the last quarter of the nineteenth century into the very thick of German music life.

* * *

As regards Brahms, my first reaction, as related elsewhere, was the mingled joy and terror with which I saw this demi-god, whose music had swept me off my feet in England, being steered in my direction by a recently acquired London friend, George Henschel, who was a very old friend of Brahms. It happened at the close of what had been a rather stormy rehearsal of the master's new D major symphony, conducted by himself at the Leipzig Gewandhaus ; and I have confessed that his first remark, " So this is the young lady who composes songs and sonatas without having studied counterpoint ! " was taken by me in my innocence for a compliment and that I was flattered to the point of delirium. Not till weeks later did I find out that the words were spoken in irony, Brahms being absolutely convinced that the manuscripts Henschel had shown him were Henschel's own work !

At that rehearsal for the first time I set eyes on the beautiful Frau Elisabeth von Herzogenberg. When in Leipzig, a town he execrated, Brahms always stayed with the Herzogenbergs, and I noticed how deftly, sympathetically, yet humorously this already celebrated woman was soothing the composer's ruffled plumes. For the orchestra, then living on its Mendelssohnian reputation and wrongly considering itself the finest band in Germany, was, with the exception of two or three of its members, bitterly anti-Brahms, and at one moment the rehearsal had seemed likely to end in a major " unpleasant incident ".

In the course of this, my first Leipzig winter, I became the one and only pupil of Heinrich von Herzogenberg—probably the leading contrapuntist of the universe—and to all intents and purposes the adopted child of "Frau Lisl", as most of her intimates called her. This brilliantly gifted, extraordinarily fascinating woman was a superb musician, capable after one hearing of running up a piano version of any new score Brahms happened to have in his portfolio. Occasionally he would even consult her about the vocal line of a new song, and his sojourns in their flat were looked forward to by them both with excitement and delight.

Nevertheless entertaining Brahms was rather a tough proposition. Not as regards the catering, though, like all artists, he was greedy, for Lisl was a superb cook and came to know and invent new readings of every dish he loved; rushing away from the music-room to give a timely pat to the *soufflé* . . . rushing back again, her golden hair standing erect from the heat of the oven, to cry: "That movement once more; that much you owe me!" And later when all had settled down at the table, in true German Hausfrau fashion she would pick out and dump on his plate all the biggest truffles in the *foie gras* . . . a proceeding which secretly enraged me. No one idolised Brahms's music more than I, but not to the point of foregoing my rightful share of the truffles.

It was later in the day that his hostess's difficulties began. To entertain the many prominent musicians who came from afar to do him honour, and who of course flocked to the Herzogenberg's flat, would have been a pleasure as well as a privilege, were it not for the necessity of constantly saving some of these, and more particularly their female belongings, from the awkward pleasantries their homage too often called forth. One such incident here jumps back into my memory, but I should preface by saying that a standard literary figure of that day was a certain "Frau Buchholz", caricature of the typical pretentious, would-be-cultured, Berlin *bourgeoise*. Well, a certain obscure old maid of Leipzig, very shy but supremely musical, rashly endeavoured to thank him for the raptures a new quartet of his had given her. An exaggerated bow from the waist warned one that something unpleasant was coming . . . "And so", he said, "the gracious Miss approves of my poor work, and will perhaps deign to point out its beauties at the next coffee-party she honours with her presence. For, as Frau Buchholz observes, music is not only an elevating thing in itself, but the handiest of subjects for excellent ladies like you to let loose among the cups and sandwiches at a *Kaffee-Klatsch*".

In her own house, thanks to a quick watchful eye, ready tact, and the courage of a lovely and privileged woman, Lisl was sometimes able to strangle these onslaughts in their birth, or, if too late for that, would throw her shield between tormentor and victim; but not too often, for the chief point was to nurse the master's good humour. Indeed when another peculiarity of his came into play—(generally it would happen at the conclusion of a meal)—when, as I have elsewhere described, he approached some pretty girl, pouted out his lips, and stroked his moustache, the while gazing at her gloatingly, and apparently refraining with difficulty from more marked attentions—I noticed that many hostesses welcomed these signs and wonders as proof that the great man was enjoying himself. But one can imagine the feelings of frigid England at such a spectacle!

No doubt this sort of thing was more or less traditional in the German artistic world. One remembers how, according to Bettina von Arnim, Beethoven crammed down his hat, folded his arms, and deliberately scattered a Grand Ducal party right and left as they were strolling down the promenade at Ischl, and how he afterwards jeered at Goethe, a civilized being, for stepping aside and raising his hat. I suppose Hans von Bülow, and other well-bred friends of Brahms, accepted his manners as part of the frequentation of genius. But I remember what a revelation it was to me when I made friends with Tchaikovsky and Grieg to find that celebrated musicians can also be great gentlemen.

To me, for Lisl's sake, Brahms was always kind and fatherly; none the less the very first time we met under that roof he caused hackles to rise that time was powerless to lay flat. Lisl had let him know what a serious musician I was, and had also recounted a successful exploit of mine—a proof of passionate zeal on his behalf that was far more daring than she realized. Enraptured by the *Liebeslieder Waltzes*, recently introduced to London,

I, who lived in the country, had contrived to get hold of and train five amateurs, of whom two were officers from Aldershot Camp, and had pulled off a really admirable home performance of that exquisite work, though few of the audience except my deeply musical mother were worthy of the occasion. Brahms referred good naturedly to this event, spoiling all, however, by adding " And did you jump over the chairs, back and all, between whiles ? For Henschel tells me that when not turning out musical masterpieces this is your chief occupation ? " Here Lisl intervened : " Ethel is a very serious musician ", she cried, " and I won't have her teased and laughed at ". " *Laughed at !* " cried Brahms, " do you mean to say you yourself would ask a nice little girl who is singing love songs with a lieutenant *not* to have a nice little flirtation with him ? " Whereupon he proceeded in characteristically heavy-footed fashion to elaborate the joke, describing how when singing *Am Donau Strande*—a number the gist of which is " Love laughs at locksmiths "—the contralto (myself) would be irresistibly impelled to tip the tenor warrior a wink and leap over a chair back. Herzogenberg, as great a gentleman as contrapuntist, turned it off as well as he could, but most of Brahms's followers were of another class ; and among these the habit of admiring everything he said and did was so ingrained, that probably none imagined that sort of pleasantry could make one's blood boil.

Worse was to follow. Becoming acquainted by degrees with the German angle towards women, I had made Lisl promise, in spite of his good-natured suggestions, never, never to show Brahms any of my work. One day, however, coming in unexpectedly, I caught her playing to him, as one of the recent finds of the Bach Society, a little two-part *Invention* in the Bach manner which I had written as an exercise. It was a mere piece of mimicry such as any clever pupil could pull off, but Brahms was completely taken in, and when she had finished exclaimed : " What a fellow that Bach is ! In his day who but he would have dared to put in that C sharp ! " . . . and so on . . . Whereupon Lisl, carried away, forgot her promise and pointing to the form that was hovering uncertainly in the doorway, exclaimed : " There stands the Bach who composed that *Invention* ! Now then ! What do you say to that ! " In his

astonishment, Brahms, who was notoriously indulgent to young musicians, picked up the little manuscript and began commenting very kindly on an ingenious turn here, an original little bit of counterpoint there ; whereupon I also lost my head, and, referring to a recent dispute with Herzogenberg, who found me a hard-working but self-willed pupil, asked Brahms if it were not permissible now and then, " if you felt like it ", to end on the dominant—a technical point the elucidation of which I will spare lay-readers.

Forthwith the light changed. Given to maintaining that woman's first duty in life is to be a fascinating toy ("*ein charmantes Spielzeug* ") Brahms suddenly realized that he was talking to a girl, and with the air of a kindly father chaffing his bumptious infant, he replied : " End anywhere you like, my dear child. It's not of the slightest importance. Or if you prefer it never end at all ! "

I don't think I ever forgave him this early initiation into the heart of male prejudice, for I swear his appreciation of the little *Invention*, even after he had learned its authorship, was genuine. And as a matter of fact it really was a jolly, ingenious little affair, which, if written by a boy, would as likely as not have been autographed by the passionately revered master as a memento !

* * *

Turning the pages of this biography, I have found clues to things I knew about but never quite understood, and on the other hand can supply the key to a few incidents that puzzle the author. For instance, the cooling off of the friendship with the Herzogenbergs is ascribed by Dr. Geiringer to the fact that in the years that preceded Lisl's death (1892) the health of both her and her husband was failing ; and rightly holding that his first duty was to tend the flame of his genius, Brahms had no use for invalids. But already in 1885 the lute had sprung a rift, inasmuch as Brahms was bored by Herzogenberg's compositions. And though that noble-hearted, least self-seeking of composers made no bid for his friend's interest nor betrayed resentment at its lack, the great man's obvious indifference to the cantatas, symphonies and chamber works put forth by her husband in pitiless profusion cut his wife to the heart. Now

Lisl, like Brahms, was spoiled — how should so gifted, so fascinating a being escape it ?—and at times she could be very insistent. Thus one day, probably when the wind was in the east and both were nerve-rasped, she tried to wring from him a note of appreciation it was not in him to give, and elicited a remark of terrific candour. Whereupon Lisl wept, and Brahms, seized with remorse, kissed her hand again and again and nearly wept too.

But from a letter of Frau Schumann's which I read somewhere, she herself being by that time a little alienated from her once adored Lisl, I gather that the wound never really healed. " O how wise you are ", she writes, " never to have married ! Composers' wives are generally intolerable nuisances, and Lisl has now become *ungeniessbar* " (that is, one whose friendship is no longer enjoyable), " for ever arguing and insisting on the merits of Herzogenberg's compositions, and uttering lamentations at their neglect ". One sees the whole thing ; poor Lisl living in dread that her adored Heinrich might become a cripple, and possessed by the idea that these two powerful friends, Brahms and Frau Schumann, were not doing enough for his music ! Yet they, on their side, how could they push work that left them cold ?

Again in this book I find confirmation of something I had seen coming on at Leipzig, that the subject of the marital relations of the Joachims became a bone of contention between the Herzogenbergs and Brahms, he being one of the persons—and there were many—who believed that Joachim's suspicion of Simrock and his wife was a case of jealous mania.

A year or two before this matter was being publicly discussed I was in Berlin, having been invited to what turned out to be a rather rowdy Christmas Eve supper party at the Joachims', and my liking for Frau Joachim (a magnificent warm-blooded artist) was slightly chilled by seeing her slip under the table armed with a hat pin, a yell presently proclaiming that the objective was one of Simrock's skinny calves. Yet my impression that, however unseemly, the whole thing was quite harmless, was confirmed by the fact that Joachim sat blandly smiling at his end of the table and uttered no protest.

I confess I had never really liked Joachim, suspecting him of

being abnormally " canny ", not wholly disinterested, and a moral coward. And in all probability, even if not attracted by the warm human element in his wife, my sympathies would have been wholly with the woman, whereas at the Herzogenbergs the changes were rung dispassionately on the deplorable weakness of the husband's character and the incautious behaviour of the wife. Yet Lisl's emotions were powerfully stirred by the thought of a mother threatened for such an inadequate reason with possible separation from her children, and neither of them believed there was really anything wrong.

Then Brahms came along. An ardent believer in Frau Joachim's innocence he spoke almost violently of this cruel obsession of her husband's, referring also to a tendency to suspiciousness and " morbid jealousy " often displayed by Joachim on occasions that had nothing to do with matters marital. And in a letter to Frau Joachim, which is published in this book and which I had never come across elsewhere, he explains that for that reason he had always declined to accept a post in any town that would involve constant intercourse with her husband.

This letter is the best justification I ever hit upon of my own instinct as regards Joachim ; but we English, who enjoy giving unbridled rein to a " generous " emotion, who rather shrink from close study of its basis and who made a god of " Jo ", know nothing about the other side of the medal. Frau Joachim produced this letter in court, and it is said to have powerfully swayed the judge who pronounced her innocence ; all of which so infuriated Joachim, that for many years he refused to meet Brahms, though the quarrel (which seems to have been more or less patched up later) was never allowed to affect his devotion to Brahms's music.

Eventually when Herzogenberg was invited by Joachim to become Professor of Composition at the Berlin Hochschule, he and Lisl found it was a case of choosing between the abused, discredited, socially not quite satisfactory wife, and the suave, popular, gentlemanlike and powerful " injured husband ", who was a State official and all that such a position implies. I am told that Lisl's defection finally broke poor Frau Joachim's heart ; and though I tried, and still try, to be fair to her, reminding myself how ardently she had always longed to see Herzogenberg's

gifts recognized, nevertheless in a certain sense this defection gave me more pain than her abandonment of me—for which after all there was more excuse, and which was imperiously demanded of her by her whole family.

I will only add that if the sad story of the Joachims has been retold here, it is because I feel certain it must have played a great part in the estrangement between the warm-hearted, loyal Brahms and the Herzogenbergs. Anyhow, after reading that letter to Frau Joachim I love Brahms as I never did before.

* * *

But if Brahms complained of touchiness and suspiciousness on the part of Joachim, his own record shows the same blemish. When his whole-hearted admirer Hermann Levi was appointed Director of the Munich Opera, and by degrees turned into a passionate Wagnerite (to be entrusted later by Wagner with the first performance of *Parsifal*) Brahms refused to believe the conversion was genuine. There was a violent quarrel, and the one who declined to make it up was Brahms. Probably Levi already held his subsequent opinion (one I shared) that much of his output in middle life was on a lower inspirational plane than his early work—and after all only the very greatest creators —Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Shakespeare and such-like—go on growing to the end. And perhaps Brahms read the unspoken thought in his friend's heart and could not forgive. But how anyone who knew Levi could charge him with even unconscious insincerity, let alone deliberate tampering with his artistic convictions, passes comprehension; and I am afraid I agree with Dr. Geiringer that Brahms must have *desired* to think ill of Levi.

There were other broken friendships—a rupture even with his staunchest admirer and friend, the noble-hearted surgeon Billroth; and though, as in the case of Joachim, the pieces were put together again, the old confidence and cordiality were gone for ever.

From this book I learned what I never knew, that as a young man Brahms had been in love with Frau Schumann; and also that when her husband died he made no bid for the vacant post, no doubt feeling that the celibate life was best for his creative genius! With Frau Schumann he was at his very best, as it might be a loving, deeply admiring son who never resented the fiery criticism with which her passion for his work was sometimes tempered. "Why tack on that quite unnecessary extra bar?" she remarked of the theme of his D Major Piano Variations. At which, though young and a nobody, I could not refrain from expressing my passionate admiration of that divine appendage to an already wide-winged tune. "Ah ha!" said Brahms, chaffing her, "you see I have youth with me!" "Which only proves", cried Frau Schumann, "that you have perverted even this child, whose association with the Herzogenbergs would, I hoped, protect her from new-fangled extravagancies!" But when Lisl, who as a rule avoided controversy, confessed that she also adored the "tacked-on" bar, Frau Schumann threw up her hands in a despair which I fancied was only half genuine; in short it was permissible to hope for a conversion by and by.

After my severance from the Herzogenbergs I saw Brahms only rarely; but once very effectively at the flat of his friend Adolf Brodsky in Leipzig. They were rehearsing the F Minor piano quintet and I was turning over, when suddenly the door burst open and in dashed my huge half-bred St. Bernard, who had got bored waiting in the street three floors below, and now, upsetting the cellist's deck in his stride, dived under the piano and pushed in between me and Brahms. Fortunately no harm was done and I then saw what I had never thought to see, Brahms laughing as uproariously as a school boy. He declared that since he was a child with a devouring passion for the harlequinade in the pantomime, he had seen nothing to equal that exploit of Marco's.

This particular scene was played a couple of years after I lost Lisl. Whenever Brahms and I met no allusion was made to the breach, but his delicate kindness, the way he contrived to make me feel that his friendship and sympathy were even warmer than before I shall never forget. Indeed having always known that his heart was of pure gold, I should suffer remorse for dwelling at such length on his shortcomings, were it not that, as hinted above, I think the sole thing a creative artist should be judged by is his artistic legacy.

In some ways his work reminds me of Donne's; the emotion so evidently of the deep eternal kind, the expression at times

so easy to find fault with. By which I mean that in the composer one is aware of a certain indifference to sensuous beauty which betrays itself in his orchestration; in the poet of a lack of musicality that mars line upon line of his poems. But whereas Brahms in his great modesty would sometimes say that a hundred years after his death he would rank as mere scholastic, enough water has now flowed under the bridge for us to be certain that his music satisfies one of the everlasting cravings of musical hearts.

* * *

The last act of his life-drama, over which his biographer passes lightly, is sad to think of. Scarcely on the threshold of old age, at last enjoying full recognition, softened, humanized, rendered relatively easy in intercourse by the lapse of years, he was called upon to face death; and like a child fetched by the nurse at bedtime, he wept and protested he did not want to go. I knew he was an unbeliever, yet should have fancied the Socratic attitude towards death might well have been that of the composer of the *Requiem*. Perhaps those who were with him to the last might be able to tell us that at the very end it was so.

Be that as it may, sometimes when my thoughts hover over the spot in Vienna where his bones are enshrined, even as visible aeroplanes send us smoke messages from the sky, I fancy an invisible finger is tracing words in the air above that grave. And the words, written again and again, are: "Well done, good and faithful servant".

DON ROBERTO

Memories of R. B. Cunninghame Graham

By A. F. Tschiffely

To the vast majority of people the death of Cunninghame Graham meant nothing, but with the passing of time his name, like that of his friend, W. H. Hudson, is surely destined to grow. These two writers were the first to bring before the English public something of the colour and special fascination of South America, which hitherto had been singularly little known. Cunninghame Graham, as we shall see, had a great diversity of interests, but I think I am right in saying that the memory of both men will always be associated with South America, not only for their masterly descriptions of the country, but because both have penetrated deeply into the minds of the peoples who inhabit these far-away lands. Of the affection in which Cunninghame Graham was held by them there could be no more touching evidence than the scenes that accompanied the embarkation of his body at Buenos Aires for England. Hundreds of Argentines, of every rank and station in life, followed the hearse, behind which walked the two faithful horses which a few years ago had carried me through the three Americas.

Only a few days before his death he made a pilgrimage to Hudson's birthplace near Buenos Aires, little dreaming that he was soon to follow his old friend into the great unknown which, as he often put it, he rather hoped than expected would be an ever-green prairie, where overworked horses enjoyed their well-earned rest, roaming and galloping about with fresh breezes playing with their manes and tails.

A few years ago (it seems like a dream of yesterday), when I was about to return to South America after many long and unsuccessful attempts to place my manuscript of *Tschiffely's Ride* with some publisher, I received a telegram, inviting me to have

lunch in the Spanish restaurant in Swallow Street. As I read the name of the sender, I could hardly believe my eyes. Although I was acquainted with some of Cunninghame Graham's books, I felt, as so many other people must have done, and probably still do, that this personage was some kind of a myth, and not a man who really existed in the flesh. Next day, when I entered the restaurant and he rose from the table at which he had been waiting for me and gripped both my hands, I instinctively realized that I had met a man who would soon become a friend. As we sat there I could not fail to admire the romantic appearance of my host, whose thin aquiline nose, flowing mane of white hair and pointed moustaches and beard were those of a figure which might have just walked out of the frame of one of Velasquez's masterpieces.

We had not been sitting long when, upon my addressing my host as Mr. Cunninghame Graham, he looked at me, and, with an inimitable gesture, said in Spanish, " Please, from now on call me Don Roberto. I hope you will do me this favour, for I prefer friends to call me by that name ".

After this I had to answer numerous questions and talk about my ride through the three Americas. What especially struck me about my new friend was his amazing memory. Even when we were speaking about remote corners and almost unknown South American villages and *rancherias* that he had ridden through fifty or sixty years before we met, he remembered names of people and other details so perfectly that it was almost uncanny to listen to him.

How it came about, I do not remember, but as we conversed, I happened to mention Mar del Plata, a luxurious Argentine seaside resort where cattle kings and other millionaires—as well as many *infelices* who delight to ape the rich—assemble during the summer months.

" Oh, Mar del Plata ", he exclaimed with an elegant gesture which would have made any other person look ridiculous, " Mar del Plata, today the Deauville of South America. I remember it quite well ; but not as a town with rows of palatial villas, white-aproned *mozos* serving cocktails and caviare to the *élite*—whatever that means. In my time there were no orchestras playing tangos or jazz, no Rolls-Royces, fashion parades, golf and polo tournaments ; but yet, I'd rather remember the place as it was when I first saw it . . ."

Don Roberto stopped talking, and as he passed his fingers through his flowing white hair a far-away look came into his keen brown eyes.

" Yes ", he continued after a pause, " many years have passed since I was in Mar del Plata ; and I shall never forget that occasion. I was sleeping out in the pampa, curled up on the *cojinillos* (sheep-skins) of my *recao* (Argentine saddle) when the snorting and stamping of my *pingo*, which was staked out close to where I lay, suddenly awakened me. At first I could detect nothing wrong, but on putting my ear to the ground, I distinctly heard the trampling of many hoofs. Realizing only too well what this meant, I leapt on my nervous horse, bareback, and raced for dear life ; and, as Allah willed, I arrived at a small fortified settlement, Mar del Plata, only a few minutes ahead of the Indians, who were striking their hands on their mouths as they galloped round and round the stockade, swaying like centaurs on their horses, and brandishing their long lances ".

Don Roberto checked his reminiscent mood while he lit one of his favourite black Brazilian cigarettes, which are wrapped up in a maize leaf instead of paper ; then after watching the smoke curl towards the ceiling, he suddenly continued : " In those days I looked almost like an Indian, for my skin was scorched by the sun and the strong winds, and I let my hair grow long, as was the custom among the *gauchos* in those days. Down to here ", he added, pointing at one of his elbows.

The waiters must have been thinking that we would continue to talk until dinner time, but finally we rose, and wandered towards Hyde Park where my newly made friend showed me the Hudson Memorial which, I must add, gave me an unpleasant shock.

Weeks, months, and years passed with amazing rapidity, and during this time my friendship with Don Roberto became firmer and firmer, for we had a great deal in common. Off and on, I spent many days with him, discussing every imaginable subject, or merely chatting about the past ; and when we were in the right mood for it we exchanged anecdotes, of which my friend had an inexhaustible store.

bination which, I am told, is not uncommon in that assembly.

So much has been written about the famous riot in Trafalgar Square (1887) and Cunninghame Graham's subsequent imprisonment (he had led the rush against overwhelming forces of police and Life Guards) that I will not repeat what many people already know. In a sense we should be grateful for what happened, for we owe to the two months that he spent within the walls of Holloway Prison the fine sketch *Sursum Corda*.

His parliamentary career ended, Cunninghame Graham longed for more adventure and so, on hearing rumours about a city in the interior of Morocco where no white man had been, the place being sacred and forbidden to infidels, he at once decided to enter it, disguised as a Turkish doctor. Taken prisoner, he saved his life by telling his captors that he was not a Christian, but a member of that Scottish body called the " U.P.'s " (United Presbyterians). Instead of ill-treating their captive, whose god had so attractive a name, these sons of the desert allowed Don Roberto to " play powder " with them and display his horsemanship in that dashing and headlong sport which is peculiar to this people.

Some years later Cunninghame Graham was regularly to be seen in the library of the British Museum, digging into archives of Spain and South America, diligently collecting data for the books he wrote : books dealing chiefly with Spanish and Latin-American history. Then for a time he returned to the scenes of his earlier activities with a congenial mission. He was sixty-two years of age when, on the outbreak of the Great War, he was sent to the Americas to buy horses, mules and cattle. During his return journey the ship in which he was travelling was torpedoed in the English Channel, an event which greatly delighted his adventurous soul.

Right up to the time when I saw him depart from Paddington Station, on his last journey to South America, he took a lively interest in everything and, in spite of his eighty-four years, he could still sit a horse with the best. His pen was never idle and just before he died he produced *Mirages*, a book which shows little falling off in his powers.

His death on the old trails he loved so much was a fitting end to a remarkable life.

INQUEST ON BROADCASTING

By Hilda Matheson

A YEAR ago eight men and one woman were charged by the Postmaster-General to consider the constitution, control, and finance of British broadcasting, and to advise generally on the conditions which should govern its conduct after the expiry of the existing Charter at the end of 1936. The fifty pages in which the results of their considerations are embodied do not rank among the first flights of blue book interest or eloquence. The report is dull. Its authors interpreted the terms of reference in their narrowest sense. They attempted neither a wide sweep in their survey, nor a thorough investigation of details. So far as can be gathered, they did not take serious stock of public opinion regarding the B.B.C. They contented themselves with giving notice in the press that communications might be addressed to them within a period of thirty days by those who cared to send them.

The list of witnesses is more remarkable for its omissions than for its inclusions. It contains only six officers of the Corporation besides Sir John Reith, and only one programme officer, Dr. Adrian Boult. Although school broadcasting is discussed at some length, the Chairman of the Council for School Broadcasting does not seem to have been invited to give evidence. The enquiry, in short, was a minimum enquiry, which only scratched the surface of a large subject, and most of the recommendations could have been written down beforehand by a good psychologist acquainted with the personnel of the Committee and the circumstances of the investigation.

The reasons for all this are fairly obvious. Busy people do not voluntarily take on more work than they can help. The Committee itself, whether by accident or design, did not include any notably dynamic personalities. The most discerning criticisms are contained, as might have been expected, in some of Mr. Attlee's reservations ; but Labour Party criticism has,

on the whole, always been more interested in the conditions of political broadcasts than in wider questions of general broadcasting policy and direction. There is little doubt, however, that the main reason for a cursory and respectful enquiry was a reluctance to meddle with the private affairs of a national institution which has won an established position in the country, and a feeling that it would be ungracious to cavil unduly when there was so much to admire.

Despite all protestations to the contrary, the B.B.C. does not love criticism when it touches questions of policy ; and it is not surprising that the Committee decided to spread itself over constitution and finance (in which fields it supported the B.B.C.'s own views) and to walk delicately when it came to control and direction. " The internal organization of the service is a matter generally within the discretion of the Corporation." But the members of the Committee may well have felt surprise when the B.B.C. issued a series of " Observations " simultaneously with the publication of the Report by the Stationery Office, taking exception in terms which can only be called patronizing even to mild points of criticism contained in the Report ; no doubt they felt reassured when the Corporation was sharply criticized, in Parliament and outside, for this procedure.

The Report met with a good reception in the press, its praises being coupled with the name of the B.B.C. Editors were glad of an opportunity to express public thanks to a national institution and a national figure. It was a pleasure to know that our B.B.C. would probably continue on the familiar lines ; that it stood so high in world estimation ; that it successfully combined prudence with idealism, and achieved both intellectual and ethical integrity. The British public develops an affection for its institutions and likes to feel proud of them. In this instance it is well aware what it owes to a Director-General with courage and a strong personality, and it was glad to read praises of his work.

The trouble is that when the British reach the stage of affection and sentiment about something, whether a national game or a public building, they sometimes come to regard criticism as bad form. In regard to broadcasting, which represents, among other things, a monopoly in broadcast speech, it would

be unfortunate in the extreme if public enquiry and criticism ever came to be regarded as *lèse majesté*, or even as indelicate. Nothing would in fact do a greater disservice to broadcasting itself : the true friend, in this case, is the candid friend. This applies even to the very question of internal organization, which the Ullswater Committee was chary of touching. The B.B.C., as an institution, is an important experiment in a new type of administrative machinery for managing a national concern. It may serve as a model, with variations, for other national services which cannot be managed effectively by direct Parliamentary control and a Civil Service department. If the B.B.C. is an experiment in organization, then it is important that the fact should be recognized and the results studied. It provides, in fact, a trying-out ground for learning to combine two important and not easily reconcilable principles : (*a*) relative freedom from party politics and Government interference, and (*b*) sensitivity to public criticism and to ultimate public control, through Parliament and through listeners' opinion.

In two important respects, the Committee have made recommendations which most people hoped and expected they would make. They urge the continuance of the Corporation on its present basis, with no concessions to advertising or other outside commercial interests. Whatever may be the case in America, there is little doubt that the majority of listeners here do not want to be beholden to tooth-pastes or cigarettes for their entertainment or information, nor to be reminded of the fact, however discreetly, in announcements.

The Committee are on more controversial ground when they recommend the transfer of the relay exchanges now run by private enterprise to the Post Office and the B.B.C. These exchanges are large distributors of the foreign advertisement programmes. There is a natural affinity, though actual connection is disclaimed, between the commercial interests concerned in the development of sponsored programmes for English consumption, and those concerned with the spread of relay exchanges. The recommendation to bring this new and growing vested interest under control is a logical consequence of the monopoly principle ; but some people may regret it, as they may regret any absence of a competitive factor in broadcasting.

It is a serious business to give complete and final powers of selection and rejection to a single authority. But once the advantages of public service broadcasting have been accepted, it would be inconsistent to countenance a commercially owned and operated system which might jeopardize the future of the Corporation.

The other recommendation which will be specially welcomed is that which implements the finding of the Crawford Committee in 1925, that the B.B.C. should receive from the licence fees an income thoroughly adequate " to ensure the full and efficient maintenance and development of the service ". In 1935 the B.B.C., after paying income-tax on its gross revenue, had 5s. 2d. to spend on these purposes out of each 10s. licence, a sum which had to cover new departures like television and the Empire service. The Committee propose that the Corporation should in future receive not less than 75 per cent. of the net licence revenue, after deduction of Post Office costs of collection. With increasing liabilities for a twenty-four hours' overseas service —which, it is now suggested, should include transmissions in other languages besides English—and the need for constant improvement and extensions in technical equipment and in programmes, this renewed emphasis on the principle that the Exchequer should not make a profit out of the broadcasting service is very welcome.

The central problem of public service broadcasting in a a democratic country is freedom : positively, this means freedom of expression for differing schools of thought in all activities, i.e., in art, literature, and music no less than in politics, economics, and social philosophy ; and negatively, the avoidance of bureaucratic rigidity, or tyranny. With all that may be laid to the credit of the B.B.C.—and it is much—this problem has not yet been solved. There is, of course, no ready-made solution: the price of freedom is still eternal vigilance. The American warning still has its point. " I will concede ", said Mr. William Hard, " that European governmental broadcasting [in which he inaccurately included all public corporation broadcasting] generally exceeds American private broadcasting in the potential cultivation of good taste—by a graceful margin. I will contend

that American private broadcasting exceeds European governmental broadcasting, in any European country, in the potential cultivation of free citizenship—by a vital margin ".

The Ullswater Committee strike their blow for freedom by stressing the importance of direct access by the B.B.C. to all sources of news, of elasticity in times and methods of presenting news, of the fullest development of controversial broadcasts (including minority views, however unpopular), and of microphone facilities for critics of the B.B.C. All of these points are important, though there are ways of honouring the last two more in the breach than the observance. But the Committee skate evasively over the fundamental connection between courageous programmes and effective programme personnel and organization, and it is not clear whether they fully appreciated the importance of the staff issue in relation to programme policy.

Whenever committees of experts, national or international, get together to consider the right use of broadcasting, they always come back in the last resort to the question of personnel. It is upon the programme staff that responsibility rests for ideas, and for their execution and interpretation. The key people in broadcasting are the creative officers who propose, not the administrative officers who may dispose. There are always plenty of people capable of turning things down ; there is a limited supply with the combination of gifts and experience to invent and produce good radio. Courageous programmes depend upon the emphasis laid on these two functions. Dynamic individuals are notoriously difficult, mercurial, and intolerant of irksome restraints. They need skilful handling and a light rein. It was with some recognition of the fact that programme officers needed special consideration that the B.B.C. recently effected a complete divorce between creative and administrative staffs, and instituted a system of dyarchy which runs through the whole administration. While this was undertaken to relieve programme staff of vexatious routine, it is easy to see that it may also result in friction through excessive checking and counter-checking, and to something like a strangle-hold over creative officers.

The state of nervous tension associated with Broadcasting House has indeed become almost a stock joke. Some degree

of strain is inseparable from any large organization working at high pressure, in which there is jostling for place. It must be conceded that there is a large amount of enthusiasm for broadcasting. There is a great deal of personal kindness, considerateness and generosity towards individuals. Yet nervous breakdowns are not unknown, and a state of apprehension, uncertainty, irritation, afflicts many whose energies should properly be free to enjoy their work and to carry it on without anxiety or a sense of restraint. It is no secret that the B.B.C. have lost potential and actual staff, of a type most essential to them, on account of these things. In some departments the wastage has been such as to constitute almost a complete break in continuity, with much loss of valuable experience.

There is an impression gaining ground that the Corporation are now favouring the recruitment of young and inexperienced staff in the more difficult departments, in the hope, no doubt, that they will be biddable as well as inexpensive. While it is obviously sound policy for the B.B.C. to attract talent early, yet there is a major need to attract men and women with varied experience of life and work and qualities of personality which will fit them for the responsible business of making programmes, handling authorities much older than themselves, and recognizing the limits of their own knowledge. If initiative, independence, and originality are discouraged in these ranks, colourless programmes will result, and colourful people will suffer or go.

The Committee must have been aware of this state of things, although they avoided stating it or diagnosing it. They noted that the remuneration of the junior staff seemed adequate, and that of the higher staff not in excess of what was common in private enterprise; but they said nothing of the important range of medium posts, particularly in the programme division, in which the relation of salaries between administrative and programme personnel has never yet, I think, been satisfactorily settled. The mere hierarchical progression of administrative staff may lead to steady advances of a substantial kind, while the more co-operative position of programme staff may seem to leave them for ever at very much the same level, with only small annual increments. With these and other problems no doubt

in mind, the Committee recommended the formation of a staff association.

The Corporation note, in their published "Observations", that the late Chairman, Mr. J. H. Whitley, originator of Whitley Councils though he was, himself decided that there was no case for such an organization in the B.B.C. This may well be true, but it does not dispose of the arguments for some more appropriate form of machinery. The difficulties are twofold. On the one hand, suggestions for a staff association have generally been regarded as savouring of disloyalty and almost equivalent to a vote of no confidence in the directorate. On the other hand, the forms of democratic government are not regarded with favour in any totalitarian state, and the B.B.C. is no exception to the rule. It is true that staff associations may be a bore; they may take up time, make mountains out of molehills, provide platforms for grievance-mongers. But they have become an essential part of all large-scale organizations, and, if they are not shams, they can become a very useful piece of machinery. It should not be beyond the wit of man to devise some scheme appropriate to the B.B.C., which would help staff and directorate to understand each other better.

There is one other aspect of broadcasting freedom (or the reverse) which occupies the Committee's Report. This is the question of Parliamentary control. The B.B.C. seem to have suggested that their policy might more fittingly be entrusted to "a senior Cabinet Minister" free from heavy departmental responsibilities, rather than to the Postmaster-General, and the Committee accept this suggestion and pass it on. The motive, at any rate with the B.B.C., would seem to be added prestige; but the proposal runs counter to all previous encouragement to B.B.C. governors to cultivate independence and to assume responsibility for their own actions. A Minister with leisure, and a mandate to occupy himself with B.B.C. programmes, might easily lead to friction with the B.B.C. Board or the Director-General or both, and to increasing timidity in programme policy.

It is good that the Committee should have recognized, in varying degrees, that the B.B.C. cannot shelve responsibility for the listening end to the extent which they have done in

the past. The main Report draws attention to the way in which the use of broadcasts to schools has been hampered by the absence of any standardized receiving set or maintenance arrangements, of good quality and low cost, and urges the B.B.C to consider with the wireless industry the provision of cheap sets for educational purposes and for the " poorer classes". There seems no reason why the B.B.C. should not invite tenders or institute a competition open to all designers for one or more " people's sets ", as has been done abroad. Mr. Attlee, Lord Elton and Mr. Clement Davis urge in a separate reservation that the B.B.C. should consider even more fundamentally this " weak spot of broadcasting ", and that the public interest motive should be extended to cover the provision of receiving sets either by the B.B.C. or by the Post Office.

It is, of course, true that, in spite of notable advances in the wireless industry, there is too little standardization and mass-production on the Ford model, and that good sets are consequently still a relative luxury. It is even more true that the public, particularly the large non-technical public, is often at the mercy of inefficient and unqualified dealers, stores, and mechanics in the matter of repairs and upkeep. It is one of the great attractions of the relay exchanges that they save the listener much expense and exasperation. The future may bring us wireless through our electric light system or our telephone service, and the radio mechanic may cease to hold the key position he now holds. But in the meantime there is great need for organization among qualified radio engineers for their own protection and that of the public, and the recognition of some hall mark of reliability such as the motoring associations bestow on motor repairers.

The international implications of broadcasting, which are becoming of greater significance every day, are only incidentally discussed in the section dealing with the Empire Service. It is clearly right to recognize overseas programmes as " an important normal function of the broadcasting organization in this country ", instead of waiting for financial contributions from the Dominions and Colonies. " The projection of England " by the appropriate use of languages other than English, however, will require very careful handling. Unless this is entrusted to extremely

skilled and experienced hands, the British public may discover that the short waves to which they do not listen at home have been transmitting types of national propaganda which is doing them no good abroad and over which they have no apparent control.

One notable omission from the Report is any consideration of contact with listeners, or study of their tastes and interests, other than by means of Advisory Committees. There are already twenty-eight such Committees in existence, national and regional, and the Ullswater Committee recommend the creation of more. Such committees, especially when dealing with a definite subject, may be valuable, and the B.B.C. is greatly indebted to hundreds of people who have served upon them in past years. But the usefulness of general advisory committees, with no powers, is limited, and specialized advisory committees are only as useful as the B.B.C. permits them to be. It is undoubtedly a sound principle to associate listeners increasingly with programme and policy discussion, nationally and locally ; but experience has shown the limitations of this method, and there is no reason why it should absolve the Corporation from other more detailed and scientific ways of sounding or sampling listeners' opinion.

The Government, preoccupied with more pressing issues, have not yet made public the action which they propose to take on the Committee's recommendations. It is scarcely to be doubted that they will renew the Corporation's Charter for the suggested ten years, and endorse most of the other findings, though opinion is said to be divided on the subject of Relay Exchanges. But the future prosperity of broadcasting rests with the B.B.C., its Board, its Director, and its staff. Saturation point has not arrived, but the dangerous age has been reached, when listeners may grow bored, and when the Corporation may grow middle-aged, stiff, and nervous. The avoidance of these dangers will require not only a sound constitution, but the retention of a perennially youthful spirit. This, in turn, depends upon keeping and finding individuals with outstanding ability, and assuring them conditions which give full scope to their gifts, their enthusiasm, and their responsibility.

NOVELS NOT BY NOVELISTS*

By the Marquess of Crewe, K.G.

THE title calls for a word of explanation. What is a novelist? A critic might say that, of the thousands of volumes published annually under the heading Fiction, only a small percentage can be described as the work of authentic novelists, but this would merely be cheaply cynical, and a similar gibe might equally be levelled at the writers of Poetry, History or Divinity. I prefer to define a novelist, whether famous or obscure, as a person whose main business is the writing of novels, and who is not specially conspicuous in any other occupation of life. It is true that a novelist, even more often than a poet, may be busily engaged in some business or profession. The *doyen* of British novelists, Henry Fielding, as everybody knows, became an active and valuable magistrate at forty. A history of criminal justice in the eighteenth century would be more likely to include a page on Fielding than, say, a history of nineteenth-century medicine would embody a chapter on the professional career of Dr. W. G. Grace; but when Fielding is mentioned, we think of *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, not of the Chairman of Sessions at Clerkenwell. So, too, the Barchester novels smother recollections of the Irish Post-office.

To illustrate what I mean I will venture, before attacking my main subject, to touch on the border-line cases of two famous figures, who, familiar as their novels are, were not novelists pure and simple; not even writers pure and simple, but conspicuous in other walks of life. The first of these, I must admit, stands very close to the border-line, if he does not actually pass it. Look up Edward Bulwer Lytton in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and he is denominated "novelist". It is not long since editions of his collected works were published, and they

* A paper, slightly condensed, read by Lord Crewe before the Royal Society of Literature on March 25th.

may still be on sale. His output was singularly varied. Among British men of letters Oliver Goldsmith stands in a class by himself as the author of a story which everybody is supposed to have read; of verse from which excerpts appear in every book of quotations and in almost every anthology; and of a play which still fills any theatre with a laughing crowd of admirers. But Bulwer Lytton is a not bad second in this race. His novels cannot be ignored. Between the issue of *Pelham* in 1828 and of *Kenelm Chillingly* in 1873 he produced stories of amazing variety of subject—pictures of the London coteries in which he was a fashionable figure; long historical novels, carefully documented; stories of social life with some unlucky imitation of the unique manner of Sterne; and ghost stories which are still found alarming.

I remember my father saying that as an historical work pure and simple, *The Last of the Barons* stands in front of any of Walter Scott's novels. In a sense it does; but there is the difference that *Ivanhoe*, with all its inaccuracies and anachronisms, remains an intensely readable story; whereas Bulwer Lytton's romance of the Wars of the Roses does not offer a thrilling antidote to the rather pedestrian history-books which, for some reason, leave the fifteenth century duller than it should be by comparison with the sixteenth and seventeenth.

Bulwer Lytton's verse was less conspicuous, except for a few good translations of Schiller; but some of the political appreciations in *The New Timon* and in *St. Stephens*, such as the title of "the Rupert of Debate" for the fourteenth Lord Derby, and the picture of O'Connell at an open-air mass-meeting, have crystallized into history. I do not know whether *The Lady of Lyons* is still ever played, but the capital comedy *Money* offers to amateurs a wealth of amusing parts almost worthy of Sheridan himself. And in graver affairs Bulwer Lytton was by no means only "the padded man that wears the stays" of Tennyson's fierce rejoinder to the sobriquet of "School-Miss Alfred" with which Lytton had twitted the author of some too-sentimental early lyrics.

He was an active Member of Parliament, and became Colonial Secretary in Lord Derby's Government in 1858. I have heard Mr. Gladstone speak warmly of his capacity as chief of a great

department, and Mr. Gladstone's biographer describes his despatches as marked by shrewdness and good feeling, with an admixture of flummery. Much the same might be said of most of his novels; but perhaps his very latest books, *Kenelm Chillingly* and *The Parisians*, exhibit less of the artificiality which disfigures those of his youth and his prime.

To conclude—the excuse for naming Bulwer Lytton in this category is that in all his stories, in a greater or less degree, you note the artificer rather than the artist. That is not to dismiss him as negligible, but to point out wherein he differs from the minor novelists, the Marryats, the Charles Levers, the Henry Kingsleys, the Charlotte Yonges, who wrote because they had something they wished to say, not because novel-writing was a fashion in which each intended to play a part.

My other border-line figure is Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. He is easier to include, for beyond question he was a statesman first, and the interest still taken in his books hinges on his personality as a political personage. But he was a writer to begin with; from *Vivian Grey*, published when he was twenty-one, to *Venetia*, which appeared eleven years later, half-a-dozen novels preceded his parliamentary success at Maidstone in 1837. Even through these years his ambition was for political mastery gained through social alliances; the books were a profitable *parergon* to careless expenditure of money, health and energy. Still, it is by the political novels, with their social background, that his fame as a writer is kept alive. Of these, *Coningsby*, and perhaps *Lothair*, are the most amusing; *Sybil* by far the profoundest. In that book alone the prescient outlook is manifest which was often masked by its author's love of glitter and joy in make-believe. But none of the novels show any power of constructing a plot, or of drawing an original character. His heroes are spineless marionettes except where they live by the autobiographical touch; and all the conspicuous characters are either adapted from famous originals such as Byron and Shelley, Croker and Palmerston, or from personal friends like his playmates in the game of Young England. And yet, with all their exaggerations and defects, most of the books remain extraordinarily readable. Such scenes as those of Lord Monmouth's ultimatum to his grandson, and of the Cardinal's

dismissal of Lothair's hallucinations at Rome, are entitled to rank with the work of the greatest masters.

To turn abruptly to story-writers certainly not novelists, I begin with a famous name in English letters, Percy Bysshe Shelley. The poet wrote *Zastrozzi* as he was leaving Eton, and is said to have been paid £40 for it. It is a wild blood-and-thunder romance. The heroine is carried away to torture, "her dishevelled ringlets floated in negligent luxuriance . . . and her symmetrical form, as borne away by the four officials, looked interestingly lovely". *St. Irvyne* followed rather later, and is in the same strain. Happily Shelley soon found a safer pathway to fame, and nobody reads these books now. Matthew Arnold was not thinking of them when he propounded the egregious paradox that Shelley's prose would outlive his verse. But Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus*, an amazing performance for a girl of eighteen, is still read by some. Not, I fear, by everybody, for two or three times every year some orator or journalist, pleased to hit on a literary allusion, refers to Frankenstein not as the unlucky creator of a monster, but as the monster himself.

In August, 1792, exactly a fortnight after the ethereal spirit of Shelley had entered this troublesome world, the sixth Duke of Bedford was blessed by the birth of a third son. Assuredly when

> "the fairy queens who rule our birth
> Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom"

one of them must have uttered for Lord John Russell a very different forecast from that which another had breathed over the infant Shelley. Except that both in their respective spheres were lovers of liberty, it would be hard to suggest two nineteenth-century figures more antithetical. Except, also, that in his salad days Lord John wrote a romantic tale, *The Nun of Arrouca*. When only sixteen he was able to visit the army in Portugal, and he repeated the expedition a year later, seeing the lines of Torres Vedras, and meeting Lord Wellington. The result was the story of a wounded British officer who falls desperately in love with a fair nun of ancient race. The enamoured pair enjoy occasions for meeting unusual in conventual life; all the proprieties are maintained, and for a time things look hopeful.

But the romance has to close with the death of the girl, according to the convention of the period. If Lord John had got hold of the true story of Harry Smith, as recounted by Mr. A. E. W. Mason in one of our volumes of collected essays—the story of Harry Smith and the young lady whose name, Ladysmith, was to adorn history at the close of the century, the book would have been more thrilling. It has none of the comical flights of Shelley's earlier efforts, and the local colour is well maintained. But I do not advise the most loyal Whig, if such a person exists, to seek the British Museum in order to read it.

No other notable poet of the nineteenth century, so far as I know, tried his wings in the flight of fiction ; though a few years later Thomas Moore dedicated to Lord John a short story, *The Epicurean*, a romance of Egypt in the third century, in which it is not surprising to encounter the cult of Isis, and to conclude with a Christian martyrdom. Nor did any other Victorian Prime Minister dare such an adventure, but there followed the singular case of a public man, of the first order of intellect, whose fate it became to leave a name of notoriety rather than one of genuine fame. This was Henry, Lord Brougham, born fourteen years earlier than Shelley and John Russell. No gale of romantic inspiration wafted him to story-telling when, in 1802, he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* with mastery in science and economics ; when he championed the cause of unlucky Princess Caroline ; when he was the evangelist of educational reform in 1818 and of law reform ten years later ; or when, in an unwise moment, he became Lord Chancellor in 1830. But, though to the outer world he was a mass of thorns, he was a man of warm domestic affections. His beloved daughter Eleanor Louise died in 1839, and five years later he published *Albert Lunel, or the Château of Languedoc*, described as " a philosophic romance, a kind of monument to her I had lost ". Lord Brougham set the fashion of Cannes as an English resort, and called his house there the Villa Eleanore. It is a recollection of my boyhood, when at Cannes with my parents, to have seen a white-haired motionless figure drawn along the sea-front in the carriage which made his name so familiar to several generations, until broughams were ousted by motor cars. Lord Brougham died a few months later, ninety years old. The interest of *Albert Lunel* lies in the

fact that it is the output of a first-class intellect, of sixty-six years' experience of life, of a career of blazing triumphs and bitter disappointments.

The nineteenth century witnessed the careers of four men, all of high intellectual stature, in personality most diverse, but alike in this—that all of them early in life took orders in the Church of England—though none of them continued in its ordinary groove—and each of them at one time or another tried his hand at a work of fiction.

John Henry Newman was born with the century, and by common consent was one of its choicest ornaments. To trace even in outline, the course of his life from the Tract Movement of 1833-1845 to the grant of the Red Hat in 1879, would be outside the scope of this paper. In 1848 he published *Loss and Gain*, a tale of conversion to Rome, but not of his own conversion, though Oxford is the scene of many of the religious discussions which make up the body of the book. It is pleasantly written, with many humorous touches, and obvious efforts to be fair to the unconverted. It differs from the ordinary novel in its entire neglect of love interest ; the female figures that flit through a few pages are the merest shadows. A year later he started *Callista*, once more a third-century tale of Christianity and Africa, this time at Carthage, and also terminating with the martyrdom of the heroine.

A far vaguer figure is that of John Sterling, whose claim to survival in the public memory largely depends on Carlyle's famous memoir of his friend. Leslie Stephen put it rather cruelly by saying that it was as though Johnson had written the Life of Boswell. But Sterling was not an inconsiderable person. Neither was Lord George Bentinck, though he lives mainly in Disraeli's memoir. Still less was Arthur Hallam, though few would now recall him but for *In Memoriam*. John Sterling was born in 1806, studied at Cambridge, joined the Spanish rebels, visited the West Indies, and returned to England to take orders. But he soon developed heterodox opinions, and resigned from clerical duty. His appearance in this galley is due to the publication in 1833 of *Arthur Coningsby*, a three-volume novel, written, as the author stated, " several years ago ". The novel, was published anonymously, and can have made no sensation,

or Disraeli would hardly have taken the name eleven years later for his more famous book. Three-deckers carry a great deal of cargo, and Sterling's story is padded out with countless pages of confession and of reminiscence furnished by the different characters. There is no tinge of humour in the three volumes; but there is not a little thought, and some powerful descriptions of persons and places in the high-flown English which was then in fashion. Nobody would suppose it to be the work of a commonplace man, but much more cannot be said of it.

Frederick Denison Maurice was a year older than Sterling. They studied at Cambridge together under Julius Hare, one of the authors of *Guesses at Truth*, of which Carlyle said "guess again". Later they married sisters. Maurice, never too orthodox, could not take orders till he was twenty-eight, after securing a degree at Oxford. He became one of the heroes of the Broad Church, mistrusting and mistrusted by Anglicans and Evangelicals alike. His life was given to good causes, notably the education of women and of working men, and he was regarded by many as the ideal of a practical saint, in spite of his expulsion from the Chair of Educational History at King's College for unsound views on the subject of eternal punishment. Today the Frederick Denison Maurice Foundation Lectures of the University of London represent an act of theological repentance. In 1834 he published a three-volume novel, *Eustace Conway, the Story of a Brother and Sister*. It is a storehouse of sage reflection, but has every fault of construction and treatment possible in a story. There is little interest of character, and no gleam of humour, while an unmeaning abduction and a pointless duel do nothing to lighten the narrative. The most memorable thing about it is the threat it aroused of a genuine combat. An unpleasing Captain Marryatt, with two " t's ", is one of the villains, and the author of *Peter Simple*, though furnished with only one " t ", wrote to Mr. Bentley the publisher with a challenge to the miscreant who had abused his name. He was horrified to find that the writer was a curate in Warwickshire who had never even heard of the famous sea stories.

James Anthony Froude was the youngest of this remarkable quartet, having been born in 1818, one of three brothers all of unusual capacity. A disciple of Newman at Oxford, he became

a clergyman in 1844, and like some others unable to follow their master on the path to Rome, turned in the direction of Doubting Castle. In 1847, under the pseudonym Zeta, he published a small volume, *Shadows of the Clouds*. It was soon suppressed, because the first story included a too vivid picture of his father, Archdeacon Froude—a mild forecast of Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*—and because much of the scene of the second is laid in what is politely termed a " disorderly house ". *The Nemesis of Faith* followed in 1849. It is still remembered, though seldom read, from its author's later repute as one of the finest masters of English prose. Its immediate effect was to bring him to destitution by the loss of his Fellowship and the withdrawal of the allowance from his father. The Fellows of Exeter College solemnly burned the book in the College Hall. A few friends, such as Baron de Bunsen, Max Müller, Dean Stanley, and my father, came to the rescue, and he was able to turn to his proper work, the vivifying of historical periods for the general reader. As a sympathetic but regretful critic put it at the time, the book " caused the whole cauldron of party feeling and sectarian bigotry to boil over ". It paints a romantic picture of Froude's own religious difficulties combined with an imaginary love-affair with a married woman, and enforces the conclusion that suicide or Rome are the two possible refuges of escape for the sceptic—a conclusion which we know the author rejected. As might be expected, there are passages of singular beauty in the story, and, as the same critic observes, " it begets no false sympathies ". But for a reader of today most of its interest has evaporated with the passage of time. Forty years later, when Froude was established in the front rank of writers, he produced, with moderate success, a historical story of Irish life, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*.

One other writer of the period demands a word of notice, George Henry Lewes, born in 1817, and certainly never contemplating a clerical career. He had a varied education, in business and in Germany, and then settled down as a writer. His *History of Philosophy* is well known, but for some reason he tried his hand at story-telling, first with *Ranthorpe*, and afterwards, in 1846, with *Rose, Blanche, and Violet*, in three volumes. Of the three sisters, the last is child of a second marriage, her mother

being an evil genius of their history. It is a most painstaking book, the characters are worked out with close care, there are no paragons, and even the evil genius has her points. After many vicissitudes the three sisters end in happy marriages. One of the heroes is singularly ugly, and Lewes, who was himself of rather simian aspect, gives a page or two to the subject of masculine irregularity of feature as women regard it. The father of the girls is a persistent bore. There is no clearer index of the gulf that divides genius from mere ability in story-telling than the treatment of bores. We should all escape as soon as possible from the company of Mr. Collins or Miss Bates, and of Mrs. Jellaby or Major Bagstock. But we rejoice in their flitting appearances in the pages of Jane Austen and Dickens. Lewes' parental bore is always quoting Horace, and apart from the fact that a scholar would not always cite one classical author, however appositely, the continual repetition is unbearable.

George Lewes is best remembered from his association with his fellow Positivist George Eliot (1894), and if it is true that it was he who urged the start of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, he deserves well of his and succeeding generations.

It is time to close the list, though many names might be added to it. Without going back to Horace Walpole and *The Castle of Otranto*, or Beckford and *Vathek*, there is Lady Caroline Lamb with *Glenarvon* telling her passion for Byron, and with *Ada Reis*, who was not a fashionable young lady, but a ferocious eighteenth-century Corsair of Georgian birth. Later came Lady Georgiana Fullerton with the powerful tale *Ellen Middleton*; Mrs. Archer Clive with her best-seller crime story *Paul Ferroll*; and Colonel Fred Maxse, the father of distinguished sons, who, as Max Ferrar, wrote in one volume *Robert Morray*, to express, as he himself put it, " the philosophy of a religionless man "; Laurence Oliphant, the traveller and wit—a type of " the gay companion and the favourite guest ", who strangely became the dupe of a bogus prophet, might find a place; and Joseph Henry Shorthouse had been a successful man of business for years before it occurred to him to publish *John Inglesant*.

But it is worth while to ask whether there could be any common impulse driving such diverse minds in the same direction of authorship. I think not. Still omitting Bulwer and Disraeli, none of those I have named could have hoped to make their novel-writing pay. Newman and Froude, each from his standpoint, doubtless felt that a record of religious experiences would find more readers if dressed up as a story; Sterling and Maurice thought that they could formulate a philosophy of life in such a way. It must be remembered that all the instances I have cited preceded the notable revolution in the English novel well described by Professor Saintsbury in his work on the subject. It meant that observation, and invention founded on observation, were the tools to be employed, not the writers' imagination working in the abstract. Miss Austen and her followers started the change; Balzac and Dickens showed what could be done with it, and in the second half of the century it became the rule for novelists, great and small.

Writing of Chaucer, James Russell Lowell, a careful and competent critic, observed: " If the works of the great poets teach anything, it is to hold mere invention somewhat cheap. It is not the finding of a thing, but the making something out of it after it is found, that is of consequence. Accordingly Chaucer, like Shakespeare, invented almost nothing . . . it was not the subject treated, but himself that was the new thing ". Perhaps this is not true of even the greatest masters of fiction. They have to light on some originality of subject before they can adorn it by personal craftsmanship. If this implies that the greatest fiction does not reach the level of the greatest poetry—so be it. It is a younger offspring of the human intellect. There is no Muse of Novels, though the Muses of Comedy and Tragedy may be the proud godmothers of *Pickwick* and of *Wuthering Heights*, and Clio need not be ashamed of *The Virginians* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*. But in any case this cursory review convinces me that the writing of novels is best left to novelists.

STEPPING STONES OF DESTINY

By Willard Price

THERE are two lines of stepping stones across the Pacific. One is Japanese, the other American. The Japanese stones run from Japan south through the Bonins, Marianas and Carolines to the equator. The American stones are footholds for the seven-league boots of the trans-Pacific airline from San Francisco to China by way of Hawaii, Midway, Wake, Guam and the Philippines.

Micronesia is the crossroads. Above Guam, planes flying north and south will cross the track of planes flying east and west. Japanese influence will cross American.

Japan's new airline to the South Seas and America's to China are both ostensibly for commercial purposes only. Yet, when the Pan-American line was being planned, Mr. Juan Trippe, president of Pan-American Airways, was called to testify before the Federal Aviation Commission. He did not divulge his testimony, but stated that it had to do with international aviation from the viewpoints of transport and defence. Later reports were that the navy contemplated following up the development work done by the Pan-American by establishing naval stations at Midway and Wake, and restoring the naval base at Guam after the Washington Treaty expires at the end of 1936.

If Japan were not already interested, as of course she is, in the war possibilities of her commercial lines, this threat would be sufficient to make her interested. She takes her cue in such things from America. Promptly after the United States Navy conducted an aerial survey in the Aleutians "to study weather conditions" the South Seas government announced its plan to build an airport on Saipan "to study weather conditions". The political weather is being well studied on both sides of the Pacific.

America's air-thrust across the greatest ocean is bold and stirring. When the line is fully developed it will be possible to go from California to China by air as quickly as from California to New York by rail. The nineteen-ton Clipper making the early flights will be replaced by ships weighing three times as much; and aircraft designer Sikorsky expects within ten or fifteen years to be building Clipper ships of 500,000 pounds equipped to carry 150 passengers and a crew of forty. The Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics announced in October, 1935, plans for building during the next few years sixty planes of great size capable of flying across the Pacific non-stop!

In the race for the aerial conquest of the Pacific, Japan does not lag behind. She already has a regular air service from Tokyo across Korea and Manchukuo to the Siberian border, and also a line to Formosa. Her line soon to be opened from Tokyo to Palau will later be extended to Australia. A Twelve-Year-Plan to cost 230 million yen and to be begun in 1936 will throw a network of lines over the western Pacific, linking frosty Kamchatka and Saghalien with the South Seas, Singapore, Borneo, and Java and establishing air transport by flying boats between Tokyo and New York.

In Japan's aerial programme the South Sea islands which she holds under mandate from the League of Nations will be vitally important. The United States has no such advantage. America's Pacific is a vacant waste. There is nothing between the California coast and Hawaii, 2,100 miles distant. Japan's Pacific is like an inland sea, dotted with islands. This Equatorial Japan is too vast to be imagined—it must be sailed. To make an 8,200-mile circuit of only its principal islands I spent thirty-eight days on board ship, not to mention another three months on shore waiting for the infrequent steamers.

The territory is not only vast but valuable. Any coral lagoon is a landing-place for a flying boat. Co-operation between aeroplanes and a battle fleet protected by the harbours and hills of 2,550 islands and islets would give pause to the world's two strongest fleets combined. Japan could give a good account of herself. Her military estimates have grown 130 per cent. since the Manchurian incident in 1931. Nearly half of the nation's money is being spent on defence to guard Japan's

past and future programme in Asia. What a programme it must be to require such sacrifice !

Japan has presumably reached her farthest north for the present—although the Foreign Minister has recently mentioned the willingness of his government to consider the purchase of North Saghalien from Russia. With this minor exception, the course of empire is now definitely southward. There is a strong tide of influence from Manchukuo's Mongolian province south-west into both Outer Mongolia and Chahar. North China is acutely self-conscious under the calculating gaze of her northern neighbour. Nanking, driven by America into the arms of Japan, is open to a proposal that will alleviate her financial difficulties occasioned by America's silver policy. Siam is sending naval officers to Japan for training, asking for Japanese school teachers, architects and engineers, and otherwise getting into direct circuit with the nerve centre of Asia. Japanese trade is swiftly overhauling British trade in India and has outstripped it in that most important item, textiles. Japan was frankly jovial when Uncle Sam made up his mind to abandon the Philippines to " independence " ; and some Filipinos, overcome by afterthoughts, are now anxiously looking up that word in the dictionaries. And the Dutch are painfully aware that the second largest Philippine island, Mindanao, already industrially dominated by Japanese, is only some four hundred miles from the Dutch East Indies.

The truth is that the East is in a state of high tension. Let a Japanese general so much as tweak his moustache and a tremor runs down the spine of Asia from Vladivostok to Melbourne.

The far-seeing Count Okuma said to me once in an interview : " I believe the entire East is to be bound together in one heart and one mind. And I believe that it is the mission of Japan to bring this about ".

Japan is performing her mission. And she will perform it the more easily because she is now a nation not only of the temperate zone, but of the tropics.

But, I am reminded, Micronesia does not belong to Japan. It is a mandate, under the control of the League of Nations.

This conception receives a rude jolt when one visits Micronesia.

Sooner or later in some busy South Sea street teeming with Japanese but quite empty of natives, the visitor will stop and clap a hand to his head. An attack of the sun ? Well, yes, of the Rising Sun. For he will have thought of something to change for him the entire complexion of this mandate problem.

The League of Nations, and the Powers behind it, regard the South Sea mandate as subject to the will of the League. But certain tendencies are making that will ineffective. Not the expansionist policy of Japan. Not the bold words and brandished gunboats of the navy. In spite of them, regardless of them, natural forces are at work like moles, accomplishing the things for which they are prepared to take the credit. Within a few years, even if Japan should wish to get rid of the islands, she could not do so.

The mandated islands are being inhabited by Japanese.

For a quarter century the native population has stood still at about 50,000. But during only the last four years, the Japanese population has much more than doubled. It has climbed from 19,835 to 51,606. In 1935 alone the increase was over 11,000.

Thus the population is already predominantly Japanese—and will continue to increase. Of course space is limited in the islands. But agricultural director Awano believes there is room for 100,000 Japanese farmers. Perhaps as many more fishermen and tradesmen can be accommodated. At the same time, the native population will increase only slightly, if at all.

It means that within a very short time the islands will be Japanese because the vast majority of the population will be Japanese.

But what does that do to the mandate idea ? What is the mandate idea anyhow ? According to those who conceived it and set down their conception of it in Article 22 of the Covenant, to certain territorities " which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization. . . . The best method of giving practical effect to this principle is that the tutelage of such peoples should be entrusted to advanced nations who, by reason of their resources, their experience, or their geographical position, can

best undertake this responsibility, and who are willing to accept it, and that this tutelage should be exercised by them as mandatories on behalf of the League ".

So the mandate system would appear to be a method of governing primitive peoples unable to govern themselves. It has been nowhere envisaged in the mandate theory that the people of the mandated area would be the same as those of the mandatory. Yet that is coming to pass in the South Seas.

In theory you can pass a mandate from nation to nation as one passes the butter. The butter has nothing to say about it. Nor has the mandate so long as its people are primitive savages. But suppose they are not.

When President Wilson enunciated the principle of self-determination he was merely re-phrasing an old natural law. Sometimes it does not work among weak peoples. It always does in the case of strong peoples. The Saar was bound to go back to Germany because the people of the Saar were Germans. Great Britain might fear the defection of India because its people are Indians, and the United States can rightly abandon the Philippines because its people are Filipinos. But England could hardly lose London, full of Englishmen, and the United States could never shake off California; there are too many Americans in it.

It was easy for Spain to sell the South Sea Islands because there were no Spaniards there. Germany lost the islands in the World War, and Hitler says he would not kill one man to get them back, because there are no Germans there. But now that the islands are filling up with Japanese they are becoming as irrevocably a part of Japan as Kyushu or Tokyo.

This operation of natural forces to set at naught the yeas and nays of both Nipponese and European diplomats, who may have considered that they had full power to answer such questions, is seen not only in immigration, but in the magic of birthrate and intermarriage.

Suppose not another man, woman, or child should go from Japan to the South Seas. Suppose the islands, with their 51,606 Japanese and 50,540 natives, were sealed up so that no one could enter or leave. Go back a few years later to visit these Robinson Crusoes and you would find the population overwhelmingly Japanese !

One reason would be that the intermarriages which frequently occur between the Japanese and the better class natives always result in a family more Japanese than native in its racial characteristics, education, and loyalties.

Another reason : the Japanese birthrate is one of the highest in the world and the native birthrate one of the lowest. In 1934 Japanese births in the islands were 1,714 and deaths 475—the natural increase being 1,239. Native births were 1,562, and deaths 1,637—causing a natural decrease of 75. In some years there is a slight native increase—but never one-tenth that of the Japanese. So the islands are certain to become Japanese even if immigration should decrease or stop altogether.

But immigration is increasing. It was 4,000 in 1933, 8,000 in 1934, 11,000 in 1935. The final figure for 1936 is expected to show a still larger increase. The Japanese community of Truk has doubled in two years ; that of Ponape has doubled in one year. In Palau the main street of the Japanese town is solidly built up for a distance of two miles. Japanese department stores are crowding out thatched huts and old All-Men-Houses decorated with carvings of militant roosters. In Ponape we walked through a well-lighted street of shops a half-mile long where there was only a dark wood a year ago. On this Ginza of Ponape we dropped into a lively department store, sat in arm-chairs and listened to gramophone records from Tokyo, and saw a naked savage, whose children had been taught in school to brush their teeth, buy for himself for twenty-five sen an Osaka tooth brush complete with tongue scraper.

Japan is making the first real effort in history to develop the islands. By the time Spain stretched her arm all the way around Asia there was very little strength left in the fingers. Spain could not rule the islands, much less develop them. She was continually involved in bloody wars with the natives. Germany did better. She produced order. She did some trading in copra and phosphate ; but she found it was not profitable to transport them halfway round the earth to Germany. There was no German migration to the islands. An old resident on Palau remembers that there were fifteen Germans there (three officials, five priests, five sisters, and two traders). Today there are 6,500 Japanese. Formerly, in all these islands, there were not

more than one hundred Germans; now there are over 51,000 Japanese.

That is the difference. Japan takes the islands seriously. Spain and Germany never did.

The recent reports that Germany may wish to get the islands back are amusing. Even if Germany wanted them, it is too late. You can buy or sell pieces of land surrounded by water, but you can hardly buy or sell 51,000 Japanese. Their presence in the islands and their rapid multiplication change the face of the problem. Even if the islands were torn from Japan, they would remain Japanese and would sooner or later revert to Japan. Thus the gods of birth and migration, regardless of the judgments of human chancelleries, seem to have given Japan a permanent mandate in the South Seas.

What will this mean to the native?

The South Sea Rip Van Winkle who wakes a century hence to return to his islands may find the inhabitants yellow, not brown.

In all probability the brown folk will disappear from the Western Pacific, if not from the entire ocean. They may not die out; for in Micronesia their decline has already been checked. But they will be drowned out . . . by the Japanese tidal wave.

"Why shouldn't the native and the Japanese live side by side"? I asked an old chief who was bemoaning the future.

"Because these islands are small. Their resources are few. Not enough for a large population. What little there is will be taken by the most energetic. I mean the Japanese. They are used to going after what they want; we are used to having Nature bring us what we want. Ours is the better philosophy, but theirs will win. The Kanaka's day is done."

The Japanese are doing nothing deliberately to hasten the end and much to retard it. It is not a war between peoples, but between ideas. The idea of living at rest and the idea of living on the run.

The best future for which the Kanaka can hope is absorption. He cannot continue for ever an independent existence any more than can the Ainu in Japan or the Indian in the United States. Such "independence" would become the bitterest dependence.

His descendants will be happiest if their blood is largely Japanese. The brown man's blood must disappear in the veins of the yellow. And he will probably disappear so completely as to leave hardly a trace of his colour behind, it will be diluted in so large a sea.

Of course nothing can be forecast with certainty. There might be a new Polynesian migration to the islands, but it is difficult to see any cause for it, and harder still to imagine that Japan would permit it. The probability is that in a short time as 2,600-year-old Japan reckons time, one will find in Micronesia little trace of the brown man except his stone monuments, and perhaps a certain softening of the speech and pace of the Nipponese.

The Japanese feel at home in the South Seas as they do not in bleak Manchukuo. Micronesian summer is eternal. The heat is actually less than that of summer in Japan. All the year round the temperature wavers between seventy and eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Thanks to the sun and the sea, the air is warm and cool at one and the same time. Doctors agree that the climate is healthful. Many of the immigrants are already used to living in small semi-tropical islands. It is an important fact that sixty per cent. of all the Japanese in the mandate are from Okinawa (the Loochoo Islands). The tide continues strong—for Okinawa is crowded and the land is poor. The Okinawas have had rigorous training in economy. An Okinawa labourer can live on fifteen yen a month in the South Seas, whereas a Japanese from the mainland requires about thirty yen. The Okinawas will work harder. They are peaceable, obedient and prolific.

A Five-Year-Plan beginning in 1936 is expected to break all past records of emigration from Japan proper. Through a systematic campaign of education and enlistment, groups of immigrants will be selected from various parts of the country in order to utilize varied knowledge.

Nor is the sweep of Japan southward confined to the mandated islands, but is extending to many others twice as far from the homeland. It is plain that we are today witnessing the most fundamental change in the Pacific population since the Polynesian migration of more than a thousand years ago.

So Japan's equatorial empire will be of her own blood, of

her own brawn, strategically formidable and economically valuable. But that is not all. These islands are stepping stones and stepping stones are not an end in themselves. They lead somewhere.

Japan's pavement carries her feet straight to some of the richest lands of the globe—the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, British Borneo, New Guinea, and Australia.

Australia may seem remote from Japan. The truth is that Japan and Australia are as close as the two halves of an apple. They meet at the equator. Along that line the Japanese mandate adjoins the Australian mandate comprising the islands of the Bismarck Archipelago. A few days further south are the great open spaces of Australia itself, a continent seventeen times the size of Japan and one-twelfth the population. The Japanese are intensely interested in the theory of the redistribution of territory, suggested by Colonel House and endorsed in principle by Sir Samuel Hoare. If the nations that have are to share their open spaces with the nations that have not, the Japanese can think of no better place to begin than in Australia.

Only second to Australia are the great wealthy islands of New Guinea, Borneo and the Philippines, all of them containing territory that has not as yet even been explored and wild tribes not subdued. Hardly a month goes by that there is not word of negotiation with one or another of the Western absentee landlords of these rich estates to allow Japanese to come in and assist in economic development. Late in 1935 the South Seas Development Company succeeded in leasing 147,000 acres on the northern coast of Dutch New Guinea for the purpose of raising "Sea Island Cotton"; and development of other uncivilized parts of New Guinea will come as fast as the Dutch authorities will permit.

I asked a Dutchman about it. "Why don't you Dutch develop those sections yourselves?"

"What!" he said, "that hell? Not while there's beer on ice in Batavia!"

It seems only fair that what the Dutch are not willing to do themselves they should let others do.

So the dynamic energy of a pent-up race flows south. Between Hawaii, with its 150,000 Japanese, and the Philippines, with its

25,000, and as far south as Yampi Sound, Western Australia, where the Japan Mining Company aspires to develop 22,000,000 tons of iron, there is not an island of value in the western Pacific that has not been touched by the influence of the Island Empire.

With the mandate as an approach to the southern islands as well as a shield over Japan's march of influence southward from Manchukuo into China, Japan's tutelage over Asia becomes more than a possibility. It is something of a holy crusade for Japan. The Japanese are evidently sincere in their belief that they are the stabilizing power, and the only stabilizing power in the Orient. They have amply proved their ability to get and keep order—in Manchuria, Korea, Formosa, the South Seas, as well as in the Japanese homeland. They are Asia's most efficient folk. And they are obviously quite correct in their contention that China needs to be stabilized and that the southern island treasure-house needs to be opened for the benefit of under-privileged millions. Will Western powers be content to see these things come at the cost of their own exclusion?

Britain says "no", and strengthens Singapore. The only reason for this naval base, as Lord Grey once said before the House of Lords, is the ultimate possibility of war with Japan. America is doubtful, but is inclined to say "yes"; giving up the Philippines. Russia says "yes" for the present, and parts with the Chinese Eastern; but reserves the right to vote "no" later when her Far Eastern war machine is completed. The Dutch decline to say "yes" or "no". They have already announced their neutrality in the next struggle. But, aware that Japan cannot make war without Borneo oil, they are prepared to destroy at a moment's notice their own oil plants at Tarakan and Balik Papan.

Every Western interest in the Orient talks of "crisis". Each means something different by it. But they all look toward Japan when they use the word. In the meantime, Japan, impelled by the surge of her population and the life-and-death necessity of export markets, talks too of "crisis" and looks southward.

PASSIVE DEFENCE

By Lord Strabolgi

THE broad general programme for strengthening the defences of Great Britain and the Empire has been before the public since last February. The total cost of the re-equipment and modernization of our Forces is not known, for the programme has been declared to be elastic in nature so that allowances and adjustments may be made for changing conditions during the next two or three years. The sums involved nevertheless are substantial, and may be taken as not less than £250,000,000 over and above the present Service Estimates of £160,000,000 a year. Much larger sums have been mentioned. The Government and Parliament are satisfied that the state of international politics justifies this very large expenditure, and no doubt the public as a whole is satisfied that it is as well that no risks should be taken.

There is an aspect of defence, however, which appears to be worthy of closer attention than it has so far received. The building of large warships, the expansion of the Air Force, and the mechanization of the Army are considered, by some foreigners, as a threat to their security. We are all apt to regard the armaments of our neighbours as dangerous to ourselves; yet a case can be made for the expenditure of comparatively modest sums on what may be described as a system of passive defence.

There are certain essentials for our national life which we have to import from overseas in large quantities. If, say, a year's supply of these necessary imports could be at all times stored within our borders, we should be in a far better position to withstand an economic siege. The three main bulk imports are wheat, meat and oils.

The meat storage facilities are understood to be ample and a year's supply can be maintained without difficulty. The sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence which has

been looking into the question of wheat storage has reported also that the granary accommodation is sufficient, or at least will be when the new large granaries are completed at Liverpool. It would be comforting to know that this storage is actually in use, for we produce only 20 per cent. of our wheat requirements from our own soil. Wheat, most of which eventually comes to this country, is sometimes stored in Canada for as long as two years. It should not be difficult to come to an arrangement with the Canadian Government and the Canadian wheat merchants to pay a small amount on deposit of the total value and store a very large quantity of wheat in this country, releasing it and again replenishing as required, and paying for it as it is sold; just as is done in the case of dutiable goods stored at the docks in bonded warehouses under the present well-known and old-established system.

The oil position is more complicated, for we are far more dependent on outside supplies. We produce by high temperature carbonization 70 million gallons of benzol a year, which is only about seven per cent. of our present requirements of motor spirit. This is obtained by carbonizing 35 million tons of coal a year in coke ovens and gas-works. By low temperature carbonization we produce a small quantity of motor spirit and a large quantity of smokeless fuel. For years it has been advocated in certain quarters that special steps should be taken to increase the production of motor spirit by low temperature carbonization. The difficulty is that by this method the petrol is a by-product and there is at present only a limited market for the smokeless coal produced. It has also frequently been urged that, both in the interests of a cleaner atmosphere and of Imperial Defence, direct encouragement by legislation should be given to the greater use of smokeless coal. But the most optimistic figures that have so far been produced for the results of such a policy only show a maximum treatment of 40 million tons of coal a year carbonized by low temperature methods to produce 28 million tons of coke and 100 million gallons of petrol. This would be less than 10 per cent. of our present requirements. The increase in consumption of smokeless coal produced will be almost entirely domestic, and against this, for the sake of national economy, must be set off a decline in the

consumption of electricity and gas. After many years of examination to date, therefore, expert opinion has overwhelmingly decided against the large-scale development of low temperature carbonization as a solution of the problem. It will help, but that is all.

It is fashionable in some quarters to favour the hydrogenation of coal direct, the advantage claimed being that practically the whole of the coal and/or tar hydrogenated results in high-grade petrol. Hydrogenation at first sight appears an attractive proposition from several points of view, including the provision of more work for miners and other workers. That would be an advantage to our national economy in that we should have to pay for less imports from abroad, and there is of course the strategical argument that we should be less dependent in time of war on seaborne supplies of oils. Imperial Chemical Industries, with commendable enterprise and with direct assistance from the Government in the shape of a rebate on the duties levied on petrol and oils, has erected one large-scale hydrogenation plant at Billingham on the north-east coast. It has been long enough in operation for the results to be judged.

At one time it was held that by the wholesale extension of hydrogenation plants all over the country we could be made independent of outside supplies of oils, utilize our abundant natural reserves of coal, and provide much-needed employment. The experiment was certainly worth while and we have learnt a great deal from it; but, on closer examination, in the light of the experience we now have, it can be shown that such a programme would be extremely expensive and, from the point of view of providing employment, disappointing. Furthermore, unless industry and transport are crippled by having to pay higher prices for their oil fuels, the Exchequer will lose heavily.

Let us therefore examine the facts a little more closely. We are today importing over 1,000 million gallons of motor spirit, approximately 560 million gallons of fuel oil, and 400 million gallons of crude petroleum. The total declared value of the imported fuel oils, including insurance and freight, is, approximately, £21,000,000 a year; or about £2 10s. a ton. The price paid for this oil is not all a direct loss in our trade balance because much of it is carried in British bottoms. The shipping

companies and insurance companies derive heavy revenues, therefore, and much employment is given to seamen and those handling the oil at the ports. This question of employment through imports of oil is worth attention because its loss would have to be set against any gain in employment for workers in the mines and hydrogenation plants, supposing that the whole of these imports were replaced by home-produced oils. Before these imported oils are sold to consumers, however, some £40,000,000 is levied on them in customs duties. Of this £26,000,000 goes to the Road Fund and the remainder, about £13,500,000, into the Exchequer for the general revenues of the country.

In 1933, when the Government of the day decided to encourage the hydrogenation of oil from coal, a guarantee was given that there should be a difference in favour of the home-brewed oil of fourpence a gallon as between excise and customs duty. The Billingham plant is today capable of producing 150,000 tons of petrol a year. The fourpence per gallon difference between the excise duty on this and the customs charge on imported oils is £750,000. If the original programme is adhered to, and a great extension takes place in hydrogenation plants, for every "Billingham" erected the Exchequer will lose £750,000. The present plant produces 4 per cent. of the peace-time requirements of petrol and cost £5,500,000 to erect. Work is given to 2,000 miners and about 2,000 other workers in connection with Billingham; but, reckoning the £750,000 aforesaid as a subsidy, as we are entitled to do, the result is that extra employment has been given (without calculating the loss of employment to seamen, dockers, etc., who would otherwise have worked at importing an equivalent amount of petrol) at a cost of £187 10s. per man employed a year; or over £3 a week.

Regarded simply from the standpoint of providing employment, therefore, Billingham has proved an expensive experiment. To produce the whole of our peace-time requirements of petrol by hydrogenation would require a capital expenditure of at least £100,000,000. For the construction of the necessary plants it has been calculated that 300,000 man-years of employment would be provided; thereafter there would be work for 50,000 men operating the plants and 50,000 miners supplying coal.

It is obvious that in time of war the consumption of petrols and oils would increase enormously. Unless, therefore, we provide in peace time more hydrogenation plants than we require in order to be on the safe side in a war, we should still be dependent on certain imports of seaborne oils from abroad. Furthermore, anyone who has seen the present plant at Billingham will have realized at once that it presents a very conspicuous target for air attack.

To summarize, therefore, the results of present experiments with hydrogenation, it may be stated with confidence that it is a highly expensive method to be adopted on a very large scale, either for strategical reasons or to provide employment. Indeed, it may be assumed that the capital expenditure, plus the loss of revenue in the customs, makes the whole proposition too expensive for serious consideration. There remains the possibility of natural oil deposits underneath our own soil. Drilling is in progress, and oil may be struck, though the geologists are not very sanguine. It is true that by modern methods very deep drilling is possible, and large oil deposits may possibly be discovered.

Nevertheless, it is not comforting to contemplate the present situation. Only a small percentage of our fuel oils is produced within our own borders and all the rest of it is carried by sea through the Mediterranean or across the Atlantic from the Gulf of Mexico. The Royal Navy is completely oil-burning now. Petrol is essential for transport, both civil and military, and for the Air Force. 20,000,000 tons of the world's merchant shipping is oil-burning; and another 10,000,000 tons of merchant shipping is propelled by oil-burning Diesel engines. A serious interruption of our overseas oil supplies, in the absence of reserves in Great Britain in one form or another, would, therefore, be fatal in time of war.

The danger of an interruption in our seaborne oil supplies was debated in Parliament during the discussions on this year's Navy Estimates. The Civil Lord of the Admiralty, replying on the Report stage of the Navy Estimates on March 19th last, defined the Board's attitude as follows:

> I tried to prove that if oil does not reach these shores nothing else will. . . . We are not necessarily in the position to which some honourable members have referred, providing there is adequate storage accommodation available and that we have command of the sea routes.

It is easy to adopt this attitude; but the fact that it would be possible for our seaborne oil supplies to be seriously interrupted without a major naval defeat, should not be overlooked.

Thus, we might temporarily lose command of the Mediterranean, as we frequently did in past wars. We could then route our oil tankers round the Cape of Good Hope and we could increase our imports from America. But the oil tankers would still be exposed to submarine attack; and there is a new menace to seaborne commerce of which we had no experience in the last great war, represented by the great increase in range, speed and power of aircraft. It is being increasingly recognized that the aerial attack on merchant shipping, both in convoy and unescorted, will be a very serious danger. The worst threat will come from long-range air bombers flying from land aerodromes. Already the Italian General Staff boasts that its long-range air bombers can command the whole of the Mediterranean from Italy; and they are increasing the numbers of these very rapidly.

The German Air Force is stated to comprise 800 first-line machines today, mostly bombers. At the present rate of increase it is believed that in two years' time the total German Air Force will comprise 4,000 machines, mostly very fast bombers, capable of flying at a height of over 20,000 feet. French, and other Air Forces are being increased proportionately. With whichever Power we should be at war, should such a catastrophe come upon us, there will be plenty of bombing aircraft available for attacking our merchant ships. When the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, therefore, talks about command of the sea routes, it is to be hoped he is not only considering naval command of the surface of the seas. There will have to be air control also. Otherwise, our overseas supplies of oil and other commodities will be seriously threatened. And this brings us, again, to the question of oil storage. The Civil Lord spoke of adequate storage being available. This is not available now; but it could be provided, and would be comparatively cheap.

The present-day cost of above-ground storage of petrol or heavy oil is approximately £1 per ton. Allowing 7½ per cent. for interest and depreciation, this works out at only 0.06 pence

per gallon. To store a year's supply of imported fuel oils would cost £8,500,000, or the price of one super-dreadnought battleship. It would be dangerous to store petrol above ground; though in passing it should be noted that at our naval ports one of the most conspicuous landmarks to greet the eyes of a visitor is the large petrol tanks without even the protective colouring of camouflage. A proportion of our requirements, therefore, would probably have to be stored in petrol tanks underground, with a system of pipe lines, and this would be a more expensive matter. But heavy fuel oil can be stored in the existing types of tanks without much danger. Heavy oil is very difficult to set alight with bombs or shells.

As has been stated above, the declared value of our imported fuel oils is £2 10s. a ton. The capital value, therefore, of a year's supply of oil in storage would represent £11,250,000. Allowing £1,000,000 as a subsidy for extra cracking plants and £2,000,000 for storing a proportion of the necessary fuel oils underground in the form of petrol, the whole cost of making this country safe for a year, at any rate as concerns its normal requirements, will be £22,750,000.

And there is another consideration. When the Civil Lord of the Admiralty talks about commanding the sea routes, it is to be hoped that the American Neutrality Laws have not been forgotten. It might well be that we should be involved in a European war, possibly as a member of the League of Nations resisting an aggressor, and that the Congress in Washington would insist on a strict interpretation of the Neutrality Laws and so prevent more than the normal exports of oil from America to ourselves and our allies or associates.

The continued existence of the submarine menace, therefore, and the new danger from the air provide, I suggest, strong arguments for passive defence in the form of stores of essential requirements not produced within our own borders. Granaries, frozen meat stores and oil tanks do not become obsolete as do the offensive weapons of war. Their contents are consumed and replenished as required. Any form of defence means locking up capital in one shape or another, and there seems to be a formidable case for diverting some of the capital expenditure of the defence programme into this form of insurance.

ARMS AND INDUSTRY

By Walton Newbold

OVER six months have elapsed since the National Government renewed its mandate at the polls and came back with a majority pledged to carry through such measures as were needful to uphold the Covenant of the League and to meet the requirements of Imperial defence. Within six weeks of the General Election there developed a crisis which served to throw into vivid relief the fact that these armed forces were insufficient for either purpose. It was certainly not an accidental coincidence that the debates in Parliament on the White Paper on Defence synchronized with a realization of the increasing gravity of that crisis, yet in one quarter of the House no thought appeared to be given to the need of relating policy to armaments and the strategical position of the Empire.

Yet if there was one lesson more than another that ought to have been learnt from the experience of the Great War it was that the armaments for the Forces of the Crown cannot be supplied in anything like the quantities necessary by the manufacturing and mining industries of Great Britain. A second lesson was that it would be most unwise to assume that our own industrial resources could again be largely supplemented by those of the United States. A third offers itself if we contemplate a possible crisis in which not only Italy might be alienated, so that the ships of the British Navy could not safely be moved east of Suez, but we might find Japan playing the reverse role from that which she filled in the last war. These considerations, which would become of the first importance if unfortunately an emergency arose, seem to have been far from the minds of those who clamoured most loudly for the imposition of collective sanctions.

Whatever view we may take of the international situation, it seems by this time to be generally accepted that the necessity

of rearmament has been forced on the reluctant attention of the Home and of the Dominions Governments by the attitude, first, of Japan in China, and, secondly, of Germany in Europe. For my part, I share to the full the view of many of my fellow economists that both those Powers are acting in their present manner—the one of armed aggression and the other of aggressive re-armament—because in no other way, within the contracted world-market, can they find a continuously profitable demand for the products of industries organized for export and, in particular, for export of capital goods. Ever since the Treaty of Rapallo, Germany has turned eastwards to Russia, and her heavy industries were over-expanded from within and over-capitalized from without because of the widely-held belief that the Five Year Plan must fail, and that Russia and the vast spaces of Central and Eastern Asia were destined to be opened up for development over a whole generation by Germany.

By contrast, the policy of successive British Governments has been determined by the paramount influence of Mr. Baldwin and the Chamberlains in favour of ideas conforming to the interests of business as it has developed on " the Birmingham model " in this new day of light industries. They have allowed the older and out-moded heavy industries so far to collapse as to aggravate the social difficulties created by the decline of the coal trade and to leave us with the chronic problem of the distressed areas. They have accepted the logic of " distributive " economics and, whilst continuing to profess a less heterodox theory, in practice, as accomplished politicians, they have acquiesced in the economic creed of post-War Democracy. They have fostered the motor-car industry and the demand for electrical equipment, and a huge spending power has been diverted to house-building and the making of small metal-wares. This has drained away credit from the capital goods industries to the decided detriment of heavy engineering and ship-building.

But at least a sound foundation has been laid on which the carrying out of the present defence programme may proceed. War is a process which is swift in the later stages of its approach, but it is in the earlier stages of its preparation that the huge and intricate problem of defence has to be solved. When explaining

his new armaments policy in the House of Commons on March 9th, Mr. Baldwin said :

> In post-war years we had to choose between, on the one hand, a policy of disarmament, social reform, and latterly financial rehabilitation ; and on the other, a heavy expenditure on armaments. Under a powerful national impulse for development every Government of every party elected for the former, and it is easy to justify it.

Financial rehabilitation was conditioned by the fact that conversion of the great War Loan of 1917 was only contractually possible after May, 1929. It was made practicable by the balancing of the Budget in 1931 and crowned with success by the great conversion of 1932. Thereby the rate of interest on money at long term was brought down to a level at which it became worth while to use it for application to the re-equipment of industry. Protected behind the tariff and able now to draw upon the unified system of electricity generation which was set in hand in 1926 and completed by 1933, the iron, steel, and engineering trades were placed in a position in which they could undertake the task now entrusted to them. Not till this year, however, was it anticipated that the technical basis would be completed, and, until that could be done, there was no purpose to be served by accelerating the plan of rearmament.

The supply side of this appears still to be somewhat nebulous. It cannot be otherwise in the state of uncertainty caused by the present international situation. Is Britain to be faced by an emergency in the near future arising out of a European crisis, or is this a problem that will afford the time to organize the full defensive power of the British Empire ? If the former, then there is nothing for it but to make the best of an equipment and organization that bear no relationship to the stern realities of up-to-date aviation technique. If the latter, then what can be done will depend on the extent to which it is proposed to put the armed forces of Britain at the service of the League. Giving evidence last June before the Royal Commission on the Trade in Arms, immediately after the organizers of the Peace Ballot had sought to commit us to the most drastic use of sanctions, I distressed the Chairman by drawing the logical conclusion from the Ballot, and saying that very soon we should need to erect munition works " in every Welsh valley, in every Pennine

dale, in every Highland glen ". Fortunately the General Election did not endorse the Peace Ballot so much as the National Government, but the point I then made about the location of munitions works is one that I should like to emphasize.

Remote as may be the sites chosen for them, it is not possible to get out of range of the modern bomber operating from adjacent countries. But finishing shops, whether for chemical or mechanical operations, might be camouflaged or split up into units small enough to make the destruction of many of them no crippling blow. They could be erected at the end of railway lines, and roads might be pushed up among the hills in places entirely remote from the congested urban areas.

It is an absurd anachronism that Woolwich Arsenal and the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield should remain to provide quite legitimate targets for aerial attack on the outskirts of London. These two State-owned establishments remain where they were put centuries ago to suit the convenience of campaigns waged by Tudors, Stuarts, and Hanoverians. They have in recent times become the centre-points of two ever-widening spirals of engineering activity. Capital has been drawn to Erith, Dartford, and Crayford on the one hand, and to Edmonton and Enfield on the other by the abundant reserves of skilled labour which every peace-time contraction of demand for artillery and rifles has released from the Government-owned war-factories. First, the Maxim-Nordenfeldt Company and the General Electric Company, and later Henry Ford, have established themselves in Kent and Essex in order to benefit from the supply of trained artizans who have become available to them for the reason given. Anyone who has gone by bus from Wanstead in Mr. Churchill's constituency to the King George V Dock at North Woolwich and noted afar off the wizard's palace of a power-house at Dagenham, and seen the greatest power station in Europe at Barking and the large gas-works and by-products recovery plant at Beckton, must wonder at the supineness of those responsible for the defence of this country. They would understand this attitude a little better, however, if they realized the vested interests that have grown up round Woolwich and Enfield, and knew how intimidating to local members of Parliament, not to mention the Cabinet, is the combined influence of trade unions, building societies, and co-operative societies.

Yet nothing is more certain than that those establishments and the whole of the potential war-engineering industries of which they were the fount and origin should be moved away and transferred to the distressed areas. A sound national policy requires this on more than one ground. The pitiable conditions in those areas in the North and in Wales have been brought out in the Reports of the Commissioner, Mr. Malcolm Stewart. But, in spite of the most admirable efforts on his part, failure is notorious. Private employers were found to be either so indifferent or so hopeless of any result that they would not even answer the letters in which he suggested the erection of new factories in these areas. The other side of their work, the transference of labour to the south, was a little more fruitful because it corresponded with the natural tendency of labour to move in that direction, of which a striking example was given recently in the FORTNIGHTLY in an account of the remarkable expansion of the town of Luton.

But while labour has been moving south, I do not agree that this means that enterprise is leaving the north. Much of the industry in the factories round London has come in under the tariffs. It was perhaps inevitable that it should congregate in a part of England where there was so much prosperity, and I do not think, therefore, that there is a case for moving much of the general commercial work from the South-east. But the arms industry is different. Here is an opportunity for direct government initiative, which could be exercised in the placing of munitions orders.

At the same time the Government's social policy would benefit. The example of Luton, typical of many other places, showed how the southward drift of labour was creating problems of local government—the provision of new roads, electric light services, and municipal development in many directions. Simultaneously the towns from which this labour was drawn were going derelict, their social amenities were wasted, their shopkeepers and house owners becoming bankrupt. Obviously it is in these areas that the factories in which the Government's armaments programme will be carried out should be erected.

If private enterprise is pulling labour one way it is high time that national rearmament took capital another.

The finishing stages of armament supply can and should be split up and distributed over a number of widely separated areas spread fanwise westwards of railway junctions and road centres like Perth, Stirling, Carlisle, Lancaster, Ambergate, Chester, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Gloucester, Exeter. The primary stages of armament supply present a much more difficult problem in that they cannot be operated so efficiently as small units, and they must be placed near the coast and served by a network of railway sidings and a system of power supply, rigid gas-holders towering heavenwards and big by-product plants, batteries of coke-ovens and steel works like those at Cardiff, and petroleum or coal-oil plants like those on Swansea Bay and Billingham-on-Tees.

But the site of the latter plant for the extraction and fixation of atmospheric nitrogen and the hydrogenation of oil from coal at high pressures is the outstanding case of the complete sacrifice to commercial demand and industrial supply of the most rudimentary need of the nation for security in war. It was determined by the development, in the days before Blériot flew the Channel, of a chemical works on a brine-field by Brunner, Mond & Co. in business association with a great operator of blast-furnaces. Their pig-iron was then made from Cleveland ores. Now, it is made from foreign ores brought half-way down or half-way up the North Sea, and the whole past and present concentration of metal and chemical industry lies exactly opposite Middlesbrough and exposed to attack on the East Coast!

Swansea and its surrounding country were studded in former times with works where tin and zinc were brought from Cornwall to be smelted at the nearest point at which coal was available. Copper and, later, nickel were brought to the same centre. Capital and labour were both drawn as by a magnet, and then, when for commercial reasons the smelting and refining of the non-ferrous metals was done in the foreign countries where they were mined, another area became "distressed". Transference was arranged for unemployed men to new industrial areas on the lower Thames and the rivers flowing to the Wash and the Humber. The majority of the men, nevertheless, stay

in South Wales to become demoralized or hopeless. Yet there is no need for the iron and other ores that must nowadays be imported from overseas to be sent up the English Channel and through the Straits of Dover to the Thames or round the North of Scotland to places on the East Coast, with all the danger that this means in war-time. They can be convoyed direct to a point off Pembroke, and thence sent either to the ports of the Bristol Channel or into the closed waters of the Irish Sea *en route* to the other "Special Areas" of West Cumberland and the West of Scotland.

THE GAMING LAWS AND FOOTBALL POOLS

By Alfred Fellows

THE foundation of every transaction in the way of betting, gambling, and subscribing to lotteries (which in law includes sweepstakes, but not football pools) is the human desire for "easy money". The legislator must, of course, take human nature as he finds it. That is not to say that, by judicious handling of it, he cannot make the best of the materials at his hand, but he cannot entirely trample on the desires of the great majority, whose acquiescence to any law is essential.

Possibly the most striking illustration of this truth was the Prohibition experiment in America. Even an influential minority may flout a law successfully, as motorists did until the speed limit of twenty miles an hour was repealed. In England we are a law-abiding race, and it might be difficult to name any law, outside those here under discussion, which is now universally disregarded by the people as a whole. Within them there are two prohibitions which large classes, even perhaps the majority of the people, habitually ignore, and there were three such until two years ago.

The obvious dangers of a law which the people generally refuse to observe are twofold: in the first place, it sets citizens against the police, charged with enforcing the obnoxious law, and, in the second, contempt of one law leads by speedy transition to contempt of others and to the whole body of law. Our people are friendly to their police, and wish to assist them, as was strikingly exemplified by the London crowd which harried the dangerous murderers of Sir Henry Wilson, who were ready to kill anybody who stood in their path, until the police captured them. As a contrast, an extract from the Final Report of the Select Committee on the Law as to the Betting Duty, 1923, may be given:

> The police witnesses selected from various parts of the country were unanimous in stating that, in street betting cases alone among others, the sympathy and active assistance of the general public in the neighbourhood is with the bettor, whether bookmaker or backer, and against the police; on the contrary, obstacles are put in their way, and every assistance, and particularly warning against the police, is given to the bettors by all who happen to be present in the street. Many of the witnesses account for this attitude of the public by the widespread feeling against the inequality of the laws under which the rich man can bet legally, which the poor man cannot without committing an offence [*sic* in Report, but it is, of course, the bookmaker and not his customer who commits the offence]. Be this as it may, the street bookmakers have perfected a system which gives them practical immunity under the law, and the fact is clearly proved before your Committee, that under the existing law, the suppression of street betting is impossible.

The Royal Commission on Lotteries and Betting, 1932-3, testified similarly after hearing various Chief Constables, etc., as to the unpopularity of the duty of harrying the street bookmakers, whose customers some of the police actually were when off duty. As a matter of fact, if a stranger in any fair-sized English town went into a public-house and convinced other customers and those behind the bar that he was not a police agent in disguise he could find the local street bookmaker or his runner just about as easily as a stranger in New York or Chicago could have found a "speak-easy" in prohibition days.

The extraordinary anomalies of this state of things are well illustrated by a test case in the King's Bench about three years ago. In a previous case nearly sixty years ago it was decided that a bookmaker, carrying on in a lawful manner, was subject to income-tax on his profits, notwithstanding that his business debtors could not be successfully sued, for they could all plead the Gaming Act. The barristers who then argued that the profits were not taxable because the earnings were not recoverable must have wished that they could establish the principle for their own professional fees, which, of course, are on the same basis. The Court held that bookmakers, like barristers, although the law will not assist them to recover their professional earnings, must pay professional income-tax. That, of course, applied to incomes lawfully earned.

In the more recent case to which I refer, however, the defendant was a street bookmaker whose business income, a very large one, was made in entire disregard of the Street Betting Act of 1906. A schedule was put in evidence showing no less than thirty-five

convictions against the defendant and his employees, runners, sentries, and others. The court held that the illegal income was taxable—just as an American Court had done in respect of the bootlegging and other unlawful activities of Mr. Al Capone and his friends a few years previously. A contrary decision would, no doubt, have led to the result of penalizing the law-abiding and rewarding the law-breakers.

The remarkable part of the case, however, is that in the report the name of the bookmaker is wholly suppressed—not, one may suppose, because he was a particularly shy man or would have objected to the extra advertisement for his business, but presumably to save the faces of the authorities, who, on officially being informed of this illegal business, would have been obliged to suppress it—or try to suppress it. The anonymity has presumably allowed it to continue. Had the man been a burglar or professional murderer for hire, it is inconceivable that, whether his swag or blood-money was taxable or otherwise, he would have been allowed to continue his operations.

In the above case it seems to have been assumed that the Street Betting Act was in effect a dead letter so far as checking the operations of this particular practitioner was concerned. Yet it was passed in this century. No light is thrown in the case on the interesting question whether the bookmaker was allowed to treat the fines inflicted as " overheads ", and deduct them from profits.

As to the second danger, the fact that one universally flouted law tends to destroy respect for the law generally, the example from across the Atlantic may again be cited. The American gangster, beginning with violation of laws relating to the sale of intoxicating liquor, ends up with robbery, murder and, on occasion, wholesale massacres of police or rivals who may stand in his way.

There can, of course, be no question as to the undesirability of street betting. It has come about because the Betting Act, 1853, which forbids betting offices to which customers resort, or where ready money is taken, efficiently administered as it has been, provides no safety-valve for a popular demand.

The wholesale and practically unchecked infraction of the law by street bookmakers and, indirectly, by their customers, is no

doubt the greatest blot on the law here discussed, and, as above proved, the most dangerous in its consequences and tendencies. It does not, however, stand alone. Whist drives, carried on in the ordinary way, have been held to infringe the law against unlawful gaming, the law against gaming-houses, and that against betting-houses—for one of the features of these statutes is confusion and overlapping. Yet whist drives are advertised every day in the popular press. The law again is infringed in a wholesale manner, offset by an occasional pounce by the local police. Whether it shall be broken or observed appears to depend on their decision. The evidence collected appears to show that they exercise this discrimination judiciously, but it is not one which should be entrusted to them at all. In certain countries—possibly, indeed, in most countries other than our own—it would lead to wholesale bribery and corruption of the police, who would only prosecute those who did not pay them enough.

Incidentally, one of the evils of street betting is the corruption of the police by street bookmakers, sometimes proved to be very extensive, as at Sheffield a few years ago. A policeman who accepts a bribe from a street bookmaker would, no doubt, indignantly spurn the like offer from a burglar, but the process is demoralising, and the unholy alliance between police and criminals in certain cities of America illustrates the tendency.

Again, a gaming-house is a place where unlawful games are habitually played for money. In a classical judgment about fifty years ago, the late Lord Brampton, then Mr. Justice Hawkins, laid down the proposition that every game of cards which was not a game of mere skill was an unlawful game within certain Hanoverian statutes which are still unrepealed. Plainly, since every game of cards must depend on the fall of the cards, which again must depend on chance, all games of cards are unlawful within those statutes and, if they are habitually played for money in the same place, that place is a gaming-house and its proprietors are liable to fine and imprisonment.

It is suggested that the police discriminate between bridge and baccarat, prosecuting in cases where the latter is habitually played and leaving bridge alone. If they make this discrimination, they are no doubt administering a law founded on commonsense, but it is not the law of the land as enacted by Parliament

and interpreted by judges. Generally speaking, the mere gambler avoids bridge as requiring patience, memory, and concentration, and he would be as unwelcome to the habitués of bridge clubs as their ways and methods would be to him. The "post-mortem" is not a feature of baccarat and chemin de fer.

Obviously a more exact legal discrimination between games of skill and games of chance is needed. The Gaming Houses Act is, however, breaking down in another direction. Certain persons take flats or houses for short terms, and, knowing their clientele, send out invitations to At Homes, at which uncontrolled gambling is permitted. This is so paying a proposition that they can afford to leave and take another place before the police can collect sufficient evidence for a prosecution, for evidence of gaming on one night only is not enough. By the time there is sufficient evidence the exploiters have decamped, and the process must be begun anew for the next scene of operations. If the police were allowed to prove continuous promotion of gambling by individuals at various addresses this policy might be met and countered, but the present law does not allow of it.

Football pools present a problem second only in serious consequences to ready-money betting in streets. It is, of course, well known that credit betting is allowed in circumstances when ready-money betting is forbidden. Hitherto this has given freedom for the backer who settles accounts by cheque, while the workman who bets has had to pass his slip and shilling furtively to his chosen bookmaker or the latter's runner. This in effect constituted or constitutes one law for the rich and another for the poor. The discrimination may be regarded as much more defensible and benevolent than that which practically applies to divorce, for example, but it appears to have been much resented by the classes thus protected from their own extravagances.

Now, however, football pools, being conducted on the credit system, and through the post, come under the easier laws of credit betting. They are not lotteries in law (though for practical purposes they are so) because a lottery must wholly depend on chance, and the football pool votary who sends in his or her coupon selects certain teams as winners, exercising a choice which may be based on such skill as may be needed in backing a horse.

Sixpences and even smaller sums are taken, and the operators who retain 10 or even 20 per cent. of the money sent can afford to be scrupulously honest, for their profits are enormous.

This kind of credit betting is, of course, much more insidious than cash betting, because there is a very strong temptation to send another coupon when forwarding the stake. This temptation does not assail the workman who pays his shilling beforehand in the same way. As is well known, there was a clause originally inserted in the Betting and Lotteries Bill of two years ago framed to suppress football pools, but it was dropped. The reasons for this omission appear to require considerably more explanation than has hitherto been given.

The recent attempt to revive the clause by a private bill in the House of Commons was suppressed by a majority of twelve to one against it. Yet it was officially stated that those who exploit the pools take from the public about twenty million pounds a year. The veto on whist drives may well appear farcical in comparison. The Government spokesman stated the official view that it was too soon after the Act of 1934 to introduce fresh legislation on the subject. Two answers may be made to that argument.

In the first place, the extent of pool betting has increased enormously since that Act was passed, and in the second, it gives a precedent for shelving a reform which may lose votes by putting it in a Bill and then dropping it. In effect, it is the argument of the man who murdered his parents and then pleaded for mercy as a poor orphan. The Government representative also stated that street betting dominated the whole situation—a very good argument for dealing with street betting, but a very poor one for shrinking from the football pool problem.

Yet it might be solved without prohibition by a perfectly simple Bill, if the Government had the courage to introduce it. It would only be necessary to enact that a mutual betting pool which promised or gave to any subscriber more than a hundred times his subscription should be deemed a lottery. Thus the humble subscriber would find his day-dreams of a great fortune vanish, and his temptation would be much reduced.

Some credit, nevertheless, must be given to the Government which passed the Betting and Lotteries Act, even without the

suppression of football pools, in that, in allowing raffles at bazaars, club and office sweepstakes, etc., and prohibiting other lotteries, it has put the law as to lotteries on a reasonable basis which the average Englishman will be ready to respect. Previously, by an Act of William III, all lotteries (which as stated above include sweepstakes) whether public or private, were declared public nuisances, and their promoters fined £500, a proportion going to an informer. This law was not passed in zeal for the people's morals, but to prevent competition with the official promotions. Save for the informer being deprived of his reward, it was not repealed until 1934.

It was, of course, universally disregarded, so far as private sweepstakes and bazaar raffles were concerned. Even worse still, successive Home Secretaries, when asked questions about sweepstakes at clubs, etc., rose in the House of Commons and declared, with absolute untruth, that they had no power in law to interfere with them. The few Home Secretaries who were not lawyers might have been excused for their personal ignorance, but the taxpayer foots the bill for an expensive staff of legal advisers to the Home Office, and it is inconceivable that all such persons should have been ignorant of the Act of 1698. Such ignorance would have been clear evidence of unfitness for office. The right answer in each case would have been that the Government neither dared repeal this law nor enforce it. Economy of truth was preferred to confession of moral cowardice. The old Act was repealed by the Act of 1934, but the records of Hansard remain.

Earlier Acts than that of 1698 still govern the gaming laws. One of Henry VIII, passed in 1541, is the foundation of the jurisdiction for binding over persons found in gaming-houses not to frequent, etc. This may be a useful process, and an ancient law is not necessarily bad—otherwise Magna Charta would be nearly the worst in our books and the Habeas Corpus Act not much better. Still, the Act of Henry VIII was passed to forbid all sorts of games which we would now regard as innocent, or even laudable, to the end that King Henry's subjects should be conscripted for archery to defeat his enemies. Thus its object is clearly out of date. The rule which so curiously survives from it should receive more modern clothing.

The Hanoverian statutes previously mentioned, passed in the comparatively modern atmosphere of the eighteenth century, specifically forbade the games of Ace of Hearts, Basset, and Passage. These games still remain forbidden, and the law is no doubt here scrupulously observed, for no one now knows how to play them. Hazard and a few other obsolete games are also disallowed. It is perhaps needless to add that nothing was said as to baccarat, poker, and bridge, though these, as previously stated, have since been held to be unlawful games generally. For some reason or other games on backgammon boards, though played with dice, were excepted from prohibition.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show that the compost of Tudor, Hanoverian, Victorian, and modern statutes has produced a medley of disregarded prohibitions and dangerous licences, based on no sort of consistent principle, resulting in street betting, football pools with their attendant evils, and a host of minor absurdities. There is possibly no body of English law which more urgently needs reform, though it may be admitted that the laws as to divorce and Sunday observance have certain claims to be as bad or worse.

Only one reason can be given why these laws are not reformed, and that is that they concern moral issues and provoke a sharp fissure of opinion which cuts across all the political parties. This fissure in the case of gaming lies between the spiritual descendants of Puritans and Cavaliers, and no party has hitherto had the moral courage to deal with the problem as a whole for fear of estranging its pious supporters at one end and the sportsmen at the other.

The problem, however, cannot be much longer shirked if exploiters of football pools are to be allowed without hindrance and without limit to receive the pence of the poor in enormous gambles. If the Government cannot prevent this kind of gambling, the other prohibitions are ridiculous, and it might as well revert to the eighteenth century custom of promoting Government pools or lotteries so that the over-burdened taxpayer, rather than the private exploiter of human frailty and foolishness, should have the benefit.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

A Monthly Commentary

FLUID as the European situation remains, one may note certain features in it. Breach of the Locarno treaty, effected by military force, presented France and Belgium with a legitimate *casus belli*: and a reply by military action must be immediate if it were to be effective. Such action was feared for some hours in Germany and was desired and advocated in France by powerful interests—notably the Jewish. Suppose it taken, England would have been in a very awkward position, as her commitments under the Locarno treaty would in the opinion of France and Belgium have bound her to support their resistance; and abstention would have lowered very greatly in Europe the value of any English pledge. The French, however, refrained from putting this excessive strain on their guarantor; partly, no doubt, from military prudence, but probably more decisively for another reason. Once French soil is violated, all France rises. But it is increasingly doubtful whether the French army would march outside the French border in anything that could be represented as an aggressive movement.

Hitler's Second Thoughts

Many Englishmen will be moved by admiration for what they regard as Germany's superior courage; and certainly the willingness to face war is greater in Germany than in the countries which adhere to the League of Nations. This dual attitude in England, of attachment to the League and of admiration for a nation which defies it, makes a grave difficulty for Europe.

It is of course true that, as his admirers urge, Herr Hitler does not want war. He merely wants to get by threats of war

all that he can without staking the supreme hazard. There is, however, evidence now that he realizes the danger of this game and wishes to get on to a new footing. The presence of a constant German menace in the centre of Europe leads inevitably to encirclement, and the pact between France and the Soviets—entered into despite the very great dislike in France for Bolshevik ideals—has brought that danger very close. There is only one way out of encirclement for Germany, and that leads back into the League of Nations. But it is not an easy way to travel for the dictator who flounced out of Geneva, flinging defiance. For Germany, the only acceptable way of return was that the dictator should come back on his own terms, as a concession magnanimously offered to the League.

Military occupation of the Rhineland may have had one or other of two purposes. If Germany designs to undertake military operations in the East or South-east, she will be able to do so much more freely once her frontier in the West is strongly fortified. On the other hand, if Herr Hitler has decided to abandon for a period his attitude of armed defiance and settle down to economic developments, this dramatic coup will have satisfied the mind of Germany. A glove has been thrown down, and (as the challenger rightly anticipated) no one has picked it up. An offer is added, to make it easier for Europe to accept the defiant breach of treaty. Provided that the other Powers do not pick up the glove, Hitler offers twenty-five years of peace—quite definitely on the West, and somewhat less definitely on the East. As a final reward for Europe's complaisance, he will even be willing to re-enter the League.

Germany's Return to the League

If this reading of the facts is correct, Hitler is offering to Europe as a bribe the very thing which it is his object to attain. He wants to be in the League. If he can say to his people, "I re-enter the League as a conqueror, with a conqueror's position," all is well for his power. Further, having dictated to the League from outside, he will be little less than paramount inside it. Whatever he does, he can, it seems, count on the admiration and sympathy of a large body of opinion in England. He can count more surely on the general tendency of the English people to

disapprove anything proposed by France. In addition to those who feel this temperamental attraction to Germany, and equally temperamental aversion from France, all Englishmen desire to see Germany back in the League.

Facing the Consequences

Yet it is well to look at the facts. If the return is on Hitler's conditions, Germany, having broken all the pledges that it did not suit her to keep, will be welcomed back into an institution whose central principle is that respect of obligations shall be substituted for the rule of force. Italy, which has never formally left the League, will claim in justice that her infringements of the League's vital principles shall be recognized as steps necessary in the spread of civilization. Thus, with Germany back and Italy reconciled, the League will enter on a new and nominally extended phase of its existence. But, beyond yea or nay, such a League can have nothing to do with keeping the peace of Europe. That will be left to a series of regional alliances. Europe has indeed Germany's pledge for a period of five-and-twenty years. It may suit Germany to keep it, or may not. But England has apparently decided that any actual invasion of French or Belgian territory by Germany is to be regarded as a *casus belli*. What would happen if Italy invaded France is not so clear ; although, if it could be shown that the thing happened because France was carrying out a mandate of the League, England would be reminded that she had asked and obtained guarantees of assistance from France in a similar case—when indeed the aggression feared was aggression on Egyptian, not on British, territory.

But up to the present the declared intention of England is to resist aggression that takes place in the Rhine valley : and beyond this England refuses to be committed. Who, then, is to resist aggression in the east of Europe ? Russia ? France is prepared to act with Russia. It is to be hoped that at least one contingency will be avoided by British statesmen. If Germany should feel it necessary to assert her emancipation by re-occupying some territory that previously was German—say, in Silesia—and Russia and France should seek to prevent this by war, there must be no compact under which Germany could claim support

from England, on the plea that France had committed an act of aggression. That would have been pleaded, at least from the German standpoint, under the Locarno Treaty.

The Case of Italy

There is further the difficult case of Italy. Englishmen say that Hitler's breach of the Treaties has been merely academic ; that he fired no shot, let loose no poison gas, but simply moved German troops into German territory ; whereas Italy, in Abyssinia, has notably broken all pledges and has slaughtered thousands in a most unequal warfare. Yet all Frenchmen, and indeed all continental peoples, believe that England's vehement opposition to Italy was due to England's anxiety for the route to India ; and they say that England by estranging France from Italy has greatly weakened Europe's power of resistance to German designs. Those designs they regard as deferred merely till the moment when Germany shall feel able to execute them. The whole concern of France is to build up a military structure which Germany dare not challenge. The French would prefer that this structure should be not merely conformable with the League, but identical with it. Yet up to the present, England has been the decisive obstacle to this design of placing military resources at the League's disposal.

It follows from all this that unless the understanding between France and England is to be rendered worthless, England must give the most emphatic and unconditional assurance of determination to defend the French and Belgian frontiers against any aggression. This is her minimum possible response to the situation produced in the Rhineland in which she has decided to acquiesce. Yet even with this assurance given, if England presses for bringing back Germany into the League on Germany's own terms, France will claim that Italy should be spared any further annoyance, and so encouraged to co-operate wholeheartedly with her in Europe.

The objection to this course is that it renders the League futile. There is the further objection that Italy, having defied the League once successfully outside Europe, may be disposed to defy it again not so far afield. On the other hand, to insist on rigour being shown alike to Germany's breach of contract and to

Italy's, may keep Germany out of the League, and drive Italy out also.

Danubian Dangers

It is at least arguable that this is the less bad alternative. If the League is made a reality, both Germany and Italy will have to come into it sooner or later. But the League can only be a reality if the nations comprising it have a will to their end as resolute as that of the dictators. At least they have this in their favour. The ends of the two dictatorships are not reconcilable; the League pursues a common end for all nations. But nothing can be done unless Great Britain recognizes that the League, if it is to survive, must be supported at all points by all its members. And up to the present Great Britain has refused to accept this view of it. Already in the valley of the Danube Germany's stroke has dangerous repercussions. Austria asserts an intention to rearm, disregarding the Treaty of Versailles. And, indeed, if the provisions of that Treaty are to be set aside for Germany, it is not easy to see how the same licence can be denied with justice to a State whose independence has been menaced by force organized on German territory. But the States of the Petite Entente offer opposition. This would probably not be serious, were it not that Hungary claims the same right to rearm. Hungary, however, more anxious to preserve a correct attitude, and probably with reason more apprehensive, confines herself to making the claim. In fact, Austria is a menace to no one; but Yugoslavia and Rumania are far from thinking that this would be true of a rearmed Hungary. M. Milan Hodja, another of the able statesmen that Czechoslovakia has given to Europe, after establishing contacts in Paris, sought to find means for a Danube Entente in Vienna; but, going on to Belgrade, he found his initiative checked. Mussolini meanwhile invites the representatives of Austria and Hungary to conference in Rome; and France will go far to help Italy to prevent the *Anschluss*. But one thing is certain. No nation in the Danube valley will count on effective support from the League of Nations. No statesman, in view of the present situation, could reasonably ask any nation to expect it, unless new and very definite decisions are taken by the Great Powers in the League.

Leadership Lacking

As Lord Halifax said in a grave speech, we are at the cross-roads. A government in which Lord Halifax carries weight cannot be without vision. Yet where is leadership? France is distracted by party conflicts, and only forced into unity by a sharp reminder of peril; no man in France commands anything like a general allegiance. A few months back England, united under a strong National Government, looked up willingly and confidently to Mr. Baldwin and had enthusiastic faith in Mr. Eden; since then, fumbling uncertainty appears to have paralysed the nerve of action. Mr. Eden retains prestige because of his continued vehemence against Italy's course, which grows more and more distasteful to England in proportion as it seems likely to succeed by scientific savagery. But it is not with Mr. Eden that leadership rests. There is in Mr. Baldwin a force, strangely intermittent in its manifestations, yet able when it manifests itself to rally England for an ideal. He, and no one else, can say for England to the two Powers which defy all binding contracts: "We are ready to help you reasonably to whatever claim you can make good by reason—even if it be a claim on us—but for what you seek to take by violence, anywhere and at any time, we stand with Europe in defence against you". Once that were said, with the Prime Minister's authority, all bickerings between France and England would be ended. And if it be urged that Germany would regard this as encirclement and resist it by war, the answer is that the General Staff dare not begin a war: for a symbolic instance, they were defeated in 1918 largely because they had run out of butter; today they would begin a war with butter already rationed. As to Italy, war against England must mean the sacrifice of every man and every gun in Abyssinia because they could not be supplied against Powers controlling the sea.

Only England Can Decide

Admittedly such a pronouncement would meet much hostility in some camps of English opinion: at a cross-roads if decision is left to a council of war, agreement is never likely. This course moves towards the same goal as the French proposals, set out in opposition to Herr Hitler's—what has been described as a United States of Europe. France proposes, indeed, the creation

of an international force to be at the disposal of the League's central authority against breakers of international law. German critics argue that this would enable France and England to dictate to Europe, because the smaller Powers would adhere to them. Apparently, then, even Germans recognize that the smaller Powers do not fear invasion of their rights by France and by England, and do fear it from Germany. It is a more serious objection that France proposes to stereotype all European boundaries by international law for a period of five-and-twenty years. Yet even this would be preferable to leaving Germany, or Italy, to alter frontiers at their own discretion by force or show of force.

English opinion inclines to condemn French proposals (sometimes respectfully, sometimes contemptuously) as " too logical ". But the pith of the French proposal does not lie in its detail. It lies in the organized consent of those who are guardians of European civilization to resist acts of lawless aggression, even where their own recognized interest is not directly menaced—as England's is in the Rhineland.

If the question is to be judged solely by the narrow measure of obvious national interest, we may give up the League of Nations as a lost cause. And it will have been given up by England France is willing to extend her risks in a general insurance against aggressive war. It is true that France sees her own interest in so doing: England's failure to see the same may be short-sighted. But the language that one would like to hear used in England would speak not of interest, but of England's concern for freedom. I have been reading Robert Bridges in his *Testament of Beauty*—the deepest voice that came out of England since the war. In it he tells how modern science, " outrunning all magic ", sends out voices which

> mantled in light's velocity, over land and sea
> are omnipresent, speaking aloud to every ear,
> into every heart and home their unhinder'd message,
> the body and soul of Universal Brotherhood;
> whereby war faln from savagery to fratricide,
> from a trumpeting vainglory to a crying shame,
> stalketh now with blasting curse branded on its brow.

Yes, but by the same magic we can hear today from Rome vainglory trumpeting over the triumphs of its winged flame-

throwers; and in Germany there is no brand on the brow of war. To England and France, nations not backward in battle, such glory today is repugnant; yet both would hold with Bridges (in another passage) that—

> the duty of mightiness is to protect the weak:
> and since slackness in duty is unto noble minds
> a greater shame and blame than any chance offence
> ensuing on right conduct, this hath my assent,—
> that where ther is any savagery ther wil be war:
> the warrior therefore needeth no apology.

If England sees that " duty of mightiness " more clearly in Abyssinia, France is more alive to it in Europe; and though if Czechoslovakia, for instance, a country of as free civilization as any in Europe, were threatened with destruction, England might feel that freedom was at stake, yet the case of Abyssinia shows how hard it is to check a resolute destroyer once he has started. The question for all, now at the crossroads, is whether it shall be made clear that fire-raising is too dangerous an enterprise; and only England really can decide.

From the 18th Century

It is pleasant to turn from the tide movements of this very distracted world to an age when people had leisure to be charming; when they put on paper much that now is syncopated along a telephone wire. At least three great ladies of the eighteenth century are immortal by their charm; it has not died with them. One, the Duchess of Queensberry, Prior's Kitty, Gay's champion and patroness, does not come at all into the book I have been reading; but Mrs. Howard, Countess of Suffolk, was a dear friend of that other who is Miss Dorothy Stuart's subject—Lady Hervey, " youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell ". It was Gay who found that enchanting phrase to describe her: yet in truth what survives of " Molly Lepell " is the charm of her mature and balanced age. We see her best through Horace Walpole's eyes, and his taste was decidedly for old ladies rather than for young ones. He was in love with their urbanity; could there be a more perfect expression of that quality than in Lady Hervey's dimissory notice of Pulteney, Lord Bath? " I am sorry he is dead; he was very agreeable and entertaining, and whenever I was well enough to go down-

stairs and give him a good dinner, he was always ready to come and give me his good company in return." A lady with that turn of mind, and of utterance, was certain to be in love with France, and Lady Hervey was much more whole-hearted in her attachment to the French than Horace Walpole or any other of that generation, so much at home in Paris. But one of her engaging traits is English more than French: she could not be content with merely giving good dinners. Walpole writes to her—

> It is very hard one can't come into your house and commend anything but you must recollect it and send it after one! You are very grateful indeed to Providence that gave you so good a memory, to stuff it with nothing but bills of fare of what everybody likes to eat and drink! I wonder you are not ashamed. Do you think there is no such thing as gluttony of memory?

But it was a self-indulgence with her to do little things that made her friends feel they were not out of mind. She writes from London to Walpole in Paris about scissors—" very neat, very sharp and very highly polished. They are from Gray, who makes them much better than either of the men I went to in the City and behind St. Clement's church. If you approve, I desire to be your Commissionaire for all things where only care and not *goût* is requisite ". Is not that a picture of a great lady's shopping—seven generations ago? and a picture also of good nature—the quality by which she appears to have set special store. She is surprised that her correspondent Mr. Morris (although a divine), should confuse it with good temper. " As I take it, good nature is a quality of the soul and good temper of the body: the one always feels for everybody, the other frequently feels for nobody. Good tempers are often soured by illness or disappointments; good nature can be altered by neither; one would choose the one in a companion, the other in a friend."

Miss Stuart has had access to much unused material for this biography, and she has made the most thorough use of a high privilege. We can all now, thanks to her, become fully acquainted with Queen Caroline's Maid of Honour and Horace Walpole's friend.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

MR. PICKWICK'S ENGLAND

By A. J. A. Symons.

THE PICKWICK PORTRAIT GALLERY. *Chapman & Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
THE ORIGIN OF PICKWICK, by Walter Dexter and J. W. T. Ley. *Chapman & Hall.* 5*s.*

This harassed year of armament and disorganization, of European suspense and African warfare, has the distinction of being the centenary of *The Pickwick Papers*; and the original publishers have marked the occasion by publishing two volumes of Pickwickiana which testify to the power still exercised by Dickens's first masterpiece. In *The Pickwick Portrait Gallery* sixteen admirers, mainly writers, depict anew, with the aid of the old plates, the principal characters of the novel; and in *The Origin of Pickwick* two learned commentators have examined with studious care the circumstances by which Robert Seymour's projected Nimrod Club of Cockney Sportsmen became the Pickwick Club of Charles Dickens.

Perhaps we are in danger of forgetting that gradually, during the hundred years of its happy life, *Pickwick* has changed colour. To the first readers, those who saw it in monthly parts or the original edition, it was a lively, satirical, highly tinted picture of the world around them. They did not know Mr. Pickwick himself, but they knew Goswell Street where he lived, they knew the coaches by which he travelled, the towns he visited, the hats he wore; his surroundings were their own. But slowly, as the decades passed, Mr. Pickwick's world passed too; and now, save in the English character, how little of it remains! Only a hundred years, yet the transformation is almost complete, and from being a reflection of the contemporary scene, *Pickwick* has become the key to a vanished way of living which seems the fantasy of a dream, so different is it from our own. In those magic pages the poor eat oysters, gentlemen dine at five, duels are still fought or prevented, inns are still good, coaches, chaises and postillions are still to be seen on the roads, the Cockney has character and the hero lives in the city!

Only in the broadest sense do human circumstances remain unchanged. Human *character* is, in the main, stable, though by no means as stable as the psychologists assert; but the variety of human *institutions* as they exist throughout the globe even today should warn us against supposing, as we do too often and too lightly, that any particular expression of life is " inevitable ". The world in which we live is as it is, not because it must be so, but because we have allowed it so to be.

No writer shows a more acute sense of the variableness of the conditions of living than Dickens; and it made him not only a reformer, but also an observer. He did not take his own time, his own background, for granted; he looked at life with astonishment, delight, amusement and reproof, and expressed each of these feelings in his fictions. Unlike

Thackeray, he implies a belief in the *perfectibleness* of human nature, its possible release from its own thralls. This is the secret of Mr. Pickwick's growth from folly to wisdom, from the credulous traveller of the opening chapters to the reasonable enjoyment into which he proposes to retire in the last. Experience has taught him what may be made of life; and after "having devoted the greater part of two years to mixing with different shades and varieties of human character, frivolous as my pursuit of novelty may have appeared to many . . . numerous scenes of which I had no previous conception have dawned upon me—I hope to the enlargement of my mind and the improvement of my understanding". So he turns, in the spirit of Cowley's underestimated essays, to "a house which exactly suited my fancy" in a "quiet, pretty neighbourhood in the vicinity of London" where he hopes to "spend many quiet years in peaceful retirement, cheered through life by the society of my friends".

Compare the prospect of individual satisfaction, of felicity springing from experience tempered by material welfare and conviviality, books, furniture, a good cellar, and a garden, which here and elsewhere Dickens presents, with the despondent anticipations of Mr. Aldous Huxley, who can find nothing in humanity to which to anchor his brave new world; or even with the anticipations of that man of genius who, in our own time, most resembles Dickens, Mr. H. G. Wells. In his autobiography Mr. Wells frankly confesses that for himself, at sixty-five, he does not want the "stuff of everyday life . . . clash of personalities, music and beauty, eating and drinking, travel and meetings, new lands and strange spectacles" unless "my work can be more than ever the emergent meaning." He wants life as a means to an end, not as an end in itself. Such an attitude may be justified in a writer conscious of works not yet written and aching to be born; it cannot be a rule for humanity. *We* want "music and beauty, eating and drinking, travel and meetings" as the reward of labour, not as a means to it; but, if we are not careful, the idea that the end of life is effort (as opposed to enjoyment) will be imposed upon us also. "In studies and studios and laboratories, in administrative bureaux and exploring expeditions, a new world is germinated and develops". Yes, but what, materially, will that new world offer? Of what use is it to us Pickwickians if aeroplanes hum in the heavens and railways hasten underground, if the surface of the countryside is dishevelled with uniformly ugly council-houses, if oysters become a luxury, if beer is impoverished by chemical processes, wine taxed out of its quality, and personality subdued to a common pattern?

Studies, studios, laboratories and administrative bureaux may do what they will; the necessity remains for us to realize, as Mr. Pickwick did, that individual enjoyment is the true end of living, that the most urgent of our duties is to be happy, and that happiness depends to a great extent upon personal and material satisfaction.

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SHELLEY PSYCHO-ANALYSED

By Richard Church.

IN DEFENCE OF SHELLEY: and Other Essays, by Herbert Read. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is an amusing comment on our times that we should see two of our most serious literary critics engaged in a wrestling match. For twenty years Mr. T. S. Eliot has sought to defame Shelley, rationalising a dislike that he inherited from Matthew Arnold and Patmore, and they from Charles Lamb and probably Keats. In all cases the dislike has been for the man rather than for his work: Lamb hating his shrill voice, Keats suspecting his aristocratic patronage, Arnold and Patmore being disgusted by his pre-Victorian candour about his conjugal heterodoxy.

Mr. Eliot, disliking the man on all these counts, and adding a private nausea of his own, has tried to prove that a man who was such a "blackguard" could not possibly write great poetry.

Unfortunately, Shelley's technical carelessness, his amateurish enthusiasm and gush (not dissimilar to the Eton and Balliol Communism of some of our young literary bloods today) led him to over-write, and to dissolve much of his magnificent transcendental poetry in a cheaper fluid which time has turned brackish.

Mr. Eliot has therefore had an easy work. Indeed, it has seemed almost too easy to the onlookers who have watched him pouring his corrosive oil on the wings of Arnold's "ineffectual angel."

Mr. Read, moved to pity by the spectacle, has obviously felt the difficulty of trying to save Shelley's reputation as a major poet, one of the great subjective poets of the world. He has not trusted himself as a defender of the creative genius of the writer, and after making a magnificent analysis of the poetry and the mind that created it, he has forced himself to a further effort that is not so convincing, trying to explain Shelley's personal idiosyncrasies and shocking behaviour, by recourse to psycho-analysis.

For this last supererogatory effort Mr. Read has been vigorously attacked by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy. Considering how excellently, how clearly, concisely and unanswerably Mr. Read's critique of Shelley's poetry has been presented, I think that his over-anxiety in this other matter might have been passed. Mr. Read is an artist, and not a scientist. He weakens his intuition and his style by playing with the scientist's tools, especially when the tools are such clumsy objects as those used by the psychologists.

Shelley's matrimonial affairs have become world gossip: but we still do not know, and can never know, the full facts. And how can science be applied to imperfect data? We can only use common sense and charity. We know that he was emotionally abnormal, that he suffered from hallucinations, and was subject to sudden attacks of mental or nervous exhaustion that caused him to fall asleep suddenly, anywhere and at any time.

Mr. Read seeks to prove by psycho-analytical methods that Shelley was unconsciously homosexual. I cannot see how one can accept such a theory about a man who was preternaturally alert to the stimulating powers possessed by women. At the other extreme, one of the last emotional adventures of Shelley's life was his suggestion to Jane

Williams that they should experiment together by capsizing their boat and drowning. He was only prevented by the calm, matter-of-factness of his lovely "Miranda."

Such an act, a final sublimation of erotic excitement, might lead one to agree with Mr. Read's line of analysis, in which he traces the effect of the man's abnormal subjectiveness and lack of contact with environment, a *real* participation in the minds of other people. Mr. Read shows how it led the poet along the path of abstract speculation, following other poets of his own kind, Plato and Dante in particular, achieving in his work more and more astonishing command over the expression of what had never before been expressible; nuances of emotion; conditions of trance-like ecstasy; pulses of sensation that seemed of astral rather than human origin; distillation of colour, sound, touch, both present and remembered, into an essence that teases the imagination of the reader into a fantasy of first and last things.

Mr. Read shows all these individual glories of Shelley's poetry, and reminds us how they are conveyed in a personal rhythm unmatched in English verse. He refutes Mr. Eliot's attack on Shelley's "vagueness and woolliness" by tracing Shelley's intellectual parentage in Homer, Plato, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, and other giants, and by reminding us of the poet's brilliant scholarship.

Much more might be said in commendation of Mr. Read's defence of Shelley. Perhaps the greatest praise one can offer him is that after reading his essay, one realizes afresh how unnecessary such a defence has been, and how great a poet Shelley is, in spite of the fact that Charles Lamb disliked his shrill voice, that Arnold disliked his conduct, and that Mr. Eliot dislikes him for the same reason as the anonymous rhymster disliked Dr. Fell.

ITALY IN THE MAKING: JUNE 1846—JANUARY 1848, by G. F. H. and J. Berkeley. *Cambridge University Press.* 21*s.*

THIS book forms the second volume of the elaborate work in which Mr. Berkeley plans to tell in detail the story of the Italian *Risorgimento*. The first volume, published in 1932, covered a period of thirty years, from the Restorations of 1815 down to the election of Pope Pius IX in 1846. During those thirty years Italy had been virtually ruled from Vienna. A Bourbon might occupy the throne at Naples; there were Hapsburg Princes at Florence, at Modena and at Parma; the House of Savoy reigned over the Kingdom of Sardinia from Turin. These Princes were, however, little more than puppets; and they danced to the tune played by Metternich, who, in addition, was directly responsible for the government of Lombardy and Venetia.

As we approach the critical "Year of Revolution" (1848) we can discern various forces making for change in the condition of Italy. First, there was Mazzini with his "Young Italy" Party. Their object was to expel the hated Austrians, to get rid of the puppets and their thrones, and to establish in a liberated Italy a unitary Republic. Secondly, there were those who, like the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, looked to the leadership of the House of Savoy, and hoped to see Italy federated, if not unified, under the presidency of the King of Sardinia.

A third Party—perhaps, at the moment the most influential—was known as that of the *Neo-Guelphs*. They, like the two former Parties, hoped to see Italy liberated from the Austrian yoke, and federated, but under the presidency of the Pope, who was still the ruler of twenty Italian Provinces, covering 16,000 square miles of territory, and commanding the immediate (civil) allegiance of some 3,000,000 subjects.

On June 1st, 1846, the old Pope Gregory XVI—a stern and unbending Tory—died: on the 16th, Cardinal Mastai Ferretti was elected as his successor and took the name—immortal in history—of Pio Nono. The new Pope was by birth an Italian noble, and at the time of his election was fifty-four years of age. He lived to be nearly eighty-six, and, consequently, as Pope, went through the convulsions of 1848, saw the Triumvirate ruling a Roman Republic in 1849, accepted the protection of France, saw Napoleon III join Victor Emmanuel in driving the Austrians out of Lombardy (1859), saw Garibaldi driving the Bourbons out of Sicily and Naples, saw Cavour first and then Napoleon III, avert Garibaldi's assault upon Rome, saw the Austrians expelled from Venetia by Bismarck's diplomacy rather than by the arms of Victor Emmanuel, and finally, thanks to Bismarck's attack on France in 1870, saw "Italy march into Rome".

It is only with the first eighteen months of this amazingly interesting reign that the present volume deals. During those months there was, perhaps, a chance that the hopes of the *Neo-Guelphs* might be realized; that a "reformed and reforming Papacy" might put itself at the head of the *Risorgimento*, and that Italian unification under the House of Savoy might be at least preceded, if not permanently anticipated, by an Italian Federation under the Papacy. The new Pope's administration of the See of Imola had earned him the reputation of a liberal reformer: Italian liberals, consequently, hailed his election with great enthusiasm, and saw in him (as Thayer has well said) "the Messiah whose coming had been foretold by the prophet Gioberti". But Metternich was right, "a liberal Pope", he said, "is a contradiction in terms". Pio Nono began well, but cautiously: he issued an amnesty, effected many administrative improvements, and appointed commissions to examine the possibility of more radical reforms. But as early as 1847 D'Azeglio had despaired of a real reform emanating from the Papacy. "I am convinced", he wrote, "that the magic of Pio Nono will not last. He is an angel, but he is surrounded by demons . . . he will not be able to overcome the obstacles".

It was too true; and the present volume is mainly occupied by a detailed demonstration of its truth. Pius's problem was, of course, how to combine liberal reform with Papal supremacy and security for the Catholic Church. His solution was embodied in his *Consulta* of 1847. With that *Consulta*, and with the end of Pope Pius IX's reforming period the present volume closes.

The authors may be cordially congratulated on an admirable piece of historical research.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

Brahms

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ABINGER HARVEST, by E. M. Forster. *Arnold.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

ONE sometimes forms the disquieting opinion about critics that they have public selves and private selves, both equally veracious—as if a judge condemned a man in the morning with stern words, and in the evening told his friends that he was really very sorry for the poor devil and would have liked to let him go free. This public acceptance of traditional values, combined with a private disquietude about the same values, marks off the original critic, like Roger Fry (to whom, in one essay, Mr. Forster pays a fine tribute in this book) from the conventional critic whose name is legion. Mr. Forster himself is a man who shows in this book, *Abinger Harvest*, that he has only one self, a personal self, highly critical of all accepted ideas, and a good deal of the undertone of melancholy in all his writing comes from the fact that he is more often puzzled and troubled than pleased with things as they are. His detachment is that of the man on the fence who smiles and shakes his head for the most part of the day and only very occasionally comes down to take up a position in the field.

He is definitely a man who has grown old among dreams,

> A weather-worn marble Triton
> Among the streams,

disillusioned by the war and the after-war, nearer, he says, to the unbelief of Proust than to the faith of Dante. There comes from this, itself already a traditional attitude, an undoubted elegance and charm; it has led him to write of a great diversity of subjects—Eliot, Ronald Firbank, Wembley, Jane Austen, The Consolations of History, Mrs. Hannah More, The English Character—and of many out-of-the-way subjects, such as Gemisthus Pleto, Cardan, Voltaire's Laboratory, The Emperor Babur; and it has given a mild astringency to everything he writes, as well as great compassion, and an abraded cynicism. It has also made his essays on *Books*, and *The Past*, more vital than his essays on *The Present*. By nature a novelist, equivocal and reticent—like Conrad, whose reticence he can admire—he is confirmed in his affection for inconclusions by this fundamental mood of disillusion, he is more emphatic in his dislikes than in his credos, and is more than kind (e.g., his essay on Sinclair Lewis or Howard Sturgis) in all his judgments. So, all will enjoy him for his incidental commentary, so shrewd, so serene, so wise (he is very wise—irreverently one feels like calling him "an old bird"); all will be pleased by his gentle tilting at various public enemies, from the humour of *Punch* to the "healthy" Englishman; and since he enjoys pulling his own leg he pre-empts all disagreement—an urbane and stoical companion. With a more forceful writer we might go farther but fare worse; we are sure of this guide, while we have him.

Not that there isn't punch enough in such comments as these. On Lewis:—"Neither for good nor evil is he lifted above his theme; he is neither a poet nor a preacher, but a fellow with a camera a few yards away". On Conrad, something that could never be said of his own essays—"These essays do suggest that he is misty in the middle as well as at the edges, that the secret casket of his genius contains a vapour rather than a jewel". On the English character:—"English literature is a flying fish. It is a sample of the life that goes on beneath the surface; a proof that beauty and emotion exist in the salt, inhospitable sea". When I say that there are scores of these conclusions embedded in the book I may convey a little of its great quality and charm. His essays are truly *essais*. He adumbrates; but always with touches of absolute precision.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

THE GALLIPOLI TRAGEDY

By GERALD BULLETT.

GALLIPOLI: THE FADING VISION, by John North. *Faber & Faber.* 15*s.*

I DO not pretend to have read all or most of the many books that have been written concerning the Gallipoli campaign; but it would surprise me to learn that there exists any other record at once so vivid, so detailed, so fully authenticated, and so disinterested, as this of Mr. North's. The author has saturated himself in the literature of the subject, and he has the advantage of all predecessors in this field in having had access to many sources of new evidence, mostly, one gathers, in the form of personal diaries and living memories. But, what is far more to the point, he brings to his task, not only high literary skill and acute critical intelligence, but a greatness of mind which enables him to rise, at chosen moments, without effort or selfconsciousness, from the patient marshalling of facts to the height of his great argument. From the moment when he set foot "on the waste soil of that lonely bay," in the autumn of 1926, the Peninsula has held him in thrall. He tells us how that evening, as the ship still lay at anchor in Kilia Liman, he leaned over the deck-rail and with a sense of personal loss "watched darkness descend on the hills of Gallipoli." In that moment, one conjectures, the seed of this book fell into the womb of his mind, whence, after a nine years' gestation, during which period he made himself master of the subject as no one had done before him, it was triumphantly delivered.

The story Mr. North has to tell occupies some three hundred and sixty pages; and to present an adequate synopsis of it is beyond the power of the present reviewer. Nor have I any wish to save the reader the trouble, or seduce him from the pleasure, of reading the book for himself. It is now, I suppose, generally agreed that the name Gallipoli represents one of the most brilliant conceptions, and quite the most grossly mishandled campaign, in all military history. Mistakes are made in every campaign: to imagine that everything will in fact proceed precisely according to plan is to cry for the moon. But as a record of muddle and incompetence and incoordination, as an example of human lives being wantonly sacrificed to the imbecility and pigheadedness of men in high places, Gallipoli is unique. Attacks were mistimed; necessary liaisons were never effected; reinforcements were withheld; ammunition and supplies were lacking. All that the local commanders could rely upon was the heroic spirit of their own officers and men; elsewhere, treachery and stupidity held the field. Mr. North spares us none of it. In his introductory chapter he remarks: "I am perturbed to realize that many of the distinguished personages who will figure in these pages are hardly likely to adorn them." Well, if he is perturbed, he manages to conceal his perturbation: his comments at times have an urbanity worthy of Gibbon himself. His ironies are so quiet that they do their lethal work for the most part unnoticed, except by the vigilant reader. And even in his moments of plainest speaking he retains a certain blandness of demeanour which is the distinguishing mark of his style. A sufficient *raison d'etre* for his book, he suggests

is that Gallipoli will always remain one

of the greatest stories of the world; but should any reader demand a grimmer and more fashionable motive, he is at liberty to believe that some useful purpose may be served by contrasting the sufferings and the heroisms of the "simple soldier" with the almost superhuman inadequacy of his political and military leaders—particularly on the home front. The man in the ranks was always a generous critic of his own generals; but I have never understood how politicians who, in wartime, persist in their politics, miss being strung up on lamp-posts when the soldiers get back from the wars.

And not politicians alone, one may add. Lord Fisher, bitterly resenting the activities of Mr. Winston Churchill, in whose brilliant military imagination the idea of the campaign was conceived, desired to be appointed First Lord of the Admiralty in his place, in order to have "absolutely untrammelled sole command of the sea forces". To this end he deliberately brought about a "wholesale crash" by resigning his office as First Sea Lord:

He locked himself in his rooms at the Admiralty, pulled down the blinds, and having announced that he would receive no government emissary, only pulled them apart in order to satisfy himself of the identity of any visitor. While he was locked in his room, Mr. Churchill unavailingly addressed a letter to him beginning, "The only thing to think of now is what is best for the country and for the brave men who are fighting"; and *the Prime Minister ordered him in the name of the King to return to his duty. He refused point-blank* . . .

If this last statement (which I have italicized) is true, it is pertinent to remark that any soldier on active service who refused to obey a command given in the name of the King was court-martialled and shot. I cannot think of a single good reason why this rule—without which, we were assured, the war could not be carried on—should have been suspended in favour of Lord Fisher. In wartime, executions, like charity, should begin at home.

BOUVARD AND PÉCUCHET, by Gustave Flaubert. Trans. by T. W. Earp and G. W. Stonier. *Cape*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

FRENCH literature has always excelled in the exposure of intellectual folly and *Bouvard et Pécuchet* when it was first published, continued the traditions of Molière and Voltaire. Bouvard does for the comedy of the pursuit of knowledge—which indeed after two more generations of middle-class civilization has become farce—what Voltaire did in Candide for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The method, however, is vastly different. From a suave prose we pass to something drier, factual, laconic, to the abrupt transitions and grotesque contrasts of an animated catalogue. Flaubert seems to have anticipated that peculiar, sardonic modern humour which is built on taking things from their context, or on putting them next to impossible neighbours. And it is evident that in the course of the nine years he spent on the book and the lifetime's collecting of intellectual *sottises* which preceded it, Flaubert saw his satire on the bourgeois mind grow into a satire on the disinterested intellect itself. Hence, though the dimensions of his little men do not grow like the dimensions of, say, Quixote and the universal character they attain remains pedestrian, they are not crushed by the satirist's contempt. On the contrary, as Mr. Stonier suggests in his excellent introduction to this English translation, they become something like bowler-hatted saints, a Laurel and Hardy in apotheosis, amid the portentous folly of the learned. Flaubert's own preoccupation with the bourgeois had, as a late letter to his niece indicates, an element of something like nostalgia.

"They are in the right of it", he said, commenting on his own isolation. And even in this broad farce, one is conscious of a methodical coldness of intellect satirising itself, of an almost wistful liking and warmth for the victims. He is not quite the writer who savaged the pathetic romanticism of Madame Bovary by reducing it, with a rather excessive meanness of observation, to a matter of snapping corset laces. The two copying clerks who go about their slapstick search and on every page reach funnier extremes of disaster and disillusion, are more generously regarded. One looks with a certain affection at the Bouvard in oneself. Open the book at any page:

"The bees are an argument for monarchy.

But the ants for the Republic",

and so they proceed to the Divine Right, counter that with Rousseau, appalled by Rousseau go on to Saint-Simon and the social paradise of Fourier:

"The soul contains a dozen principal passions; five egoistic, four animal, three distributive. They belong—the first to the individual, the next to groups, the last to groups of groups or series, the whole of which is a phalanx, a society of eighteen hundred persons, living in a palace.

"Every morning carriages take the workmen into the country and bring them back in the evening. There are banners, festivals and cakes to eat. Every woman, if she likes, can have three men: a husband, a lover and the sire of her children. For bachelors dancing girls are provided.

"'That would suit me!' said Bouvard. And he lost himself in dreams of the harmonized world."

The book was never completed and perhaps never could have been. To say this is, however, to suggest that the monotony of the catalogue has defeated the animation of the story and this is not so. Technically the book is a triumph in the liveliness of its stream of episodes. One wonders merely how so logical a stream can be said to swell and gather force. The two clerks are toughened and hardened by their adventures, but is there anything more to the scheme than that? Has not detachment, that amazing faculty for isolating facts which Flaubert had, left them drifting hopelessly in a river that will never come "somewhere safe to sea", but which will just go on and on? This English version is the first good translation we have had of the book whose delightfulness and extraordinary relevance to us now is discussed in Mr. Stonier's very intelligent introduction. His job has been an obvious labour of love.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA, by Ernest Hemingway. *Cape*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

ONE had always felt uncomfortable doubts. Did Mr. Hemingway at heart belong to the same school as the late George Moore and the present Mr. Charles Morgan, the school who believe that style is something which you apply as decoration on top of your subject? Hitherto only the tiniest breaches have been visible between style and subject (Mr. Aldous Huxley was pilloried in *Death in the Afternoon* for spotting one of these); the tough subject has always matched the inarticulate style, which seemed at its best to have something in common with the anonymous poetry of the Border or of the railroad.

But a big game hunt in Tanganyika is hardly a tough subject. To go out with motor-car and lorries and camping equipment and trackers and white hunter and forty bearers and four dozen bottles of beer, with a licence to shoot just so many rhinos, so many kudus and sables, may be an agreeable and safe entertainment for a very wealthy man, but one would have expected an ironical treatment from the author of *Death in the Afternoon*. In bull fighting the danger increases with the skill of the matador; but in big game hunting the little danger there may be comes from the bungled shot; instead of "the moment of truth", the crisis of danger

and skill, there is only an acquisitive passion which has nothing to do with art, for you cannot tell from the ivory tusk in the lounge hall whether the kill was effected cleanly with a single shot or whether the wounded beast had to be trailed for miles and punctured in a dozen places.

Of course Mr. Hemingway makes a very readable book of this rich man's hobby. If, alone in some dismal little hotel in the shires, one found this solitary book, a record of big game hunting, and knowing nothing of Mr. Hemingway grimly began to read, one would find his narrative surprisingly exciting. He *has* written a better book than *The Man Eaters of Tsavo*. But one is aware all the time that his style has imprisoned him. It has forced him into a factitious violence quite unsuitable to the mechanised progress of his luxurious caravan along the roads of British East, and if a style does not make it easier for a man to write the truth it is valueless. "Droopy had no skinning knife and I had only a penknife to stick him with. I felt for the heart behind the foreleg with my fingers and feeling it beating under the hide slipped the knife in but it was short and pushed the heart away. I could feel it, hot and rubbery against my fingers, and feel the knife push it, but I felt around and cut the big artery and the blood came hot against my fingers." He is trying to dramatise himself as the tough man on insufficient evidence; any housewife has to be as tough as that over a rabbit.

No, this inadaptable style does not help Mr. Hemingway to tell the truth. The truth has to creep out between the lines: the truth of his peculiar sensitiveness to criticism and to ridicule; whenever he leaves his plain narrative for theory, for thought, for literary criticism ("I wondered if it would make a writer of him . . . if they sent Tom Wolfe to Siberia or the the Dry Tortugas. Maybe it would and maybe it wouldn't. He seemed sad, really, like Carnera. Tolstoy was a small man. Joyce was of medium height and he wore his eyes out . . .") he seems to be waiting nervously for mockery —"You were getting awfully profound" —by his companions, Pop or Poor Old Momma. One is aware of a dreadful shyness and discomfort, a fear of giving himself away. And there is a suggestion of social snobbery (not unexpected in a big game hunter who has himself snapped beside his dead rhino) in such descriptive phrases as "This was a better sky than Italy. The hell it was" taken in conjunction with his dedicatory remark: "There are always those not quite out of the top drawer who have an 'orrid fear of vulgarity."

GRAHAM GREENE.

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LAKE TANA AND THE BLUE NILE, by Major R. E. Cheesman. *Macmillan.* 18s.

THE inspiration of *Lake Tana and the Blue Nile* and of the journeys of which it tells the tale was purely geographical, but the interest of the book itself is manifold. At a moment when an Italian army is encamped on the shores of the lake and the question of the future control of its waters is exercising many people's minds, the geographical interest has a special appeal.

We know that, at least as long ago as in the 11th century, belief was current that the owners of the lake could divert its waters and reduce Egypt to a desert. We also know that for some years past that belief has been exploded. But to what extent could the owners of the lake affect the prosperity of Egypt? How much of the water which flows out of the Nile Gorge and enters the Sudan actually comes from Tana and is susceptible of control at the exit from the lake? Major Cheesman's book throws much interesting and, to many people, new light on these questions.

The lake is a huge reservoir, and the Blue Nile an immense conduit. But the water which flows down that conduit comes from two catchment areas: not only from that which feeds the lake but also from a still larger one to the south which by innumerable streams and mountain torrents swells the volume of the Nile throughout the whole of its 400 mile course between the lake and the Sudan. Major Cheesman suggests the possibility that during its long journey through the torrid heat of the Nile Gorge comparatively little of the water emanating from the lake itself escapes evaporation and survives to swell the lower reaches of the river. One of the tasks he set himself was to find if and where there existed sites in the gorge which lent themselves to the construction of barrages for the control of water coming not only from the lake but from the lower catchment area as well. He found two such sites—neither of them, it is true, ideal—and his researches throw, as I have said, new and interesting light on the whole problem of Nile-control as far as Abyssinia is concerned. So much for the geographical aspect of the book and the political considerations which arise from it, although these are not actually raised or discussed by the author.

But the book has another side. To answer his self-imposed questions Major Cheesman carried out a vast amount of exploration. His journeys were spread over the period of eight years during which he was British Consul in South-West Ethiopia. They were arduous and often adventurous, and the fact that at the end of them there remained only fifteen miles of the Nile Gorge unseen by European eyes places him high in the ranks of modern explorers for which his earlier travels in Arabia had already qualified him. Throughout he brings to bear trained powers of observation, keen love of nature and a very genial human sympathy. Many people will find the greatest fascination in his description of Lake Tana itself, with its fish and fishermen, its primitive rafts and its lovely wooded islets on which is enshrined so much of the religious and historical lore of ancient Ethiopian civilization. But wherever he went his official work put him in contact with the great feudal chiefs and the accidents of daily life with priests and peasants, brigands and the wayfarers on whom they preyed. The picture which he paints of Abyssinia and its people, its birds and beasts and flowers, is one which he saw through shrewd and kindly eyes. It cannot fail to delight many to whom pure geography is dry diet and political considerations a vexation to the mind rigidly to be excluded from the leisure hour.

LAWRENCE ATHILL.

THE

DUBLIN REVIEW

1836—1936

THE issue of April, 1936 celebrates the centenary of the founding of the DUBLIN REVIEW in May, 1836 by Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in co-operation with Daniel O'Connell.

The centenary issue recalls the history of the DUBLIN REVIEW with a number of special articles. These include a reprint of the fully documented history of its first 60 years, written by Bishop Casartelli for the anniversary number in 1896; an article by Mrs. F. J. Sheed on the work of her grandfather and father, W. G. Ward and Wilfrid Ward, as editors of the DUBLIN REVIEW during many years; and an article by Rev. Henry Tristram of the Birmingham Oratory on Cardinal Newman and the DUBLIN REVIEW.

This issue also contains an important contribution by Canon John Fletcher, giving the results of his researches into the history of the Catholic Press in Great Britain during the past 150 years, with much new information concerning the titles, scope and dates of publication of many earlier ventures in the Catholic Press.

A complete index of all articles published in the DUBLIN REVIEW since its inception, with the contributor's name wherever it can be ascertained, is published separately in April as a special supplement of about 100 pages, for 3s. 6d.

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THE SILVER FLEECE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Robert Collis. *Nelson.* 15*s.*

MONOGRAM, by G. B. Stern. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

ONE does rather wonder at times where all this autobiography is taking us. Rousseau, I suppose, began it with his "I am commencing an undertaking, hitherto without precedent, and which will never find an imitator. I desire to set before my fellows the likeness of a man in all the truth of nature, and that man myself". But the success of his venture was the measure of his failure (in this respect) as a prophet. What man has done man can do, and the itch to emulation was irresistible in this case more than most. Self-portrayal has flourished like the bay-tree, until in the last few years it has seemed to oust biography and even challenge the novel. Some commentators find deep significance in this phenomenon as the last flare-up of egotistic individualism before the floods of corporate Fascism or Communism steam-roller it out of existence. Others see it as sign of the (possibly related) inability of its authors to find satisfying expression in more objective forms, whether in art or—to make an invidious distinction—action.

What is quite certain is that it has led to the printing of a great deal of work of relatively minor interest and distinction. People of both less ambition and less ability than Rousseau have set their lives, or thoughts about their lives, upon paper, undoubtedly throwing light into curious and often engaging corners, but giving us more bread than sack, and more words than wisdom.

Both Mr. Collis's and Miss Stern's present volumes are rather favourable examples of this lesser variety of autobiography. Each has good stuff in it, well worth the reading, but mingled with more material which, if it seldom ceases to entertain and carry the eye and mind easily from paragraph to paragraph, is but the common change of average living, not especially illuminated or illuminating. Mr. Collis is Irish, ex-Rugby (a War-time schoolboy), ex-Cambridge, a Rugger International and a doctor, also—though this was but an episode and not typical of the whole man—ex-Buchmanite. He was in Dublin in 1916, at Twickenham in 1925, has twice visited America and once met Æ. He recalls amusing and revealing episodes with a gusto and forcefulness which do not exclude tenderness, making it plain that athletics are quite compatible with poetic sensitiveness, and while many readers will no doubt find their attention centred in his sporting and travel recollections, his best pages seem to me those which expound his sense of what it means to become and to be a physician—a healer of mankind.

Miss Stern is one of those good wines that need no bush. And her book has, it finally appears, beneath all its apparent formlessness, something of a form, or at least a direction; she has, as she says, beneath all the rag-bag content of her mind, her own King Charles's head—whose discovery, ten pages from the end, she tells us, comes, however, as a surprise even to herself. Meanwhile she has shaken out on to her pages quite haphazard, just as they came, the bits and pieces of her thoughts on all subjects under the sun, memories of places and people known and unknown, a darting, changing, episodic chronicle of what life is popularly supposed to be: just one thing after another. She has a very various, brilliant, and well-stocked mind, but her volume is really rather too literally about "anything I jolly well liked, anything I damn well pleased, in fact about anything". It gets the reader nowhere in particular, even in relation to Miss Stern, however much it may divert him on the way; it is simply autobiography run to seed.

GEOFFREY WEST.

SELECTED FICTION.

THE THINKING REED, by Rebecca West. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

COSMOPOLITANS, by Somerset Maugham. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE OLD MAN'S COMING, by Gustav Janson. *Lovat Dickson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

SPARKENBROKE, by Charles Morgan. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

I AM surprised that Mr. Charles Morgan's *Sparkenbroke* has not been "chosen" by the Book Society. It's their line, I should have thought; indeed, as I read it, the book seemed to me as though it might have been actually written by the Book Society, so perfectly did it combine the qualities of uplift, gentility and faded literary manners which attract our book of the month clubs and prize committees.

In a novel of this sort, which resembles the modern "period" furniture one sees in many shop windows—all oak and little mats and candlelight—it is difficult to know where parody begins. Is this, for example, a paragraph from Mr. Morgan's novel or from a skit, by Evoe perhaps, that might appear in *Punch*?

> From the first, and within her knowledge, this letter had been a ghost; she would never write it; but all the morning, as she went about her work in the house, she awakened and reawakened a fire in herself, that ran like an icy bracelet on her wrist, by pretending that the letter had indeed been written and that she would see Sparkenbroke no more. . . . When the darning was put away she rose, and having stripped herself and stung her body with cold water, put on fresh clothing, a white skirt, and a blouse of fine white linen, embroidered with a Hungarian design of rosemary flowers, and drawn in, below the hollow of her throat, by a cord of deeper blue. The darkly gleaming face of the oak chest in the hall was for an instant surprised by her whiteness; a convex mirror acknowledged her; a plane of sunlight in the open door threw back her shadow as she advanced, then let her go.

That is the atmosphere of Sparkenbroke House; the furniture, you will notice, bows or betrays surprise when you walk into a room; unwritten letters are "ghosts", cold water "stings" the body to be clad afterwards in white; and so it goes on through 550 pages of melodrama, Meredithian dialogue, hushed suspense, and Mr. Morgan's inimitable prose. There is much reflection on the themes of Life, Love, Art, and Death; the hero is a poet peer, and I wish I had space to quote some of his verses, which Mr. Morgan takes as seriously as does Lord Sparkenbroke. The whole effect is of an Amanda Ros, beautifully instead of barbarously written, cultured, pompous, and from its first sentence as dead as doornails. Why the Book Society gives it no more than a recommendation, I don't know (*The Fountain* was starred, I believe); their choice this month, by luck or design, is an infinitely better book, Miss Rebecca West's *The Thinking Reed.*

Apart from unnecessary length, *The Thinking Reed* is a good novel, alive, witty, individual and intelligent as *Sparkenbroke* with all its thoughtfulness never is. Miss Rebecca West describes with ironic sympathy the miseries of being rich; Isabelle, forsaking more attractive lovers, marries Marc Sallafranque, a plump, bounding, wealthy French manufacturer, who reminds one of the delightful boss in Clair's *A nous la liberté.* They have little in common: Isabelle is detached, curiously determined and intelligent in the American way, while Marc enjoys the exuberance of living. He feels miserable and drinks too many cocktails; in a gayer mood, he trips up the waiter and gives him a thousand franc note, or pats an old mistress on the behind without thinking, when they meet at a party. Isabelle enjoys his happiness, his love; her own feeling wavers between being in love herself and wondering how she ever came to marry him. Both are likeable people, vividly presented. Most of their friends are appalling: vacuous bores, old war horses in the society game, the ever-young of Cannes and Nice. We continually wonder why on earth two such pleasant persons, who can pick their friends, should submit to the horror and boredom of a crowded life. Miss West, by the way, portrays the nonentities of Paris and the Riviera with unrelenting brilliance; and in "Poots"—a whining, nasal Englishwoman who imposes her unattractiveness as a standard for others to live up to—she fixes a type which is as common in Torquay as in the Hotel Bristols of the South. Each appearance of Poots—Poots at dinner, Poots golfing or getting off—is as vivid as a cartoon. But Poots is only worth one slash; and that is true of some of the other characters who reappear, like animals in some zoo where one walks round and round, till chimp, camel and toucan bob up at the expected points. And when one has finished reading this novel, the question still remains: why do Isabelle and Marc go on ambling round the zoo of their acquaintances, why does Miss West devote 600 pages to their perambulation? It's not quite a fair question, and there's a good deal more in the book than that, but Miss West's method is epigrammatic, and brevity, I think should go with it. Nevertheless, *The Thinking Reed* is the best of these novels.

Mr. Somerset Maugham's *Cosmopolitans*—very brief stories, most of them anecdotes with conversation, told in the first person—is extraordinarily accomplished, and I enjoyed the dry flavour of Mr. Maugham's prose. No other novelist at the moment writes magazine stories so well, and the present collection suggests an odd combination of Harold Nicolson's *Some People* and Edgar Wallace's *Tales of a Steward,* done with Mr. Maugham's usual suavity. It is not so good, I may say, as the first, but better than the second. Each story has its setting, its characters, its point which comes like the click of the camera. Mr. Maugham really has the devilish efficiency which admirers once ascribed to Arnold Bennett.

The Old Man's Coming is Scandinavian family saga. Unlike English sagas of the Galsworthy-Brett Young type, it is both vivid and dramatic as well as comprehensive.

G. W. STONIER.

WHAT IS . . . ?
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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Frederick Hammond, who in the February issue summed up the lessons of the Hoare-Laval incident, again writes as a detached but keenly interested observer of the international situation, concerned with general principles. **Dr. Seton-Watson's** view, on the other hand, is that of the specialist. His probing of the motives behind the repudiation of the Locarno Treaty should be of great assistance to those who attended to Mr. Eden's exhortation to think deeply over its implications. It represents the considered view of one who has made a lifelong study of Central Europe and the Balkans, and who has lately returned from two countries deeply involved in the crisis, Austria and Czechoslovakia. He is Masaryk Professor of Central European History at London University, and has received honorary degrees from half a dozen Central European universities.

Sir Archibald Hurd wrote much in former years on naval and shipping questions in the FORTNIGHTLY, and now makes a welcome reappearance on a subject which occupies much of his thoughts. His anxiety for the future of British shipping inspired the publication in 1933 of *The Eclipse of British Sea Power*. He is managing editor of the *Shipping World* and was joint editor of *Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual*, 1922–28.

T. F. Tschiffely is a Swiss who had been schoolmastering in Argentina for years before he made his great ride from Buenos Aires to Washington. That story which, as he here tells, left the London publishers cold, afterwards made his name famous in two Continents. He is now about to publish *Bridle Paths*, the chronicle of a different kind of ride through the rural parts of England, and he has in the press a volume of Cunninghame Graham's short stories which he has edited, with the title *The Rodeo*.

Hilda Matheson was talks director to the B.B.C. from 1926 to 1932, and has published a book on broadcasting in the Home University Library. She is broadcasting correspondent of the *Observer*.

Lord Crewe has an hereditary interest in letters as the son of Monckton Milnes, the first Lord Houghton, whose name crops up continually in books on nineteenth century literature. His own public career, however, has been concerned almost entirely with politics. He was a member of every Liberal Government from 1905 till the War, leading his party in the Lords, and later served for six years as Ambassador in Paris.

Lord Strabolgi was in the Navy before he entered Parliament as a Liberal in 1919. He is now one of the most active of the small band of Labour Peers.

Walton Newbold is a member of the National Labour Party; sat on the Macmillan Committee on Finance and Industry, and has published *How Europe Armed for War*.

Alfred Fellows is a barrister and legal journalist, and, among other books, published last year *The Law as to Gaming, Betting and Lotteries*.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

JUNE, 1936

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER.

"WHITEHALL 2233?" "Chatham House", replies the voice of the switchboard operator, and the caller, having stated his business, is put through to the Information Department. The question is—and this is an authentic instance: "Is Signor Gayda a big man or a small man"? A much-travelled staff is quite equal to the occasion; though there must be times when the connotation of "international affairs" seems a little too comprehensive. That is, of course, the freak type of inquiry, but at all times they range very wide, from the number of golf courses which were ploughed up during the War for the growing of vegetables in the cause of the national food supply to the distinctive features of the financial policy of Poland. City business firms, it is said, are not above asking for political tips.

By its Information Department, its well-stocked library and press-cutting service, the Royal Institute of International Affairs, better known as "Chatham House", has contrived to open its doors to a far wider public than its opposite numbers catering for the arts, for history or for science. Without shedding a certain all-pervading air of solemnity, due no doubt to the design of its founders that it should be as august as other learned societies, it has now become the established service station for the traveller on the unfamiliar international plane; no longer therefore should it blush unseen. Untrammelled by official ties and necessarily disclaiming any "opinions" it must nevertheless be appraised as a formative influence on the public mind. The work of the Information Department, though it may meet a popular demand, is perhaps the least representative of the Institute's activities. It is as a training-school for an *élite*,

for those who may be called upon to play an active part in public life, that " Chatham House " counts.

Twice in the space of a few months that hydra-headed creature, British public opinion, has insisted on playing one of the chief parts in the drama of international politics. In December last the world looked on with mingled feelings of despair and admiration while a well-turned product of diplomatic carpentering, designed to stop up a nasty gap in the fence of " collective security ", was just swept away in a torrent of reprobation. This spring, similarly, we have seen British public opinion obstructing by sentimental vapourings the careful efforts of the Foreign Office to repair the damage caused by Germany's latest manifestation of *Faustrecht*. It may be that the effect of the Hoare-Laval Peace Plan would have been to surrender the League into the hands of its enemies—though it is hardly in better case now ! —and that the plain man intuitively appreciates that the kind of Anglo-French co-operation envisaged in the chancelleries is a travesty of what is required to make the League an effective agency of peace in Europe. It may be, too, that the French are very " difficult " and that they have given evidence of interpreting " collective security " in *sens unique*. I am not concerned here either to justify or to condemn these psychological reactions of " the uninstructed " (Sir John Simon's phrase). What I do wish to stress, because of its bearing on my subject, is that there is this new force of moral dynamics which has to be reckoned with, which is capable of wrecking the best-laid schemes of the diplomatic mice-men—but which is also capable, if harnessed to a genuine international endeavour, of breaking down the defences of tradition and sovereignty that bar the way to a new international order.

In an address which he gave at Chatham House just a year ago on this very subject of " Modern Diplomacy and British Public Opinion ", Mr. Harold Nicolson had some provocative things to say. His thesis was that in regard to international affairs perplexity and suspicion rather than ignorance were the bane of democracy : that in this sphere the confidence which we freely accord to the professionals (in other words the Civil Service), is denied to the diplomats, because of the very complexity and exotic nature of foreign affairs. The average Englishman, Mr. Nicolson suggested, confronted by an issue of international politics, resorts to the psychology of escape, obeying the self-same impulse that leads him to avoid the effort of understanding a work of modern art by condemning it as comic, immoral or affected.

That, of course, is a debatable reading of the attitude of the Englishman *today* towards international affairs, but one can at any rate accept Mr. Nicolson's charge that " the British public, in its hatred of the incomprehensible, is terribly apt to grasp at the half-understood ". And the best posssible instance of this eagerness to pursue red herrings—frequently because of a peculiar savour they may have for that fabled monster, an Englishman's conscience—was seen recently in the popular championing of Germany which was reflected in Press and Parliament in the first few weeks after Herr Hitler threw down the gauntlet in the Rhineland. It was said ironically at the time that " the British public is not pro-Hitler but pro-Stresemann . . . and the news of his death, when it reaches this country, will come as a grave shock to many " !

For the perceptible shift of public opinion in the ensuing months away from " sentimental pro-Germanism ", in Mr. Nicolson's phrase, some credit at least may be accorded to Chatham House which had promptly arranged three successive meetings where every aspect of the question " Germany and the Rhineland " was discussed, following addresses by Mr. Harold Nicolson, Sir Norman Angell and Lord Lothian, the proceedings being published with all speed as a special supplement to *International Affairs*, the Institute's journal. Here was the Institute ably fulfilling the function predicated in 1920 by Mr. Balfour (as he was then) of providing " the material from which those who are most influential, and who have the greatest amount of knowledge, comprehension and perspective in foreign affairs can form public opinion ".

Traditionally, Englishmen have exhibited a woeful ignorance of, and indifference to, foreign affairs. Before 1914, with its fatal shock to our insular complacency, the number of those who took a sympathetic interest in the life of the peoples of foreign countries was very small—not least because of the scant attention

paid in public and secondary schools and universities to the study of foreign languages. Applied to the upper classes the sally of Theodor Wolff, the former distinguished editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, in his book *The Eve of 1914*—" Europe was all very well for summer holidays and winter sports, but what really mattered was only England "—is not inaccurate : there was a characteristic attitude of aloofness which is reflected still to-day in the habits of British colonies in the capitals abroad who will have as little as possible to do with the " natives ".

It is a remarkable thing, by the way, that the interest in international affairs is more real and capable of intelligent development among the *petite bourgeoisie* and working-men as a class than among the well-to-do. Mr. Vernon Bartlett at the microphone, unique in his capacity for popularizing foreign affairs, found a public ready and eager to know and to understand, thanks no doubt to the spade-work of the Workers' Educational Association and University Extension classes and the high standard of the best provincial newspapers. A comparison of the amount of space devoted to foreign news in the principal newspapers in 1908 or 1910 and 1936 is staggering. Even *The Times*, for instance, in 1908 ran barely a column on the main news page, with its regular service from foreign correspondents rigidly confined to another part of the paper. The snippet Press has been compelled to fall into line in the great change which these twenty-five years have seen, even if it has to invent daily sensations and so, in Mr. Nicolson's phrase, " to blur by atmospherics the correct transmission of information from abroad ".

The sloughing of the old self-sufficiency really begins with the Peace Conference of Paris in 1919. That gathering of men from every walk of life—trained diplomatists, soldiers, sailors, airmen, civil administrators, jurists, financial and economic experts, captains of industry, spokesmen of labour and scholars—was a unique communion of the spirit. It revealed to many of the British swarm within the restricted area of the Hotel Majestic, men who perhaps had played a prominent part in the development of the Empire, the extent of their ignorance of the affairs of Europe, and above all of the inter-action of national policies. At the same time the free exchange of information and opinion

among members of the British delegation and their American colleagues was a real tonic in an atmosphere thick with national passion and intrigue. The behaviour of the people at home, still suffused with the war-psychosis and incited by the Northcliffe Press, was, incidentally, a grim warning of the perils of " democracy " lacking any basis of knowledge.

It was a combination of these motives which inspired the decision to establish a British Institute of International Affairs which should be the centre and focus of all unofficial activities bearing on the subject. The moving spirits were stalwarts of the *Round Table* enterprise which had been initiated in the years immediately preceding the War, men like Lionel Curtis, who was included in the " League of Nations " contingent (!) of the British Delegation, Philip Kerr (then occupying an important position by his association with Mr. Lloyd George), and their *confrères* from the Dominions ; in conjunction, however, with Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Eustace Percy, James Headlam-Morley, Historical Adviser to the Foreign Office, and a number of distinguished soldiers whose work had brought them into contact, specifically, with European problems. The actual F.O. representatives, Sir Eyre Crowe at the head, welcomed the proposed new venture. And one of the first papers read to a meeting of the Institute was that by Sir Maurice Hankey, Secretary of the Cabinet, on the theme of " Diplomacy by Conference ", which was from the outset the British official reading of the League of Nations text. At first the project was a joint Anglo-American one, and the informal meeting of May 30th, 1919, had General Tasker Bliss in the chair. Later the more practical alternative was chosen of a purely British Institute, with affiliations in the Dominions, working in close co-operation with a similar body in the U.S.A.—the group which subsequently became the Council of Foreign Relations, with its classic quarterly, *Foreign Affairs*.

Lord Grey was the principal speaker at the inaugural meeting, which was held on July 5th, 1920. He was emphatic that the purpose of the Institute must be auxiliary and unprejudiced—it was not designed to formulate foreign policy or to engage in propaganda of particular schools of thought. There has been no conscious deviation from this aim in the sixteen years of the

life of the Institute; indeed, if anything, the impersonal, impartial note has been somewhat overdone, for example, in the style of some of the publications issued under its auspices—a criticism which, of course, does not apply to the matchless Survey of International Affairs that has been produced each year since 1925 by Professor Arnold Toynbee, with the assistance of Miss V. M. Boulter.

" British Institute of International Affairs " was a forbidding enough title; nor did the initials lend themselves to the kind of lettered appellation by which other similar titles have found salvation. (Only the other day there was a gentle complaint in a letter from the U.S.A. saying: " If we in America called our bureaux by such long names as you call yours, we should run out of letters of the alphabet " !) Thanks to the generosity of a wealthy Canadian friend, however, the Institute in 1923 acquired a local habitation and a name, this Chatham House which is now a household word among all students of international affairs and is slowly making a place for itself in the minds of a wider public.

One of the many handsome but unpretentious private houses in St. James's Square, Chatham House had been the home of the elder Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and in the course of the nineteenth century was used as a town residence by two other Prime Ministers, Derby and Gladstone. (The portraits of these three former Prime Ministers now adorn the walls.) The house had come into the hands of Colonel and Mrs. Leonard, of St. Catherine's, Ontario, and, on the advice of their trusted friend, the Duke of Devonshire, it was offered by them as a gift to the British Commonwealth " to be administered by the Institute as a centre for the scientific study of imperial and international affairs ". The donors, now deceased, lived long enough to see the fruits of their benefaction, and the name itself perpetuates their memory, for, as they used to say, it was due to Chatham that they as Canadians enjoyed the status of British citizenship.

Until the move into Chatham House the Institute had been housed in Malet Street, under the wing of the Institute of Historical Research. Another Dominions patron, Sir Abe Bailey, had borne the initial cost of its humble activities. These

included monthly informal meetings at which persons fresh from some distant scene of action would communicate first-hand impressions, exactly as had happened during the Peace Conference. With the gift of the new house the process of equipment on the lines of the original conception could begin.

The new habitat itself was not large, it contained only two rooms suitable as library and discussion centres. At the formal presentation ceremony, however, the Prince of Wales, as visitor, was able to announce that " England " was ready to emulate the Dominions' example, that Mr. Cecil Power (now Sir John Power) had undertaken to provide a sum of £10,000 for the erection of a worthy Meeting Hall. There can be few visitors to the home of the Institute who would not subscribe to the opinion that the beautifully-proportioned, light conference-hall, designed by Sir Herbert Baker, is one of his happiest conceptions. It is built in a limited rectangular space between two houses, on the site of what was once Mr. Gladstone's library.

In 1926 the Institute may be said to have finally secured its position. It was in that year that it received its Royal Charter, and the Annual Report of 1926 defines explicitly its aims, which may be conveniently described under the four headings of Meetings, Scientific Study and Research, Information, and Co-ordination with similar Centres in other countries.

For the 2,000 odd members the Meetings and the Library facilities are the principal service. Membership is by nomination, the candidate being required to attest " authoritative knowledge of some aspect of international affairs ". The Institute is nothing if not exclusive. Yet, as the Institute has expanded, its particular value as a meeting-ground for men of theory and men of practice has somehow diminished. As Lord Cecil remarked once at one of the Annual Dinners, he had never yet seen any junior from the Foreign Office within the portals of Chatham House; and, generally speaking, those whose daily occupation has to do with " foreign affairs " are not easily induced nowadays to attend the Institute's evening addresses.

The path of the Institute may be traced in the character and the various types of meetings. For the more specialized audience of the first years the speaker was someone, British or foreign, able to make a real contribution to the stock of knowledge on

any particular subject; a most important element was the subsequent discussion where divergent views might be put forward, the fruits of different experience; and the wisdom generated by the impact of mind upon mind was in the best traditions of Oxford—or Greece. Such gatherings still go on, under the title of Ordinary Meetings. But they have been somewhat put into the shadow by the General Meetings customarily held on Tuesdays (8.30 p.m. is the conventional hour for all meetings) at which speakers " with a name " deal with topics of general contemporary interest before an audience which is always large, frequently distinguished but not always entitled to claim any special knowledge or distinction in the particular field of international affairs! This *mondain* element which has crept in during recent years was well exemplified by a recent meeting when Mr. Peter Fleming told a thrilling story of his experiences in unknown Central Asia. On occasions, as when the speaker is some foreign or Dominion celebrity like André Maurois, Mr. Gandhi, Pertinax or General Smuts, the hall-space, which only seats 312, is supplemented by the adjoining loud-speaker room, where amplifiers are installed. This question of space, by the way, is becoming a serious problem, as the vogue of Chatham House extends. For the timely discussion on " The League at the Cross-roads " for instance, on May 13th I arrived quite early, only to find the " House Full " notices up, and many had ruefully to go away.

The year 1929–30 affords a sample of the fare provided. Dr. Virgil Madgearu was heard on " The New Economic Policy of Rumania ", General Smuts on The British Empire and World Peace, Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald on the London Naval Conference and M. André Siegfried on " European and American Civilization ". Last autumn we heard, on different aspects of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, Sir Alfred Zimmern, Sir Herbert Samuel, M. Jacques Kayser and Signor Daniele Varé. Generally the same high standard of speakers has been maintained. Those who can look back on the early days, however, must regret that the " discussion " element has deteriorated: either the pundits hold the floor or certain members proceed to mount their respective hobby-horses and carry the subject into the realm of triviality.

By a Council Resolution of June 1st, 1927, all meetings of the Institute are preceded by a conventional homily wherein members are exhorted to remember that these gatherings are strictly private, and that, though any information obtained may be utilized, its source must not be disclosed. The object is, of course, to enable the speaker to open his mind freely, which he does. To this end, moreover, membership of the Institute is confined to British subjects, and no foreign guest is admitted—a taboo which may be desirable as a matter of practical convenience but which by its savour of tribalism is undoubtedly damaging to the repute of Chatham House. It means, for instance, that Americans or Frenchmen who have resided for twenty years in London are, nevertheless, excluded. (In the case of the Library the Britannia-complex is discarded, and a non-member of any nationality may apply for a Reader's ticket.) One recalls a solemn discussion at an Annual Meeting on the question of amending a by-law to provide that a woman member who by marriage loses her British nationality shall not thereby be compelled to withdraw: a certain well-known editor darkly hinted at the dread consequences if the English wives of foreign diplomats should—as, of course, they would—pass on to their husbands the *arcana arcanorum* gleaned at meetings. The pose of superior " British " discretion is really rather absurd; for tit-bits from Chatham House are not seldom talked about the same evening in Fleet Street offices and thence at once cabled abroad by interested foreign correspondents enjoying their colleagues' hospitality. A selection of the papers read at Chatham House appears regularly, in any case, in *International Affairs* every two months. With its admirable book reviews, and an occasional special article, this publication is the best possible advertisement of the Institute.

The Survey of International Affairs is the *pièce de résistance* in the way of general publications for which the Institute is responsible. It is made possible by the generosity of that G.O.M. of Liberalism, Sir Daniel Stevenson. (There is a companion compilation of Documents.) The British Year-Book of International Law is also published under the auspices of Chatham House.

In the way of research, financed by benefactions, including

two generous gifts from Sir Abe Bailey and the Rockfeller Foundation, several notable individual studies have appeared: e.g., that on *Eastern Industrialization and its Effect on the West* by G. E. Hubbard, another on *Geographic Disarmament*, by Major-General J. Marshall-Cornwall, one on *National States and National Minorities*, by C. A. Macartney, which is the standard work on the subject, and a valuable little study on *Germany's Foreign Indebtedness*, by C. R. S. Harris. But the major contribution of Chatham House in this field has been the composite production achieved after pooling of knowledge and due process of scrutiny by the Study Group. To this category belong valuable studies on monetary policy, unemployment, agriculture, etc., the object being not to formulate any policy but to supply all the necessary material for the shaping of policy. I have already mentioned the Information Department for whose Papers in their prim green covers there is a large and increasing sale; the latest of them on *Raw Materials and Colonies* should have a sobering effect on the pack of idealists who since Sir Samuel Hoare's speculations at the League Assembly have been in full cry after the quarry of "peaceful change".

It only remains for me to mention the connections of Chatham House with similar institutions outside this country. Its peculiar if unavowed purpose has always been to enable the separate units of the British Commonwealth "to think out their relations with one another and also to the world at large".* The opposite number of Chatham House was established in Canada in 1928, under the chairmanship of the Hon. Vincent Massey. Branches in Sydney and Melbourne operating since 1925 were incorporated into the Australian Institute of International Affairs in 1933. New Zealand, South Africa and lately India have followed suit, and it is said that an Institute is in contemplation in Dublin.

Doubtless this link of Empire is one that will be of increasing importance in the future. There has been close co-operation with the Institute of Pacific Relations from the first. With Europe relations have been less systematic. But co-ordination with similar centres of study on the Continent—in Paris, Milan, Madrid—many of which have been patterned upon Chatham

* Speech by Mr. Lionel Curtis at Sixteenth Annual General Meeting, Nov. 5th 1935.

House—is now assured by the series of International Study Conferences under the auspices of the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation in Paris. The first of these gatherings took place in Berlin in March, 1928. *Tempora mutantur!* They provide the occasion for a comparison of many different standpoints on subjects of contemporary interest such as "The State and Economic Life"; in 1935 the theme of the biennial full conference was Collective Security, while for 1937 work is going ahead for a similar symposium on "Peaceful Change". Whether a mere juxtaposition of national points of view is really very helpful I take leave to doubt; it does not make for an international synthesis, any more than a concatenation of national policies at Geneva has produced an international society.

Without for a moment accepting the brain-bound "cosmopolitan" philosophy of Mr. H. G. Wells, reiterated with some force in a letter to *The Times* on April 28th, one may fairly ask whether the esoteric elaboration of a *national* policy is adequate to the moral imperative of our times. When Chatham House was founded, it was timidly suggested that "national policies ought to be formed with an eye to the welfare of society at large"; the most these knights-errant of the new era would concede was "the necessity to create some organization for studying the relation of this principle (*i.e.*, the international) to practical questions as they arise". A beautiful example of English compromise! The lesson of sixteen years' experience is surely plain—that the superstition of State sovereignty expressed in the panoply of power, *alias* national defence, is still holding back the nations from the establishment of a warless world.

"Holy State, we live to learn, endeth in Holy War" said Rudyard Kipling in one of his most pregnant lines. An Institute of International Affairs which is shot through and through with the texture of British foreign policy, as conceived in official spheres, will never give that bold lead for crossing the Rubicon for which ordinary men and women are clamouring. The mass of the people in every country are happily free from the inhibitions that are the curse of the governing class. And they are demanding in their own crude way—hence Franklin Roosevelt's phrase last year: "War by Governments has to give place to peace by

peoples "—that the statesmen shall look beyond the horizon of the national State, that the conception of the League of Nations as just " a market for give-and-take " in Senor de Madariaga's phrase, a mere Round Table extension for Foreign Offices, shall give place to the original idea of an authority overriding national policies.

Englishmen are particularly slow in appreciating the need for more drastic change in the administration of international affairs, because, as Sir Norman Angell never tires of reminding us, in our schools hitherto no attempt was made to describe and analyse the political and economic structure of society, still less the nature of the international organization which alone can secure peace. Chatham House at long last seems to be making a start in this direction. One might instance the peculiar interest displayed in two recent meetings at which Lord Lugard and Professor Arnold Toynbee discussed the possibilities and limitations of peaceful change in the colonial sphere. The Institute, alas! came into existence twenty years too late to influence the minds of our present rulers. Under its new Council Chairman, Lord Astor, and with the gradual infusion of young blood into its membership, however, it may be hoped that within its scope as a centre of information and study it will soon be pulling its weight in the instrumentation of a policy transcending the bounds of narrow national interest.

OVERTURE TO THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

By H. B. Elliston

MR. ROOSEVELT for fully half his term held more than the respect due to an incoming President. To the people he appeared and acted as a Moses leading the country out of an economic wilderness. Some of the most extraordinary " fan mail " any public man has ever received testified to this semi-religious faith in Mr. Roosevelt. " My own thought is that you are the living God " wrote one enthusiast. On the President's birthday in January, 1934, a telegram was brought to the White House offices wrapped around the ends of a giant pole. It contained 46,000 names, 138,000 words; a greeting from the State of Alabama. Even those Americans who were intellectually or financially repelled by the New Deal either withheld their tongues or criticized only by indirection. The more courageous salved their consciences or sought to protect their pocket books by making whipping boys out of Presidential lieutenants.

Huey P. Long, whose bizarre figure bestrode the American scene for so many picturesque months, was the first public man, I believe, to make a target of the President himself. He did it in the choicest billingsgate. The first reaction was one of shock. Such abuse seemed much more than *lèse-majesté;* it was blasphemy. Gradually, however, a chorus took the place of that egregious pipe organ from Louisiana, a chorus compounded of many diverse elements. A sudden realization came over the country that there was no easy route to the Promised Land. Many were disillusioned by the series of advances and retreats. Others became dizzy with what the Kingfish called the " St. Vitus's dance " march. Some grew alarmed—thanks, in great part, to Hitler and the Supreme Court—lest the goal should turn out to be the totalitarian state.

On such fertile soil an opposition rose again with new weapons. The middle-of-the-road man in the White House was assailed from Left and Right. To all these oppositionists a very conservative newspaper press, which with notable exceptions had been muffling its pent-up spleen, opened its columns. The noise became so loud that last autumn non-partisan observers began openly to doubt Mr. Roosevelt's chances for re-election. Republicanism, recovering from the two knock-out blows in 1932 and 1934, obviously was benefiting from this resurgence of opposition. But what the observers were mainly counting upon were two other factors: the threat of a third party movement from the Left of Mr. Roosevelt's Democratic supporters, and the possibility that the party might be even further disrupted by a movement from the Right to challenge Mr. Roosevelt's renomination. This latter event is to be decided at Philadelphia on June 23rd.

Since that time there has been a marked change in outlook. It began last September with the assassination of the insouciant "Huey", as he had come to be called throughout the country, the man who seemed destined to break the Roosevelt hold on the "solid South", the territorial fulcrum of the Democratic party. Ever since the Civil War there have been few defections in the anti-Republican vote in the land of cotton; virtually the only Republicans, when and where they are able to vote, are the negroes. Huey's power sprang from the dissatisfaction of the submerged tenantry on the lowest level of southern white society. The dissatisfaction was aimed at the plantation aristocracy, whose rule has persisted by force of tradition since its power was crushed by the Civil War and the misnamed period of Reconstruction, and newer landlords. The crop-reducing programme of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, which the Supreme Court threw out, while allaying the ire of the independent farming West, did not assuage discontent in the semi feudal South. When Long came into national prominence, such crop controls were having a positively adverse effect upon the tenants of the cotton lands, enriching the landlords, and driving tenants on to the relief rolls. The new programme, which, except that it is voluntary, is virtually the old one under another name, will probably have much the same effect as did the old one. Nevertheless there is

nobody left in the South with the requisite stature for Long's mantle in using Southern discontent as a wedge in the Democratic party; certainly not the aspirant to that mantle, Governor Talmadge of Georgia, a man of the same stamp as Long in everything but brains.

With Long passed the major threat of a left wing secession from the Roosevelt party. Still claiming their millions of adherents are two other left wing organizations, Father Coughlin's National Union of Social Justice and Dr. Townsend's old age revolving pension movement, or O.A.R.P. In all probability both groups would have fallen into the Kingfish's net. Long's ideology of wealth-sharing was simple and elastic enough to absorb both the Coughlin demand for the nationalization of bank credit machinery and the Townsend demand for the redistribution of half the national income in old age pensions. Without the Louisianan to give vitality to Left wingism, however, the two movements are making no headway. The rhetorical cleric is hopelessly involved in his complicated indictment of the "money power", and the simple-minded doctor has become equally involved in a House of Representatives investigation into the curious financing of his organization.

Most of the right-wing opposition to Mr. Roosevelt outside the Republican party centres in the American Liberty League. This organization is essentially plutocratic. And it contains a heavy sprinkling of conservative Democrats too wedded to Democratic affiliations, either by residence or inheritance, to join the Republican party. Diverse are their objections to their titular chief. The Jeffersonians among them distrust the growth of centralized government under Mr. Roosevelt; those associated with big business are unreconciled to Mr. Roosevelt's social reforms.

In January the American Liberty League decided to use this Democratic opposition to stage a coup for election year. As chief speaker at a League banquet the choice fell upon the standard bearer of the Democrats against Mr. Hoover in 1928, "Al" Smith. Former Governor Smith's progressivism was above reproach. Along the back streets of the towns his name was as much revered as was Long's in the backwoods of the Southern countryside. How much his antipathy to Mr. Roosevelt

is personal and how much is political will always be debated. To all appearances the record of these quondam friends should logically converge on something like the New Deal. Yet since 1932, when Mr. Roosevelt beat Mr. Smith for the Democratic nomination, their roads have diverged. For these reasons "Al" Smith, whom Mr. Roosevelt once called the "Happy Warrior", came as a gift from heaven to the American Liberty League. In the investigations which the Senate is now conducting into these anti-New Deal organizations, the purpose of the invitation has been acknowledged in the witness box: "Al" Smith was chosen in order to rub out the big business "taint" with which the American Liberty League is coated in the eyes of the people. The affair turned out to be even more successful than its sponsors had dared to hope. Mr. Smith, in the name of the Democratic dissidents, threatened to walk out of the forthcoming Democratic convention.

Here appeared the making of an even greater split in the Democratic party than the Long threat. Commentators foresaw a repetition of 1896, when William Jennings Bryan and the Populists, upholders of a silver standard for the currency, captured the Democratic party, and let in the Republican McKinley. Mr. Smith, according to the disclosures before the investigating committee of the Senate, "felt that he was sufficiently known by the country to be able to use any board from which to spring back into the public eye". His faith turned out to be unjustified. In retrospect the speech seems to have been little more than a nine days' wonder. For "Al" Smith in a top hat looked very different to the common folk from "Al" Smith in his familiar brown bowler. In other words, the particular springboard he chose, reinforced as it was by his working affiliations with big business, appears to have been as springless as a Peking cart.

It remains to be seen, of course, what effect the Smith challenge will yet have at Philadelphia. But the indications are that the former Democratic chieftain will be a negligible factor. In the South, where conservative Democrats dominate the old southern aristocracy, there was little response to the tocsin from the "sidewalks of New York". The fact is that Smith and these Southern dissidents are incompatible. Former Governor Smith is so many other things besides a Democrat—a Roman Catholic,

an original "wet" and urban-minded—that he is alien to many of his Southern confrères.

The Jeffersonians, it is true, know that Mr. Roosevelt still harbours great plans for "big government". Not by one jot has he abandoned his reformist zeal for less insecurity and a bigger share of abundant life for America's "forgotten man". The grand improvisator is the grand improvisator still, the broker of ideas, as H. J. Laski well describes him. "I say to you", he told a gathering of young Democrats recently, "do something; and when you have done that something, if it works, do it some more; and if it does not work, do something else". This temperamental need that "something" be done, even if the path seems unclear and the end totally obscure, is severely handicapped by the Constitution, at least the present Supreme Court's interpretation of the Constitution. Especially is the road barred to the regulation of business by the Federal Government. and yet, judging from Mr. Roosevelt's latest hints and the drift of activity in Washington, the President has set his heart on reviving that regulator of business, the ill-fated National Recovery Administration. This would conform with the political essence of his New Deal—the shackling of the "entrenched greed" of the great corporations in Federal Government leading strings.

At one time, in order to accomplish this object, Mr. Roosevelt seemed to have decided to give constitutional amendment primacy among the election issues. That, however, would have been one way to tempt the Jeffersonians in his party into open rebellion. Better tactical counsels have now prevailed, and the consensus of opinion in Washington is that the Constitution will not figure in the Roosevelt campaigning at all.*

So the path seems fairly clear at Philadelphia. To the rash commentator before the conventions, the problem now is to speculate about a battle between Mr. Roosevelt and, as they say in cricket, A. N. Other. This A. N. Other will be chosen at

* Since this was written the Supreme Court has again offered a challenge to Mr. Roosevelt's policy by a decision invalidating the Guffey Coal Act for regulating the coal industry. The possible political results of this decision are indicated by the report that organised labour, which supports the President, is disappointed and angry and will demand at the Democratic Convention this month the inclusion in its platform of a "plank" favouring constitutional amendment.—Ed.

Cleveland on June 9, two weeks before the rival Democratic convention. Three definite contenders are in the field—Governor Landon of Kansas, Senator Borah of Idaho, and Colonel Knox, publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*. And there are half a dozen leaders holding themselves, or being held, in reserve.

In politics, a highly professionalized art in the United States, there are two schools of thought about Republican candidates. In the West they say, " You cannot beat a Democratic somebody with a Republican nobody ". In the East the party leaders have hitherto been much more confident that in the course of nature even a Republican nobody could be elected President. Among their rules was one that, in comparison with a successful Democratic candidate, a successful Republican candidate need not be as much of a " somebody ". The source of this comfortable feeling was the long reign of the Republican Party.

Republican rule has hitherto been due to the superior strength of the Republican alliance to the Democratic alliance (for alliance is a much better word than party in American politics). In the Democratic alliance, as we have seen, the only firm partner is the South, the other partners being the periodically dissatisfied; the Republicans, on the contrary, have a long tradition of partnership between the agrarian West and the industrial East. The problem of this election is whether the normally Republican West, which went Democratic in 1932, will stay with Mr. Roosevelt. In normal times the prospect that the West would return to the Republican fold would be excellent; but conditions have changed so profoundly that the Republicans themselves have lost their former confidence that the old rules are equivalent to the laws of the Medes and Persians.

As with every alliance, the two partners in the Republican party have in past years solidified their partnership by the exchange of favours. The West wanted access to the land. This was insured in the Federal Homestead Acts, under which the unoccupied public lands were opened to settlement by *bona fide* settlers. They wanted and obtained internal improvements, such as road and canal building, out of the Federal Treasury. In return they acquiesced in protective tariffs for the industrial East. Nothing else explains the long ascendancy of the Republican party since Lincoln. Nothing else explains why the

West did not follow the South in revolting (for the Civil War was fundamentally a tariff issue) against the commitment of the entire country to high protectionism. After the World War, however, the bargain became essentially one-sided. The occupation of the last frontier had robbed the Homestead Acts of significance. During the depression the disillusionment of the West came tumultuously to a head. Even those farmers, and there were millions of them, who had come to believe that the tariff in itself helped them, saw the situation in a new light. Far from dispersing the depression, as was promised by eastern and western Republicans alike, the Hawley-Smoot tariff of 1930 stood revealed as a gigantic subsidy to the industrial East. Likewise industrial monopoly was unmasked as a " hand-out ". Who paid the piper? the farmers asked, and answered their own question, with bitter resentment: The farmers.

Mr. Hoover is privately said to be of the opinion that the cardinal mistake made by the Republican Administration was that in 1930 it did not " do something " for the farmers at the time that it was doing so much for the industrial east. All that the farmers received was a series of promises. It is to the Democratic party, not their own, that they owe the " equalization " of favours, mainly from the A.A.A. No less than 90 per cent. of the bounties to the farmers went to the Middle-West and the South. In the South they represented more or less a subsidy to landlords, but in the West the actual tillers of the soil got the money. Moreover, either through other New Deal agencies or natural recovery, the ratio of prices that the farmer receives to the prices that he pays has improved in the farmer's favour by almost 35 per cent. The farmers, in short, are on the way to price " equality "—a word that is now a constant refrain in the West.

In the 1932 election the farmers voted against Mr. Hoover rather than for Mr. Roosevelt. Is it any wonder that many of them are now *for* Mr. Roosevelt? Six months ago, when the anti-Roosevelt reaction was at its height, I stopped at a farmhouse on the roadside. In the course of conversation I complimented the farmer on the appearance of his pigs. " Yes ", he replied, " but they weren't worth raising before Mr. Roosevelt became President. Thanks to him I can now get a decent price

for them". Mr. Roosevelt is thus regarded as the farmer's friend, and will be given credit even for "natural" recovery, because he has assumed the responsibility for bringing about the long-sought "equality". By the East this tenderness for the agrarian is held to be more than equalitarian. *Agricola ad astra* —the farmer's on top—is one of the waggish though lugubrious descriptions of the Roosevelt administration to be heard in Eastern clubs.

Republican chieftains are taking this change into serious account as they approach the party convention. It seems to be axiomatic among them that their standard bearer must come from a state west of the Mississippi. They must have a friend of the farmer to detach the farmers from their new allegiance to the farmer's friend. This accounts for the pre-convention boom for Governor Landon of Kansas. "He comes from the right part of the country", is the pithy way that Governor Merriam of California explains this adherence. As the party prepares to assemble its quadrennial parliament, Landon is so far in the lead of the Republican forces that, in William Allen White's picturesque language, he risks "getting a load of buckshot in his pants". A voting strength of 501 is required to win the nomination. The Landon managers are confident that on the first ballot at Cleveland, 318 votes will be cast for the Kansas Governor. The preliminary ballot in a party convention is always marked by the liquidation of complimentary votes for "favourite sons". In the second ballot, the choice begins to be narrowed down. The Landon forces predict that another 228 votes will switch to him on the second ballot, or 45 more than is necessary. Less partisan observers are not so certain, but they give Landon the nomination on the fourth ballot, with what is called in American political parlance a "band-wagon rush".

And yet the man Landon is something of an enigma. Though the rally to him is due fundamentally to the hope that he may charm the farm vote away from Mr. Roosevelt, nevertheless he has no agrarian affiliations, other than the fact that he is governor of the country's premier wheat state. Before he went into politics he was an independent oil producer. He is not even a Westerner by birth, having been born in Pennsylvania,

migrating west with his father during an oil boom. His "availability" over other Western candidates comes from his success in winning the governorship during the Roosevelt landslides in 1932 and 1934. As governor he has been given a widely circulated fame for administrative economy.

This is his strong point with the Republican East in the drive against the spending Roosevelt. It accounts for the unsought and dubiously-regarded gift of William Randolph Hearst's support. To Federal subsidies, however, Mr. Landon undoubtedly owes much credit for this economy record, which was achieved, moreover, at the expense of closing many Kansas schools. In the larger field of affairs, he followed Theodore Roosevelt in the Progressive split from the Republican party in 1912, a testimony to his progressivism. But that was a generation ago when Landon was a young man. Now, according to the Oklahoma Republicans, explaining their preference for Landon, "he has his feet on the ground", whatever that means. Perhaps the tribute may be interpreted as a reaction against Roosevelt levitation! Finally, Landon's appeal is personal, not public. In contrast to Roosevelt's warm voice, Landon's is flat and rasping; his speeches are as colourless as Mr. Roosevelt's are challenging and crusading, and as matter-of-fact as a bank chairman's.

Those speeches, however, have a certain Western ring about them. Landon speaks in authentic Western accents when he refers to "the great industrial plutocracy". It is these occasional references that still leave some dubiety in the attitude of the old guard Republican leaders of the East. So far they have done nothing to "stop Landon". But, even though they know that the candidate this year must be a Westerner, they are equally non-committal as to the choice. With an eye on the East, Landon tempers his Westernized criticism of "industrial plutocracy" with Easternized animadversions on extravagance and government bureaucracy. His recipe for the reformation of the old Republican alliance is: "The road our people wish to follow avoids the bondage of bureaucracy on the one hand and on the other avoids the tyranny of monopoly and economic dictatorship".

The danger to Landon's nomination may be greater from

Western Leftism in the Republican party than from Eastern die-hardism. Senator Borah is the champion of the Republican Leftists, and is said to be anti-Landon. To him, a more authentic Westerner than Landon, there can be no compromise with Eastern plutocracy, which he more harshly stigmatizes as "thuggery". Some observers, such as Frank R. Kent, of the *Baltimore Sun*, think that Senator Borah, as a lone lion, might end up his campaign for the nomination by making himself ridiculous. This estimate, it seems to me, underrates two factors: Borah himself and the Leftism of the Western agrarians. That neither can be slighted is being demonstrated in the preliminary bouts for the choice of Republican delegates to the convention, the so-called primary elections. Borah, who is the best campaigner in the United States, is making such a good showing, even without an organization, that Landon now seems more concerned to make a "deal" with Borah than with the old guard politicians.

The doughty and probably irreconcilable Borah, who was in the Senate when Landon was a boy of nineteen, and has already passed the Biblical span of life, may seem to be more akin to Mr. Roosevelt himself than to any of his rival Republicans. He is indeed a queer fish in Eastern Republican company. But so are most Western Republicans, even Landon himself. At the same time he is just as much apart from Mr. Roosevelt. What separates them fundamentally is that, while Mr. Roosevelt would shackle the industrial "brigands" to Federal control, Senator Borah would enforce competition by a rigid application of the anti-trust laws. He is much more Jeffersonian than the neo-Democrats who have followed Mr. Roosevelt into pro-Big Government.

One has a sneaking suspicion that, in spite of his vigorous campaigning, Borah is more interested in President-making and platform-making than in his own candidature. Perhaps he might have been nominated years ago. At any rate, he has always preferred his seat in the Senate. "I have no desire to sit mute and be a figurehead", he once wrote. "In fact, I would die of nervous prostration". What seems to have inspired his candidature is only in part his desire to prevent the Republican party from falling into the hands of the old guard. The man

who did more to elect Hoover in 1928 than any other man is determined to thwart the President-making ambition of the titular head of the Republican party, Herbert Hoover. The Borah-Hoover feud is even more notable than the Roosevelt-Smith feud. Unlike the Democratic schism, it is perhaps more political than personal, since Borah puts Hoover in the outer darkness of old guardism. At Cleveland the vendetta may add to the convention fireworks. For, as the Landon overtures make clear, the Borah forces are destined to fight to the last ditch for a Westernized platform, if not for the Idahoan himself. It is not impossible, however, that the two putative Warwicks may unite in support of Vandenberg.

So the long anticipatory din of the presidential elections is increasing in volume as the party conventions draw near. Never before has an election begun so early. The actual balloting will not take place till next November. As I write these lines, Mark Sullivan, the most experienced commentator among the Republican writers, says, "About three months ago judgment that Mr. Roosevelt would be defeated was as common as is the present judgment that he is likely to win". Mr. Sullivan's view coincides with my own experience. It may be that, in a scene which has been marked by so many bewildering shifts, another three months may change the picture as dramatically as the picture three months ago has been changed. All that one can say is that at present Mr. Roosevelt seems to have reasserted his supremacy.

The change is certainly due in great part to the improvement in the economic and social situation. Industrial production has risen 60 per cent. since Mr. Roosevelt became President. Even though recovery may not be soundly based, as many Americans allege, the fact and not the manner is what counts primarily with the independent electorate, as every candidate who can exult instead of explain will testify. American recovery, it is also true, is marred by the fact that one in five of the population is on public relief. But Mr. Roosevelt's chances of re-election are enhanced rather than retarded by the army of wards for which his administration has assumed the responsibility. "Maine can't be bought", is a slogan which the Republicans are trying to make popular in the state which will cast the first vote. Behind the banner, however, one sees almost the entire state beseeching

the President to press for an appropriation which Congress has rejected—an appropriation to continue work on an uneconomic hydro-electric project for harnessing the Maine tides. McKinley, when he was re-elected President in 1900, remarked, " I have observed that majorities rise with prosperity ". In 1934, during the Congressional elections, he would have added—" and relief ".

HISTORY ON THE FILM

By Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw

THAT rustic philosopher, Reuben Dewy, in Thomas Hardy's delightful novel *Under the Greenwood Tree*, once uttered a remark to the effect that if history were moral there would be no need for anyone to concoct fiction. " All true stories ", said he, " have a coarseness or a bad moral, depend upon't. If the story-tellers could ha' got decency and good morals from true stories, who'd ha' troubled to invent parables ? " " L'histoire, comme la nature ", says M. Emile de Laveleye, " est souverainement immorale " ; while a writer in *The New Statesman* described it as " a branch of indecent literature ".

And, if it be true that history is immoral, equally true is it that it is undramatic. One might, indeed, follow the lead of Reuben Dewy and say that if history were dramatic there would be no need for anyone to invent plots, construct scenery, or fabricate conversations. But, in fact, " the mills of God grind slowly ", so slowly indeed that if a spectator had to sit in a theatre to watch them at work he would be bored to desperation before they had fairly begun their pulverizing process. Moreover, being apparently non-moral, they do not always pulverize the right persons, or turn out an edifying product. And, finally, being very imperfect in their mechanism, they sometimes seem to pulverize nothing at all, but to continue grinding in mere futility. Hence dramatists in days of old and film-producers in these modern times have been compelled, in the interests of their craft, to treat the facts of history with considerable freedom, sometimes altering them almost beyond recognition. It is a nice and difficult problem to determine how far this modification is permissible, and to fix the limits within which it is allowable to tamper with truth.

At once the question will be asked : What is truth in history ? and to that crucial question no easy answer can be given. For,

as Benedetto Croce points out, we know nothing at all of most of the events of the past, and concerning those whose memory has survived we know very little indeed. "Who can really say", he asks, "what motives determined a Danton or a Robespierre, a Napoleon or an Alexander of Russia? And how numerous are the obscurities and the lacunæ that relate to the acts themselves — that is to say, to their externalization! Mountains of books have been written upon the days of September, upon the eighteenth of Brumaire, upon the burning of Moscow; but who can tell how these things really happened? Even those who were direct witnesses are not able to say, for they have handed down to us diverse and conflicting narratives".

It is, indeed, this conflict of evidence that above everything else strikes a chill to the heart of the historian when he seeks to discover fact. Examples of such conflict crowd upon the mind; but to mention only a few of them would carry us too far from our proper theme. It must suffice to give one instance from very recent history. In August, 1920, Messrs. Kamenev and Krassin, representing Soviet Russia, were present in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery to hear Mr. Lloyd George, at that time Prime Minister, speak on Poland. The following are the observations of the four evening papers of the day:—

(1) "In conversation they seem to betray only a limited acquaintance with English, but every word of Mr. Lloyd George's utterance seemed intelligible to them. Not only did they follow him with eager interest, but often with animated comment."—*Evening Standard.*

(2) "The two did not exchange a single remark during the whole of the Premier's speech."—*Evening News.*

(3) "Krassin could follow every word of Lloyd George. His colleague doesn't speak or understand English, so Krassin every few minutes leaned over and whispered a translation into the other's ear."—*Star.*

(4) "The Soviet envoys, especially M. Krassin, seemed somewhat restless, and appeared to take more interest in the scene than in the speech, but this I heard attributed to their difficulty in following the words of the Prime Minister."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

On the basis of the evidence of these four eye-witnesses who would venture to say what did actually occur? Indeed, it is not, I think, too much to assert generally that no historian can ever hope to display the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth respecting any event whatsoever. The utmost

that he can expect to do as the result of his most devoted labour is to eliminate the grosser errors.

The sort of error which the scientific historian is most concerned to eliminate is error in the matter of causation. His special task is to discover the true sequence of events; to find out what causes led to what results; and in particular to explain the complicated present by reference to the past which has produced it. Hence he has to pay minute attention to details of time, and place, and circumstance. A matter of a few moments or a few miles will often make all the difference in his conclusions.

The dramatist and the film-producer, on the other hand, are not troubled about these minutiæ. Their business, rather, is with plot and personality. They must tell a story which reveals character, and produce a picture which both excites interest and carries conviction. The fact that they are compelled to tell their story and produce their picture within the limits of an hour or two makes it inevitable that they should compress the processes of history, and should represent events as taking place in rapid succession and in near propinquity which in reality occurred at wholly separated periods and in remotely sundered localities.

As to the drama, it may perhaps be sufficient for our present purpose to take Shakespeare as the supreme master among historical playwrights, and to ask what, so far as we can judge, were the principles that guided him in his treatment of historical themes.

In *Julius Cæsar* actions spread over three years are condensed within the limits of five spectacular days; in *Antony and Cleopatra* events scattered over twelve years are compressed into two weeks. Again, whereas Cæsar was actually murdered in the Curia Pompeiana, Shakespeare transfers the tragic event to the Capitol. And, in *Richard III*, with even more liberal licence, Margaret of Anjou is brought upon the scene, although at the date in question she had been for several months in (let us hope) Paradise.

This ruthless summoning of a lady from the other world is paralleled on a lower plane by the alteration, tacit or explicit, of the ages of prominent actors, so as to make their language more appropriate to the circumstances represented. Thus no

one is allowed to suspect that at the date of the passionate love-passages between Antony and Cleopatra the gentleman had reached the sober age of 50, and the lady was only ten years younger. In *Richard II* the mature wisdom of Queen Isabella would have appeared abnormal if it had been revealed that, although a widow, she had not attained the age of twelve.

If, then, it be admitted that Shakespeare knew his business, it must, I think, also be conceded that the dramatist in his pursuance of his supreme purpose, namely, the delineation of character and the portrayal of destiny in its making, is justified in wide departure from the detail of history as it is discovered by research.

The producer of the modern film has one advantage over the dramatist and his stage manager; he can change his scene more easily, and he can present far vaster and more varied backgrounds than are possible in a theatre. Instead of "stage armies" of a dozen specimen soldiers, he can show authentic multitudes, e.g., the ten thousand in *Ben Hur;* and in place of the few square yards behind the footlights, he can display the great expanses of the prairie or the ocean. But, if he can play with larger spaces, he, on the other hand, is more limited in respect of time. He can rarely claim more than a single hour in which to set forth a process of events that occupied in their actual transition many years, or even a lifetime. Hence, even more than the playwright, he is compelled to condense, to combine, to foreshorten, to select.

Another thing also has to be borne in mind. A drama is a work of literature as well as a spectacle. The playwright is able to contemplate a body of students who may read his work, as well as a multitude of spectators who will (if he is lucky) behold it on the stage. The film-producer, on the other hand, has only his myriads of spectators to consider. He must make history readily and rapidly intelligible; he must avoid subtleties; he must simplify action; he must display obvious and even crude motive; he must quicken slow-motion; he must even (as in *Tudor Rose*) add passion, and especially the love-interest, where archives and state-papers give no hint of its presence.

For the production of films is an enormously expensive business. No historical film, worthy of the name, could, I suppose, be produced for less than £20,000. Some of the larger ones such as *Ben Hur* and *The Birth of a Nation* are reputed to have cost no less than £2,000,000. To recoup this prodigious expenditure it is imperative that—history or no history—the films should have a human interest great enough to attract the vast public needed to yield a profitable return. All that can be asked of the film-producer is that he will not needlessly violate historic truth; that he will not deliberately falsify fact; that he will not go beyond the limits set by Shakespeare for the making of history more dramatic than it actually was.

A certain number of historical films have been expressly made for educational purposes. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say of these that they are all non-inflammable. They are not, indeed, very exciting, and not particularly edifying. They would make little or no appeal to a general audience. A detailed description of them, with a discussion of their service in education, is presented in a valuable report prepared by Dr. Frances Consitt for the Historical Association (1931: Bell and Sons). Two of them, namely, *People of the Axe* and *People of the Lake* treat of the pre-historic period. They are highly imaginative, doubtfully accurate, and too colourful. They also make the bewildering mistake of introducing a present-day boy scout whose incongruous presence completely destroys the verisimilitude of the scenes depicted. A third film, on *Roman Britain*, is also questionable in the matter of accuracy. It is, further, demonstrably misleading in that it lays excessive stress on war at the expense of the *Pax Romana*, while it fails to make any distinction between the undeveloped north-west of Britain and the highly-civilized south-east.

A film on *Wolfe and Montcalm*, which comes from America, is far better. Prepared at Quebec it gives a splendid picture of the scene of Wolfe's great victory and it represents vividly and effectively the course of the conflict. It necessarily, however, fails to convey an adequate impression of the ghastly carnage of a hard-fought eighteenth century battle. Another film, entitled *Naval Warfare* 1782-1805, is made up of a boring, and ultimately bewildering, succession of maps and diagrams, interspersed with pictures of model ships. It is neither interesting nor useful. A final film, *The World War and After*

is a propagandist production of the League of Nations Union

Historical films prepared in the ordinary course of business for presentation to general audiences have vastly improved since the early days of production. Some of the primitive ones were incredibly careless in the matter of anachronism. For example, in the film entitled *Curfew shall not Ring Tonight*, what was intended to represent England after the Norman Conquest, at a critical moment in the performance one of the actors draws out a match, strikes it, and lights his pipe ! When one remembers that the introduction of tobacco into England is attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618), and that the first lucifer matches were invented by Chancel in 1805, one realizes the magnitude of the gulf that separates the smoker of 1066 from possibility. Some eight years ago the Americans produced a film supposed to represent England at the close of the Stuart period (1685-1714). Both King James II and Queen Anne appear. It is perhaps a small thing that James should be shown as possessing a court jester, a purely mediæval official ; but it is quite another matter when he is depicted as, without any form of trial, consigning a nobleman whom he does not like to the " Iron Lady ", a contrivance which, externally of human form, is internally studded with knives that inflict speedy and agonising death upon those on whom they close. Queen Anne, too, that mild benefactor of High Anglican clergy, is represented as arbitrarily sending her enemies to the torture-chamber. This is really too gross an aberration. Another film of about the same date, this time of German origin, professes to tell the story of the *Indian Mutiny*. The weapons depicted are of all ages. Two British officers fight a duel with pistols of George II's time ; they are interrupted by a third person armed with a Browning automatic ! The heroine menaced with death by the mutineers, is conveyed to safety in a motor car, and so on. The more recent film *Clive of India* is much more careful to keep to the possibilities of the case ; but even in that fine production the language used by privates to officers is such as would be inconceivable in actual life.

Some of the finest and most effective historical films of modern times are those in which Mr. George Arliss has played the leading part. He is a superb actor in roles that require the presentation of a masterful, belligerent, and triumphant personality, such as Richelieu, Rothschild, Disraeli, or Wellington. It is not his fault if he fails to look like Wellington. In the main the films in which he appears keep as closely as Shakespeare would have considered necessary to historical fact. In the Rothschild film, for instance, there are numerous concentrations of times, alterations of places, and transformations of circumstances, all made necessary, or at any rate desirable, by dramatic propriety. For example, the peerage conferred in the film on the founder of the great banking house was in reality conferred on his grandson. It would be pedantic to boggle at such modest licences. In the Disraeli film, however, the deviations from fact are more serious. It is, I think, quite indefensible to represent Lady Beaconsfield as playing an important part in the Suez Canal negotiations of 1875, when she had actually died in 1871. Yet even here, of course, the producers could claim that they were doing no more with Mary Anne than Shakespeare had done with Margaret of Anjou who, having died in 1482, appeared active in *Richard III* in 1483. As to the Suez Canal business itself, however, the whole story as told in the film is a travesty of fact too remote from truth to be tolerable.

Of very recent historical films *Rhodes of Africa* is an extremely fine production whose slight modifications of historic fact, e.g., the representation of Rhodes' personal dealings with Lobengula and Kruger, can be easily defended on Shakespearian lines. Similarly, *Tudor Rose*, representing the tragedy of Lady Jane Grey, keeps very close to the records on which it is based. The producers, have, however, added a love-plot ; but, if it lacks evidence, it does not violate probability. It may be passed as permissible.

Without doubt the film, like the drama, can be made to play a great part in familiarizing the public with the outstanding events of history and with the achievements of notable men. It is earnestly to be hoped that those who undertake the responsible and difficult task of preparing and producing these films will see to it that they keep as near to ascertainable fact as is dramatically possible, and above all that they do not falsify or degrade the characters that they present.

NATIVE CITIZENSHIP IN AFRICA

By B. K. Long

When the white population of a country in the British Commonwealth is outnumbered some five to one by the native population, what is it to do about giving the natives a share in government? Are the natives to have votes? Are they to be registered in the same constituencies as the whites? Are the conditions for registration as electors to be the same for the natives as for the whites? Are black women as well as white women to have votes? Are natives to be eligible for election to Parliament?

South Africa, in the last few weeks, has answered these questions by passing the Native Representation Bill, to which the Governor-General has just assented in the King's name. The natives are to have the vote; but they are not to vote in the same constituencies as white voters. They are to be registered on their own electoral roll and are to send three (white) representatives to be members of the Lower House of the Union Parliament, which will then have more than 150 members. Native women are not to vote, though white women vote on a womanhood suffrage.

In addition, the natives are to elect a Native Representative Council, which will also contain a small official white nominated element. This Council is to be in session at the same time as the Union Parliament. Bills which affect the natives are to be referred to the Council for report from the native point of view before they are passed by the Union Parliament. Natives will be eligible for election to the Council. Its functions will be advisory and deliberative, not legislative or executive.

The Native Representation Act is the deliberate verdict of white South Africa on the native vote. It was passed in joint session by an enormous majority of the two Houses of the Union Parliament. In the tiny minority which voted against it was

Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, Minister of Education in the Union Cabinet. He was against the Bill because it reversed the traditional policy of the Cape Province, which, before Union, was the self-governing Cape Colony. In Cape Colony the vote was given to the natives in 1853. Ever since, a native in the Cape has been entitled, if he has had the qualifications, to be placed on the voters' roll side by side with the white voters, and to vote at Parliamentary elections in the same constituency with them.

This right of a franchise unaffected by race distinction the Native Representation Act has taken away from the Cape native. In the other three Provinces of the Union, the natives have had no vote at all. The Native Representation Act has altered the character of the vote for the native in the Cape and has conferred on the natives in the other three Provinces a franchise right which they did previously not have. The Cape native franchise has been altered and limited before. Since Union, a Cape native has not been eligible for election to the Union Parliament. Before Union, he could be elected to the Cape Parliament, though in practice no native ever did get into Parliament in the Cape. When white women were given the vote in 1931, the numerical value of the native vote in the Cape was diminished automatically by the addition of white women to the register in each constituency.

Mr. Hofmeyr refused to be a party to the reversal of the Cape policy of giving a vote to the male natives on the same terms and in the same constituencies as to white males and females. His vote against the Native Representation Act was extremely courageous, though the bill was not a party question. It has certainly jeopardised his political future, for feeling about the native vote in South Africa is very strong.

It is strong for a number of reasons. They should be understood before those who are not South Africans take it upon themselves to pass judgment on white South Africa's action. This, by the way, is not a racial matter as between white South Africans descended from Dutch ancestors and those who are British by birth or heredity. It is a racial matter in another way. The Native Representation Act is admittedly inspired by the fear of the white man that, if equality of franchise is permitted to the natives, the time will come when they will have a majority

in the constituencies. Whereupon farewell to white rule. Farewell, also, the alarmists believe, to rigid social separation between white and black. Enter the era of mixed marriages, coffee-coloured offspring, and, to judge by other examples of white and black blood mixture, degeneration.

The white man in South Africa is a minority, a small minority. Neither his natural increase nor any visible possibility of recruiting his numbers by immigration gives him any hope of turning his minority into a majority. Though earlier ideas about the enormous natural rate of increase of the native population have been modified by recent statistics, the native certainly does increase naturally faster than the white race.

The white South African, too, is almost isolated in a black continent. There are small white settlements in the two Rhodesias to the north, in the British possessions in other parts of Africa, and in the French, Belgian and Portuguese colonies. But everywhere the vast mass of black outnumbers hugely in Africa the white element, except in South Africa, where the white race has a chance of maintaining the not overwhelming proportion of about one to five, where the climate is tolerant of white existence, and where white institutions are firmly established. The white man and woman in South Africa genuinely believes that the only real hope for the African native, not only in South Africa itself but through the immense remainder of the continent, is in the maintenance of white rule, with its ideals of justice and impartiality, its power of adaptation to local circumstances. In the Union, there is a deep-rooted scepticism about the capacity of the black man to govern himself, a firm conviction that, if ever the white man is compelled to loosen his hold on Africa, chaos will supervene immediately. This scepticism and this conviction may be utterly unjustified. But they exist; and the Native Representation Act is the legal shape in which white South Africa has formulated them.

If a white South African is told that he should not presume to believe that the African native can never be capable of governing himself in his own country, or to dictate to the vast black mass of Africa a future perpetually under white tutelage, the reply is simple. It is that South Africa is white man's country, that he is a white man and has no other home, that he is bound to think

of the future of his children and of their children and grandchildren, and that a prospect of a democracy in which white would be out-voted by and under the thumb of black is a prospect so intolerable that anything and everything is legitimate which will avert it.

The Cape had given the vote to the black man, to every black man who could show, by satisfying the qualifications, that he was fit to have it. The gift made no distinction between black and white. The men of the Cape who did this for the natives in 1853 were convinced that there was a magic in the vote so potent that it must turn everyone who had it, whatever the colour of his skin, into a worthy, intelligent, public-spirited citizen. What, asks white South Africa, has become now of that ingenuous faith in the magic of the franchise? Does anyone still hold to it, in Great Britain or anywhere else? How has it fared in Russia, in Germany, in Italy? What justification can there be nowadays for continuing to tolerate a franchise scheme which, in the end, must inevitably put the whole machinery of the country into black hands? Let the native still have his vote then, but draw its teeth while there is time. That is what the Native Representation Act has done, with the assent, by the way, of such men as General Smuts and Mr. Patrick Duncan, neither of whom can sensibly be stigmatised as narrow-minded, or timorous, selfish or short-sighted in public affairs.

And what, after all, has been the good of the vote to the native in the Cape, where he has had it? This question has been one of the strongest arguments for the Native Representation Act. It has been used, with evident sincerity, not only by General Smuts and Mr. Duncan, but by General Hertzog, the Prime Minister, who is the chief author of the Act. The question is not easy to answer. The vote has not done much for the native in the Cape, that is the flat truth. His representatives in Parliament have not been able to prevent a number of discriminatory measures against him, during the twenty-five years since Union. He has been excluded from skilled labour. The right to own land has been denied him, outside inadequate reserved areas. His pay, except in the close preserve of domestic labour, is small—dreadfully small in contrast to the opulent remuneration of the white skilled worker. Far from having

any undue weight in Parliament because he has had a vote, the native in the Cape, as much as the native in the other Provinces where he has had no vote, has been consistently ignored and neglected by the legislature, except when actually discriminatory laws have been passed to bear hardly on him.

According to General Hertzog, there is an intelligible reason for this. During the debate in the Joint Sitting of the two Houses which passed the Native Representation Act, he admitted that the natives had not had a fair deal from Parliament since Union. The reason, he declared, was that the white man had been terrified of what the native vote, in its Cape form, might lead to ultimately, and had not cared to do justice to the native in other ways. Get rid of the native vote on Cape lines, General Hertzog argued, free the mind of white South Africa from the bogey of ultimate black domination through the polling booth, and the native would have justice from Parliament for the first time since Union. At this distance, the argument may seem a piece of rather ignoble special pleading; but those who are familiar with South Africa in these days would hesitate to think so. There is a substantial element of truth in it; and a South African like General Hertzog would not be in the least likely to feel that it involves a sadly damaging admission about the mentality of his people and their Parliament.

But this line of reasoning in support of the Native Representation Act has not cut much ice with the leaders of the natives. The Government made great efforts to induce them to agree to the abolition of the native vote on Cape lines. They refused; and, so far as native opinion in South Africa is articulate at all, their refusal has been backed up by it. A meeting of Zulus in Natal did show some doubt about the value of the vote; but the Zulus are a tribe set apart among the natives of South Africa. It would not be amiss to describe them as the Nazis of the South African black tribes. They are aristocrats. They have a virile fighting tradition. Discipline was ironed into them, only a few generations back, by a succession of ferocious despot-chiefs. The modern native leader, with his European education and his platform gift, they despise.

The natives of South Africa are far from homogeneous. Even there, where white men and women are in daily contact with

natives, knowledge of native habits of thought, of native religious beliefs, customs and traditions, of differences between native tribes, is very limited. Even there—how much more in Great Britain!—loose thinking is apt to lump all natives together and to assume that what will do for one native, or group or tribe of natives, will do for all. No delusion could be more mischievous.

The South African native is above all things an individual, though his land-owning is communal and his sense of corporate life is far stronger than that of the average white citizen. He has strongly marked race characteristics. He is no degenerate. Physically, he is often, even usually, a fine man or woman. He combines, on the whole, and in some tribes much more than in others, an acute care for his personal cleanliness with a surprising tolerance of filth in his dwelling-room. He will, especially if he is a Zulu or a Basuto, be as particular about his daily bath as any English Public School boy. But his room is quite likely to be crawling with bugs, possibly imported by his friends, unless the white housewife whom he serves is scrupulous about its condition and has, if necessary, a fumigator to de-vermin it at regular intervals. He is intelligent to a high degree, almost always along narrowly limited lines. He imitates faithfully and learns physical acts or routines with astonishing ease and speed. He is cheerful in almost all circumstances. His laugh is a delightful thing to hear. But few natives can reason out a complicated subject with any power of marshalling thought; and even the most highly educated native in South Africa is apt, in the middle of a serious talk, to burst into sudden inexplicable merriment, for no ascertainable reason. This may be nothing but inferiority complex, or it may be that a native, with his acute sense of the ridiculous, is liable to be seized by a spasm of amusement at some trick of gesture or facial expression in the white man to whom he is talking. Whatever it is, it is very disconcerting and is apt to leave an impression of childish irresponsibility.

The South African Native who is educated and leads a civilized life is the product of a racial progress, in three or four generations, which has taken the white man hundreds of years to achieve. It would be strange if there were not gaps in his mental equipment. In the circumstances, controversy about the capacity of the

native to reach, in bulk, a high intellectual standard is beside the point. Decades, if not centuries, must pass before there can be any certainty on that point, though the attainments of a small minority, who have either had exceptional opportunities through their circumstances, or have made their own opportunities by an uncommon personal endowment of brains and resolution, suggest that a race which can produce such individuals, under such handicaps, has almost unlimited potentialities in the mass. (One of the native leaders in the Transvaal groomed horses for a British cavalry regiment in the Anglo-Boer war. He is entirely self-educated, has triumphed without special advantages over the most adverse circumstances, speaks admirable English, is exceptionally able intellectually, behaves with the natural grace of an aristocrat and is a most charming and stimulating companion.) Needless to say, educated natives of this type are immune from the defects, as to the cleanliness of their personal surroundings, of their less advanced compatriots.

These millions of natives, in every stage of development, are the manual labourers of South Africa. White labour is almost wholly an aristocracy of skilled supervisors. With their small pay, natives are often near starvation. In the cities and towns they live in close contact with the poorer class of white. Liquor, which they are supposed not to be able to get, makes havoc among them, especially as the sale of illicit liquor is a profitable trade, in the hands of unscrupulous whites for the most part; and the liquor thus illegally sold to natives is almost certain to be villainously bad. Disease, especially venereal disease, is rife in the country kraals of the least advanced natives as much as in the cities and towns. Native methods of agriculture are communal and primitive. They exhaust the land and require, to maintain the numbers which the land is expected to maintain, frequent moves of the cultivators. But the natives have not enough land and cannot move. Whenever any Government since Union has tried to pass a measure through Parliament adding to the amount of land reserved for natives, white land-owners either on the spot or in the neighbourhood have resisted fiercely, and invariably with success.

The Government now propose, as an annex to the Native Representation Act, to pass through Parliament this session

a Native Trust and Land Bill. If this becomes law the sum of £10,000,000 will be spent in increasing the land reserved for native ownership from the present 20,000,000 acres to 34,000,000 acres. That will be something; but even the promise of such an addition to native reserves of land has not induced the leaders of the black population to agree to the Native Representation Act. They are firm in the belief that the vote, on Cape lines, without discrimination based on colour, is all-important to the native people. But white South Africa is as firm in its determination not to let them have the vote on those terms.

The reason why the native leaders attach so much importance to a franchise without colour discrimination is that it is a symbol of their status as free citizens of South Africa. The vote on a separate, non-European, register is to them a stigma, an intimation to their people and to the world at large that white South Africa thinks them inferior and is prepared to grant them only an inferior status in the community. That, too, is why South Africans like Mr. Hofmeyr and Sir James Rose-Innes, the veteran and greatly respected ex-Chief Justice, have been resisting the Native Representation Act so passionately. They maintain that the attempt to brand the native as of a lower order in the South African State is evil in itself and doomed to failure; that it leads to degeneration among the lower class of whites, which is unquestionable; and that it must involve South Africa ultimately in grave trouble with black Africa beyond the frontiers of the Union. They warn their white countrymen, as the Archbishop of Canterbury warned Great Britain in the House of Lords the other day, when he was speaking about Abyssinia, that the black peoples of Africa are no longer utterly isolated from each other, and that what affects them in one part of Africa is speedily known all through the Continent, its meaning discussed, its effects resented.

With all this in mind, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Native Representation Act is an unwise, short-sighted measure, which white South Africa will regret bitterly in years to come. At the moment—white opinion being what it is—the Act may seem inevitable, may even seem to embody a compromise considerably more favourable to the natives than most politicians thought possible a few months back. At the

moment, white South Africa may justify it by saying that the native vote in the Cape has been a mockery, with native voters practically up for sale in each constituency to the candidate who was unscrupulous enough to bid for them; which is the melancholy truth.

But it is the truth, too, that the Native Representation Act is nothing more than an expedient of desperation. It tries to put off an evil day. It has no constructive statesmanship in any line of it. And South Africa needs above all things the utmost possible wisdom of constructive statesmanship if the future relations of white and black are to take a shape which will make in the future a contented and peaceable community. A share in South African citizenship will have to be given to the native —a worthy share, not merely the lot of an unskilled, under-paid, down-trodden worker with the hands. Room will have to be found for the native who has the capacity to raise himself from the ruck, as a few have raised themselves already and many more will in the future. Under the Native Representation Act, the lot of the educated native is pathetic. He has no outlet. He is confronted on all sides by a blank wall of white dislike, of exclusion from every activity for which his education has fitted him, of racially-subsidised competition. The Native Representation Act is white South Africa's attempt to sit firmly on the cover of the powder-magazine.

SERVICE IN THE MODERN STATE

By H. C. O'Neill

It is a strange comment on the value which the modern man places on the amenity he enjoys in this country that he has to be driven by the spur of imminent starvation to its last and most responsible service. For some reason service in the Army has always been taken to represent failure and disgrace. The sentimental novelist who wished to suggest the last depth of desperation and degradation always found her best friend in the "Queen's shilling". It was a noble standby. Young irresponsibility having exhausted his supply of wild oats, *buried* himself in the Army. In conscript countries no stigma of the sort attaches to the Army any more than it does to the Navy or the Air Force. Conscription is a great leveller, and it has the supreme merit that it is a constant reminder of the debt to the State. It is as effective in democratic countries as in the homes of the dictators. It is no more necessarily militaristic than voluntary recruiting. Not a few social students maintain that it is distinctly less. Jaurès was no militarist, yet he preferred conscription. Many who from an examination of the plight of the hospitals insist that the voluntary principle has broken down and urge their support by a compulsory levy on rates or taxes fail completely to see a parallel in the matter of recruiting.

For sufficient reasons compulsion is not a method which appeals to English mentality. In no country in the world is there so much criticism, public agitation and surface disorder with so much real order. The French put up with an amount of interference with the essentials of their lives that they would not think of tolerating if applied to a taxicab in the street. They drive like devils, but they serve like angels. They accept conscription without murmur; it would be intolerable here.

But once this be admitted, it follows that there is a joint and

several duty to provide the quota which the Government of the day demands. The individual and the collective conscience accept the conclusion, but shy at its implications. The " brutal and licentious " soldiery, the ready instrument of Imperialism, still dominates the imagination. Instead of being regarded with gratitude as delivering the rest of the nation, by their courage, discipline and restraint, from burdens which are irksome and to many intolerable, they have still to bear the suspicions which attached to the Armed Forces when England was building her Empire. For some reason the suspicion of Imperialism appears to attach to any and every Government. It is one of the many evidences of time-lag in the national reaction to change. For there cannot be the slightest reason to doubt that the country is more pacific at heart, more anti-militarist than ever in its history. The Peace Ballot gave an impressive suggestion of the extent of the conviction ; but only a suggestion, since it is certain that the organization of the ballot roused some suspicion in the great inarticulate mass of the people. Peace, it has been said, has become " the deep-seated political religion of the British people ". This, of course, should be the sufficient answer to the distrust of statesmen. On the contrary, what should form a guarantee merely sharpens the fear. The hatred of warfare is so widespread and so deeply ingrained in the majority of the people that they will not even consider it ; and they tend to regard the Army as the embodiment of the whole horrible traffic that makes up modern war. An unreasonable, obstinate refusal to have anything to do with the loathsome thing grows more prevalent.

There can be little doubt that the infection of this hatred is partly responsible for the falling off in recruiting. Clearly it is not the whole cause, for the Navy and the Air Force can find the men they want. But the Land Forces are equally necessary. Policy contemplates the possibility of having to send abroad an Expeditionary Force. The destiny of the Low Countries and Northern France has for centuries been considered an integral part of the security of Britain, and the connection is merely emphasized by the development of flying. But even if the direct defence of the country be ignored, the policy of collective security makes the provision of an Expeditionary Force

more than ever necessary. Such a Force would have to come from the 158,400 of all ranks which the Estimates demand " for the service of the United Kingdom at home and abroad", excluding India, and this, allowing for release of time-expired men, with recruiting at its present rate, will be 100,000 short at the end of the present year. The Territorial Force is in even worse plight. On March 12th last it numbered only 128,000 (in 1914 it was 272,000 strong) ; it was 52,000 short of establishment. Its strength has been deliberately cut down ; but little more than two-thirds of the agreed number is actually recruited. It is not that the Force has become less necessary. Mr. Duff Cooper says our national scheme of defence stands or falls by it. Its duties have increased in importance. The air defence of the country is now its charge ; yet of the 17,002 required for the air defence of London, for example, there are only 5,386 recruited troops.

If the scale of continental armies were shrinking, if peace and security were now established, an automatic adjustment might be suspected. Foreign armies show no sign of shrinkage. Taking the peace strengths of France, Italy and Germany, it is evident that each of them maintains between three and four times as many Regular troops as are provided for the " United Kingdom at home and abroad with the exception of His Majesty's Indian possessions ". And in their case to ask for troops is to receive them. Only in the United Kingdom is the number said to be necessary on grounds of policy not supplied.

As an explanation it is sometimes suggested that the race is deteriorating in physique, and it is for this reason that the percentage of those rejected is increasing. An examination of the recruiting figures for the last ten years lends no support to the suggestion. The percentage of volunteers fully approved tends to increase. It was 40 in 1933, 44 in 1934, and 53 in 1935. But the actual number was smaller. In 1933, 28,841 recruits taken represented only 40 per cent. of those who offered themselves ; in 1935 the 25,681 accepted represented 53 per cent. The stream of recruits is definitely shrinking. But even if the percentage of rejects were increasing, it would not support the assumption of a general physical decline. The standard of life is higher in England than anywhere on the Continent, and there

is no reason to doubt that the physique does not reflect it. The number of those rejected and the shortage of acceptable recruits are the very essence of the problem. They imply that it is by no means a chance selection of the population which passes through the recruiting offices. On the contrary, it is evident that it is only the lower levels of the population which present themselves ; and it is the worst aspect of the situation that so considerable a proportion belong to the " down-and-outs ".

It is sometimes suggested that the raising of the standard of life for the unemployed is responsible for the lack of recruits. This is, however, less an explanation of the problem than the problem itself in a new guise. There are some who attribute the falling off to the conditions of service ; and, accordingly, changes have been made which provoke amusement or dismay according to mood. The privilege of wearing mufti, a new uniform suggesting a sort of undress deer-stalker, vocational training and " at homes " for recruits are some of the many devices adopted to attract the reluctant recruit. He is adjured to " Join up and see the world " ; and other specious bribes are offered. It is notorious that the British is of all armies the best paid and best treated. It cannot, of course, offer all the rewards that are possible in some other forms of employment. But to suggest that this must be the sole standard by which a youth will judge is to conclude that he is incapable of putting the public before the private good.

In the Greek and Roman civilizations much attention was paid to the Common Thing, the *res publica*. The *res privata*, the individual interest, is a part of oneself which can never be forgotten, nor, without positive effort, ignored. But it is the Common Thing which gave rise to primitive society, and in this way is the parent, as it must be the inspiration, of civilization. It would be tempting to imagine that the sophisticated modern democracy has grown decadent and self-centred. The suggestion will not, however, bear a moment's examination. There has never been a time in any country when the Common Thing was so widespread and abiding a concern as it is today. The fact that the life of the general population has been measured by an *optimum* standard of nutrition is a novelty the startling nature of which could not fail to be recognized if it were not so generally

approved. If the inquiry, the claim and the admission were made by expecting beneficiaries, there might be some escape from the conclusion. In fact the movement was almost wholly conceived and conducted by those who, in the last resort, will be mulcted to supply its demands.

There is a sense, however, in which the people of today are more self-centred than they ought to be. The time-lag in the public reaction is again at fault. It has prevented the realization of the change in scope of the *res publica*. The walls of the small pre-war worlds have fallen outwards. The Common Thing can no longer be confined within them : it now embraces the ends of the earth. Nations seek by re-raising the walls to protect themselves against the implications of the League of Nations even while they realize the attempt to be hopeless. Lip service is paid to the change by almost everyone. The majority call for collective security ; but most of them mean peace, and the two things are not the same. Peace is a condition which all desire and which collective security is designed to achieve. But it involves a price ; and it is this that numerous people fail fully to appreciate. Whether the nation choose isolation or collective security, it must provide adequately for the defence of its interests. The rule is no respecter of parties. It was Mr. Tom Shaw who last insisted that while he represented a pacifist Government it could not adopt unilateral disarmament.

Why, then, is the Army short of recruits ? Statesmen appear to have convinced themselves that the reason is the reluctance of the English youth. Whether this is the whole of the truth seems a little doubtful on inquiry. It is an odd thing that the dictators have found an element of appeal which democratic leaders cannot, will not, or dare not use. It is idle to think that Stalin, Mussolini or Hitler would have remained firmly in the saddle if they had not somehow secured the assent of the people. The seizure of power is one thing : its maintenance is another. In each of these countries the standard of life is lower than it is here. In Germany and Italy, especially in Italy, it is deteriorating. In Russia it was for long worse than it is at present in either. What has made the unpalatable acceptable in these countries ? Not only have the rulers been compelled to ask their followers to draw in their belts ; they have also found it necessary to build up

great armies. Lenin came to power by exploiting the unpopularity of military service. Yet his country has now an army as formidable as any in Europe. Even if Germany and Italy be credited with a greater infusion of the military spirit, some explanation must be found for the extraordinary lengths to which they have gone. Training almost from the cradle, with the risks of imminent war ahead, and in the case of Italy with the prospect of fighting in the tropics—the very ideas provoke bewilderment and derision here.

How have the dictators been able to bring their peoples to accept such a mode of life? Force alone will not explain it. Tsarist Russia was not conspicuously reluctant to use force; yet two years of strain sent it up in smoke. It was a sullen and rebellious soldiery that danced to Lenin's piping. Fifteen years after Lenin seized power, years of disorder and incredible hardship, came the great famine. But the regime did not even quiver. Mussolini imposes something like a triply hard Lent upon his people. He is more firmly in the saddle than ever. Hitler seems to be steering Germany to a position in which an internal or external explosion is inevitable. But there seems no reason to doubt that he will emerge triumphant from whatever befalls.

What is the secret of these men? When force is abandoned as an explanation, they are accused of being spell-binders, revivalists. But at least it is important to grasp what is the burden of their message. *They have found the value of a call to sacrifice.* While a democracy with the highest standard of life in Europe, a democracy which spends an annual 50 millions on the cinema and 30 millions on its small bets, seems to respond only to bribes, the nationals of the dictators can be persuaded to suffer almost anything. Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler rarely speak of rewards: English statesmen speak of little else. The dictators lay emphasis on service and the hardships it may entail; such words do not appear in English election dictionaries. The dictators secure a willing response; British statesmen find increasing reluctance for anything but doles. Is it not possible that it is our *methods* that are wrong? When a necessarily hard service is painted like a millionaires' conducted tour, normal youth begins to suspect that there is a catch somewhere and

waits for a higher bid. Is it the fact that youth demands life completely sterilized, warmed to the *optimum* temperature and pre-digested? If it does it must be unlike the youth of every other country, and unlike, too, the youth that was England yesterday.

What if we were to take a leaf out of the dictators' book and call upon youth for the sacrifice to the State of their best years for what they hold best in life; call for submission to discipline, to the risk of death, or worse, the inflicting of it, that the ideals for which they and their country stand may prevail in the earth? The suggestion will probably send cold shivers down the spines of those responsible for recruiting. But the assumption upon which they act is the deterioration of youth. They think it is no longer virile. They do not, of course, parade their conclusions. That would be unpopular and such a risk is the last statesmen shoulder. Merely to set them down is to be convinced of their untruth. The force behind such movements as the Peace Ballot is not fear but idealism. The impetus behind sport is not pleasure but the demand for life at a tension. If these impulses are not turned into channels which more directly advantage the nation's interests, it is because no one has had the insight and courage so to direct them. A vast spring of idealism remains untapped.

The fact is that a nation, like a family, has the youth it deserves. If youth is never summoned to any service except by a bribe, it will tend to raise the tariff steadily and react to nothing else. If its latent idealism be cultivated, if it be appealed to for sacrifice, it will respond with increasing readiness. In the first case, such arduous and unpalatable service as that of the Army will draw only those who find life unbearable elsewhere. In the latter, not the worst but the best of the country's youth will be attracted. They will require to be told that it is a *necessary* service, that it will be made as little onerous as possible, but that nothing can make it anything but a hard thing calling for hard fibre. Is it possible that a freeborn youth will be more reluctant to defend its freedom than a slave youth its fetters? That issue is at present being played out. If the youth of this country cannot be made to respond to this appeal then, failing the application of conscription, it seems likely that democracy will disappear.

"AMERICANIZATION" OF CANADA

By H. Carl Goldenberg

While European politics are in a state of grave uncertainty and Great Britain is entangled in policies which may lead to war, relationships on the North American continent have become very cordial. Six months ago Canada entered into a reciprocal trade agreement with the United States —the first trade agreement between the two countries for seventy years. Within a few weeks President Franklin Roosevelt will make an official visit to Ottawa—the first President of the United States to visit Canada's capital. Certain persons attach a peculiar significance to these events and again raise the old question: Is Canada drifting away from the British Commonwealth and towards the United States? Let us attempt an answer.

The alleged "Americanization" of Canada is a frequent subject of discussion in the press and on the public platform, and it is usually regarded as a regrettable and undesirable trend. It is too often forgotten, however, that Canada does not have to be "Americanized", because Canada *is* a North American nation. We can neither deny nor avoid the facts of geography. The three thousand miles of boundary which separate Canada from the United States are a purely imaginary line. The people on each side of this line, in the main, speak the same language, have the same habits and ways of thought, and dress in similar fashions. They see the same moving picture films, they listen to the same radio programmes, and they read the same periodicals. Every day thousands cross the boundary line each way, as though it did not exist. And proximity makes all of this natural and inevitable. Great Britain, after all, is separated from Canada by the width of the Atlantic Ocean.

Geographic and historical considerations explain the close economic ties between Canada and the United States. Canada

has been a capital-importing country, and during the War and post-War years the United States became a capital-exporting country. While London supplied the greater part of the new capital invested in Canada before the War, New York has been the principal source of foreign capital for Canadian borrowers since 1914. These investments are frequently condemned as an instrument of "Americanization", but they have aided materially in the economic development of Canada.

It has been estimated that in 1933 the total foreign investments in Canada amounted to $6,794,000,000, of which $3,967,000,000 was invested by residents in the United States, and $2,731,000,000 by residents of the United Kingdom. In 1931 it was estimated that Canadian capital invested in the United States amounted to $1,047,000,000, and in the United Kingdom to $84,826,000. About one-third of the foreign investments in Canada represents branch plants owned by or affiliated with foreign companies. They number about 1,200, and over 80 per cent. are owned by American interests.

It is natural that the United States should predominate amongst the foreign investors in Canada. We have only to recall the similarity in business organization, methods and practices in both countries, the complementary nature of their resources, to some degree the similarity in tastes and fashions, the close relationship between financial institutions, and the interchange of population through travel and migration. Proximity has made both countries a familiar territory to their respective investors and accounts, in part, for the fact that when international lending ceased, in 1931, the New York money market was not completely closed to Canada.

While the number of British branch factories has increased in recent years, it cannot be expected even to approximate that of United States firms. Canada offers an advantage as an export base to the manufacturers of the United States which it cannot offer to the British. Furthermore, an American branch is within a few hours' distance from its head office, whereas a British branch is at least one week away from its head office.

In some quarters this so-called "American penetration" is regarded as a threat to the self-control of Canadian industry and to the British connection. In answer it may be pointed out

that, although United States investments are very extensive, in so far as the " key " industries of Canada are concerned they are not subject to American economic control. While the large number of American firms have undoubtedly influenced the way of living of the Canadian citizen, they cannot be said to constitute a threat to Canada's political institutions or to the British connection, because they do not seek to promote American political influence. In any event, the fear of foreign economic domination should subside because Canada is rapidly ceasing to be dependent on foreign capital and is actually becoming an important exporter of capital. It is perhaps difficult to appreciate the fact that Canadian investments abroad now amount to almost $2,000,000,000.

The reasons which account for these large American investments likewise explain the fact that the total trade between Canada and the United States is larger than that between any other two countries. Reciprocal trade with the United States has been a major question in Canadian politics since the dislocation of the trade of the British North American provinces following the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846. A reciprocity treaty, providing for free trade in raw commodities, was in effect from 1854 to 1866. Even after its abrogation, and, notwithstanding the protectionist policies of both countries, their trade continued to grow. Since 1883 the United States has steadily maintained its position as the principal source of Canada's imports, and from 1921 to 1932 it was also the principal market for Canada's exports. On the other hand, from 1890, to 1920 the United Kingdom was Canada's largest customer, as it has again been since 1933.

Ever since the enactment of the British preferential tariff by the Canadian Parliament, in 1898, attempts have been made to divert trade from the United States to Great Britain. But experience now teaches that even high tariff barriers cannot prevent trade between the two halves of the same continent. In the fiscal year 1929-1930 Canada's total trade with the United states amounted to $1,362,000,000, and that with the United Kingdom to $470,925,000. In the tremendous decline which followed, the British market, importing principally staple commodities, proved far more steady than the American. The Ottawa Agreements of 1932 then sought to increase intra-Empire

trade at the expense of that with other countries. But, although an increase in Anglo-Canadian trade followed, it could not possibly replace the previous volume of trade with the United States. Both the Liberal and Conservative Parties in Canada recognized this fact, and the way was therefore opened for negotiations with the United States.

While in 1911 the Canadian electorate rejected a reciprocity agreement, largely on the grounds that it endangered the British connection and would lead to annexation to the United States, in 1935 Premier Mackenzie King was able to conclude an agreement without opposition of this nature. There was opposition, of course, but it was based on economic and not patriotic grounds. The Canada-United States Trade Agreement of 1935 is not an attack on British-Canadian trade ; it does not affect the British preferential tariffs. It is merely a recognition of the fact that Canada's economy is dependent upon international trade, and that it is logical to seek an expansion of that trade by aiming to restore the former huge commerce with the United States.

When British visitors note these geographic and economic ties of Canada, they are inclined to conclude too hastily that the country is drifting towards, and must inevitably form part of, the United States. They omit consideration of important factors. Canada's political system is British, and the majority of her population is of British origin. There exists a strong sentimental attachment to the mother country and to the Crown. That attachment was recently manifested most eloquently by the grief and the visible feeling of loss which marked the day of mourning for the death of King George V—a day observed by all races and all classes of the population. It is this sentiment and not economic ties that will preserve the British connection. The threat to this connection comes rather from the haggling and bargaining for economic advantage, such as marked the Ottawa Conference of 1932, in its attempt to promote closer economic relationships within the Empire.

British visitors also often fail to realize that, notwithstanding the examples of " Americanization " and despite the magnetic force of the populous and highly-industrialized United States, there is a certain anti-American sentiment in Canada. It manifests itself in the disdain with which some Canadians refer

to American institutions, to the "sensationalism" of the American press, and to certain features of the American administration of justice. They point frequently to the activities of gangsters and racketeers, and to political crookedness. They fear dealings with the United States, which, they allege, seeks to make of Canadians mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for their American neighbours. But these feelings are by no means general in Canada. Sentiment towards the United States, as towards Great Britain, varies with different sections of the population.

In 1871 the first census of the Dominion of Canada showed a total population of 3,485,000, of which 60·5 per cent. were of British origin, 31 per cent. of French origin, and 8·4 per cent. of other origins. The last census, in 1931, showed a total population of 10,376,000, of which 51·8 per cent. were of British origin, 28·2 per cent. of French origin, and 20 per cent. of other European racial origins (less a small percentage of Indians, Japanese, Chinese, and Negroes). These figures are significant. It is apparent that the proportion of the population which is of British origin is decreasing, and that the number of French-Canadians is increasing relatively—and in the decade from 1921 to 1931 it increased absolutely. Immigration accounts for the increase in the percentage of the foreign-born element of the population, which now forms a substantial proportion of the population of the three Prairie Provinces. It is also important to note that a large number of the people of British origin in these Provinces migrated from the United States.

The foregoing analysis indicates that the loyalties of the people would be mixed. Those of British origin are naturally attached to the British connection. On the other hand, there are many persons, particularly in Western Canada, who, because of origin or for economic reasons, are inclined towards the United States. They point to the fact that the natural lines of communication in North America run north and south, and that the maintenance of an east-and-west economy is artificial and penalizes certain sections of the country. In periods of economic depression, therefore, there is sometimes talk of the dissolution of the Dominion, and the formation of independent units under the Crown or the annexation of certain portions to the United

States. But such proposals are not yet given serious consideration.

No estimate of Canadian sentiment can be attempted without reference to the French Roman Catholic minority. A nation within a nation, it constitutes more than four-fifths of the population of the Province of Quebec and a growing proportion of the population of the other provinces. Conservative, clerical and fertile, it has its own language, its own religion, its own educational system and institutions and, in Quebec, the Civil Law based upon the Code Napoleon. Descendants of the French pioneers, who, as long as three and four centuries ago, began to conquer the wilderness which was Canada, the French-Canadians are devoted to the country and particularly to Quebec.

The attitude of the French-Canadians is a decisive factor in both provincial and national politics. Forming a constantly increasing proportion of the population, because of their higher birthrate, they jealously guard their constitutional rights. They are wary of any change which might affect the relative importance of their status in Canada. Hence they oppose immigration. They also fear the influence of the United States and oppose "American penetration". Annexation to the United States would, of course, diminish the status of the French-Canadian and his Church. Hence, although emigration has given the New England states a French population almost as large as that of Quebec, French-Canadian members of the clergy and public men constantly point to the dangers inherent in American investments in Canada, and in the introduction of American institutions, habits, and "materialistic" ways of thought. They have hindered international trade unions, with headquarters in the United States, by establishing a federation of Catholic Trade Unions in Quebec.

On the other hand, the French-Canadians value the British connection very highly. They regard it as security for the preservation of their constitutional rights, and, therefore, oppose attempts to transfer the power to amend the British North America Act, which embodies their rights, from the British Parliament to the Canadian Parliament. They fear the dominant English majority at Ottawa, but have faith in the fairness of the Parliament at Westminster. And yet they fear the influence of

"British Imperialism", the "dictation" of Downing Street, which might embroil Canada in foreign wars. They are essentially nationalist and opposed to foreign entanglements—a growing feeling amongst other sections of the population.

French-Canadian nationalism has recently revived in a strong form owing to the combination of political fear and economic distress. It has given rise to a political movement which may in the near future assume the reins of office in the Province of Quebec. Within that movement there are people who look forward to the establishment of a French-Canadian Roman Catholic clerical republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence. This is not a question of practical politics at the moment but it is an indication of certain trends of thought.

In so far as Canada shares in the sentiment of the United States towards foreign entanglements, that feeling is not confined to those of the French minority. Rightly or wrongly, the Canadian outlook on foreign policy is definitely becoming North American. Although Canada is a member of the League of Nations, she has from the outset sought to define and to limit her obligations under the Covenant. She does not want to be involved in foreign wars except at her own express will. It is the strength of the isolationist sentiment which explains the recent repudiation of Canada's delegate to the League Assembly.

In association with the other member-States, Canada imposed economic and financial sanctions against Italy as the aggressor in the war with Ethiopia. But, when the Canadian representative moved that oil sanctions be also applied it dawned upon many persons that war might follow. Although any member was entitled to make such a proposal, the Government of Canada denied responsibility and asserted that its delegate acted only in his personal capacity. This action disturbed ardent advocates of the League system, but there is no doubt that when Premier Mackenzie King explained his action in the House of Commons, he expressed Canadian sentiment in asking this question: "Do honourable members think that it is Canada's role at Geneva to attempt to regulate a European war and to say what other countries are to do with respect to the manner in which a European War is to be carried on"?

In Canada there are now three main schools of thought on

foreign policy. There are the Imperialists, who believe that every British war is Canada's war also. There are the ardent supporters of the League of Nations who believe in unlimited co-operation to maintain the League system of collective security. And, finally, there is the growing body of opinion which favours isolation from European politics.

The isolationists deny the sincerity of European efforts to enforce the collective system. They point to the ill-fated Hoare-Laval Agreement, to the politics affecting the situation in Ethiopia and in the Rhineland, and to general rearmament. They contend that Great Britain in inextricably entangled in this net of politics and diplomacy, and, therefore, advise Canada to "keep out of Europe". This is in essence the American attitude of isolation—a feeling which is rapidly gaining ground amongst even the Latin-American republics which are members of the League of Nations.

It is significant, in the light of the foregoing, that President Roosevelt has summoned a conference of the American republics in Buenos Aires in June. It is not to be held under the auspices of the Pan-American Union, of which Canada is not a member. The purpose of the conference is to discuss the maintenance of peace on the American continent. It is felt in many quarters that the result may be the creation of a League of American Nations for the preservation of peace on this continent. It is probable that, taking advantage of the growing isolationist attitude towards Europe, President Roosevelt, in his forthcoming visit to Ottawa, will seek to interest Canada in his peace movement. He will, of course, have to overcome the fear of United States domination of the movement and its possible consequences to Canada. It will be difficult for him to do so. But the fact remains that as the possible consequences of Britain's inescapable entanglements in Europe become more apparent, Canada will tend more and more to drift towards some form of North American isolation—in so far as any isolation is possible in the modern world.

KING FUAD'S LEGACY

By G. S. Hoare

As was to be expected in a country where politeness is all and, at least among the educated classes, an insult is so carefully worded that it often sounds like a compliment, King Fuad's death has been the occasion for a tremendous spate of completely insincere eulogies. The Arabic newspapers call him " the first and greatest patriot " and " the maker of modern Egypt ", bewailing his passing, which, they declare, " is an irreparable loss for Egypt ". But these are mere conventional tributes to a man who was strangely misunderstood by his country, and in many quarters King Fuad's death was greeted by something very like relief. Few of the writers who are still paying him lip-service realize how true are many of their words and how great is the country's loss. King Fuad was the one stable element in Egyptian political life ; in the words of *The Times*, he had forgotten more about statecraft than many of his Ministers had ever learned.

Fuad might not have been the maker of modern Egypt, but he did at least succeed in preventing irresponsible politicians from " unmaking " the still immature state founded by his great-grandfather, Mohamed Ali Pasha ; he may not have won Egypt her independence, but it was probably due to his restraining influence that independence was retained in the intensely difficult years following its arrival.

Prince Ahmed Fuad, youngest son of the Khedive Ismail the Magnificent, was not brought up with the idea that he would one day occupy the throne. When, at the age of ten, he accompanied his deposed father into exile in Italy, Egypt must have seemed very remote. Indeed, during his youth, when he was magnificently treated by the Italian Royal Family—who then laid the foundations of Fuad's extremely pro-Italian sympathies, which lasted until his death—he lost all touch with his native

country. But his brother Hussein succeeded his cousin Abbas Hilmy, and in 1917 Hussein died. The rightful heir, the late Sultan's son Prince Kemel el Dine Hussein, renounced his sovereign rights and the British chose Prince Ahmed Fuad as the next King. His acceptance of the doubtful honour, at a time when thrones were tottering all over Europe, when unrest was rife in Egypt and when his succession as a British nominee was in itself sufficient to make him generally unpopular, was a striking manifestation of that calm moral courage which never left him. It was almost an act of physical courage also, for two attempts had been made on the life of his predecessor, who was actually a popular ruler.

So Fuad became Sultan of Egypt. The next five years were full of difficulty, and the Sultan was constantly harassed by the Wafd, the extreme Nationalist party, so much so that the British Government was placed in the position of having to protect from humiliation the ruler it had placed upon the throne. During that period Fuad behaved with admirable dignity and restraint, and as Col. P. G. Elgood says in *The Transit of Egypt :*

> He trespassed neither upon the prerogative of martial law nor upon the domain of his Ministers. Only once did he break through his rigid rule of life. Egypt then lay trembling on the brink of anarchy, and no man knew what the morrow would bring forth. With his customary contempt for popular emotion, His Highness descended into the arena and urged his subjects to resume their calmness. The counsel missed its mark, it is true ; but just then neither rescript nor proclamation could influence the excited nation.

But Fuad's " rigid rule of life " was not maintained. In 1922 the British granted Egypt independence. Almost immediately Fuad proclaimed himself King and his influence in local politics began to be felt. A constitution was drafted, and it is believed that the King, knowing full well that the instrument chosen—based upon the Belgian model—was far too democratic for so backward a country, made repeated attempts to increase the authority and prerogatives of the Crown as laid down therein. The attempts were unsuccessful, but the King soon afterwards used his prerogative to check the rising power of the Wafd and to suspend the Constitution. From the early days of independence there were three main powers in Egypt—the Wafd, the Palace and the British Residency ; and Fuad gradually made the Palace

the most important, playing off Wafd against Residency with consummate skill.

The King's power increased when in 1930 he again suspended the 1923 Constitution, brought in one of his own making—the Constitution of 1930—and put into office one of his own men, Ismail Sidky Pasha. It reached its zenith when Sidky Pasha, having outgrown his usefulness and shown signs of too much independence, was replaced by a purely puppet Premier, Abdel Fattah Yehia Pasha, and the government of Egypt was at last palace government almost undisguised. For five years, from 1930 until 1935, King Fuad, indirectly first and later almost openly, ruled Egypt, and his statecraft and knowledge of men allowed him to quell opposition before it really arose.

But his long and arduous fight for political power, combined with ingrained habits of intense application and hard work, undermined his health and for the last nineteen months of his life he was a sick man. His political opponents, led by the Wafd and to some extent influenced by the students—who, from being the army of the extremist politicians, have almost become their masters—managed in this period to combine their forces and, by presenting a pistol at the head of the British Government and thus indirectly at Fuad, obtained the reintroduction of the 1923 Constitution and their own return to power. This was followed by a resumption of Anglo-Egyptian treaty conversations and by preparations for elections, but three days before the elections Fuad died.

It has been said that Fuad's death occurred at a critical time for his country. That is true ; but it would have been equally true at any time since 1922. King Fuad, whatever his faults—and he was an expensive and greedy king, an autocrat in a country which thinks itself democratic—was not only a restraining influence upon extremist politicians, but he was Egypt's outstanding statesman and one of the country's most intelligent men. And Egypt is not so plentifully endowed with men of outstanding merit that it can afford to lose even one.

Fuad's death leaves a slightly complicated situation. The heir is a minor, a stop-gap government is about to cede office to a Wafdist administration and Anglo-Egyptian negotiations are reaching a decisive stage. But after lengthy discussions between

the party leaders a Council of Regency, composed of three distinguished Egyptians, Prince Mohamed Ali, Aziz Izzet Pasha and Sherif Sabry Pasha, all of whom are above reproach, has been unanimously elected, and the other matters will be unaffected by Fuad's death. What then is the late King's legacy ? Any reply to that question is mere speculation, and the answer depends upon a number of factors, by far the most important of which is the result of the present treaty conversations.

If the treaty conversations succeed and Egypt at last wins complete independence, King Fuad's death will not greatly influence Anglo-Egyptian relations. If they fail, it is possible for situations of some gravity to arise.

So far as can be ascertained from conversations carried out in the greatest secrecy, agreement has almost been reached on the first of the two important points confronting the negotiators—the military question. In the draft treaty of 1930, so nearly signed, which was taken as the basis for the present discussions, it was provided that Great Britain should maintain a small garrison in Egypt to be quartered on the banks of the Suez Canal, thus evacuating the towns of Cairo and Alexandria. The draft gave Britain the right to take whatever military measures she deemed necessary in the event of war or threat of war. When the present talks opened the Egyptian delegation argued that the proviso concerning " threat of war " covered all eventualities and therefore any alteration of the 1930 military clauses was unnecessary. The British delegates pointed to the changed situation in the Mediterranean and the enormous advance in engines of warfare, particularly warfare in the air, and demanded that until such time as Egypt had a large modern, fully equipped army it was necessary to increase British forces in Egypt.

Agreement had almost been reached on this point. The Egyptian delegates made certain concessions to the British point of view and opinions were being exchanged on points of detail when conversations were unfortunately seriously interrupted for a variety of reasons, and the King's death caused a further postponement. But in the meantime Italy has definitely conquered Abyssinia, and Egypt, seeing the impotence of the Great Powers to stop that aggression, is nervous. Italy is now once again tentatively exploring the possibility of a non-aggression pact with

Egypt, pointing out that if that were signed Egypt could dispense with the reinforced British garrison, because—although this is not plainly stated—Italy is the only country Egypt would have to fear. This argument from a country which has not shown any notable respect for treaties is perhaps not likely greatly to influence the Egyptian negotiators; but, combined with the fact that the Wafd are now in sole control and may hesitate to put before Parliament a treaty which gives away more than the undertaking they so nearly signed in 1930, it may induce them to stand out for terms likely to prove more generally acceptable. The British negotiators, on the other hand, have probably already made all the concessions they can, so that the military question may not be so near settlement as it was before Fuad died. When agreement has been reached on that point the negotiators will discuss the Sudan, a question which must also present difficulties, although there is reason to believe the Egyptians to be considerably more reasonable in this connection than in the past.

There is, then, a possibility that the negotiations will succeed. But in Egypt history has a habit of repeating itself. Six times have negotiations been opened and six times have they failed, always on the same two rocks—the military question and the Sudan.

On previous occasions the Egyptian delegations have been afraid to make concessions because they feared the criticisms of the opposition. This time Britain is negotiating with a united front of all political parties. This unity was welcomed by King Fuad, and in conversation shortly before his death with Mohamed Mahmud Pasha, the Liberal leader and a former Prime Minister, Fuad hoped that unity would be maintained. But now a Wafdist government is in office with a very considerable majority in both the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. And the Wafd were instrumental in selecting the Regents, who, men of charm and distinction, are unlikely to interfere in the country's political life. Thus there is virtually a Wafdist dictatorship, and this will automatically break down the previous unity, especially as all the other political leaders have been elected to Parliament, where they now form a small but strong opposition. The Wafd have no need to fear this opposition, but its very presence may make them more intransigent: they have been out of office for five years

and before that they had never held power for more than a few months. King Fuad, aided by their own stupidity, had always been able to force them to resign. But there is now no Fuad, and the Wafd are preparing for a lengthy stay, during which they will have complete control of the country and will make up for lost time.

With the success of the negotiations the Wafd, who are not in reality a political party but a delegation (the literal translation of the word "wafd") formed to gain the country's independence, lose their *raison d'être* and the rallying cry by which they have gained the country's support. When that disappears by the arrival of complete independence they will have to depend upon their administrative ability and their capacity to govern, two qualities of which they have previously shown no signs. They may not, therefore, be so anxious to push negotiations to a successful conclusion, particularly if they can—as they will in any case—make it appear that the breakdown was due to British "imperialism," and so resume their "struggle for independence".

The Wafd could, of course, have followed this course had Fuad been alive, but they would have had to be more careful, for they knew he disliked them and would have turned them out of office at the first opportunity. But now, so long as they have their old appeal, they have nothing to fear; they are on top of the world, they are masters of Egypt. Thus if Anglo-Egyptian relations, which are now reasonably happy, should unfortunately again become strained, King Fuad's death will have left the Wafd much more formidable opponents. It will be a straight fight between the Wafd and the British, who, until the treaty is signed, are responsible for the safety and well-being of the large mixed foreign population. The old three-cornered contest between Palace, Wafd and Residency, which maintained the balance of power and in the long run prevented extreme courses, will have disappeared.

It is the earnest hope of all who wish Egypt well that an Anglo-Egyptian treaty will be finally signed. When that has been done, politicians who have something constructive to offer the country will have their opportunity. If the treaty is signed now, with the Wafd under their leader Mustafa [illegible] Pasha in office, the Wafd will have to stand or fall by their ability

to govern—and it is the general impression that they will eventually fall. Their party seems to be singularly lacking in men of constructive ability, most of whom are to be found either in the ranks of the opposition or amongst those who take no part in politics, but who will be very ready to emerge from their shells if they see that their abilities can be properly utilised. In present circumstances these men are disregarded by the country as a whole because nationalism is a far more attractive slogan than progress, and a demagogue commands more attention than a social reformer.

The other important but still unknown factor in the Egyptian political scene is King Farouk, who will assume sovereign powers in August, 1937. The young King created an excellent impression when he returned to Cairo at the beginning of May after six months in London, and although it is unfortunately unlikely that he will resume his studies in England, he has at least seen and learned something of life in a truly democratic country. It seems improbable that King Farouk can, on his own initiative, play any important part in his country's affairs for some years, but he will represent the monarchy, and in fourteen months' time his word, whoever inspires the utterance, will be all-powerful, for Eastern ideas of monarchy are not ours. He will have advisers to guide him, and these men, whoever they are, will be of high importance to Egypt. King Farouk is, moreover, a descendant of Mohamed Ali, and he has only to inherit a little of his father's intelligence, courage and acumen to be able to select both his advisers and his servants from the best elements of the country. Indeed, one of the outstanding characteristics of King Fuad was the unerring wisdom which enabled him unfailingly to pick out for what has been termed "the Palace group" men of exceptional ability. What the new King's attitude will be towards Great Britain it would be foolish and presumptuous to prophesy because there are no grounds upon which an opinion can yet be based. There is, however, no reason to anticipate that it will be anything but the most friendly, particularly after his short visit to England at an impressionable age and in view of the character of his closest adviser, Sir Ahmed Hassanein Bey, a distinguished Egyptian of the highest integrity and an old and tried friend of England.

THE VICISSITUDES OF ZORA

By Clare Sheridan

ZORA was four years old when I bought her father's date garden that adjoined my own. I am reminded of Zora by the fact that she has just married. If humans can be likened to animals, Zora resembled a tame gazelle. She had the same half fearful distrustful look in her immense brown eyes.

On the day that my children and I threw down the mud wall that divided our gardens, we found Zora and Hamid with their father on the other side. For a second the Arab children contemplated the Europeans shyly, while the European children observed the Arabs with curiosity. Then Lakdar, with all the dignity conferred by a heavy white *burnous*, stepped forward and pronounced Allah's blessing upon me, my offspring and the garden that was now mine. He hoped we might enjoy health, live long, and that the soil would be as fruitful as the date palms. He then spoke gruff nasal words to his children, who with due solemnity proffered each a little flexible dark brown hand to shake. Hamid, who was six, wore the usual magenta cotton shirt, open to the waist and reaching to his feet, his fez was rakishly tilted and his well worn *baboush* were of soft canary coloured leather. Zora's hair was hidden under a turban of crimson striped with gold. It was knotted above her forehead, the silk fringe falling over her eyes. Her long full dress of faded blue was woven with a design of silver swallows on the wing. Flowing sleeves of primrose lace, a woollen girdle of prismatic colours, a vermilion pomegranate blossom tucked in her turban, river pearls threaded on gold wire hanging from her ears, Zora was a Persian miniature come to life. Each step was accompanied by the jingling sound of her silver anklets. Hereafter, the patter of her jingling footsteps on the garden path was to become an almost daily sound.

Lakdar instituted himself our gardener. Every flower that

no Arab had ever seen before was Lakdar's especial pride. I sent to England, France, Holland and Tunisia for roots and bulbs, but Lakdar's friends in the village declared they were Allah's flowers, sent from Paradise. Neither Zora nor Hamid was allowed to pick a single bloom. The children's decorum in the garden reminded me of those little children of the rich, who walk in Hyde Park, having been broken into submission by a highly trained nurse.

The first time I visited Zora's family, there was food for gossip in the village. The rapidity with which news spreads in the Arab world is legendary. As Zora led me by the hand up the village street, every woman in every house on our passage was on her roof top. Although they remained discreetly hidden from view, one was conscious of the prying curious eyes. Hamid, with the discretion of a man, looked neither right nor left as he carried the gramophone. Zora held her turbaned head proudly as we passed the gaping children in the road.

In the Onaman House the women had arrayed themselves in their feast day clothes, vivid home woven carpets were laid on the courtyard floor and we all sat round in a circle. While Mejina, the wife of Lakdar set the coffee boiling over a charcoal fire, Lakdar's stepmother arranged honeycakes and date jam on a brass tray. The three wives of Lakdar's three brothers squatted before a bowl of walnuts, cracking them between two stones until they had piled up more than I could possibly eat in a month. Meanwhile Lakdar's sister extracted translucent pomegranate seeds from their pods. It was their first experience of a gramophone. The sound of a man singing filled them at first with alarm. They looked round fearfully to make sure that no husband or brother was in hearing. A man's voice! A strange man—after the first shock they were giggling with excitement over the impropriety of it!

There was, however, no freedom of speech until grandmother peremptorily turned young Salah out of the house. Salah was the pale swivel-eyed son of the eldest brother. In an Arab household every male above the age of ten is woman's natural enemy, regarded by her as a sneak and a spy. In their own world, contained within the four walls, Woman rules, and no male, unless he be a husband, has the right to remain if the

women request him to leave. It took me some time to unravel relationships in that House. According to patriarchal system three brothers and their wives lived there, with more children between them than I ever was able to count. Father, blind and deaf, lived in a black cupboard. His sons logically argued that as he was blind a room with a window would be wasted on him, and as he was deaf he could hardly know if he was alone or in the family's midst. His wife, the grandmother of the house, was little older than his sons' wives, a young woman he had married in his old age. Having no children of her own she petted and spoiled her step-grandchildren and nursed the sick ones. She was kept pretty busy and the old man in the cupboard outlived a number of them.

Zora and Hamid were the pick of the family, especially after Zora had shared my breakfast for several months! Little by little the gazelle eyes lost their apprehension, became gay and twinkled with merriment. It seemed as if by a miracle Zora had grown fearless. Her father, she said, never hit her any more: "He knows I would tell you!" There was but one person whose presence, whose very name in fact, acted as a cloud. Every woman and every child in the Onaman House was afraid of Mohamed, the Red Beard. He was the eldest of the brothers, a fanatically devout Moslem who prayed morning and evening in the Mosque. His strict observance of Ramadan had obliged his wife to fast according to custom from New Moon to New Moon, even though she was suckling her last born. The Koran gives dispensation to mothers, but Red Beard preferred his child should die for lack of the milk dried up in the mother's breasts. The day that he himself was laid low with fever, he refused to take even an aspirin until the sun had set. Zora and Hamid hid at his approach. A hush fell over the household whenever he entered.

After a while I tried to restrict my visits to the Onaman House, not on account of Red Beard, whom I disliked, but because of the fleas. But I could not explain this to Zora even had I known the Arab word for a flea. She certainly would not have understood why anyone should mind such little things. It required all my imagination to invent excuses. I could hear the jingling step of her little bare feet coming across the garden. She always

found me, no matter where I might be peacefully reading. Standing before me she would imperatively bid me :

" Come to the House, Maama ".

" You see I am busy Zora ".

" Mother says come. Aunts say come. Grandmother says come ".

" I'll come later ".

" The men have all gone to town, come *now* ".

" I'll come tomorrow ".

Stamping her foot : " They're waiting, they're all waiting ".

" They have nothing else to do but wait ".

The little arms were thrown round my neck, she squeezed me tight, her cheek pressed against mine :

" Grandmother has made honeycakes ".

" They'll keep ! "

" I can't go back without you, I dare not—I promised——"

To placate the waiting women I ransacked my cupboards for gifts.

" There, Zora ! A bottle of scent for grandmother, a bag of sweets for Aunt—don't eat them all on the way—a chain of beads for your mother——"

But I soon learned there could be no peace for those who would evade their obligations. Before long the jingling anklets came back across the garden. Zora smiling angelically was clasping a pair of small fluttering pigeons against her breast. In the other hand she carried a handkerchief bulging with eggs.

I would not be outdone in generosity by the poor, and so I must take to that Onaman House gifts to equal if not to outdo theirs. To Zora's delight I drove her to town in the car. There was an Arab shop in the market place whose merchant had long since given up trying to rob me. Zora chose a length of material for her mother, something violently red. A peacock blue silk handkerchief striped with gold to make a turban for aunt. A vivid magenta shawl for grandmother. I felt satisfied that the pigeons and the eggs had been amply repaid.

Next morning Zora and Hamid arrived together. Zora carried the hen, Hamid the cock, and each was loaded with oranges and honeycakes. At sunset, Lakdar, accompanied by the two children, announced they had brought me my evening

meal. Nejina had worked all day rolling *cous-cous* and preparing this native dish. The barley was piled high with meat and every variety of vegetable soaked in a rich flame-coloured oily sauce seasoned with red peppers. There were four other courses, besides dates, oranges, pomegranate seeds and walnuts, more than I could possibly eat, even though I love peppery Arab food. The servants also ate their fill.

Try as I would to get ahead of my Arab friends in the matter of presents, I remained always in their debt.

Zora became the personality of the village. She could entertain a whole wedding party of women half the night, telling them tales of the things she had seen and heard in the *Roumia** house. She knew the difference between wireless and gramophone. She could sit at table, her legs dangling from a chair and eat with knife and fork. She had looked into books, so many many books, with pictures. She had learnt to thread a needle and to sew. She could draw with a pencil on a sheet of paper, but her supreme superiority lay in the fact that she was a motorist ! Given her choice between a camel or a motor she chose the motor every time. She evolved a special way of tying her turban so that it would not blow off, and a particular way of cuddling up close to the driver without hampering the gears. She knew how to start up the engine, and was firmly convinced that she could drive if only I would let her.

At the end of a breathless stifling day we would drive far out into the desert, until the Oasis was but a dark blot of green on the horizon, sit on the hot sand, eat cakes and drink iced orange juice from a thermos. Knowing how all too soon she would be shut up for ever within high walls, I wanted her to feel, to realize, to understand the wonderful thing that is space. Arab men have a look in their eyes peculiar to sailors, used to staring into a distant horizon. Arab women, on the contrary, have the limited look of eyes unused to focus on anything but close objects. I wanted Zora to have the far reaching look, and to remember. People told me I was cruel to initiate her into a world that she must renounce, but her reaction to space made it irresistible. Far from sharing my respect for the desert as an awesome place, it affected Zora hilariously. Casting aside all her natural

* *Roumia*, dating from Roman Colonial times, meaning foreigners.

decorum, she would roll down the highest sand dunes, her brocade skirt over her head.

On Fridays when Hamid had no school the two would tumble and toss in the sand and laugh and sing and shout like shameless Europeans on a bank holiday!

II.

One morning, hearing the rhythmic chanting of the Koran by breathless hurrying men, I went up on to the roof which commands a view of the road. The litter with its corpse outlined beneath a fluttering overlet was carried on the shoulders of Lakdar and his three brothers. The men of the village followed to the cemetery.

With the death of the old man in the cupboard, Red Beard became head of the family. Upon him devolved the duty of administering his father's estate. Bribing the Kadi he contrived to prove that his brothers, their wives and children, had battened on the old man for years. The Kadi awarded him as compensation all the hours of water that had belonged to his father. In the Oasis, the life-giving stream is divided among the population. Through a system of sluices it is deviated into each individual palm garden on certain days for so many hours. A man's riches are measured not by his acreage of land, but by the volume of his water. The father of the Onaman brothers had owned several hours a week. There was water to sell—Red Beard sold it and retained the money. Lakdar's face was gloomy in those days. Zora frankly admitted that her uncle was a great big *Halouf* (Pig) and Lakdar's desire to leave his brother's house became a fixed idea. He planned to construct himself a small house during my absence in the summer months. The heat of a dawning June warned me that the time of departure was at hand. At that moment, a small wedge-shaped piece of land running parallel to my house, became available for purchase. I had long coveted this strip as it prevented the expansion of the House on the south side. Insignificant in the abstract, bereft of palm trees and waterless, it had no value for anyone but myself. The owner had for some time obdurately held out for a fancy price. Negotiation with Arabs is a slow process. Wearing each party down amounts almost to an art. People have been

known to die of old age or of starvation before arriving at any settlement. As each morning the sun rose earlier and fiercer I could not wait. Lakdar undertook the negotiations in my absence. Four months later when I returned Lakdar was dead. In a row over a division of water his adversary rushed at him with lowered head and butted him full in the stomach. Men are killed in disputes over women or water in the desert. More often over water. He had, however, secured the small piece of land for me, but had not had time to transfer it to my name before he died.

I went to offer my condolences to Nejina and ask her for the document. The poor widow had been relegated to a windowless room on the ground floor. Light filtered feebly through the door from a courtyard that was half roofed over. Nejina was expecting a child. Zora crouched close to her in the dark. They were like a couple of frightened wild animals caught in a trap. Mohamed, in order to assert a legal right over the widow and orphans' heritage had asked Nejina in marriage. When she repulsed his advances he picked up his blunderbuss and aimed it at her. The shrieks of Zora had brought the other women on the scene and Mohamed had been forced to retire. In vain I tried to assure her that he never meant to shoot but only to intimidate. There was not a woman in that house who did not believe that Red Beard would shoot. What he had hoped to gain by legal means, he meant now to gain by craft and intimidation. Nejina was entirely dependant upon him. Hamid was too young to administer his father's share of the date plantation. It was Mohamed's duty to sell the harvest. He kept the proceeds to defray their expenses. He gave them no clothes and barely enough food. As his wife he would have provided for Nejina decently, for he was a proud man, but a widow was merely an encumbrance.

As for the document that entitled me to the bit of land, Mohamed had seized it with everything else that had belonged to Lakdar. In his suave manner, showing his teeth like a collie dog, he informed me that the land I had paid for belonged by deed to Lakdar's children, he meant to hold it in trust for them until they were of age. As the kitchen had already been enlarged on to this bit of land, he believed he had it in his power either to

make me pay his valuation, or oblige me to demolish my kitchen. It was a grand blackmail. I remained outwardly calm, shrugged my shoulders and left his house. He immediately went to the Kadi, to consult him how best to extract money from me, big money! The Kadi, at all times willing to meddle in any affair in which he may win a share, was afraid of Europeans. He declined to act and sent Mohamed to the local French lawyer. The Frenchman knew all about the Arab before he arrived, and when the blackmail plan was laid bare, Mohamed was told abruptly to " get out ".

Meanwhile, hearing vague rumours of Nejina's plight, of her persistent refusal to marry her brother-in-law and of his ill-treatment, I went to the village schoolmaster, who was Nejina's brother. It was his *duty*, I said, to take his widowed sister into his house. He said he had offered to, and that Mohamed had even agreed to let her go, and Zora too, but Hamid was beyond the age of a mother's jurisdiction, and Mohamed declared he would retain Hamid. Rather than be separated from her son Nejina preferred to starve in Mohamed's house. I went to see Nejina. She was still crouching in her dark room, the only place where she felt safe from Red Beard. For although an Arab may be a tyrant and a dominating factor in the household there are certain conventions to be observed: In the communal part of the house, Nejina would be fair game. To her own quarters he could not follow her. Her room was her recognized sanctuary.

I tried to argue with her. For Zora's sake, I said, she should get out. Her brother would be kind to her, I myself would be able to visit her freely, and be able to help her. But Nejina had been in the Onaman House ever since, as a girl of fourteen, she had married Lakdar, and she could not see herself living in any other house. The world is full of timid undecided people who cannot help themselves and Nejina was one of them. I got quite angry with her. For a moment she wavered—promised—sent me to her brother to make the necessary arrangements. It was decided I should fetch her in my car the next day. She changed her mind as soon as I had left, and when I went to fetch her nothing would induce her to move. She just sat on the mat with her baby at her breast, and rocked in misery, emitting strange sounds as of a wounded animal.

I never went to the house again. From time to time I inquired for Zora and why she did not come to see me. I was informed that as she was eight years old she could no longer go out. I protested, promises were forthcoming, but Zora never appeared.

The years went by. Others claimed my friendship. I forgot Nejina. Zora became a faint memory.

Then one day I heard there was to be a wedding in the Onaman House. The bride was none other than Zora. She was to marry a young man whose father owned a well irrigated stretch of land on the fringe of the oasis where vegetables are grown for market. The youth passed my gate daily, enthroned on his mule laden with paniers of vegetables. I was overjoyed that Zora should make such a satisfactory marriage. It appeared that Red Beard had tried a year earlier, to sell her to a rich old man who had set aside the mother of his grown-up children. But Nejina had asserted her feeble will, and her brother, the schoolmaster, had negotiated this marriage with the son of a friend.

My feud with Red Beard made it impossible for me to share in the festivities of the Onaman House. I waited for the bride at midnight in the house of the bridegroom. According to custom her arrival was heralded by a volley of gunfire. Instantly there was animation among the hitherto rather somnolent women. They sprang to their feet and seizing in each hand a bunch of lighted candles, ranged themselves on either side of the bridal chamber doorway. They were all glittering with gold and brilliant colours. The bride, a bundle of red damask, was carried in on the back of a negress and deposited on the bridal bed to face the man she had never seen. The negress, closing the door upon the wedding couple, squatted down outside to wait. As soon as the marriage was consummated the bridegroom would emerge from the room and fire a gunshot into the yard. The whole village listened for that shot. If it were fired within five minutes, the bridegroom would receive the congratulations of the men. If in an hour it had not been fired, the elder women of the family would beat on the door and shout insults.

Poor little Zora. I prayed that he might be kind. I longed to see the girl I had loved as a child, but I could not bear to see her under wedding circumstances. I preferred to wait for the traditional reception five days later.

That day the crowd almost equalled the wedding crowd. I made my way over the encumbered floor to where Zora was squatting on a multi-coloured carpet. She held a large red silk handkerchief to her face. This was customary on the wedding night, but five days later it was not usual to be overwhelmed by shyness. Someone nudged her and said *Ingles*. The hand dropped, and the little familiar face, so pale, and still so childlike, blinked at me through half closed eyes that I remembered so big, so smiling :

" Zora ! " My tone was a mixture of surprise and dismay. She pulled me to her, frail arms clasped around my neck, she pressed her cheek hard against mine :

" Maama ! "

The child was still a child, she had scarcely grown.

" But Zora——"

And foolishly we found we were both crying, but smiling too.

" It is nothing ", she explained, " it is the light—but I shall get used to it in time ".

The tears were pouring down her cheeks.

" Light ! You call this light " ?

" It is light after the dark—the dark room in my *halouf* uncle's house ".

" But you haven't always been in that room " ?

She nods, smiling. Still I protest :

" But Zora—not *all* the time, not—not ever since——? "

I was suddenly overwhelmed by self-reproach, by a sense of neglect and responsibility :

" Six years ! Six years in a dark room——"

She dabbed her eyes :

" I shall get used to the light, already I'm much better ", and then confidentially, " my husband is so kind, he lets me walk in the garden at night. . . ."

SECRETS OF THE ATOM

Work of the Cavendish Laboratory

BY J. W. N. SULLIVAN

THE recent gift by Sir Herbert Austin of £250,000 to the Cavendish Laboratory promises to be of the greatest importance, not only to pure science but, more remotely, to applied science. Doubtless benefactions have been given, at one time or another, for almost every kind of human activity, but so far as science is concerned, one calls to mind most readily the endowment of cancer research and the huge sums that have been given, particularly in America, for the construction of giant telescopes. In the case of cancer research, the endowment is for an object with which everyone is in obvious sympathy. And the attempt to peer farther into space, to learn yet more of those vast and strange hosts that surround us is, although one of the least practical of scientific activities, also one of the greatest popular interest. To the layman, however, the work being done at the Cavendish Laboratory is less obviously practical than medical research and less obviously romantic and enthralling than astronomy. Yet it presents both features, and presents them in abundance.

The Cavendish Laboratory is the most famous school of physical research in the world. Since its inception, not so very long ago, no other one scientific institution has contributed so much to the creation of modern science. Its four successive directors, Maxwell, Rayleigh, Thomson, Rutherford, have all been men of the highest scientific distinction. Indeed, its first director, Clerk Maxwell, the creator of the electro-magnetic theory of light, is one of the greatest names in the history of science.

The branch of scientific work with which the Cavendish is most closely associated is experimental research on the structure

of the atom. The modern period began with Sir J. J. Thomson's discovery of the electron. He showed that the atom, which had always been considered to be an ultimate, indivisible entity, was made up of particles very much smaller than itself, and further research showed that these particles are wholly electrical in their nature. Lord Rutherford, who became Sir J. J. Thomson's successor, showed experimentally how these particles are arranged within the atom, and the great modern atomic theory was born. This theory, with its various ramifications, may justly be called the most important thing in modern physics. It is, even more than the Relativity Theory, responsible for the great change that has taken place in the scientific outlook. And, besides its profound theoretical importance, it contains within itself altogether unexampled practical possibilities. Indeed, it may be said that, from any point of view, no more important investigation has ever been undertaken by science since Newton first showed that the universe is an orderly whole.

For some time after the first burst of experimental activity the development of atomic theory lay chiefly in the hands of the mathematicians. The kind of atomic structure that was revealed by Rutherford's experiments was found to be theoretically impossible, that is to say, it was found to violate the accepted laws of electro-dynamics. An atom constructed in the way that Rutherford's experiments indicated would not be able to exist for more than a minute fraction of a second. According to this theory of matter the material universe ought to have vanished long ago.

This was the state of affairs when Niels Bohr, of Copenhagen, came forward with his revolutionary suggestion. He suggested that the hitherto accepted laws of nature did not hold in the interior of an atom. Further, he enunciated a new set of laws which not only accounted for the stability of the atom, but which also accounted for certain well-known and important phenomena which had never been explained before. The correspondence between Bohr's calculations and experimental results was, indeed, so striking, that his theory was universally adopted. The theoreticians now played the leading role.

The root idea of Bohr's new theory did not originate with him. It had been put forward, some years before, by Max

Planck, whose theory was that changes do not take place in nature in a *continuous* manner. Nature proceeds from one state to another by finite jumps. All energy interchanges, for instance, take place by *quanta*. But, in every case, the energy consists of atoms, and less than one atom cannot take part in any natural process.

This was the general idea that Bohr applied to the structure of the atom of matter. Rutherford had pictured the atom as a miniature solar system, consisting of a nucleus round which electrons circulated. But, on the old theory, the circulating electrons should be continually radiating energy and continually approaching the nucleus. Ultimately they would combine with the nucleus, and the whole atom would vanish in a flash of radiation. But according to Bohr's quantum theory of the atom none of this would happen. The circulating electrons could revolve round the nucleus only at certain definite distances from it, and they would perform these revolutions without radiating any energy. They would sometimes jump from one orbit to another, and in the jump they would send out or receive one quantum of energy.

Nevertheless, as the theory was developed it became less and less satisfactory until, by 1925, it was recognised by Bohr himself that it had definitely run its course and that no amount of tinkering with it could save it. Certain experimental results, not in themselves very startling, had proved to be unexplainable by any modification of the Bohr theory. An entirely new outlook was required.

The theoreticians proved equal, or very nearly equal, to this new demand. The main lines, at any rate, of the new outlook have been laid down. But the change made necessary in our fundamental conceptions is really profound. Matter, from being the most familiar thing in our experience, has become almost the most mysterious. On the new theory the ultimate constituents of matter, the electrons, are no longer picturable. They are like nothing of which we have any experience. The older conception of them was as particles. We could conceive of them as possessing definite locations and as moving along definite paths through space. The Prince de Broglie then made the brilliant suggestion that the electron could be likened, in

certain important respects, to a system of waves. This idea has been found to be very fruitful. What is called " the wave theory of matter " has proved to be very powerful.

But the electron, on this theory, is not represented merely as a system of waves. Such a change-over in our ideas would be simple enough, for we are as familiar with waves as we are with particles. The puzzle arises when we find that the electron has both properties ; it behaves both as a wave and as a particle. When electrons are fired on to a fluorescent screen they make irregular impacts all over it, just as a shower of rain drops might do. When they are fired through a crystal on to a photographic plate they produce diffraction rings on the plate very similar to those produced by X-rays. These diffraction rings, which prove that X-rays are waves, prove also that electrons are waves. But while X-rays behave as waves quite consistently, electrons, as we have seen, behave also as particles. As Eddington has said, we can combine the words " wave " and " particle "—as in " wavicle "—but we cannot combine the ideas.

Until recently there were supposed to be only two different constituents of the atom, the electron and the proton. The proton differs from the electron in being a charge of positive electricity, whereas the electron is a charge of negative electricity, and the proton also has a much greater mass. The proton is nearly 2,000 times heavier than the electron. But recently the atom has been found to be a far more complicated entity. Some years ago Rutherford bombarded the atoms of certain elements with the heavy Alpha particles which are shot out by the disintegrating radium atom. In some cases he was able to disintegrate the bombarded atoms. Twenty years later, in 1932, Dr. Chadwick, at the Cavendish Laboratory, discovered an entirely new constituent of the atom by this method. The German physicists, Bothe and Becker, had discovered that when the element beryllium was bombarded by Alpha particles a very penetrating radiation was emitted. This radiation, as they assumed it to be, could pass through several inches of lead, a thing no known particle could do. The daughter of Madame Curie, and her husband, M. Joliot, investigated these radiations, and reached some very interesting conclusions. They found that these rays from beryllium could knock protons out of other

atoms with tremendous force. In fact, the force displayed was so great that the Curie-Joliots concluded that the law of the conservation of energy must be violated in these phenomena.

This very startling conclusion was shown by Chadwick to arise from the initial supposition that the beryllium waves are rays. Now Chadwick was familiar with the idea, put forward as a speculation by Rutherford twelve years before, that there may exist entities as heavy as a proton, but possessing *no* electric charge. It occurred to him that the beryllium rays consisted of just such particles. If this were true it would account for the immense penetrating power of the beryllium rays without necessitating the violation of the law of the conservation of energy. For owing to their own absence of electric charge such particles would be immune from the electric attractions of the atoms amongst which they passed. It would be only when they actually collided with other bodies that their paths would be diverted.

This hypothesis was found to explain satisfactorily all the observed experimental results, and the existence of the " neutron ", as this unelectrified particle is called, is now accepted. The neutron, although manifesting no electric charge, is no exception to the rule that all matter is composed of electricity. It is supposed to consist of a proton and an electron in very close combination. Its mass is about the same as that of a proton, for the electron, being about 2,000 times lighter, makes very little difference. But the electric charge of an electron is of the same magnitude as that of a proton, although of opposite sign. The electron and proton are so close that they mask one another's electric charge, and therefore the neutron behaves as if it were unelectrified.

The neutron is not the only new constituent of the atom that has been recently discovered. The positron, the electrical opposite of the electron, has been discovered. It is of the same mass as the electron, but consists of positive instead of negative electricity. The existence of this entity was deduced some years ago by Dirac, of Cambridge, on mathematical grounds. But experimental evidence for its existence has only been obtained recently. One reason for this is that the positron lasts only for a very minute fraction of a second. Almost immediately it

appears it unites with an electron, and the two vanish in a flash of radiation.

Yet another entity that has been recently discovered is the atom of heavy hydrogen. The nucleus of an atom of ordinary hydrogen consists of one proton. The nucleus of the heavy hydrogen atom that has been recently discovered consists of two protons and one electron. Thus heavy hydrogen has twice the atomic weight of ordinary hydrogen. Heavy hydrogen, like ordinary hydrogen, combines with oxygen to form water, and the water it so forms is heavy water. It has a rather higher freezing point and a rather higher boiling point than ordinary water, and it is fatal to some forms of animal and of vegetable life that flourish in ordinary water. Yet heavier and more complicated forms of hydrogen and water are known, and their properties are being actively investigated. A certain percentage of these waters is to be found in ordinary water, and it may be that their properties are of great biological importance.

The discovery of new atomic constituents is one of the most striking features of modern experimental research. Another is the development of a technique for the artificial bombardment of atoms. Rutherford was the first to show that atoms could be disintegrated by bombarding them with the heavy particles shot out by radium. Radium emits three sorts of radiations, α-rays, β-rays, and γ-rays. The α-rays are really the nuclei of helium atoms, made up of four protons and two electrons. The β-rays are electrons. The γ-rays are not particles at all, but very short and penetrating X-rays. The massive helium nuclei are shot out from radium at a speed of several thousand miles per second and, when they score a direct hit on another atom, they can sometimes disintegrate it.

But we are not now dependent on radium and helium nuclei. Besides helium nuclei we can now employ protons, neutrons, and the nuclei of heavy hydrogen as our projectiles. And in employing these we are not dependent on natural processes, such as the discharge from radium. In 1932 Drs. Cockroft and Walton succeeded at the Cavendish Laboratory in disrupting atoms of lithium by bombarding them with protons moving with a very high velocity. This velocity was produced artificially by causing the protons to pass through an intense electric

ield. The apparatus used in these experiments could produce omething like one million volts and required the latest technical esources for its construction.

For instance, the tubes through which the protons are shot n these experiments must be exhausted of air. Very efficient nd rapidly operating pumps are required for this purpose if ny considerable number of experiments are to be performed. Also, the transformers and condensers, etc., used in such apparatus must be of the highest class, as must the insulating materials necessary to support such enormous voltages. And yet the naximum voltage that could be produced by this apparatus—bout 800,000 volts—is comparatively low.

It is one of the most remarkable things about these experiments that they should be successful with such small voltages. udging from the radium experiments it would have been upposed that a field of several million volts was required. And he energy released by the bombarded atoms was altogether reater than the energy of the bombarding particles. Fortunately he mathematicians have cleared up these points, and were it not or their work it is probable that Drs. Cockroft and Walton would never have undertaken their experiments. Einstein showed hat mass is an extremely concentrated form of energy. An unce or so of matter, if changed into energy, could drive a large iner across the Atlantic. The energy of the bombarded atoms, n Cockroft and Walton's experiments, came from this source. The change in the disintegrated atom was attended by a loss of nass, and it was this mass which appeared as the additional nergy of transformation. Cockroft and Walton had, indeed, een successful in artificially changing mass into energy.

Such atomic transformations are, as we have said, the greatest f all sources of energy. But these experiments are very far rom being a *practical* method of obtaining such energy. In he first place, only about one in a thousand million of the bomarding particles scores a sufficiently direct hit on the bombarded ubstance to cause a transformation. And, of the total energy xpended by the machine, only a comparatively small fraction used in accelerating the bombarding particles. Nevertheless, hese experiments have shown that man has the power of artificially changing matter into energy, and the possible practical

consequences of such a discovery cannot be estimated.

But apart altogether from such consequences these experiments are of the greatest scientific importance. Every new bombarding particle that has been used has produced fresh phenomena. Still faster particles and more intense collisions will doubtless reveal to us yet unknown phenomena. The necessary apparatus, where every detail has to be as nearly perfect as possible, is expensive; and scientific institutions and scientific men are seldom wealthy. Lord Rutherford has said, of Sir Herbert Austin's gift: "The first use of the money will be to build a laboratory for the utilization of very high voltages in order to carry out experiments on the transmutation of matter by high speed particles and by radiation". And, as we have said, this purely scientific research may contain within itself practical consequences of altogether inestimable importance.

More immediately practical consequences may be expected from the recent discovery that radio-activity may be artificially induced in many substances. Under the influence of various bombarding particles various substances can be made to emit radiations, and it is found that they go on emitting these radiations for some time after the bombardment has stopped. Helium nuclei, protons, heavy hydrogen nuclei, neutrons, have all proved effective in inducing radio-activity. The radio-active substance sometimes shoots out positrons and sometimes electrons. Further, Cockroft and Walton have shown that their artificially accelerated protons can be used to produce radio-activity. There is a distinct possibility, therefore, that medical science will not always be dependent on rare and costly natural supplies for its radium compounds.

Such are some of the recent researches with which the Cavendish Laboratory has been most closely associated. Their theoretical and possible practical importance cannot be overrated. And they have now reached a stage, as we see, when large and costly apparatus is necessary for their further prosecution. Sir Herbert Austin's great gift comes at a particularly opportune moment.

MAY IN THE WOODS

By H. E. Bates

WITH the wild cherry in full blossom, the primroses at their fullest floppy lushness and the smoke of bluebells obscuring and finally putting out the fritillary lamps of the anemones, there is no longer any doubt about the wood or the spring. They have become synonymous, full of tree blossom and ground blossom and the incessant passion and passage of birds. The wood is alive as it never will be again. It is still a month from the middle of summer, trees are still more branch than leaf and all day long the birds have no interval of silence at all. And if the full frenzy of song, which nightingale and blackbird make in the drowsy hay-noons of early June, has not been reached, there is a clarity and a shouting of bird life everywhere that is like a silver mocking of winter. The wood is full of it.

There is an everlasting restlessness everywhere. When there is no singing or flight or nest-building there are passion interludes of mating: the fierce pursuit of blackbirds, the fickle beckoning and twittering of chaffinches, hen dancing and simpering from many cocks, cocks fighting, the chosen mate taking his fierce little thrill at last, a rosy-breasted gladiator taking his spring prize.

Along the ridings the cock pheasants strut like painted warriors, arrogant and scarlet and bold with the mating fearlessness. The hens are quiet and invisible somewhere among the bluebell-pierced blanket of sweet-chestnut leaves, nesting close, so close and toning so miraculously with that silvery brownness of leaves that they escape, sometimes, even the eyes of keepers, miracle enough in itself. You come upon them, quite often, in bold and unexpected places, almost stepping on either hen or eggs, the eggs having that same silvery brownness as the back feathers. But if she sits it is the lightning flick of the black-brown eye that betrays her: the sudden blink and the

swift nipping cock-up of the head, only momentary and done in a flash, but somehow too quick and electric for the stir of a leaf. And even then, found, she will still sit there, tight and fearless, feathers down-smoothed, eyes still, head ruckled down into the crinkled cringing neck, still sitting there and still sitting until something, when it seems that she never will move, startles her at last into crazy and ridiculous flight and the revelation of the nest and its almost hot eggs.

They are almost the only eggs in the wood. Pigeons will build in the birches, later. Kingfishers and moor-hens nest with regularity just beyond the wood-edge, in the bank of the river. There is report of a wood-cock and there are a few odd blackbirds and thrushes in the chestnut stumps and faggot-dumps left by the wood-cutters. But this whole wood, six or seven acres of it, like so many other woods, can show only a tenth part of the nest-life of the open hedges in the lane.

But if there is no paradise of nests there is, just now, at the lower end of the wood, on a stretch of marshy ground dotted about with big sallows, a paradise of flowers. The lamps of kingcups and the extinguished lamps of lady-smocks burn now everywhere on the open clearing of marsh. Red orchis are coming out among the unbudding bluebells—or rather they are not red, but a pinkish magenta, varying a great deal in colour, as they do in size. They are the kingfingers of children. So what with kingfingers and king-cups and king-fishers and lady-smocks the wood in May has its own royalty.

It is, in fact, for children a royal place. To them it must seem an immense kingdom, the boundaries of which they can never quite grasp. Its trees are almost supernaturally vast; even the hazels are great. To a child there is something about it all, in fact, that is not quite real. It belongs very nearly to the world of the unknown. A field can be seen and understood and explored. Whereas in a wood the wood is very much hidden by the trees: there are countless darknesses, unknown places. It is an exploration into the unknown. It is at once a joyful and fearful place. Children are never frightened in fields, except by cows or by the hostile appearance of irate farmers. But they are often frightened in woods: by the very mystery and seclusion of the place; by the sudden soft hushing of leaves, by the magnified echoes of feet, by the leaping up of rabbits, by the savage sudden screechings of unknown birds.

They are things which, in broad daylight, mean nothing to us. But night changes them, or it changes us. A wood at night, or even more at twilight, is a strange place. Fear begins to come more quickly in a wood, with darkness and twilight than in any other place I know. I have been in a wood gathering violets or orchis or primroses in the late evening, when the sudden realisation of twilight coming down has sent a sudden damnable running of cold up my spine, and I have half-run out of the place. And that feeling is common. The path through this wood of ours in the lane is public; it leads from one village to another. It is used a good deal by day. But there is a precious little use of it by night, except by the local poacher. People will not use it. "Damned if I've much on that old wood at night. Lumme if I ain't glad when I get out of that place."

What is it? Why is it? It is not simply darkness. We grow used to darkness. It can only be some quality in trees themselves. They impinge on us, hypnotize us more or less by the new fantastic shape that darkness has given them. At one period of my life I did much walking by night: long vigorous walks out of the town into the surrounding country. It was a country that was almost treeless, but if I walked far enough I reached woods. Reaching them, I used to turn back. They had some powerful quality of darkness, some awful intimidating blackness that I could not face. I have been in woods too by day when I have been glad to get out of them again, to see the sky. It may indeed be that shutting out of the sky that feeds fear. There is an extraordinary comfort in the sight of the sky, of clouds and sun by day, of starlight especially by night. Space and distance kill fear at once. It flourishes on littleness and confinement, and it is in the little spaces under the confined branches of woods that it flourishes at times almost into terror.

But if I have sometimes been glad to leave a wood by day I have oftener been sorry. I sat once in a wood on the north border of Bedfordshire, in April, by a keeper's hut, eating an orange. It was perfect weather, quiet and sunny, with a little windy blowing about of the hazels. I had walked up the wood, along still ridings, seeing more primroses and also more oxlips,

which are rather like wild polyanthus, than I had ever seen before or in fact than I have ever seen since. By the keeper's hut there was a biggish pool. Overshadowed by trees, it looked like a stretch of black glass. All over the place was a windy clapping and brushing of bare ash and hazel and, every time the wind turned, a great breath of primrose scent.

Suddenly there was an unexpected stirring about the pool: a flicker of brown, almost fawn, and then another and another. The first I took for a rabbit. Even about the second I had some doubt. After the third and fourth and fifth I had no doubt: they were young fox-cubs. They came tumbling up out of the holes in the pond-bank, in and out, up and down, rolling over and over, playing an endless game of chivvy with each other, until I could count thirteen. As a boy I once held a lion-cub in my hands: he was a fawny gold and like plush, a wonderfully soft golden cat with a sleepy blinking face. Those fox-cubs playing in the wood were very like him: so many little fawny-gold cats playing with a kind of pretty devilry up and down the banks of the pool, running out into the primroses, doubling back, rolling each other over, their soft fur all the time ruffled and rosetted by the light wind, until they seemed like the prettiest creatures in the world.

I sat there for a long time, watching them. The wind was just right, blowing from them to me, and they never suspected my presence. They were endlessly fascinating, tireless in their own devilries, lovely with their sun-coloured fawn and their grace of movement up and down that steep bank, on the edge of the water. And finally I had only myself to blame for upsetting it all. Not satisfied, I moved nearer, slowly and as I thought, quite soundlessly. I got much nearer, stood still. I could see them better. They had no suspicion of me. Then, in a moment, I moved on again. I made no sound. But in a second they were all arrested, electrically, in alarm. They stopped for a single second, cocked their heads, and gave one look at me. In another moment they had gone tumbling down like golden balls into the dark fox-holes, out of sight. And I have never, by some damnable chance, seen a fox-cub since.

RUSSIA-RUMANIA: A SYMBOLIC BRIDGE

By Richard Freund

FRANCE'S eastern allies have always attached importance to the Rhineland demilitarized zone because of the restraint it placed on any possible German adventure eastwards: for Germany could not make a frontal attack in the East so long as her back door stood open in the West. Now that the zone has been re-occupied, Czechoslovakia and Rumania look to Russia, whose stature has grown greatly in the eyes of Central Europe since she joined the League of Nations; while France, having ratified her pact with the Soviet Union, is herself anxious to make the fullest use of her new friend as a guarantor of peace. Like Czechoslovakia, with her parallel pact, she has a major interest in providing geographical ways and means by which she and her allies may receive and give assistance in all possible contingencies.

But the Soviet Union has no common frontier with Germany; Poland is stubbornly unwilling to play the part of bridge for Soviet troops in any scheme of mutual assistance in the East of Europe. Rumania thus becomes the only route by which the Soviet Union can assist the Czechs or strike at Germany's frontiers in case of an attack on France. Both French and Czechs may be expected to use all their influence in favour of a Soviet-Rumanian Pact to supplement the pacts which they themselves have signed. If and when such a pact is made on the French model, Russia and Germany will virtually have a common frontier and the whole balance of forces in the East of Europe will be profoundly modified.

A pact between Rumania and the Soviet Union would mean much more than any pact of the same kind concluded between normal neighbours. Bitter hostility divided these two former allies after 1918, when Rumania recovered the Bessarabian province she had lost in 1812. For sixteen years the Dniester

river frontier between Rumania and Soviet Russia was " dead ". Save for a steady dribble of refugees, no train or ferry ever crossed the river. Only desperate fugitives, flying from Russia to the capitalist paradise or from Rumania to the socialist Eden, dared face the bullets of the frontier guards. Many lost their lives ; others succeeded—though it is not recorded whether they found what they were hoping to find.

The long steel bridge between Tighina and Tiraspol, the principal link between Russia and South Eastern Europe, had been blown up in the Russian civil war. Its twisted skeleton alone remained, a funeral monument to a long dead past of prosperous trade. Some years ago the Russian half of the great bridge was reconstructed to the middle of the river ; it was a strange sight from the Rumanian side. Whether it symbolized a menacing fist or an appealing outstretched hand, the half-built bridge pointed towards Rumania. Rumania was unresponsive to the gesture ; she saw only the menace from the Russian shore.

As long ago as 1921, when the then Rumanian Premier, M. Vaida-Voevod, was in London, he was encouraged by Mr. Lloyd George to negotiate with M. Chicherin for a liquidation of Soviet-Rumanian differences. It was suggested that Rumania should recognize the Soviet government and, in return, that Soviet Russia should accept Rumanian sovereignty over Bessarabia, the frontier province which Rumania had recovered as the unexpected fruits of the world war. But M. Vaida-Voevod reckoned without M. Bratianu, the powerful leader of the Liberal party in Rumania, who at that time agreed with M. Clemenceau in wishing to enclose the Soviet Russian outlaw with a rigid *cordon sanitaire*. The Premier suddenly received a telegram from Bucharest, informing him that his government had resigned ; Bratianu's influence with the palace had upset him.

All subsequent attempts to ease relations foundered on the Bessarabian rock. The Soviet Union would not recognize the plebiscite by which Rumanian sovereignty had been established in a province Russia had possessed from 1812 to 1917. Rumania refused to treat at all unless this fundamental point were first conceded. She had the less desire to treat because her whole

position had been greatly strengthened by alliances with France, with Poland, and her partners of the Little Entente, all of them Powers which feared and hated Soviet Russia. The door between the neighbours remained barred and bolted. The Bessarabian cultivators were the immediate sufferers ; they were shut off from the established Russian market for their grain and fruit and wool.

Much water had flowed down the Dniester when in 1933 the ice began to break. A diplomatic revolution followed from the accession of Herr Hitler to supreme control in Germany and from the consequent transformation of the foreign policy of Soviet Russia. Rumania's attitude has been profoundly changed by the re-grouping among friends and enemies on the altered European scene. By stages she has felt her way towards a new relationship with Soviet Russia. The basis of an understanding was established during the World Economic Conference of 1933 in London by MM. Titulescu and Litvinov. They signed a non-aggression pact, embodying the comprehensive " definition of the aggressor ", devised by M. Politis, the Greek Minister in Paris. In laying down that any attack upon the territory of a sovereign state amounted to aggression, this pact defines a state as sovereign in the territory it *de facto* occupies.

With such a document in his pocket, M. Titulescu did not have to press for an explicit recognition of the Bessarabian plebiscite. It was now possible for Rumania to establish diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. In 1934 M. Ostrovski, bland, inscrutable, observant, made his appearance as the first Soviet Minister in Bucharest ; M. Ciuntu went to Moscow for Rumania. Soon after work was started on the Rumania half of the Dniester bridge. On October 18, 1935, the first train steamed across with goods and passengers after an interval of more than sixteen years. The symbolical importance of this event quite escaped attention in Western Europe, which is hardly surprising, as it occurred at the height of the sanctions crisis. But in Rumania these significant developments were hailed as the precursors of a wider understanding. During the spring of 1935, when France and Czechoslovakia were negotiating for their pacts of mutual assistance with the Soviet Union, it was confidently predicted that M. Titulescu was on the point

of visiting Moscow to conclude a similar pact. But here Rumanian internal conditions intervened ; the Foreign Minister was held back by the resistance of the palace and the parties of the Right.

For M. Titulescu must still reckon with strong Rumanian opposition to any policy of *rapprochement* with Soviet Russia. King Carol has a natural dislike for Communists who killed a fellow-monarch and have in the past worked hard for revolution in Rumania. The mixed groups of the Right—the anti-Semites, Transylvanian Germans and " National Christians "—have strong affinities with Nazi Germany and a corresponding hatred of the Soviets. More moderate statesmen of the Right, such as M. Filipescu, once a leader in the movement which impelled Rumania to join the Allied side in the Great War, and M. George Bratianu, a nephew of the " Liberal " boyar who represented Rumania at Versailles, fear the implications of a pact which might transform Rumania into a corridor for Soviet troops. Anxious to maintain Rumania's freedom of action, they even question the wisdom of her commitments to the Little Entente. Finally, no Rumanian can easily overcome his deep distrust of the gigantic neighbour, who was helped by the Rumanians to win the Russo-Turkish war of 1877–1878 and showed her gratitude by taking yet another slice of Bessarabia. As recently as last November and last March M. Titulescu thought it necessary to reassure these sections of opinion by twice declaring in the Chamber that a mutual assistance pact with Soviet Russia was outside the aims of the Rumanian Government's official policy.

The grievances and interests and passions of the Rumanians have been cleverly exploited by those foreign Powers which at all costs desire to block a further *rapprochement* between the Soviet Union and Rumania. Poland, which formerly encouraged better understanding between her two neighbours, does not now wish to see her Rumanian ally bound to the Soviets on terms which she herself has hitherto consistently rejected. Germany has sought by every means within her power to weaken the connections of Rumania with France and with the Little Entente ; still more to hinder any closer bond with Soviet Russia. As in all countries of South-Eastern Europe, she has turned her position

as a leading purchaser and debtor to good purpose ; impoverished Rumania could not, it seemed, afford to irritate a people who had bought so much on credit. German capital has gained control over many Rumanian businesses, from soya bean concessions to the famous copper and silver mines in Transylvania whose produce once financed the Emperor Charles V.

France did not choose to bid against the Germans in the economic field, and at the same time lost political influence by the apparent slackening of her loyalty to the alliance. At Easter, 1934, M. Barthou had declared that France " would without hesitation employ every one of her soldiers to protect her eastern allies " ; he had been rewarded with the unique title of " citizen of honour " of Rumania. M. Laval seemed less reliable to Bucharest. The short-lived French flirtation with the Habsburgs and the delay in ratifying the agreement with the Soviets confirmed Rumanian uneasiness during 1935 and strengthened opposition to the policy of close collaboration with both France and Soviet Russia. France seemed to be trifling with ideas which no Rumanian could stomach, possibly even with the notion of a reconciliation with Germany at the expense of Eastern and South-Eastern Europe. If France herself was losing interest in the policy of friendship with the Soviets, Rumania must think twice before pursuing such a policy on her own. Hence a gradual but steady strengthening of the German position in Rumania.

The new year brought new counsels to Paris, where M. Laval was overthrown ; it brought a corresponding change in the Rumanian attitude. King Carol's doubts and fears were partially allayed by French example and French cordiality in Paris during February. France has at last made up her mind to use her post of vantage as a major creditor and big potential customer to counter Germany's economic influence. On February 7 she signed a trade treaty with Rumania which, by increasing the Rumanian import quotas, should make it possible for Rumania to clear off arrears of debt to France and, at the same time, place large orders with French armament firms. During the next twelve years France is to take an annual maximum of 750,000 tons of Rumanian oil. That is a quarter as much again as Germany took last year, and would make France by far the largest buyer of Rumanian oil. If this agreement bears the

promised fruit, it should do much to smooth the road along which France is hoping that Rumania will follow her. No doubt she will continue to urge Rumania to conclude a pact with the Soviet Union ; preferably a pact providing for the transit of Soviet troops to Czechoslovakia.

It goes without saying that the Germans will interpret such a pact as one more stone in the encircling wall which they see rising round them. German suspicions will be all the greater the more fully French and Czechoslovak hopes are realized. Should Rumania agree to grant the Soviet army or air force a right of way in certain contingencies, Germany will feel that Soviet Russia has advanced her frontier to the Sudeten mountains, within easy striking distance of industrial Saxony, the heart of the Reich.

At the mere rumour of a Soviet-Rumanian pact last year Germany blazed up in anger and alarm. The result was a series of ostentatious confabulations with Hungarian and Polish generals—the famous " hunting parties," which set the English papers guessing—at which schemes of military and air co-operation were discussed. These talks came to nothing, but they showed which way the wind will blow if and when the pact becomes a reality. A revival of Rumanian-Soviet negotiations will certainly find Germany attentive and alarmed. The recent agreement for the transit of Soviet and Czech civilian aeroplanes across Rumanian territory seems to the Germans dangerously like a precedent, on which a military convention might be modelled.

Observers cannot overlook these implications of a treaty which might seem to promise so much for the consolidation of peace in Eastern and Central Europe. A Rumanian-Soviet pact would be the corner-stone of the fabric of collective security of which the late M. Barthou sketched out the general design. But when it has been hoisted into place, Germany will see the fortress which it crowns as a gigantic menace.

VIENNA WORKERS CARRY ON

By John Lehmann

THE effects of National-Socialism in Germany on literature, the theatre and culture in general have received ample publicity abroad. This is not surprising, seeing that the Nazi leaders make no secret, are indeed proud of, their astonishing efforts. The more subtle methods, however, by which the Heimwehr-Catholic leaders have endeavoured to influence, ideologically, the minds of their Austrian subjects, are not so well-known. The quiet and caution with which changes have been introduced are characteristic, not merely of traditional Catholic methods, but also of the weak and divided position of the new regime when compared with that of Hitler's regime in Germany. Less sensationally proclaimed, their measures have been not only less drastic, but also, up to now, less successful in their results. At the same time the Government have won some not unimportant victories, and without rousing democratic opinion abroad in the blundering way their Fascist neighbours to the north so often and so fatally choose.

A story of the whole development since the collapse of Social-Democracy in Vienna is not only interesting as a contrast with Germany's development, but also because the Austrian proletariat even before the War had the reputation of being the most advanced culturally in Europe. The famous *Volksheime*, centres from which the whole workers' movement spread, had already been founded, the oldest (in Ottakring) in 1902. This reputation was not lost when Vienna became the capital after the War of a tiny Republic instead of a huge Empire. On the contrary, the advent to power of a strong, radically-minded municipal government, whose successful policy produced ample resources to finance their plans, gave the workers immensely increased opportunities of study and aesthetic enjoyment which they were quick to take advantage of. New *Volksheime* were built, and the number of worker-students leapt up sensationally.

In addition to this, many *Arbeiterbüchereien* (Workers' Book-

shops) were started, generally forming part of the new tenement-houses. No one who has visited Vienna during the last ten years can fail to have been impressed by their ubiquitousness and their handsome appearance. These Libraries were from the beginning well patronised, and it was interesting to see that when unemployment began to increase after 1930, the number of members and the number of books read, instead of falling-off, increased as well. Foreign translations were popular, and apart from theoretical Socialist works, books by Gorki, Jack London, Upton Sinclair were among those which most rapidly grew torn and dirty.

But the activities of the new Workers' Education Centre was not confined to the provision of Libraries. The biggest tenement-houses were provided with halls for lectures, concerts, theatricals and film-shows, as in the *Volksheime*. Tickets at extremely reduced rates in the Viennese Theatres were bought for the workers—sometimes a whole evening was bought—an enormous variety of study courses arranged, and cheap holiday and educational trips into the provinces and abroad. Newspapers and magazines were issued covering all the arts, workers' choirs, workers' drawing and photographic societies sprang up.

This great and far-reaching organisation presented a difficult problem to the Dolfuss government. It was, for them, a dangerous centre of Marxist influence ; but the masses had come to accept it as their right, it was not so easy to abolish. What actually happened after the February Rising ? The *Volksheime* and the Libraries were of course closed down, the organization in all its branches, deprived of money and leaders, faded out. Most of the newspapers had already either been forbidden or had stopped publication owing to the censorship and financial difficulties in which the steady advance of Fascism had placed them. Then the Government—in which, one must remember, there had always been a more cautious Catholic element fighting an extremist Heimwehr element—saw that they could not leave it at that and still expect to win the masses over to their side. Slowly the *Volksheime* and the Libraries were reopened, after the most " dangerous " books, in a rather haphazard and incomplete way, had been sifted out, and new librarians had been installed.

But the Government found that practically no one came to the reopened Libraries. What was the reason ? Had the Viennese ceased to want to read ? Or had those who had previously been members all fled the country, or been killed or arrested ? There is a story of an episode last year in a working-class district, which throws some light on this point. An enterprising business-man, running a private library not far from the official *Arbeiterbücherei*, decided to buy up all the remaindered copies of Kisch, Gorki, Sinclair, Babel, etc. he could find. In a very short while he was doing a roaring trade, while the *Arbeiterbücherei* remained empty. The state of affairs of which this episode is typical lasted for some time. In the end the Government began to give way ; a freer choice of books was allowed, and the customers began slowly to come back to their old Libraries. At the same time the policy of sabotage was more or less officially given up by the illegal parties, who decided to re-enter the old associations in the new forms the Government was giving them, and agitate from within for their transformation.

One curious feature of the situation is the scarcity in the Libraries of the new anti-Nazi German literature, which one might have expected to have a place of honour. Is this because in the Police pro-Nazi sympathies are still stronger than the public knows, or the Government dares admit ? There are many competent observers who hold this view.

What happened with the Workers' Libraries is on the whole typical of what happened elsewhere. Nevertheless the present organization offers the worker definitely less, and when the opportunity presents itself the Government will not fail to attempt to regularise and consolidate its influence. This is happening in the *Volksheime* at the moment ; a new law is being prepared which will make it necessary, first for the teachers and lecturers to be examined beforehand in their patriotic and " Christian " attitude, and second for the programmes to be approved by the Minister of Education. There is likely to be considerable opposition to these measures, for the *Volksheime* are treasured by the Viennese and still crowded with eager worker-students of all ages, but it is clear that they are important for the

Government if they are to maintain or advance their ideological influence.

In the schools, Catholic and anti-Marxist penetration has been more determined and more successful. Prayers are a regular part now of the curriculum, crucifixes hang in every schoolroom. Schoolbooks are gradually being re-written from a " patriotic " and Catholic standpoint. Teachers are to undergo a longer and more exacting preparatory training in the same sense. The pre-military instruction which is being very quietly, step by step, introduced, and the establishment of work camps for Hochschule students in summer are typical of a certain tendency to imitate Nazi methods. And in innumerable other little ways, such as the new control of international student-exchange, the State is endeavouring to fill in the gaps in its power.

In the world of public theatres and entertainments, the new regime has also left its mark. Though considerably more can be seen and heard in Vienna than in Berlin or Munich, the Austrian capital suffers as a tourist centre—and to the attraction of tourists all efforts are directed—from its inability to show many of the most modern developments in plays and films, because they are more often than not revolutionary and anti-clerical in tendency. Again, open criticism of the Government or the existing order is taboo. But the Viennese do not easily allow their talent for witty satire to be suppressed. The severe unemployment among players, artists, composers, the emigration of Jewish artists from Germany, the lack of capital for big productions, have led to an enormous growth of cabarets in Vienna during the last three or four years. A cellar-room in one of the big cafés, with a little stage rigged up at one end, and the cabaret theatre is there. It just suits the taste of the Viennese : he pays only a tiny entrance fee, he can sit and sip his coffee or his beer and chat with his friends, and at the same time be entertained. It is here that fun is slyly poked at the Austrian Government, as well as the world in general, and sometimes a note of sharper criticism can be heard. The Nazis, armaments, the economic system, all come in for their share of the satire, not to mention the everlasting Austrian bureaucrat and the absurdities perpetrated in the name of tourist-propaganda. Significantly enough, such cabarets are only allowed in the

better-class districts ; attempts to open them in the working-class suburbs have been met by the police with a polite, but determined, refusal.

This resistance of the intellectuals is as interesting in its way as the resistance of the working masses to pressure, and shows once more that a victory by arms, particularly if afterwards the victors start to disagree among themselves and the vanquished to form a common front of opposition, is not always as decisive, even on a short view, as it looks.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

A Monthly Commentary

MR. HERBERT MORRISON, returning from the United States, reports that in the judgment of America England and France have " let Abyssinia down ", and the League of Nations is ill-supported by Europe. We have no record that Jean Jacques Rousseau interested himself further in the fate of the infants which it was his practice to deposit at the door of the Foundling Hospital, and America's concern for America's progeny is touching by comparison. When principles are laid down which may lead to embarrassing and even dangerous consequences, there is a certain wisdom in declaring retreat before danger is actually threatened. America had that wisdom, Europe was less prudent ; for undoubtedly danger has threatened and there has been retreat. Mr. Eden, who has the great merit of speaking plainly, tells us that only one sanction could have been effective at once against Italy's enterprise—namely, closing of the Suez Canal ; and that this was at once set aside, as likely to result in war. Presumably Italy intimated that if the Canal were closed she could seek another way to Abyssinia, through Egypt, and so ensure for the future access to her possession on the Red Sea. Since Egypt was undoubtedly regarded as a British interest, England took steps at once to protect it, and continued to lead the League in pressing for economic sanctions. It was publicly declared that if these economic measures became inconveniently stringent, Italy would regard them as a *casus belli*. France then being asked by England to guarantee military support in case Italy attacked the English fleet, most unwillingly agreed. For the sake of imposing on Italy's action hindrances which could not be rapidly effective, France was to quarrel with a valued ally, and also to risk seeing Toulon and Marseilles battered by air attack. Since in French eyes the danger to these important centres was graver than that to the English fleet, French diplo-

Retreat at Geneva

macy did its utmost to lessen the risk, and England blamed France for slackness.

Decision to close the Canal could have been taken far in advance, since Italy's action was no surprise ; and we do not know which of the two great Powers concerned decided against the one effective step. But, at all events, such action as was taken was half-hearted, and Italy's vigour made it of no account. Now, with complete disregard of all opinion but her own, Italy, thinking it as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, has declared complete annexation. Meantime, Germany, seeing the disarray of those forces which support public law in Europe, has seized her moment for another *coup de force*. This piece of law-breaking has evoked from England only the mildest protests : and it would be hard to say which of the two Great Powers that stand for law in Europe, France and England, is the more discontented with the other.

France is certainly concerned with the total disregard of all covenants shown by Italy rather than with the actual wrongfulness of conquest. To be quite plain, though feeling in France, and throughout Europe, has been on the side of the attacked, the Abyssinian campaign does not seem worse to Europe than England's war against the Boers appeared, less than forty years ago. The disparity in force between assailant and defendant has been no greater. This time, it is true, the conquest is undertaken in defiance of solemn pledges, and weapons have been used in it which were disavowed. But nobody in Europe has taken seriously the prohibition of gas (indeed, how should they ?), and as to the disregard of pledges, England's attitude to the German move shows that this also counts for little. Yet all that has happened makes it glaringly evident that if there is to be peace and stable order, peace lovers must stand together in defence of law ; since without law there is no freedom.

Still No Leadership

Unhappily leadership is in abeyance. France is changing her Government and though this would matter little, if the question were defence of French soil, it is very different when a new Ministry has to steer a new route on seas that are still uncharted. In England Mr. Baldwin for the moment appears to have lost

hold. These periodic weaknesses do not affect dictatorships and it is of ugly significance that just now a cleavage in the forces which stand for Austria's independence has been indecently manifested. Prince Starhemberg's private army seized an occasion for publicly exchanging insults and blows with the other organization that supports the Chancellor, Dr. Schuschnigg. As a result, the Chancellor has put an end to the sort of dual leadership, and reconstructed his Government without the Prince. He declares his purpose to disarm the Heimwehr and to unify the State's armed forces. But lack of unity is evident, and tempting to an aggressor. This is an awkward moment to offer temptations to Germany ; and any day may bring a new defiance to the League Powers.

Prevision—by the Dictators

There is no use in talking as if the Powers which defy the League are mere bandits. They stand for old virtues, the military virtues, which in the last two months have not surprisingly prevailed over the new. On one side of the conflict there have been devotion, sacrifice of personal well being, drastic preparedness in the physical sphere, even more drastic preparedness in the moral ; there has been vision, there has been prevision. From the standpoint which prevailed in Europe up to a generation ago, Italy's achievement and Germany's achievement have been glorious. These two Powers which maintain unchecked the old conception of patriotism have totally disproved one of the fallacies by which Europe has been duped into surrenders. We were told that threats of war would bring on war, and that war, undertaken anywhere, would mean universal war. We see now that a determined and well-prepared Power can achieve a limited object by force without hindrance from the general society of nations. It is true that some small obstacles were placed in Italy's way, but they were carefully graduated so as not to have decisive effect. Oil sanctions were, at a late stage, openly discussed when their efficacy was doubtful, and even in this case the threat of war was used—and did not lead to war. There is no doubt that Mr. Baldwin's government displayed prudence ; but this prudence had not extended to care for the possible effect on the future of Abyssinia. Meanwhile Germany, advised of this

predominance of prudence in English counsels, executed her admirably calculated *coup de force ;* with the result that all Europe stands gasping and asks where the military virtues will assert themselves next.

The League in Practice

It comes down to this. If the military virtues are to be exercised only in the interests of one state, aggression will be limited only by the prudence of the strong. But if it is in the interest of all that generally accepted principles of justice and of freedom shall prevail, states must be willing to take risks even when their own immediate safety is not at issue ; the military virtues are needed to save society. There is no more reason to believe that a war to check aggression will become universal than that the attempt to arrest one burglar will lead to a *levée en masse* of all criminals. The social bond is stronger than the anti-social and that is why society holds together within national limits. The problem is, to extend the social bond outside those confines : and the difficulty is that democratic states are disinclined to commit themselves in advance to any line of action. In England, this disinclination amounts to positive refusal. Indeed (as a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* points out) the only states which really are in a position so to pledge their action are the dictatorially ruled ; and these, if pledged, have an awkward habit of dispensing themselves from obligations. Yet difficult or not, we are clearly at a pass when there must be organization to resist military aggression, for there are two great Powers in Europe whose whole discipline and training predispose them to it. The League today is only a danger to those who rely on it. Nobody is willing to invest it with sovereignty ; and yet when a Power—especially England—is called on for disinterested action, its tendency is to say that it will act only through the League and with the League ; and the machinery of the League has been found to provide infinite means for delaying action. In fact the only effective international resistance to criminal aggression was offered when Mussolini's divisions appeared on the Brenner. That action was taken without consultation of anybody : and though it supported the purposes of the League, it was without any special desire of the Duce to do so.

In the absence of a central sovereignty we come to necessity for a wardenship of certain areas, undertaken by the Powers directly concerned—or by remoter Powers who for their own reasons desire to maintain the liberty and life of certain states. England has already decided to supplement its general commitments under the League's covenant by a much less vague undertaking to protect the frontiers of France and Belgium—these Powers reciprocating. It is suggested that Holland should be included, and Germany has even proposed this. But, if it were proposed to guarantee also the existing frontiers of Denmark, and its national existence, would that be regarded as a plan of "encirclement" directed against Germany? Here, however, France might reasonably decline to enter in an arrangement which did not add to her own protection, because she is so largely committed already far away from her boundaries. She has throughout been determined to maintain the existence of those states which were brought back to their historic freedom after the war; yet it would be hard to find an instance in which any English spokesman thanked France for undertaking this task. It would be easy to find hundreds in which this was construed as a proof of France's desire for "hegemony." That phrase has for some time been dropped, and instead English observers speak about the "encirclement" of Germany.

Wardens of the Frontiers

What is the truth? In 1920, when Bolshevik Russia was on the point of destroying the revived Poland, England definitely refused assistance: France sent it. Yet later Poland detached itself from France and preferred to enter the orbit of Germany. There was no "hegemony" to prevent this. The states of the Little Entente cannot count on support from Poland, no longer acting with France: but they still look to France, who geographically is in no position to assist them. She has now strengthened their position, and especially that of the one most menaced, Czechoslovakia, by a pact with Russia. This is denounced by many in England as a new "encirclement" of the peaceful Germans. Yet there are other ways of looking at it. If tomorrow Germany were to attempt another *coup de force* on the Czech frontier, England would ring with enthusiasm for the work of Masaryk and for the democratic state which he created. But what else

would England do to help? It is true that such an attempt would not be easily carried out; the people whose Legion made that march through Russia are very tough; yet if Czechoslovakia were left to defend itself, even with the allied Danubian states assisting, there can be very little doubt of the end. The reason why that *coup de force* is not likely to be attempted can be found in the Franco-Russian Pact. It certainly cannot be found in the moral reprobation which would be incurred in England. Frankly, the British nation should extend its gratitude to those who will undertake a wardenship of frontiers that were set up in accordance with the ideals that prevailed in Europe after the War among the victors—that is, among the vast majority of European states. And on the face of things, one would say that Czechoslavakia's ideals are more like English ideals than the German ones—Masaryk's than Hitler's.

It is argued by some that to introduce Russian influence into the policy of Europe is to sow poison. Undoubtedly to many Russian ideals are as repellent as those of Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy; yet it has to be allowed that in free countries Russian ideas show a tendency to spread like those of the French Revolution. They are regarded as a message of hope. Even after the violent shock of Hitler's *coup*, France returns to her parliament some eighty Communists who do not conceal their affiliation to Russian doctrine. Germany and Italy, hermetically sealed against the infiltration of unacceptable ideas, may offer a useful barrier against the spread of this influence. Yet M. Blum may prove to be no worse a European than was Briand the Socialist. In any case it is clear that what France dreads most at the moment is the spread of Fascism—whether in the Italian or the German form.

Russian Influence

If the stability of Europe is to be preserved, there are two main areas where vigilance is needed. One, indeed, is not limited to Europe, though all the Mediterranean coasts belong to the old Roman world—as certainly the Duce does not forget. Another, closely related to it, is the Danubian region, and here the menace

Danger Zones

of disturbance is sharply felt. Even if England decides to refuse responsibility for maintaining and harmonising the results of Allied victory yet France, joined with England in wardenship on the West, is so far committed in this other region that England should at least study the facts. Assistance is offered by a new *Hungarian Quarterly* which proposes to give in each number a review of the Danubian situation. Mr. Andrew Frey, who contributes, writes with an unconcealed Hungarian bias; but he is lucid and penetrating. Roughly, the main fact is that M. Hodza, Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, has sought to bring Austria into a " Danubian plan ", by which her independence would be guaranteed by the Little Entente. Behind the Little Entente is the power of France, economically important, but France is in a military sense cut off : unhappily, it is no longer of importance to urge that France carries weight in the League of Nations. There is, however, Russia, now on close terms with the Czechs and bound to France by a Pact. All that stands between Czech and Austrian co-operation is the Habsburg question and the Czechs seem content to accept assurance that no restoration of the monarchy is near at hand. This, however, is far from contenting Belgrade, which desires formal repudiation of the old dynasty—towards which the Croat minority might be drawn. Further, Yugoslavia has a vehement distrust of Russia and refuses all diplomatic intercourse with the Soviets ; whereas its economic relations with Germany are important. Rumania, less concerned about the Habsburg return, and strongly Francophile, is, however, also distrustful of Russia, whose claims in Bessarabia have never been given up. And unless Rumania accedes to a military convention for free passage of troops, Russia cannot in case of need bring aid to the Czechs.

On this view the Little Entente seems to lack solidity. If Yugoslavia, fearing Italy more than Germany, has no insuperable objection to the *Anschluss*, and Rumania, fearing Russia more than either Italy or Germany, prefers to keep Russia at arm's length, the position of Czechoslovakia threatens to become one of isolation. Meanwhile Italy with her new prestige aims at drawing close together the bonds between herself, Austria, and Hungary : and in this direction the Hungarians see their best hope of territorial revision. In short, if there is to be stability in the Danubian area, it must be produced at present by support from outside ; and the only Great Power on the League's side which can intervene directly is barred access to the point of most danger.

A Competent Academy

The Royal Academy is commended this year for its general competence, and both pictures and sculpture are more than usually well displayed. In sculpture one is grateful for Mr. McMillan's statue of old Turner ; it is good to have a physical idea of that queerest figure among great artists. Prominence is given to Lady Kennet's portrait bust of the Duke of York, a firmly modelled head of the kind of young man whom twenty years ago one would have picked out as a likely company commander. But the charming and unique thing here is Mr. Wheeler's " Aphrodite ", chiselled out of one block of alabaster. The slim lovely contours from neck to knee gain in beauty from that half-translucent stone—though the same artist's statuette of his wife proves that his art does not depend for its success on a rare medium. Among the painters, Mr. Munnings chooses to let us know that even if there were not a horse left in the world to paint, he could still find congenial subjects ; his study of an artist sketching is particularly full of light and air. Mr. Russell Flint's group of four Spanish girls singing out of doors is more than merely a beautiful composition : the figures, especially the two outer ones, have a life in their poise which lifts the whole out of the academic. Mr. Bishop and Mr. Terrick Williams again contribute covetable studies of English seaports ; but this year Mr. Bishop has gone back to Morocco, a country where his sensitive talent has always been most happily employed. Mr. Brockhurst's study in oils of his favourite model (" Armida ") is less happy than those of the last two years ; but the same figure (as " Drusilla ") treated in pencil is perhaps the most arresting thing in the exhibition.

On the whole, however, this is Dame Laura Knight's Academy ; she surprises by her vigour and versatility : the big picture of circus folk among the horses, the small study of ballet girls, the two nude girls (deposited as her diploma picture) all differ in treatment from her companion studies of fashionable crowds

at Ascot, seen as they move away ; and of the five kinds, this is the kind that I would prefer to live with.—It was interesting to pass out from Burlington House and find at Knoedler's in Bond Street a gathering of Berthe Morisot's work—a woman artist far inferior to Dame Laura in the presentation of form. But Berthe Morisot, like all her group, was really attempting to paint not form but light. Her brush flows over the canvas, and light flows after the brush. But life also is there, especially the intent life of childhood : whether the attention is fixed on something before the eyes, or turned inward to a child's meditation, there is always (even when little but a blob of paint appears on the canvas) an image of intense life.

A. E. Housman

One cannot leave the passing of a great poet without some salute. A. E. Housman published in his life a few hundred lines of verse and they are as well known as FitzGerald's *Rubaiyat*—and perhaps higher rated by the best judges. We, the general readers, are told that he was not less remarkable as a scholar. I know only that while he was professor in London, a student, today a reputed scholar, went to his lectures expecting an enchantment ; after Housman's course was over, he declared that he had never known such gerund grinding. The classics had been treated as material for grammatical comment and textual criticism solely. Having read Housman's lecture on *The Nature of Poetry*, I should say that this austerity sprang from his conviction that literature was best assimilated if not talked about. Yet the writer of a letter to *The Times* refers to one occasion at Cambridge on which the professor, contrary to usage, proposed to his audience that they should employ the remaining five minutes of the time " in considering an ode of Horace as poetry " : and that as he recited to them the *Diffugere nives* his voice actually broke under the stress of his feeling for its beauty. That also is in accord with his observations on the physical effects of poetry : as for instance this : " Experience has taught me, when I am shaving of a morning, to keep watch on my thoughts, because, if a line of poetry strays into my memory, my skin bristles so that the razor refuses to act ".

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PARALLELS OF HISTORY

By G. R. Stirling Taylor

CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY. Vol. VIII. The Close of the Middle Ages. *Cambridge University Press.* 50*s.*

The more history one reads, the clearer it becomes that it is very misleading to talk of ancient or medieval history ; for all history is an intimate part of the story of the present moment. This volume is the last of the great *Cambridge Medieval History* ; but it is packed with information which is of urgent value to a Member of Parliament, for example, who wishes to know in which lobby he should vote in the next division. Too often, alas, he entrusts his political soul to the keeping of the Party Whip. If he would, instead, consult the best historians, our national story would not be the persistent disaster or muddle it so often is.

Take the example of the present necessity of coming to some decision concerning our national armaments. In this volume before us is a chapter on the art of war in the later medieval period, by Sir Charles Oman, who has made a special study of the development of this branch of international crime. It is a clear explanation of the supremely important fact that the introduction of a new weapon (such as the long bow) or a fresh idea in the tactics of attack or defence, has repeatedly meant the supremacy or defeat of the nation that uses, or fails to use, its armies in one or the other way. There was a time in medieval history when the English long bows could drive off the field of battle any troops that dared to stand before them.

Now, if our political representatives will take the trouble (and the pleasure—for brilliantly written history is a continual romance) to read this chapter on war, they will see how vitally necessary it is to come to the right decision in controversies as to the value of great battleships or smaller ; or, again, whether both are not trivial matters in the presence of aircraft. The historian has seen this problem of the new arm repeating itself with overwhelming effect time after time in the story of human affairs. It was a new weapon or a new method of tactics that made Macedonia or Rome or English bowmen or Swiss infantry, or some other power, for a brief time dominant in history.

If our legislators were well informed in the history of war through the ages, they would take two steps, with more alertness and intelligence than they show many signs of moving at present ; namely, they would consider as rapidly as possible some way of suppressing this crime of war, as other crimes are stamped out—by efficient police action, and the abolition of criminal impulses by efficient education. Secondly, as long as armed defence remains necessary, they would

A PALADIN OF ARABIA, by Major N. N. E. Bray. *The Unicorn Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

TOWARDS the end of his previous book, *Shifting Sands*, in which he maintained the thesis that the Arab revolt against the Turks identified with the name of T. E. Lawrence was misconceived, Major Bray devoted some space to the Englishman whom he thought the real hero in British war-time relations with the Arabs—Colonel Gerald Leachman. Here, under a resounding title (perhaps "A Paladin of England" would have been more accurate), he gives us a full-length picture of this most remarkable man.

Even if, outside Arabia, romance has cast few shadows about his name—for he spurned any contact with the mutual admiration societies which deformed the Western mind upon the stature of men engaged during the War in Arabia, Leachman was unquestionably a most unusual character. Uncommunicative, hating publicity, wanting no reward (except the D.S.O., which, duly and deservedly, but not for his greatest exploits, he obtained), he had, a few years before the War, wandered about the Syrian Desert and had even penetrated right into the heart of Nejd, emerging on the Persian Gulf. Why? Not for the lust of travel; not for the glory of exploration. Simply, Major Bray insists, because he saw that, were his country to become engaged in the Middle East, it was essential to have the Arabs on the British side. In short, all his pre-War feats of daring and endurance were performed as a patriotic duty.

It was typical of the way in which the Mesopotamian campaign was at first handled that for many months Leachman, who knew both the "desert and the sown" better than any other British soldier, had to kick his heels with his regiment in India. When at last it was realised that he had already immortally enshrined his name upon the map of Arabia, he was brought to "Mespot" as a Political Officer. For most of his time, however, he was either on the fringe of the cultivated areas or miles away in the blue to the west, attracting to England's cause those friends he had made before the War, and frustrating the pro-Turkish Arabs. It is pleasant to read that when Herr Preusser, the German who in those undulating wastes of the Syrian Desert had tried to hoist the Crescent, was captured by the British, he shook Leachman's hand warmly in congratulation of the Englishman's single-handed efforts.

Leachman undoubtedly helped to win the war for the British in Arabia, but Major Bray suggests that when, after a well-earned leave in England, this desert-*enragé* man was recalled for political work in Mesopotamia, his doom was practically certain. If it were certain, that certainty derives mainly from one thing: Leachman's habit of beating Arabs. It is no depreciation of Leachman's magnificent courage to indicate that Arab tribesmen cannot be treated in this brutal manner. And so, when by blackest treachery, Shaikh Dhari and some associates murdered Leachman at Khan Nuqta in August, 1920, the town Arabs, sensitive enough to "wrongs" done to the tribesmen, though apt to look upon them as so much dirt, secretly rejoiced. One of the greatest pillars of England had fallen. This sentiment was proved by the thousands—though the fact is not mentioned in this book—who eight years later turned out in Baghdad to witness Shaihk Dhari's funeral.

There are abundant faults in this work; much repetition, erratic spelling, fulsomeness and over-emphasis, but it will be, and deserves to be, widely read.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

THE PROBLEMS OF TARIFFS

By D. W. BROGAN.

BRITISH ECONOMIC FOREIGN POLICY, by J. Henry Richardson. *Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is a timely and wise book, designed to educate the public in the implications of the new commercial policy of the country, a type of education that is badly needed. It would be comforting to believe that it will do good, but that faith struggles for life—in my breast at least—in a rather feeble fashion.

Professor Richardson is no doctrinaire; he takes the world as he finds it, a world of nationalism, of fear of war, of desire for security, a world in which long term policies are out of place. So far so good. Free trade is dead and possibly damned and it is Professor Richardson's intention to argue for a policy of "reasonable" protection, for a clearer insight into what our policies involve, their cost in money and in political strain. If this book is as widely read as it deserves to be it may shake some minds in their easy complacency, but it will puzzle and irritate more. Professor Richardson argues well and acutely and with a candour one would like to see more common, but these are qualities that are little in demand in the market to which he is taking them. It is sad but true that, while there are simple arguments for free trade that are good, all the simple arguments for protection are bad; the good arguments being too subtle, elaborate and conditional for common use.

One remark of Professor Richardson's suggests that he may be aware of this, for he notes that it is "ironical" that at the moment when for the first time Britain was in a position to give the Dominions food preferences, her hands were tied by the appearance of a movement for protection for home agriculture. If by "ironical" *odd* is meant, then the surprise is quite unjustified. Nothing was more natural than that when at last the political obstacles to food taxes were dodged the real beneficiaries should be home farmers with votes, not Dominion farmers with only sentimental or purely economic appeals. Whatever professional imperialists in their permanent day-dream may think, the British farmer does not relish being undercut by Canada a bit more than by Argentina and he is certain to insist that his M.P. takes that view and, if we leave the plane of sentiment for that of economics, then the forces that might work for Canada will work even more powerfully for Argentina or for the £500,000,000 of British capital sunk there. That the great economic movement for binding the Empire together should have been marked by nasty bickering at Ottawa and followed by boycotts in Lancashire is the most natural thing in the world, and that simple souls were surprised by these phenomena is merely a sign of how little we know about real tariffs and their consequences. They may be worth the price, but there is the price.

Professor Richardson is optimistic about our present immunity from log-rolling and the other sins of tariff-making in less favoured lands; he may be right. In a country where the source of party funds is hidden who can say him nay? But if he talks with a steel merchant about some of the little ways of our

steel monopolists he will learn of devices that would amuse an American, and if he reflects on the history of the victory of the beet-sugar interest over the Greene Committee he will perhaps modify his judgment. His own account of that illuminating episode omits the most significant point, the pressure brought to bear on the Government by the M.P.s for the affected districts; the failure of the old bonds of party discipline to hold against the acid of public money distributed in localities. East Anglia was solid enough, but the political history of the "Liberal" party in East Fife is even more significant. Does Professor Richardson think, for example, that the beneficiaries of the hops scheme would support any candidate who wished to see that the joys of that ingenious device were in wider commonalty spread? He gives us very significant figures of the cash cost of these various devices for handing over money to small groups of producers, devices concealing from the not very keen eyes of the man in the street some highly regressive taxation. But still more important is the lesson that is being learned, that it is politically impossible to withhold from a group money once given to them, even though the conditions on which it was given have been unfulfilled. A strong government might defy the interests, but only if party discipline can be relied upon to hold. It has failed once; I see no reason to doubt that it will fail again.

Professor Richardson never rubs anything in, but one or two of his understatements are so mild as to be misleading. The export duty on palm kernels after the War was imposed "on the initiative of the British Government". By whom? Is there any other authority in British West Africa than the British Government? These units are neither Dominions nor Crown Colonies and when we talk of the "Government of Sierra Leone" doing something we mean that local British officials are doing what they have been told by the Colonial Office. What we really mean is that we are already using our political control of those colonies to pay us economic dividends. Professor Richardson realizes this and realizes that it makes public boloney about our trusteeship and so on, nonsense at which the cynical Continentals laugh. But he might be more explicit, and his belief that this method will bind the Empire together has little historical justification. I don't expect a Lagos tea party for a while yet, but I think that, in all consistency, we ought to see a marked drop in the price of Burke's works.

On all the descriptive and economic sides of his subject Professor Richardson moves like a master, but in the political implication he is less interested and less at home. In a glowing tribute to the magnanimous patriots of the beet sugar industry, The Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P., sneered at "cranks and fanciful men" (*The Times*, May 8th, 1936) in a stout British fashion that it is to be hoped will be taken to heart by Mr. Elliot, D.Sc., F.R.S. The day before this firm handling of sceptics corrupted by too much thinking it was possible to read in the chief journal of the city for which Mr. Elliot is a member of the shutting down in Greenock of an old-established sugar machinery factory owing to the loss of its trade with "Australia, Canada, South Africa, China and Japan" (*The Glasgow Herald*, May 7th). Greenock, home of that dangerous innovator, James Watt, used to flourish on shipbuilding and on the cane-sugar industry. It is only a question of time before its electors ask Mr. Elliot's cabinet colleague, Sir Godfrey Collins, what tangible good in the form of public cash he is going to get for them to make up for the bountiful largess that has gratified other regions.

A GREAT STATESMAN

By Sir John Marriott.

LORD PALMERSTON, by H. C. F. Bell 2 vols. *Longmans*. 42*s*.

Would it have occurred to anyone, expert or general reader, that Palmerston had been rather neglected? But for Mr. Bell's assurance I doubt it. There is surely no other statesman of the Victorian era, with the possible exceptions of Gladstone and Disraeli, whose figure is so familiar to the great public as that of "Pam". Nevertheless, Mr. Bell's two stout volumes, comprising nearly 1,000 pages, will convince most readers that there was room for a new study of Palmerston on this elaborate scale, and if there was a gap in our historical literature, this American professor has proved himself eminently capable of filling it.

Even were there no gap, this book would justify itself: it is a fine biography of a great man. In some respects Lord Palmerston, though not the greatest, was the most remarkable English statesman of a century, peculiarly rich in parliamentary statesmanship. Pitt and Fox, Castlereagh and Canning, Perceval and Liverpool, Peel and Wellington, Melbourne and Grey, Palmerston, Russell, Aberdeen and Stanley (Derby), Disraeli and Gladstone, Salisbury and Chamberlain. What a galaxy! But Palmerston stands out not least conspicuously. Born nearly half a century before the first Reform Bill (1784-1832), Palmerston remained constant to his belief in Aristocracy, if not in Oligarchy, and had none of that passion for parliamentary reform which distinguished his colleague and rival, Lord John Russell. But Russell was nothing if not a Whig; Palmerston was hardly weaned from Toryism when in 1830 he took office as Foreign Secretary in the Ministry of Lord Grey. By that time he had already had twenty years of office, having been appointed a Lord of the Admiralty in 1808, and become Secretary-at-War in 1809—an office which he held continuously through the administrations of Spencer Perceval, Liverpool, Canning, and Goderich, and for three months in that of Wellington. Not, however, until Canning's accession to power in 1827 was Palmerston admitted—after twenty years of official service—to the Cabinet. From then onwards he was out of the Cabinet only at rare and brief intervals until his death in 1865. He was a septuagenarian when he first became Prime Minister (in 1855), but he had ten years of office still ahead of him. Truly an amazing record!

To each of the successive phases in Palmerston's varied career Professor Bell does full justice. But the impression which he gives of Palmerston's position as Secretary-at-War is somewhat confused, not to say misleading. Mr. Bell does not, of course, make the elementary, but not uncommon, mistake of confusing the Secretaryship-at-War with the Secretaryship of State for War and the Colonies. Moreover, he refers to the fact that Lord Liverpool, "under whom he served for *fifteen years* (my italics) had not only to mediate between him [Palmerston] and the Duke of York, the Commander-in-Chief, had not only to reprimand him sharply on his own account, but to review disputes in which Palmerston's intolerable pomposity con-

stantly emerged" (I. 42). It is clear from the context ("fifteen years") that it is to Lord Liverpool as Prime Minister that Mr. Bell is here referring. He appears to ignore the fact that for the three years before he became Prime Minister Lord Liverpool was, as Secretary of State, Palmerston's official chief at the War Office. The impression conveyed (unintentionally, no doubt) by Mr. Bell is that the Political Chief of the War Office was not infrequently at variance with the Commander-in-Chief, and that the Political Chief was Palmerston!

But this is a minor, if not a trivial, point. Apart from this, I have observed, whether in the text or the notes, etc., a few—if very few—corrigenda. For instance, George Canning's widow was never "Lady" Canning—though his daughter-in-law was. Nor was the accomplished editor of Wellington's *Letters to Mary, Marchioness of Salisbury*, ever Lady Winifred Burghclere, though she was born Lady Winifred Hubert. A small matter; but not smaller, though merely incidental, is the summary statement (I. 17) that in the quarrel between Canning and Castlereagh "each was in some measure to blame." For that quarrel Castlereagh (whose name, by the way, does not appear in the index) was in no way whatever to blame. Portland may share the blame with Canning in minor degree, perhaps; others, also; but Castlereagh in no measure.

Apart from such minor and incidental corrigenda, a critic can have little but praise for a finely executed piece of historical research. It is, however, no dry-as-dust research. The book is written in admirable style, scholarly without pedantry, and lively without those irritating mannerisms and affectations which spoil so much "lively" biographical work.

The supreme merit of the book is, however, this: that long as was Palmerston's public career, close and almost continuous as was his connexion with great affairs, the book is a real biography, not a history of the times hung round a personality. That personality stands out. We see Palmerston in his greatness and littleness; we are all made to understand the causes of his unpopularity in earlier life and his overwhelming popularity towards the close; we see this sportsman, this darling of Society, possessed of a real passion and an amazing capacity for work, demanding (like Lord Curzon) much from official subordinates, but always more from himself; genial towards colleagues, but "intolerably arrogant" (I., 200) towards his office staff, towards offending tradesmen—and towards the representatives of Foreign Powers. Of two things Palmerston was convinced: one was his own infallibility; the other was the superiority of England. As Lord John Russell (no blind apologist) well phrased it, "his heart always beat for the honour of England." "His highest 'ideal'," says Mr. Bell, "in that period, at least [about 1848] was the one he had carried with him and offered to Europe for so long: the British form of government administered in the British way" (II, 5). We have realized, in these latter days, that the finest constitutions, like the finest wines, "do not travel"; that much mischief has been wrought in the world by England's attempt (as in Greece) to impose an "English" Constitution on peoples entirely unprepared for it, and by the premature adoption by other people (e.g., the Italians) of Parliamentary Democracy. But in Palmerston's happier day who could doubt that Parliamentary Government, on the English model, was the panacea for all political ills? Certainly not this self-confident, jaunty, optimistic, arrogant, and lovable Englishman so admirably portrayed by Professor Bell.

CHRONICLE OF MY LIFE, by Igor Stravinsky. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
MASTERS OF RUSSIAN MUSIC, by M. D. Calvocoressi and Gerald Abraham. *Duckworth.* 18*s.*

In this simple Chronicle, translated (why anonymously?) from the French, Stravinsky has set down certain memories of his life up to 1935, "in order to present a true picture of myself, and to dissipate the accumulation of misunderstandings that have gathered about both my work and my person." There is a spareness about the drawing of this self-portrait that at first suggests the admirable economy of a Picasso; and a clarity of style in the narrative that, if clarity were all, would do much to dissipate the deplored misunderstandings. But somehow one finishes the book with the feeling that the spareness of the portrait is after all a kind of timidity and the clarity of the narrative more a matter of eclecticism than of lucidity. One is almost driven to prefer the sometimes over-statement of a Berlioz, whose forthrightness at least bespoke red blood and pulsating life.

Stravinsky has rationalised his curious evolution in a quite plausible way: the reasons are given, but somehow they do not entirely convince. It is a long way from *L'Oiseau de Feu* to *Persephone*, and only the composer can tell us why those twenty-four years saw an almost complete metamorphosis from romantic into neo-classic. Perhaps the core of his reason is to be found in a passage dealing with Diaghileff's production of *The Sleeping Beauty*. There he declares that in classical dancing he sees "the triumph of studied conception over vagueness, of the rule over the arbitrary, of order over the hazard"—the conflict between the Apollonian and Dionysian principles of art. And because "art demands above all the full consciousness of the artist" and ought not to seek its goal in that "losing of oneself" which is called ecstasy, he is wholly on the

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side of Apollo. As a theory it is interesting, but still it does not explain Stravinsky.

It does explain, however, that partial isolation in which he confesses he finds himself to-day. "I have a very distinct feeling [he says] that in the course of the last fifteen years my written work has estranged me from the great mass of my listeners." He takes some sort of refuge in the fact that he now believes "there was seldom any real communion of spirit between us." If this were really true, it would be a sorry indictment of Stravinsky, as it is indeed a terrible belief for any artist to hold—especially one who openly acknowledges that "art postulates communion". But the truth is, of course, that every time *L'Oiseau* is played that communion of spirit between the composer and his audience takes place. Can it be that Stravinsky wishes to forswear his earlier works? But such theorisings are too common in the Chronicle for us to take this seriously. He was one of the first, for instance, to "go over" to the piano-player and almost every one of his compositions has been recorded for the gramophone; yet he is loud in his disapproval of mechanical music as a means of lessening the necessary active co-operation of the listener—a discrepancy he somewhat naively overcomes by saying that gramophone records are valuable as documents which may be consulted by intending executants of his music. And emphatically the composer of the *Sacre du Printemps* and *Petroushka* asserts that by its very nature "music is essentially powerless to *express* anything at all". It rather looks as if music has got hidden in a cloud of ideas.

As for the narrative of the Chronicle, the best, as might be expected, concerns his long association with Diaghileff's ballet. All ballet-lovers will enjoy his accounts of the memorable first nights of ballets now accepted by everybody but once so incomprehensibly revolutionary. Stravinsky expresses the very highest regard for Nijinsky the dancer but has some severe criticisms to make of Nijinsky the choreographer; whilst his great affection for Diaghileff does not blind him to the disturbing jealousy that marred this genius. In fact Stravinsky's record of his earlier days is by far the best part of the book: in the second half he is tiresomely concerned with the bare enumeration of concert tours and performances of his work—an aridity of narrative which some find reflected in his music of the same period.

Masters of Russian Music is an omnibus volume of the lives of all the great Russian composers except those now living. The lion's share of the work has gone to Mr. Abraham, who brings to his stories a lively style and a considerable reading.

C. HENRY WARREN.

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PORTRAIT OF A SWARAJIST

By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *The Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU is, apart from Gandhi, the only Indian Nationalist leader nowadays capable of exciting authentic popular enthusiasm; and where Gandhi has lost his hold over the educated classes Nehru is their hero. His appeal is quite different from Gandhi's, less religious. He prefers economic to moralistic exposition, and finds the Five-Year Plan more stimulating than the spinning-wheel. Gandhi's autobiography, published in India as *My Experiments with Truth*, shows how all his political activities have arisen out of certain simple and fanatically held moral convictions. He grew to hate British rule slowly as he became convinced that it involved spiritual degradation; the essential conservatism of his nature has made him have little sympathy with revolutionaries as such, and he has championed the poor not so much because he wanted to improve their material conditions as because it seemed to him that industrialism was giving them false gods to worship, disturbing a traditional way of life which, though economically meagre, was spiritually rich.

Nehru's autobiography, on the other hand, reveals a romantic revolutionary. It was Italy and then Ireland and then Russia that warmed his blood, not India's past. His youthful heroes were patriots like Garibaldi rather than saints and ascetics and where Gandhi prided himself on dressing and living like the lowliest of his fellow-countrymen, Nehru, according to Mr. Edward Thompson, on one occasion rode on a white charger to unfurl the Congress flag. This difference may be partly due to different social origins. Though Gandhi's father was Prime Minister in a small Kathiwar State he belongs to the *bania* or commercial caste, while Nehru is an aristocrat, a Kashmiri *brahmin*. He grew up in a rich and luxurious establishment, was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and while reading law in London fell into the attitude of mind of the pre-war intellectual, being influenced by Pater and Wilde and "trying to ape to some extent the prosperous but somewhat empty-headed Englishman who is called a 'man about town.'"

Back in India in 1912 he practised as a barrister, but without putting much heart into the work. Like so many young Nationalists he fell under the spell of Mrs. Besant, went through a short Theosophical phase, and then threw himself with passionate fervour into Gandhi's first non-co-operation campaign. Henceforth the struggle for Swaraj absorbed all his energies. His and his father's whole manner of life altered. They wore *kadi* instead of European clothes, gave up their luxurious ways and a lucrative legal practice, were constantly in and out of prison, and, next to Gandhi, took the most prominent part in the turbulent post-war years. Motilal Nehru died in 1932; Jawaharlal, released from prison last year to visit his dying wife in Europe, presided over the latest Congress session.

His autobiography, written in prison, is a revealing and attractive document. If it is not particularly profound it is

entirely sincere. The doubts that assailed him are all faithfully recorded; and no attempt is made to hide the conflict in his nature between a deep personal devotion to Gandhi and a natural repugnance for much of his teaching. Religion, which is the mainspring of Gandhi's life, is on the whole suspect in his eyes. He tends to take the Marxist view that it has been used to drug the masses into tolerating their wretched lot, and is sufficiently a child of his generation to find asceticism philosophically distasteful if sometimes practically expedient. Gandhi's attitude, he writes:

> Is that of the ascetic who has turned his back on the world and its ways, who denies life and considers it evil. For an ascetic that is natural, but it seems far-fetched to apply it to men and women of the world who accept life and try to make the most of it.

Apart from the interest of his autobiography as self-portraiture it sheds much light on the whole mentality of a new type of Indian Nationalist, between whom and the older type Nehru is a link: He has a foot in both camps. If he frankly repudiates much of Gandhi's doctrine he retains his faith in him as a great leader; if he has little good to say for Moderates like Sastri he still believes in representative government and many of the ideals of nineteenth century Liberalism, from which the Indian National Congress was derived. His Socialism, though ostensibly Moscovite, owes more to William Morris than Marx. Tagore seems to him still a fine cultural influence—so much so that he sent his daughter to Santiniketan preparatory to going to Oxford, and his literary affiliations stop short at T. S. Eliot.

For the time being the Left elements in Congress are ranged behind him, but not, I fancy, for long. They are moving towards the idea of party dictatorship and the repudiation of even the idiom of Democracy. Legislatures will soon no more satisfy them than cake did the starving Paris mob, and the most untrammelled Constitution seem in itself as little desirable as the British Raj. Nehru is unlikely to feel much sympathy with such an attitude of mind; less even than he does with Gandhi's. His own roots are in the pre-war world, however gallantly and bravely he may have played a part in the post-war one. In this respect, a more significant prophet is perhaps Subhas Bose, whose book, *The Indian Struggle*, is frankly appreciative of Fascist-Bolshevik technique. It would be interesting to know what Nehru thinks of Bose. In his autobiography he has scarcely anything to say about him.

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HITLER: A Biography. By Konrad Heiden.

THE rise of National-Socialism to power in Germany has been a phenomenon so extraordinary, so complicated in its development, so obscure in many of its aspects, that even today, after three years of Nazi rule, the background and psychology of the movement, and the character of its "Führer", Hitler, are subjects on which the most varied opinions are current among people in other countries, particularly English people. A full and reliable study has for a long time been needed, and Konrad Heiden's excellent book should become a classic. The author is well qualified for his job: he was one of the leading journalists of pre-Hitler Germany, and as he worked for many years in Munich, the headquarters of National-Socialism, had an admirable opportunity to study it in detail.

The story in its bare outlines is strange enough. A peasant's son who shows no particular gifts in youth except a "gift of the gab," a down-and-out of pre-war Vienna who became a corporal in the Austrian Army, suddenly, amid the chaos that was Central Europe in the first years of the peace, begins to form a political movement around himself, which is discreetly smiled on by certain influential military and civil circles. This movement, attracting to itself the riff-raff of adventurers and terrorists the sudden demobilization had thrown upon the country, and using the most unscrupulous, irrational, and bloodthirsty propaganda, within a decade has captured the discontented and dispossessed masses of the middle-classes and large sections of the unemployed proletariat; suffers many severe reverses, is shaken by continual scandals, but always survives them, steadily advancing until it has under its complete, ruthless control a people of sixty-six millions—once famous for its depth of thought and richness of culture.

In Germany today, among hundreds of thousands of the faithful, Hitler is held to be, quite literally, a superhuman Messiah. Abroad, some of his most bitter opponents consider him a mere puppet without any intellectual or other ability of his own, maintained in power by forces which have remained for the most part quietly concealed. It is the great merit of Herr Heiden's book that it exposes convincingly the exaggeration in both these views. Hitler emerges as a man with one supreme power: that of swaying and converting to his own ideas vast audiences by the sheer magic of his oratory, even though the content of his speeches be monstrous and contradictory nonsense. This power he has consciously, even cynically developed to further the ambition that has obsessed him—the annihilation of Marxism and the restoration of the united German race to a dominant position in the world. It is clear that he never would have succeeded if he had not been supported, first by the Reichswehr, then by all those who stood to profit by his declared aims: rich industrialists and bankers chiefly, both at home and abroad. It is clear that the German people were in a state of hysterical confusion after the war, which made them an ideal prey for a hysterical personality with confused but magnetically simple ideas and an amazing demagogic gift. At the same time it is also clear that Hitler owes his success to something more. He is a man, as Heiden draws him, who, though vacillating in counsel and treacherous, can carry a plan through with unequalled rapidity and thoroughness once he has definitely decided on it, and, though naturally indolent, is capable at times of tremendous sustained effort, as if hypnotized. A man who has known how to assimilate from the actions and writings of people as different as Lueger, the anti-Semite mayor of pre-war Vienna, and Trotsky, precisely those elements

which could be most useful to himself, and who has been able throughout his career to judge nicely an associate's value for himself and to handle that associate accordingly.

Herr Heiden does not abandon himself to one-sided invective, and it is therefore all the more ominously that two aspects of Hitler stand out in his picture. No considerations of humanity have ever caused him to hesitate; Jews, Catholics, Socialists, Communists, even his own comrades-in-arms, have gone down in frightful deaths before the Juggernaut. And no promise he has ever made, for temporary diplomatic reasons, has he thought twice of breaking when it suited his purpose, when the hour was ripe for his next leap.

JOHN LEHMANN.

AS TIME WENT ON, by Ethel Smyth. *Longmans* 15*s*.

THOSE who come to this book with the expectation that in it we shall find much about music and musical things will be disappointed. It contains indeed what I think to be a very sensible remark in this connection: "I began this book by saying that it is not addressed primarily to musicians; nor is it about music, which to my mind is a thing to write and to listen to but not to talk about."

What Dame Ethel Smyth does talk about are the other matters which have compelled her in the course of a life which she has lived with the zest of an exceptionally high vitality. And the chief of these has certainly been friendship. The three people who, she tells us, have counted most, to whom she has given herself without reservations, were Lisl von Herzogenberg, who will be remembered because of her correspondence with Brahms, Henry Brewster, and Lady Ponsonby; and this book which takes up the story where she left it in *Impressions That Remained* is chiefly concerned with discussion about and correspondence with Henry Brewster and Lady Ponsonby.

The circumstance that they were both, and especially Henry Brewster as revealed in his letters, personalities of fine mind and integrity gives a quality to a narrative which otherwise rattles on somewhat too breathlessly. For Dame Ethel's strong suit is less subtlety than honesty, another, it may be remarked, rare and fine quality; and it is stimulating to be brought into contact with someone who, one feels surely, never has any axe to grind, but speaks her mind. She herself, possibly truly, assigns this frankness of hers as one of the reasons why, to use her own words, she has never "succeeded in becoming even a tiny wheel in the English musical machine."

Needless to say then Dame Ethel is as candid about her dislikes as she is about her likes. One of those with whom she could never manage to hit it off was the late Archbishop Benson, who regarded her with extreme wariness. But it is, one feels, with the utmost delight that she records his opinion of her Mass:

> Overhearing bits of it at Addington, he remarked afterwards, that in this Mass God was not *implored* but commanded to have mercy. Here Maggie Benson, who, though not musical, had listened, poor thing, to a good deal of Mass talk, said that if he were alluding to the *Christe Eleison* section, she understood that what had been aimed at was an expression of *intense terror*. "Indeed?" said His Grace, "I can only repeat that to me it sounded like orders issued in an extremely peremptory manner.

One is not surprised that even her friendships did not lack the salt of tempestuous disagreement. There are many illustrations of this in the chapter devoted to her friendship with Lady Ponsonby, herself no milk and water individual.

Another of the commendable features of this autobiography is the circumstance that unlike so many exuberant personalities, Dame Ethel can be detached not only about herself but also about her friends. The chapter she devotes to the once-esteemed writer, Vernon Lee, is a strikingly acute and vivid description of a now almost extinct species, the blue stocking who wore her stockings up to her elbows. As for her enthusiasms, whether for the Empress Eugenie or for golf—she was the first to introduce this sport to the Victorian Court at Balmoral—she writes with a contagious zest. This is, first and last, an extremely likeable book.

NORAH HOULT.

IRISH LITERATURE AND DRAMA, by Stephen Gwynn. *Nelson.* 6*s*.

MOST memorable is the childhood shock with which one learns that some delicious plant, the tomato, for instance, which one had always thought of as a vegetable, is really a fruit. The shock is small, but it changes the blood. Mr. Stephen Gwynn's book on Irish literature produces this kind of feeling. It disorganizes the critical faculties. We like to play the game of naming the common denominator of Goldsmith and Oscar Wilde; Congreve, Farquhar and Joyce; Bernard Shaw and George Moore. We know that wit is an element, the best in the world: we know the pleasing absence of that "graver moment" which English writers are so unnecessarily fond of: and we ponder over that strange inverted nostalgia of Irish authors which makes them rush away, so often, from the paralysing charms of their native country. All we are sure of is that the common quality is something light, and fresh and fascinating. Yet here in Mr. Gwynn's book is this charming vegetable brought under the Fruit heading, Nationalist Literature.

To most readers it will be an entirely new picture of the subject, though it will be none the less an extraordinarily interesting one. The Goldsmiths and the Congreves are left out. Swift is described as an outside man, "to whom the Irish were maltreated serfs", not, as they were to themselves, "the heirs of a noble race, despoiled and defeated; held in ignominious bondage, and yet aware of a nobility that survived in them". The Irish literature which is written in English begins with—Tom Moore.

The dandified, the fashionable, the imitator of English Romanticism, the decidedly pale reflection of Byron, the most ephemeral of best sellers, never heard of now except historically, or through a few verses so famous and so flat that we are not always quite sure who wrote them—this man, it appears, is the Burns of Ireland. The "*Irish Melodies* are the true beginning of a national Irish literature in Ireland's second language."

PITMAN

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PITMAN

Parker Street, Kingsway, W.C.2

It is true—and in one sense, at least, which we may not have realized before. Not only were these verses a fitting of modern lines to old Irish tunes and metres: their mythology, which seems to us Romantick and Ossianesque, was real, and was part of the ancient stories still recited, Saga-wise, by the Irish peasants. The minstrel boy was identifiable. Tara's Halls meant the halls of Tara. And Moore is a true original of the Irish Nationalist movement, of the Young Ireland movement, of the nineteenth century. Miss Edgeworth, Carleton and Charles Lever, Mangan and Ferguson, Davis and Duffy, can all be re-read illuminatingly in the light of their relation to Moore, as part of a consciously native literature, of a bridge linking the *Irish Melodies* with A.E., with Yeats, and the new Irish drama.

Moore, of course, seems much too perilously sophisticated to maintain this grand position. But was even Burns any more of a god-visited ploughboy? Was he not, also, a "literary man", experimenting with English ballad measures and Scotch diction? The chief difference is that Burns was a poet. And the point immediately suggests itself, that it is possible to be a very fine and a very effective nationalist writer *without* being a poet, and that consciously nationalist writing is often not the best kind of writing, especially if, as Mr. Gwynn suggests, it is a sort of colonial nationalism, with pleas for freedom and emancipation borrowed from the idiom of the home country, and made "Irish" by the adoption of a rhetorical anapæstic foot, a sadly unsatisfactory imitation of the caught back, beautifully hesitating rhythm of Gaelic. Thus it was with Moore's followers: with the Mangans and the Duffys. It takes a Yeats to do this with effective sincerity; and to Yeats I shall confine my indulgence in Irish National writings, even if, vegetable wise, the authors who precede him can be shown to be of the same consistency. But once the line of approach undertaken in this book is accepted, the reader will find it revealing, with a suggestion of interesting new names, fascinating scraps of Gaelic poetry beautifully translated, and the whole period wisely and most ably demonstrated by Mr. Gwynn. STEPHEN POTTER.

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NAVAL ODYSSEY, by T. Woodrooffe. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE Navy is still very much the Silent Service so far as the public's knowledge of everyday life in H.M. ships goes, however it may be in the news from time to time politically or pictorially as the subject of international disagreements, of "photonews" snaps of launchings and "Jack coming ashore for Easter leave"—a hardy annual with variations as, for instance, when attention is called to the startling fact that the Admiralty

ever thoughtful for the welfare and progressive efficiency of our faithful sailors, now provides Jack with a natty suitcase in place of the old regulation kitbag. Popular books on naval matters are certainly few and far between. There is the classic *Naval Occasions*; otherwise, apart from a number of senior officers' war-memoirs, mainly of strictly professional interest, I know of no book, published within recent years, which has dealt with naval life from that angle, that is to say from the inside, "human" point of view; nothing in any way comparable with this racy and very entertaining *Naval Odyssey*—an intimate personal record only thinly disguised as fiction.

Mr. Woodrooffe has in fact broken quite new ground. Although in the same boat (if such a contradiction of metaphors will be excused) with "Bartimeus" as a chronicler of naval things, chiefly from the standpoint of the cheery junior N.O. and the lower deck, he differs in being considerably more of a realist: indulges in no sentimental idealising of his episodes. If the wardroom officers are bored, as is likely enough to be the case in the dog-watches of an August day at Portland, with the grim prospect of proceeding to Shoeburyness for a calibration shoot in the near future, he gives us the truth about this situation and leaves it at that. And he can dispense with even the pretence of a conventional plot to hold our interest, because we realize from the start that this is not fiction but history. The light cruiser *Cassiopeia* was not after all destined for Shoeburyness: much to the chagrin of the specialist "Guns," but to the delight of everyone else. Instead she was sent off on a sudden "Joy Cruise" to San Sebastian, representing Britain at some jamboree or other; from whence, interrupting the festivities, all very amusingly related, she receives emergency orders for the Mediterranean. This was in the early 1920's, at the time of the Turco-Greek war, when Britain was very nearly involved in open hostilities with Mustapha Kemal. There follow chapters on the evacuation of Smyrna and subsequent events at Chanak and Constantinople, leading up to a climax when the cruiser returns to Smyrna and enters harbour in defiance of Kemal's threat to sink her. Although nothing happened, because the Governor of the Chusan Island batteries disobeyed his orders to open fire, I have rarely read anything more dramatically exciting, of its kind, than the description of the *Cassiopeia's* crossing the line.

This book certainly deserves a wide popularity. I think it is the most truthful and amusing book about the modern Navy, in the form of fiction, that has so far been written.

D. M. MACLAREN.

WHAT IS . . . ?
The Blackshirts' Attitude Towards . . .
THE JEWS.
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Why Do They . . .
Wear BLACKSHIRTS ?
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FICTION.

NEW WRITING. I. Edited by John Lehmann. *The Bodley Head.* 6*s.*

THIS book is an interesting and exciting innovation. Every six months Mr. Lehmann, proposes to issue in book form a collection of writings, mainly prose and —one gathers from this volume—chiefly fiction, by young writers who because of the accident of length or because their material is unacceptable, do not find their way into the literary reviews. The result is a magazine in book form but without those editorial notes, manifestoes, notes by the way, etc., etc., which occupy so much space to no good purpose in new reviews, and without those too tender, if promising articles and stories which no new clique review seems to be able to avoid. Unlike these reviews, *New Writing* is worth the money. There are no merely hopeful but hopelessly dead pages. It is all readable and alive. Any one interested in new literature ought to get this book, for the number of literary periodicals of good reputation becomes smaller every year and their policy more and more restrictive as they depend upon the conventionally minded public and their advertisers.

One expects and finds a definite character in the book and those who have been watching the younger and more serious writers will be prepared for its pre-occupation with politics. Fascist and reactionary writers are barred—but then there are no Fascist writers of any importance. Fascism in England is intellectually sterile, at any rate among the young. The more vivid political material comes naturally from German and Russian writers—there is for example a good realistic account of a beating up in a German concentration camp, by Anna Seghers; the English political mindedness is confined to that rather spinsterish awakening to the class situation which is all contemporary English history seems to permit. Even so Mr. Isherwood and Mr. Ralph Bates have to go abroad for their material and the latter, in his story, is not political nor sociological at all. He is at his best, I think, when he is not political for he then refrains from informing us and gives us (what it is the novelist's business to give) a narrative as close as possible to the skin of living. Now that writers are seeing both the pitfalls as well as the obligations of having a view about society, the political movement is beginning to show its character. It is realistic, it presents the life of the ordinary man. It is beginning to do, in its own way, something not unlike what Defoe did for English prose and the novel in his own period of class transition. There is in nearly all these pieces a refreshing speed and vigour of narrative which are what the English novel had lost. The life of the street is coming back. This is all very different from the bizarre clever stuff of the 'twenties which epaté'd the bourgeois. No bourgeois need be frightened of the every day realism of the young.

I do not wish to suggest a monotony of subject and a sacrifice of sensibility to realism though this danger is bound to exist whenever realism drops into news reel photography. The class situation is a very limited subject. The contents of this volume so far escape monotony. They are varied, for example by Mr. Stephen Spender's verse translations, M. André Chamson's delightful story of a boyish enmity and Mr. William Plomer's simple, lucid conversational account of a visit to Ireland.

If Mr. Lehmann, who has so successfully avoided the crudities of propaganda, can find an equal variety of material in the present atmosphere of rather studied political fervour the next issue of *New Writing* will be worth keeping beside the present one. And he will have escaped the fate of those editors of new reviews who go up like a rocket in their first number and come down in the second a very dead stick.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

GREEN GATES, by R. C. Sherriff. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MISS LINDSEY AND PA, by Stella Gibbons. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

WATERLOO IN WARDOUR STREET, by Eric Siepmann. *Chatto & Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MR. SHERRIFF has demonstrated in his previous novels a sympathetic understanding of the Little Man, even, upon occasion, exalting him to the stature of Everyman. But the soul of Mr. Baldwin, his most recent creation—though his spiritual adventurings lead him from "Grasmere", Brondesbury Terrace, to the earthly paradise of a budding housing estate in the rural areas of Middlesex —is bound in too small a compass for us to feel more than the mildest interest in the translation.

The one character who holds her own and our respect in the Baldwin *ménage* is Amy, the maid who, after seventeen years of faithful service and basement stairs, knows when to down her broom with dignity.

Miss Lindsey and Pa, however, would certainly have appreciated the home life of the Baldwins, for a dwindling income forces Miss Lindsey to "oblige" a variety of ladies whose friends and ways of living are as surprising as they are unorthodox. Miss Gibbons has a gift for satire which she sometimes overworks, but in this book she has wisely tempered it with discretion.

It is a far cry from the prosaic setting of the first two novels to the fantastic world of Mr. Siepmann. American film studios have always been fair game for the attacks of authors, but so far the English stripling has 'scaped whipping. Perhaps it has been felt that the infant industry is still too young to suffer drastic treatment or that, in these enlightened days, an admonishing wag of the finger from Mr. Graham Greene is sufficient reproof. Be that as it may, the author of *Waterloo in Wardour Street* displays no such restraint. He is out to attack this quota-fattened industry and admirably succeeds.

The story centres round the vast and highly paid executive that grows up (on borrowed money) round a film that is never made. Artful close-ups show us directors who never direct, experts never called upon for advice, scenario writers who never put pen to paper and a corps of Old Etonians with nothing to do but finger their old school ties.

All is excellent fooling, and if one quarter of the barbs strike home in the celluloid glades of Boreham Woods the author's efforts will not have been in vain.

E. B.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

William Horsfall Carter made his first contribution to the *Fortnightly* soon after leaving Oxford in 1924. International politics being his special study and modern languages his diversion, he probably finds Chatham House something of a spiritual home. He lectured there on the social revolution in Spain—a subject which deeply interests him—only a week ago. He was formerly an editorial writer on the *Spectator*, and until recently editor of the *New Commonwealth*.

H. B. Elliston, though English by birth, is a very well known American journalist. As Financial Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* he has been a close student of the Roosevelt experiments, and frequent visits to Washington keep him in direct touch with the politics and personalities of the capital. He is also American correspondent of the *Observer*, a paper which he represented on the China coast before making his home in the United States.

Basil Kellett Long went to South Africa in 1902 and in 1909 was a Law Adviser of the National Convention, which formulated the plan of Union that became, with but little alteration, the constitution of the new Union of South Africa. He resigned his seat in the first Parliament of the Union to become Dominions Editor, and subsequently foreign editor also, of *The Times*. Then in 1921 he returned to South Africa to take the editorial chair of its leading newspaper, the *Cape Times*, from which he resigned last year.

Professor Hearnshaw's article is the result of an interest which as President of the Historial Association he has lately taken in the subject of the historical film. It is to be noted that it was written on his return from a conference in Manchester, after his association had been in communication with the Film Institute.

Herbert Charles O'Neill was on the staff of the Foreign Office during and after the War. This, however, was only an interlude in a journalist's career, which has included the editorship of the *Financial News*, and the assistant editorships of the old *Westminster Gazette* and the *Observer*.

H. Carl Goldenberg, who is a member of the Montreal bar and a lecturer in economics at McGill University, wrote the biographical sketch of Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister, which appeared in our January issue.

J. W. N. Sullivan has published many books and articles on science.

Clare Sheridan, who is a cousin of Mr. Winston Churchill, made a name as a sculptor before she took up writing—mostly fiction and the records of her travels.

Geoffrey R. Hoare is assistant editor and political correspondent of the *Egyptian Gazette*, an English daily published in Cairo.

Richard Freund is a pre-Hitler German journalist, but Austrian by birth; has taken British nationality and writes for the British press.

John Lehmann, who has lived as good deal in Vienna, edits *The Year's Poetry*, chiefly the work of the younger poets.

PRIVACY AND THE LINDBERGHS

By St. John Ervine

I

MISS EDITH CRAIG and Miss Christopher St. John, in *Ellen Terry's Memoirs*, refer to an incident in connexion with the great actress's death which was, at that time, 1928, a remarkable one, but would not be remarkable to-day. "We were pestered by journalists at Smallhythe", they say, "from the day Ellen Terry was stricken to the day she died". In a passage taken from a published Diary kept by Ellen Terry's daughter, Miss Craig, the following sentences appear:

> But the night was ugly (July 20, 1928). The night was a nightmare, for down at the toll-gate four big black beasts of prey were crouching, cutting the garden into gashes with their greedy eyes. Four murderous motors, their livid head-lamps levelled on the farmhouse, cottages and roadway, were waiting in the dark with reporters sent by the morning papers to be in at the death, or die. Last night, one had crawled through the hedge, and tried to spy in at that curtained window. To-night the town of Tenterden has sent police to guard the house. But no one could slip out of the sick-room to take courage from a star, or strength from the fresh air, without staring strangers making a note of it; or cross the road with a message without being cut to the quick by those bestial beams. To use the telephone meant first making sure that no eavesdroppers were crouching outside the cottage window to make a scoop of sorrow.

We have made much progress in scooping from sorrow since that passage was written, and newshounds are no longer content to crouch under the cottage window, but leap through the window and even paw the bed where the sick are dying.

The flight of the Lindberghs from America, and their reception in England, remind us of the increasing encroachments on individual privacy that are made by the popular press, and invite us to consider a social menace that will, unless it is removed, involve us in disaster. We must not complacently say to ourselves that although these dreadful things happen in the United

States, they cannot happen in Great Britain. They *are* happening in Great Britain, and are likely, if we do not bestir ourselves, to happen more extensively. One of the most shameless newshounds in England has boldly stated that a person who becomes "news" no longer has rights, and may have his privacy invaded at any hour of the day or night by reporters in search of information. Many events that have happened within the past two years show that his is the attitude adopted by the proprietors, editors and staff of many popular newspapers to whom no sorrow is sacred where there is a circulation to be increased or a copper to be dragged out of a sensation-loving herd.

II

Lest I should seem to be exaggerating when I say that members of the popular press deny that individuals who have the misfortune to become "news" have any rights of privacy, let me quote a passage from the main leading article which was published in the *News Chronicle* of December 31, 1935, under the caption, "Colonel Lindbergh's Arrival":

> Colonel Lindbergh himself is so celebrated a person, and the flight of his family from America has been so sensational, that it was idle to suppose that his arrival in this country could fail to excite the curiosity both of the public and the Press. It is not an illegitimate curiosity. A public man cannot claim that his movements and his intentions are of no concern to anybody but himself; and when they are of so dramatic a character as to set two continents talking, it is idle to expect the Press of the world not to seek to chronicle the development of the drama.

I interrupt these extraordinary statements to say that while it may be conceivable that the Press is entitled to "chronicle the development of the drama", the Press is not entitled, as it sometimes seems to suppose it is, to *make* the drama develop in a way that is profitable to itself. The leading article continues:

> If Colonel Lindbergh is wise, he will satisfy at once by a frank and full statement the public desire to know his immediate intentions. Mystification will merely serve to sharpen curiosity. Not nearly so much attention would have been attracted to his arrival had it been less shrouded in a mystery which has excited instead of allaying the general curiosity. That done, Colonel Lindbergh may rely upon it that he is very unlikely in this country to be pestered with a publicity which he does not desire. Responsible English opinion, in common with responsible opinion all over the world,