

THE
FORTNIGHTLY

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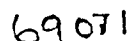
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AUTHORS	TITLE	PAGE
ACLAND, Sir F. D.	The Marriage Bill	224
ACWORTH, Bernard	Chain Stores and the Private Trader	90
ADAM, H. Pearl	The Hostess	708
ARMSTRONG, Martin	Rhapsody on a Tailor's Mirror	679
BARKER, Ernest	Changing Oxford	175
BAROJA, Pio	Blas, the Knife-Grinder	586
BELGION, Montgomery	Stains Upon England	604
BELL, Robert	The End of the Crossword?	476
BELLOC, Hilaire	England's Parliament	241
BERNAYS, Robert	After Mr. Baldwin—What Next?	139
BLUNDEN, Edmund	A First Draft	111
BOLTON, Clorney	March with	621
BRERETON, Clorney	March with	74
BROGAN, Clorney	March with	109
BROGAN, Clorney	Ways of the Oriental Censor	62
BURKE, Ritchie	A Distant Prospect of Scotland	596
BURR, E. H.	Europe and the Spanish War	25
CASSON, Stanley	Written and Unwritten Records	165
CHARLTON, L. E. O.	Gas and Gulls	670
COLE, G. D. H.	London—One-fifth of the Nation	57
CONNER, Rearden	The Two Cranes	81
DENNIS, Geoffrey	What the King Does	520
DUFF, Charles	Malaga and After	405
EASTERBROOK, L. F.	The Future of Marketing Boards	481
ELLIOTT, W. Y.	Lion and Unicorn Today	641
ELLISTON, H. B.	Roosevelt and the Spoils System	267
ELTON, Lord.	J. H. Thomas	501
ESHER, Lord.	A Great Liberal	497
EVANS, Caradoc	We Welsh	337
FIFOOT, C. H. S.	Blackstone—Outside the Commentaries	716
FVFE, Hamilton	Pestering by the Press	304
GEDYE, G. E. R.	The Fascist International	147
GIONO, Jean	The Well	157
GLASGOW, George	Good out of Evil	437
GODWIN, George	{ The Surfleet Experiment	96
GWYNN, Stephen	{ A Century of Communications	732
	Ebb and Flow: A Monthly Commentary	101, 230, 355, 487, 611
HART, Capt. Liddell	Strategy in the Mediterranean	14
"HISTORICUS"	The Privy Council and Canada	467
HODSON, H. V.	The Imperial Conference and Defence	394
HUTTON, D. Graham	World Trade and Peace	312
JACKSON, Raymond	German Influence in the Balkans	347
JOHN, Romilly	Oddfellows	85
LASKI, Harold	Self-Portrait of a Revolutionary	503

CONTENTS

AUTHORS	TITLE	PAGE
LINKLATER, Eric . . .	Winter Journey . . .	184
LODGE, Thomas . . .	The Problems of Newfoundland . . .	558
LOTHAR, Ernst . . .	Fraulein Goes Away . . .	35
MACHRAY, Robert . . .	The Menace to Czechoslovakia . . .	201
MESTON, LORD . . .	India's Decision . . .	413
MCCLEARY, G. F. . .	British Racial Decline . . .	235
NEVINSON, Henry W. . .	The Last "Plain Tale" . . .	367
NEWMAN, W. A. . .	The Prospect of a United Ireland . . .	427
PEEL, Hon. G. . .	The Next Fiscal Issue . . .	650
PRICE, Willard . . .	Korea from a Nunnery Window . . .	529
PRIOLEAU, John . . .	The Roads of Tomorrow . . .	341
PRITCHETT, V. S. . .	{ A Muzzle on Critics . . .	67
	{ The Jury . . .	321
"QUAESTOR" . . .	Autumn Love . . .	576
RATCLIFFE, S. K. . .	The Victorian Centenary . . .	683
RENIER, G. J. . .	Cheap Money and Fine Pictures . . .	453
SCHEFFER, Paul . . .	Stalin's Revenge . . .	257
SEMPILL, Lord . . .	Atlantic Airways . . .	548
SETON-WATSON, R. W. . .	Hitlerism After Four Years . . .	277
SINGH, Iqbal . . .	Broadcasting . . .	567
SPENDER, J. A. . .	Modern Don Quixote . . .	1
	Stresses in Central Europe . . .	385
	Slang . . .	513
STONIER, G. W. . .	Art and Man . . .	217
SWINGLER, Randall . . .		
TAYLOR, George . . .	Japan's Holy War Against Communism . . .	209
THOMAS, Sir W. Beach . . .	Ware Rabbit . . .	287
TOWER, Charles . . .	Belgian Anxieties . . .	578
TWORT, Flora . . .	What Shall I do with Simon? . . .	422
VOIGT, F. A. . .	Germany's Four Year Plan . . .	129
WERTH, Alexander . . .	M. Blum's Retreat . . .	445
WILLIAMS, Kenneth . . .	The Emergence of Turkey . . .	328
WINTER, Ernst Karl . . .	Labour in Austria . . .	701
WINTERTON, Earl . . .	The Army Recruiting Problem . . .	41
YOUNG, Sir George . . .	Spain the Insuppressible . . .	661
ZIMMERN, Sir Alfred . . .	A Bad Year for the League . . .	365

THE FORTNIGHTLY

JANUARY 1937

KING AND PEOPLE

By J. A. SPENDER

I

UNDOUBTEDLY the British Press deserves the tributes which have been paid to it for the self-imposed discipline of silence which prevented it from saying a word on the subject on which half the world had been talking for months last year. Yet it is doubtful whether this abstinence was in the long run serviceable to the country. When the explosion came, it had the force of a stunning blow, which left a multitude dazed and perplexed. Had the disclosure been gradual and accompanied by sober comment, the King himself would have been warned of the extraordinary difficulties of the course he had in mind, and it is more than possible that a solution would have been found without any broadcasting of what had passed between him and the Prime Minister. Or, if the King's decision had been irrevocable, the country might have been spared the days of agitation and distraction when it was apparently in doubt.

As things were, the suddenness of the explosion and the paralysis which in a few hours fell on business and politics compelled the fullest explanations, and set the stage for the public performance of a drama in which the situation of the principal performers became more impossible with every day that passed. How could they, the spectators asked, have placed themselves in the position in which they were now displayed? Who were their advisers? In what world of illusion could they have been living? The whole sequence of events, as finally revealed, lacked any semblance of discretion from either a political or a worldly point of view.

The world of romance and the world of reality had, indeed,

become hopelessly confused in this affair. In the world of romance sympathy would have gone out to the King who was determined to marry the woman of his choice in defiance of the conventions and in the teeth of the advice given him by his Ministers. On the stage or on the screen the conflict would have ended in the triumph of the Royal lovers, the flight of Mrs. Grundy, and the discomfiture of the stuffy old men who composed the Government. At the first reaction certain newspapers seemed to think that, with energetic action on their part, it might be made to end so in real life. The King's popularity, great and well-deserved up to this point, had just come to a climax in his visit to South Wales, and it seemed possible to some that he would gain favour with the multitude by breaking through obsolete barriers and aristocratic traditions, and making the monarchy a truly democratic institution. In the glamour of this thought all the perils of backing the King against his Government sank out of sight.

But at that point the world of reality began to break in. It was seen that the King was asking for a compromise between the two worlds which was in fact impossible, and which would have given him the benefit of neither. He was asking for facilities to marry the lady but not to make her Queen, with the inevitable implication that he recognized the impossibility of making her Queen. The briefest exploration of the ground sufficed to show that there was no chance whatever of carrying such a proposal through the various legislatures, whose consent would have been necessary, and that even to raise the question in any form in which it might have to be decided by votes in Parliament or eventually at the polls would be disastrous to the unity of the Commonwealth and Empire. Could the King Emperor ask for a special rule enabling him to be the third husband of a lady who had two divorced husbands living? Could such a thing even be discussed while the lady was still at law a married woman?

Given time for reflection, the question was bound to answer itself. In the world of reality the main function of the Crown is that of unifier and harmonizer of the diverse elements which enter into the political and social structure of country and commonwealth. It stands above party, it respects feelings and

even prejudices, it works by influence and prestige. If the Sovereign acts in such a way as to make himself the centre of controversy, he not only fails to fulfil this part of his duty, but becomes an actual menace to unity. It would be difficult to imagine anything more likely to divide and inflame opinion or to start passionate arguments over a wider area than the King's proposed marriage with Mrs. Simpson. It raised questions of conduct, questions touching the dynasty, the constitution, and the marriage laws, on many of which men and women think heatedly and emotionally. In nine days opinion passed through the whole gamut of the possible emotions, but settled down solidly and all but unanimously to the conclusion that the Prime Minister and the Government had acted rightly in advising the King that his question must be answered in the negative.

Sunt lacrimæ rerum. The heart must indeed have been of flint which was not touched by the King's farewell. With people of normal feeling, sympathy and pity attended every stage in the unfolding of this affair. Had the King been a private individual compelled to make a choice between a glittering worldly position and what the world counts a *mésalliance*, the simplicity of his attitude, the courage and the constancy with which he held to it, and his final determination to brave all consequences for the woman he loved, would have won admiration and endeared him to his friends. And this will still be his consolation now that he has made his renunciation. But the general judgment which in the end brought respectful acquiescence in his decision was that there was an essential incompatibility between the duty of the sovereign and the rights of a private individual which could not be reconciled by the compromise that he proposed, and that this incompatibility should have been recognized before the monarchy was exposed to the stream of criticism which he brought upon it in recent months. We may read between the lines of Mr. Baldwin's moving statement to the House of Commons on December 10th the painful stresses of this conflict between public duty and private loyalty. They were all the more painful because from the beginning there was only one possible end to it.

Some surprise has been expressed at the rapidity with which the Prime Minister was able to report the concurrence of the

Dominions in the view taken by his own Government. But here again the silence of the Press had an important result. It left the chief part of the home public in the dark about the prejudicial atmosphere already created in the outside world. For weeks previously the American Press had poured out streams of banal, trivial, and facetious gossip about the King and Mrs. Simpson which inevitably overflowed the boundaries of the United States, flooded Canada, and even percolated to other Dominions. Letters from Canadian correspondents to friends in this country spoke of the mortification and exasperation suffered by loyal subjects of the Crown in the Dominion, and their sense of indignity when the British Sovereign was thus mishandled. It was not a question of whether they took one view or another of the marriage laws, and still less that they objected to the idea of the King marrying an American lady—in other circumstances that would have been popular and acceptable with a large part of the Canadian public—it was simply that they felt a general sense of unseemliness and impropriety in the circumstances as they were now being exhibited and exploited. Their judgment was the quite simple one that the British Sovereign ought not to be in such a position.

II

But since the question has been the subject of agitated debates and will undoubtedly have its place in the constitutional history both of this country and of the British Commonwealth, it is well to be clear about the points which have been raised or settled, for some of them may recur.

There was evidently widespread misunderstanding about what is called a "morganatic marriage." That is a purely German institution arising out of the caste system prevailing in German noble and German reigning and "mediatized" houses. In these a full marriage, giving wife and children the same status as the husband, can only be between members of the royal or semi-royal caste, the *ebenbürtig*, men and women of equal birth. But a member of the caste may take a wife out of the caste, provided he waives for her and her children the rights and privileges of the caste, such as the status of royalty, and the rights of succession to royal or semi-royal positions. This is

called *matrimonium ad morganaticum*, the last word being a low-Latin rendering of the German *Morgengabe*, since the wife and children of such a marriage were in medieval times entitled to no share in the husband's possessions beyond the "morning gift" made by the husband to the wife on the morning after marriage.

Now, the British Royal family, the House of Windsor, as it now is, is not and never has been in this sense a caste. So far as law is concerned, there is no restriction on the Sovereign's choice and any lady he marries becomes *ipso facto* Queen. It is inconceivable that the British or any Dominion Parliament would pass legislation laying down a new general rule which would convert the House of Windsor into a royal caste, with a morganatic way of escape from the rule of caste. If nothing else forbade, the numerous happy marriages already contracted outside the royal caste would do so. The tendency is not to restrict but to widen the field of choice for the Sovereign and his family. The legislation necessary to enable the King to marry Mrs. Simpson, without making her Queen, would therefore have had to be a *privilegium*, i.e., a law for the particular case, legislation permitting the King to marry the lady in question, but preventing her from becoming Queen and barring the royal succession to the children of what in all other respects would be a lawful marriage. It was always quite certain that such a proposal could not be made in any form that would be acceptable to the public or Parliament.

III

So far, the case has been considered solely on the ground on which it would have stood prior to the year 1931, when a new Constitution for the Empire was promulgated by the Statute of Westminster. Up to that time the sole responsibility for advising the Crown rested with the Government, commonly called the "Imperial Government," but in fact the Government resting on a majority in the British Parliament. This Government would no doubt have given careful thought to the consequences of their advice in the Dominions and the Empire, but they alone would have been responsible for it, and their responsibility would have been only to the British Parliament. So far

as the Crown is concerned, all this is altered by the Statute of Westminster. In that, Great Britain and the Dominions are defined as

autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate to one another in any aspect of their domestic or internal affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

It has been argued that the words "in any aspect of their domestic or internal affairs" qualify the equality of status by leaving the door open to some decision by the predominant partner, *i.e.*, Great Britain, which would be binding on all its members. But even if such a possibility remains, which is doubtful, it would not apply to the Crown. On that the preamble of the Statute is specific and conclusive :

... Inasmuch as the Crown is the symbol of the free association of the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and as they are united by a common allegiance to the Crown, it would be in accord with the constitutional position of all the members of the Commonwealth in relation to one another that any alteration in the law touching the succession to the Throne or the royal style and titles shall hereafter require the assent as well of the Parliaments of all the Dominions as of the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

When, therefore, the King asked Mr. Baldwin whether an Act of Parliament could not be passed enabling him to make a morganatic marriage with Mrs. Simpson, Mr. Baldwin was obliged to reply that such an Act would need to be passed not only by the British Parliament, but by all five Parliaments of his self-governing Dominions. If the King persisted, it became the Prime Minister's duty to ascertain whether the Governments of the Dominions would be prepared to introduce such a Bill into their Parliaments, and whether they thought they could procure its acceptance.

At this point extreme legalists have argued that the preamble of the Statute of Westminster is only a series of assertions which are not legally binding and could not be quoted in a Court of law. But it is precisely the nature of the British Constitution that it is not in this sense a legal code to be interpreted in a Court of law. There is no Supreme Court or any other Court which is competent to try questions arising out of the Statute of Westminster. That must be interpreted, like most other parts of

the Constitution, by the *communis sensus* of the Commonwealth, which for practical purposes is interpreted by their Governments and Parliaments. This may be taken as disposing of a variety of small legal points which might be important if the appeal were to a Court of law, but are of no importance when Parliaments decide.

Thus the fact that the Dominions have not passed legislation in their Parliaments implementing the Statute of Westminster might be held to justify the British Parliament in passing legislation that would be binding on them. It is certain that the British Parliament will not so act, and that, if it did, the Dominions would not accept such legislation as valid without their consent. In this sphere policy has the force of law. "Equality of status" being the declared policy of the British Commonwealth, it is certain that no British Government will go back on it, and no Dominion Government will accept less. In this sphere all the analogies drawn from law and its processes are inexact. The British Commonwealth is a League of Nations without sanctions. It has no force behind it for the coercion of the recalcitrants or the unwilling. Not obedience to law but conformity with a common policy voluntarily accepted by its members is its guiding principle.

Learned lawyers suggested all manner of difficulties in the Statute of Westminster when the question of the King's abdication arose. It has never been questioned that abdication is within the discretion of the Sovereign. It was a favourite device of Queen Victoria's to hint at this possibility when displeased with her Ministers. She had this remedy, she reminded them in 1871, if they would insist on keeping Parliament sitting interminably and compelling her to remain in England until it was prorogued. Taking from the Lords their power to alter or reject measures, she told Campbell-Bannerman when he was Minister in attendance at Balmoral in 1894, was something which "might be obtained from a President, not from her."* The question at this point was not whether the Sovereign has the right to withdraw, but what measures would be necessary

* *Life of Campbell-Bannerman*, Vol. I, p. 171.

to validate the position of his successor and to bar the succession to any children of the former King.

There was no difficulty about this in the British Parliament, but corresponding legislation was necessary in all the Dominion Parliaments, and it was asked with some apprehension, would they all accept the Duke of York, might not some of them seize the opportunity to advance republican ideas, and if one of them dissented, would not the validity of the succession be open to question by all under a strict interpretation of the Statute of Westminster?

The event dissipated all these fears and alarms. The Commonwealth Parliaments acted in unison with Great Britain and with remarkable unanimity and promptness. The Irish Free State alone was unable to resist the temptation of adding something to the fancy Constitution which is the special pride of Mr. de Valera. But even that recognized the new King in terms which make him the head of the Commonwealth in all its common and international affairs, and give legal precision to a status which the Statute of Westminster leaves vague. The rest is unimportant. It is better that the office of Governor-General should be abolished and its attributes vested in an official who commands respect than that it should be treated with contempt. These are questions of manners rather than of law or policy.

IV

Nothing can be quite as before after the experience of these weeks, but in certain respects the result is encouraging. The general judgment of the world is that Great Britain and the British Commonwealth and Empire showed uncommon strength and steadiness under a shock which might well have been fatal or extremely damaging to a frailer system. It is acknowledged that in circumstances so compromising to its dignity the British people bore themselves in such a manner as to gain rather than lose in the respect of their neighbours. The peculiar rhythm with which British opinion, gathering slowly, comes to a massive unanimity was again seen at work all round the world. There was a general sigh of relief in all the free countries of the world when the British democracy with its constitutional monarchy—one of the few remaining elements of stability in this shifting

world—was seen to be standing erect after the shock had passed.

Again, the new constitution of the British Commonwealth has had its first test and come out of it well. It was objected, when the Statute of Westminster was discussed, that it proposed no machinery for common action between the self-governing Dominions. Since all were equal and Imperial Conferences could not be summoned at short notice, how should they be brought together at a moment of crisis? The answer has been that the British Government acts as *primus inter pares*. It becomes the Convener of an invisible Conference conducted by cable with the aid of the High Commissioners in London. It disseminates information, hears all the Governments, organizes common action, and in the end speaks for all. But this machinery, if set up, requires prompt and unanimous decisions. The publicity of the world-wide consultation is enormous; all the Parliaments are held up, all the publics are clamouring for information, business is nearly at a standstill. At this point decision was both prompt and unanimous.

Learned constitutionalists have been throwing back for precedents to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but all precedents have to be construed in the light of the new fact of modern publicity. In days when there were no telegrams, telephones, reporters, or newspapers, as we know them, Kings and Governments could act in ways that are impossible in these times. A dispute between the King and his Ministers about a royal marriage might be spun out for months and be known only to a small circle in London. Now it sends a thrill through the Empire and the world. The behaviour of Royal Dukes and their ladies might set London society laughing and provide Mr. Creevey with material for his diaries; but it would not affect the multitude or be recorded by the news-gatherers of two hemispheres.

It has been said that there was no constitutional crisis last month, and technically this is true. The King asked the Prime Minister only the one question, whether legislation could be passed enabling him to marry Mrs. Simpson without making her Queen, and, having received the answer to that, he asked nothing else. It is nevertheless implicit in the circumstances that Ministers would not have consented to a marriage which

would have made Mrs. Simpson Queen. Indeed, it may be taken for granted that King Edward would not have made a proposal which carried the inference that the lady would be unacceptable as Queen unless he had been satisfied in advance on that point. The constitutional point that the marriage of the Sovereign is the concern of his Ministers is therefore involved, though not directly. Mr. Baldwin explained the position clearly and forcibly to the House of Commons. The position of the Queen being what it is in this country, the choice of a wife by the Sovereign comes within the category of things touching public policy and the public interest, on which it is the duty of Ministers to advise the King. It is to King Edward's credit that he avoided a collision with his Government on this point, but the suggestion made in some quarters that the King's marriage is his private concern, on which it is unnecessary for him to consult his Ministers can certainly not be accepted. It is the duty of these Ministers to offer the King advice upon any action on his part which they think may prejudice the monarchy or his own position with his subjects, and where these considerations arise, there is no private domain from which they are bound to stand aloof.

Since the question has been raised, it may be added that a conflict between the King and his Ministers on the subject of his marriage would follow exactly the same course as a conflict on any other subject. It is not necessarily unconstitutional for the King to reject the advice of his Ministers, but if he does, he must find other Ministers who will give him different advice, and these other Ministers would have to obtain a majority either in the existing House of Commons or at a General Election after that House had been dissolved. If they failed, the King would have to recall his former Ministers and accept their advice. We may think it hard measure that any man should be exposed to this interference in the most intimate of private relations, but the wearer of the Crown cannot enjoy its privileges without accepting its liabilities. His remedy is that which King Edward has taken: he may decline to wear it on these terms.

By a curious paradox the British Royal family have enjoyed exceptional immunity from criticism in what is commonly called the age of publicity. A hundred years ago newspapers

spoke with much greater freedom and frankness about royal personages than they have in recent years. During a large part of her reign Queen Victoria, and still more the Prince Consort, were sharply criticized by newspapers, and King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, was more than once severely taken to task by *The Times* and other newspapers. But as Queen Victoria grew old and won respect by her dutifulness and her exemplary life, the custom grew up of regarding the monarchy as screened from criticism, and her successors on the throne have so borne themselves as to offer no pretext for breaking this convention. I think it must be realized that this spell has been broken by the events of the last few weeks. It is widely felt that much that has happened might have been prevented by timely reminders that certain standards of conduct are expected from those who are near the throne, and that prolonged silence on things that have become common talk may only be the prelude to a dangerous explosion when finally concealment becomes impossible.

The art of being a constitutional sovereign is one of the most difficult and delicate of all the arts of government. The influence of the Sovereign depends enormously on prestige and respect, and to maintain this prestige and respect must be a co-operative effort on his part and that of his subjects. In this the Press must play its part, and since newspapers are of all sorts it is not easy to keep the line between the sober comment which preserves respect for the throne, and the vulgar or scurrilous gossip to which royal persons are peculiarly liable when restraints are removed. On the whole it can only be said that it is a lesser evil for royal personages to be exposed to the criticism which is the common lot of persons in conspicuous positions, than that they should live in an artificially sheltered atmosphere which may foster illusions about themselves and their position in the public eye. Stilted phrases of conventional flattery, such as have been customary in dealing with royalty cease to be flattering when they are not taken seriously. Royalty as an institution cannot be fitted into the practice of free States in modern times by any make-believe. It must submit itself to the ordinary judgment of things human and fallible.

By so doing it will gain rather than lose. Valuing the monarchy

as they do, and realizing its immense importance to the Commonwealth, the British people may be relied upon to protect it from malice and injustice. They will specially rally to the new King and do their utmost to see that he is not prejudiced by the difficult circumstances in which he comes to the throne. But there are certain things on which their minds have been disturbed, and on which it would be well to reassure them. In recent years the Crown has had the service of men of long experience in affairs, such as Sir Henry Ponsonby, Lord Knollys, Lord Stamfordham, Lord Wigram, who though not entitled to "advise" the Sovereign in the sense that his Ministers advise him, have in their capacity as Private Secretary been his intimate counsellors and friends. King George V, on coming to the throne, retained Lord Knollys in his service for the first difficult year of his reign, and thus kept the continuity of the constitutional tradition and profited by the experience of a trusty counsellor who had been long in the service of his family.

Some assurance that this continuity is not broken, and that the King has associated with him wise and experienced men who understand public opinion and have been in contact with the Government and know the special condition created by the Statute of Westminster would undoubtedly be welcome.* In exploiting recent affairs, certain American newspapers have painted pictures of the British Court as distracted between factions, one of which has supported and the other opposed the wishes of King Edward. Fictitious roll-calls of those who belonged to one faction and those who belonged to the other have been presented. This no doubt was a gross caricature, but it must have struck the American observer that the caricaturists assumed the absence of any centre of gravity in the British Court, such as would be provided by counsellors who were thinking not of the consequences in the social and fashionable world, but of the effect on the monarchy and the political situation which would arise, if the King persisted in his intention.

The suggestion which has been thrown out that the monarchy

* Since this was written Lord Wigram has been appointed to the new office of Permanent Lord in Waiting, and it is understood that he will act as adviser of the King.—Ed. F. K.

should be furnished, like the Government, with an official secretariat is not, I think, a good one. That would weight the monarchy against the Government and increase the danger of collisions between the two. The monarchy should not be over-officialized; it should be personal and flexible. Nor should the King be limited in the choice of his friends. Asquith has been quoted for the view that the King should not communicate with the leaders of Opposition, but that seems to be a misunderstanding of advice which he gave on a particular occasion in January, 1911, for exceptional reasons which are not likely to recur. On no other occasion did he suggest any limitation on the freedom of the King; on the contrary, he even advised King Edward VII to see the leaders of the Opposition and hear their views. But while the King is free, it is extremely advisable that his ministers should appear in the public eye to be men of discretion and that he should specially avoid the appearance of having an inner circle of friends and advisers who might incite him to act against his Government. In these days a party of "King's friends" would certainly not be tolerated. That might too easily bring us to the edge of Fascism.

The Monarchy is greater than the King. The broad moral of the events of last month is that the Governments and peoples of the Empire will not permit the Monarch to take action which they think prejudicial to the Monarchy. It is an immense advantage to the British Empire and Commonwealth to have a head of the State who is removed from political controversy and need not be the subject of periodic elections, possibly bringing shattering controversies with them. Democratic as its various nations are, the British Commonwealth has no common basis on which it could elect a President. The hereditary Monarchy, accepted by consent as its permanent head, exactly fits the necessities of its situation, and no new institution could be invented to take its place. That being so, to maintain its prestige and to make sure that the consent on which it rests is unquestioned, are supreme interests to which personal preferences and predilections must yield. It was a sound instinct which caused Governments and peoples to recognize this as the overriding issue in the crisis of last month.

STRATEGY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART

IT is characteristic of British policy not to look far ahead. This habit is carried to a pitch that can only be appreciated by anyone who has enjoyed an inside view of the workings of the machinery of government. It seems to be beyond the understanding of foreigners, especially of the Latin or Teutonic kinds. They find it not only disconcerting but incredible. Hence the undiminished, because perpetually reinforced, currency of the phrase *perfidie Albion*. If you try to give them a realistic picture of the way that British policy works, they treat the explanation with a politeness that barely conceals their suspicion. To them it is but one more manifestation of the subtlety with which the British pursue their long-range designs. I have often quoted Harold Nicholson's novel *Public Faces* as a perfect picture of how the machine works and great issues are apt to be decided. But to a Continental reader, its humorous treatment of the subject seems to convey the idea that it is mere fantasy—instead of, as it really is, proof of the power to see the facts with a true sense of proportion.

The inability of foreign statesmen and diplomats to comprehend the immediacy of British policy leads them into many pitfalls. They misjudge its course by crediting it with a long-term plan—and then stumble again because they fail to realize that underneath its opportunistic surface is not a plan but a principle—or, rather, an instinctive pattern formed by tradition. Sometimes these Continental misjudgments turn out to the benefit of Britain; sometimes otherwise—but they are usually detrimental to Continental plans. And Britain herself has undoubtedly benefited by the elasticity and adaptability which have been preserved by her reluctance to plan ahead. But this tendency, although often an advantage in the sphere of foreign policy, increases the strain on defence policy. Few emergencies have found Britain adequately prepared to meet them. Here is the

clue to the familiar saying that in a war she "only wins one battle—the last one."

The military disadvantages of this dislike of looking ahead were forcibly brought home to the British by the situation produced in the Mediterranean in the early autumn of 1935, which abruptly disturbed our repose. When the reality of the Italian threat to Abyssinia was at last appreciated it produced a rise of popular indignation almost comparable to that caused by the violation of "little Belgium;" and the effect, in pushing the Government forward, was accentuated by the backsliding of the Laval Government in France. Forced to give a lead at Geneva in upholding the Covenant, the British found themselves thrust still more into the foreground by their strategic position astride Italy's sea route to East Africa. This made them the natural target if sanctions were to culminate in war. Italy emphasized the point by despatching mechanised divisions and powerful bombing squadrons to her Libyan colony, close to the borders of Egypt. Britain hastily strengthened her forces here, though it meant a temporary interruption of her Air Force expansion at home and stripping the Army of most of its still meagre supply of modern equipment. More precarious still was the position of her main fleet base at Malta which lay within easy range of the Italian air bases. To keep the fleet there, liable to a surprise onslaught by bombers or to lurking submarines, was a risk that made the Admiralty hurriedly swallow the vocal disdain of those oversea and undersea weapons in which they had been but recently indulging: the fleet was withdrawn from Malta to the far end of the Mediterranean. Here, certainly, it might block the passage of Italian transports, if the League issue was pressed thus far, but how far it could keep a free passage for Britain's own sea traffic was a question that left the British public wondering.

Some twelve years ago, in a little book on *The Future of War*, I suggested that the controversies over the bomb *versus* the battleship, or the torpedo *versus* the gun, tended to overlook the end in the ardour over the means—and that, instead of becoming entangled in an interminable dispute over technical values we ought to "direct our course by the compass of grand strategy." While the power of the fleet might still be paramount

on the oceans, it was clear that it had been strategically affected in the narrow seas by the newer weapons. "The vital question of the future is how this transfer of power over the narrow seas affects the international situation—particularly that of Great Britain, which is concerned with both spheres of sea power." After studying its bearing on the seas around the British Isles I passed on to "the Mediterranean, another long and narrow sea channel through which runs our artery with the East, and where our main naval force is now concentrated. Note that our ships, naval or mercantile, must traverse the *length* of this channel, and worse still, have to filter through a tiny hole at each end—the straits of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal—while midway there is a narrow 'waist' between Sicily and Tunis barely ninety miles across." After pointing out how the potential *radii* of submarine attack from the ports on the European and African coasts intersected this long single line of British sea communications, the question was posed: "Is it not obvious that if in a future war any Mediterranean Power was numbered among Britain's enemies, her fleet would find it difficult enough to protect itself against submarines, let alone protect merchant convoys and troop transports? When to the proved menace of submarine power is added the potential effect of aircraft attack against shipping in the narrow seas, it is time the British people awoke to the fact that, in case of such a war, the Mediterranean would be impassable, and that this important artery would have to be abandoned. Thus, as a strategical asset, the Suez Canal has lost a large part of its value in face of modern naval and air development—for in such a war we should be driven to close the Mediterranean route, and divert our imperial communications round the Cape of Good Hope."

It is worth quoting this, not to prove that one was wise before the event, but because of its continued bearing on a problem that is not yet solved, and on events that may be still to come. I was by no means the only critic who drew attention to the new dangers in the years that have intervened. Yet when the Italian crisis arose, not only was the main British fleet still stationed at Malta, but practically nothing had been done to prepare a "switch" route round the Cape for our sea traffic. Under pressure of the emergency, part of the traffic from the East which normally

passes through the Suez Canal was actually diverted round the Cape, and hurried steps were taken to send out reserves to the bases along that route. But it became clear that bunkering and port facilities would have to be considerably enlarged if the whole of the traffic was to be sent that way. Also that the naval bases would have to be renovated and developed.

The mentality which had been responsible for the neglect of such obvious precautionary needs can perhaps be best epitomised by an extract from a letter which I received in August, 1935, from one of the highest officers of the Empire: "You have evidently been crammed up, as I fear that both the Government and the public at home have, by the Air propaganda . . . There is only one way in which the Air can win a war, and that is by bombing women and children; and that will never bring a great nation to its knees, but only inferior people. You know perfectly well that the Navy laughs at the Air now. They have got protected decks, and with their 'blisters' and multiple machine guns and multiple anti-aircraft guns, they don't fear them in the slightest."

Close on the heels of this letter the Fleet abandoned Malta—for fear of what it hadn't feared. The letter is significant not merely as an example of the obscurantism induced by the military prejudice against novelties; it shows how the very men who are concerned with the bigger problems of defence are apt, through their training, to focus their attention on mere tactical details, so that they can overlook the fact that the security of a fleet depends on the security of its bases, not merely on its guns and armour. Also, the bigger fact still that the purpose of a fleet is not merely its self-preservation, but to preserve the security of the sea routes.

It is questionable whether this has been fully impressed even by the alarm of last autumn. Since then, Britain has exerted herself to remodel as well as strengthen her naval dispositions in the Mediterranean. Thereby she will be in a better position to deal with any recurrence of an Italian threat to her fleet. But it is not easy to see how any reliance can be placed on the use of the Mediterranean route for her own sea traffic if such a conflict should arise.

Britain's Mediterranean problem has two main aspects. First, that of ensuring the safe flow of the traffic from the East which

uses this short cut. Second, that of maintaining her sphere of influence in the Eastern Mediterranean, and the forces which safeguard her position there. Historically a great change resulted first from the building of the Suez Canal, and secondly from the British occupation of Egypt in the '80's. Henceforth the British had to maintain a considerable proportion of their naval strength permanently in the Mediterranean as custodians of the route.

The strain became severe under the indirect pressure of Germany's naval expansion in the decade before 1914. We therefore came to an understanding with France whereby we concentrated our strength in home waters and France concentrated hers in the Mediterranean. During the war the dangers of the Mediterranean route were demonstrated by the high percentage of commerce destruction that was achieved there in proportion to the small force employed by the attacker—there were rarely more than half a dozen submarines operating at any one time. One U-boat alone attained a total "bag" of half a million tons of shipping. A German naval historian records that "U-boat commanders going into the Mediterranean were much envied by their comrades in home waters owing to the extraordinary possibilities offered by operations in the Mediterranean." Yet this campaign was carried on at an immense distance from their home bases and under the great difficulties caused by the hazardous passage past the British Isles and the lack of convenient bases in the Mediterranean.

After the War, with the collapse of Germany's naval power, the British Navy returned in strength to the Mediterranean, and its main fleet was based at Malta. On the surface it seemed to re-establish the old security of the route to India, and although the continued attention given by the French and Italians to submarine construction caused some uneasiness, the ultimate conquest of the U-boats in 1918 tended to make British naval opinion forget the extreme handicaps under which the U-boat campaign had worked, so that the confidence bred of success in the final issue caused an undue discount of the future prospects of the submarine when employed under more favourable conditions. Such conditions are certainly offered to a guerrilla

campaign in the Mediterranean, waged by a naval Power which is there in home waters.

It is the advent of air power, however, which has most affected the Mediterranean situation. Its influence did not develop early after the war, although its shadow began to stretch across the inland sea. Italy had no serious air force until Mussolini rebuilt it. Spain has never had one. France herself was too remote from the traffic route, and although her African colonies bordered it, they were separated by a wide expanse of sea from their sources of aircraft supply. Even if a war between Britain and France had been politically conceivable, the British fleet and its aircraft carriers might have had a powerful effect on the latter's strategic situation by interrupting the passage of trade and reinforcements between France and French North Africa. Moreover, the scope of shore-based air attack was limited by the comparatively short radius of the machines possessed by the post-war air forces.

The situation has radically changed with the rise of Italian air-power, the development of bombers that have a radius of 400 to 500 miles, and the promised attainment within a year or two of double this radius. Thereby the 100-mile canal from Suez to Port Said has been extended into a 2,000-mile "canal" from Port Said to Gibraltar. Port Said itself lies less than 400 miles from the Italian air bases in the Dodecanese, off the south west corner of Asia Minor. While limited at present, they are being developed. On emerging from the Port Said bottle-neck, shipping might have a short run of sea space with only the lesser fear of being caught in the open. But the route then passes through the mere 200-mile channel between Crete and Libya, dominated by the Italian air-base at Tobruk. An alternative route is round the north coast of Crete, but this passes within a bare 100 miles of the Dodecanese islands. Beyond Crete the routes inevitably converge on Malta, a mere 70 miles from the coast of Sicily and less than 200 from Tripoli. Thereafter the channel narrows until it is less than 90 miles across between Sicily and the African coast at Cape Bon. Before any shipping can emerge from this danger zone it would be in a fresh one, created by the Italian air bases in Sardinia, which lies within 100 miles of the African coast. Thus for more than half the

length of the Mediterranean shipping lies within easy bombing range of Italian air bases, and for fully three quarters might run the risk of attack. The danger will soon grow as the new types of bomber recently designed, and in process of accelerated production, come into general use.

But a new danger has loomed up, even earlier, to menace the one free stretch of the route—and the bottle-neck at the far end. This is the possibility of a militaristic Spain, filled with the desire to renew its Imperial role which is already reflected in some of the interviews given by General Franco, and linked with Fascist Italy by a common ambition as well as by the sense of help received in the course of the present rising. In that quarter, too, Nazi Germany might find scope for developing an indirect leverage on her own neighbours in favour of her ambitions. A powerful Spanish Air Force, supplied or constructed by foreign aid, could be a serious menace to the last lap of the Mediterranean route. And Gibraltar in turn might become as untenable as a base for the British fleet as Malta proved in the last emergency. Strategically, the danger is so obvious that it is difficult to understand the eagerness with which some of the most avowedly patriotic sections of the British public have desired the rebels' success. Class-sentiment and property-sense would seem to have blinded their strategic sight.

The danger would be extended by the establishment of air and submarine bases in the Balearic Isles; and extended still further by the similar use of the Canary Isles—since this would threaten Britain's use of the Cape route. There have been reports, formally denied, of a secret promise of these two strategic points to Italy and Germany respectively in return for help rendered. Though the denial may be accepted, this does not remove the potential danger. The availability of bases in these islands for the possible use of a strong sea and air power would be scarcely less ominous than the actual cession of the territory.

The prospect deepens the dark hue of the Mediterranean's new complexion. It jeopardizes the outlook for France as well as for Britain. France hitherto had, on the whole, more scope for exerting pressure on Italy than the other way round. Her dependence on imported raw materials, and thus on sea communications, was less than Italy's. Unlike Italy, she had ports

outside the Mediterranean; her sea-traffic from Africa could diminish the chance of interference by hugging the Spanish shore; it might even be possible to avoid the sea passage by using the Spanish railways. Moreover, Italy's industrial centres, lying close to the northern frontier, would be more endangered by air attack than those of France. A Spain in league with Italy, and developed into a formidable military power, would change the balance heavily to the disadvantage of France—who may find increasing cause to regret the tacit encouragement she gave to Italy's successful defiance of the League over Abyssinia and the consequent enhancement of Italy's military prestige.

But the potential effect on Britain's position strategically stretches further. The Spanish development can hardly fail to have an influence on the steps that have been taken to reorganize the British dispositions in the Mediterranean. When the tension arose over Abyssinia last autumn, the main part of the British fleet was withdrawn from Malta to Alexandria. But this has defects as a permanent base, apart from being in Egyptian territory. Also it lies within bombing range of the Italian air bases in Libya and the Dodecanese—some 350 miles from the former and 400 miles from the latter. These considerations have prompted a study of other possible bases. Cyprus is one. Disraeli secured possession of it at the Berlin Congress of 1878 and presented it on a platter to Queen Victoria with the remark—"Cyprus is the key of Western Asia." But four years later its value was eclipsed by the occupation of Egypt, and ever since Cyprus has lain in strategic neglect. After the war, however, the harbour of Famagusta, on the south coast, was improved and enlarged, while in 1931 Imperial Airways temporarily made Limassol a stopping place on their Middle East service. The salt lake near here is suitable for flying boats, while the great central plain forms a natural air base. Another possibility is Haifa, the Palestinian terminus of the oil pipeline from Iraq. Haifa is at present the most secure from air attack, lying some 660 miles from the nearest air base in Libya, and 450 from the Dodecanese. But with the rapidly increasing range of aircraft even the most remote base would be brought within bombing range before its development and fortification could be completed, while the further away that the fleet and its own aircraft carriers

are posted the more its own power of action against an enemy is handicapped.

Confronted with this dilemma, the present inclination of the British Admiralty would seem to be "to damn the risks" and trust in the superiority of its own counter-offensive action, to meet any threat. Preparations along these lines are foreshadowed by the recent statement of the First Lord of the Admiralty on returning from a tour of inspection in the Mediterranean. He declared that there was no intention of "abdicating our position in that sea, or of scuttling from Malta," and added: "It is simply a question of adapting ourselves to the new conditions, and of making the fullest use of our own air power."

The question may not be so simple to answer, satisfactorily, when all the conditions are appreciated—but the determination is clear. Malta is to remain the primary base of the British fleet, and its defences are being strengthened, while the potentialities of Cyprus as an air and naval base are being developed. Cyprus lies 270 miles distant from the new bases which Italy has made in the Dodecanese, and since it offers accommodation for a larger force, while the British also have a superiority in sea-borne aircraft, there is a prospect of converting any threat from the Dodecanese into a boomerang. With superior naval and air force, too, these islands might be effectively isolated from support and supply from Italy. So might Libya, while the Italian colonies, old and new, in East Africa are largely dependent on the good will of the Power which holds the gateway from the Mediterranean into the Red Sea. These aspects of the situation are worth recognition.

Likewise in the western half of the Mediterranean, the new danger to which the French communications with North Africa are exposed does not lessen the inherent weaknesses of Italy, due to her immense length of coastline, the accessibility and vulnerability of her focal points, and her greater need of sea-borne supplies. If she strikes she can hurt, but she runs even more risk of getting hurt. Besides the formidable naval and air power of France, there is the pressure which the British naval forces might be able to exert if they are used with good judgment, and avoid being trapped in harbour. With so great a length of

coastline, the protective screen afforded by submarines and shore-based aircraft might not prove impenetrable, while the strain on Italy's armed resources is increased by the number of her detached territories. The British Mediterranean Fleet has already been strengthened and a large proportion of the new ships now under construction at home are likely to be sent to reinforce it further.

It is a bold bid which Britain is thus making to maintain her threatened position in the Mediterranean by establishing a more formidable deterrent to interference. Inevitably it has some element of a gamble, because of the uncertainty which veils so many of the technical issues of modern warfare. But its chances will certainly be increased or decreased according to the "load" that her forces carry. If they are called on to maintain the use of the Mediterranean as a mercantile traffic-route from the East the odds will be heavily against the attempt succeeding, while the effort will dissipate and endanger their own strength. If the British Admiralty is prepared to abandon this route and divert all normal traffic by the Cape route, its forces in the Mediterranean may play an important strategic part.

The diversion increases the distance from Bombay to England by nearly eighty per cent.—from 5,900 miles to 10,400 miles; from Singapore by over forty per cent.—from 7,900 miles to 11,400 miles; but from Melbourne, only 10 per cent.—from 10,700 miles to 11,800 miles. The increased distance would cause delay, and a consequent check in the flow of supplies unless and until more shipping was employed on the route. But even a delay would not have very serious effects on Britain's supply situation. For only 20 per cent. of her imports at present come through the Mediterranean. And of these 11 per cent. come from countries within that sea, so that a readjustment in the scheme of supply regarding these commodities would in any case be inevitable to meet the conditions of war. But the use of the Cape route for the remainder of the Eastern trade would simplify the strategic problem of the British in a war with any Mediterranean Power. By the virtual closing of that sea as a traffic route it might be more effectively utilized as an area of offensive operations against an opponent who could not disencumber himself similarly.

A people who are anxious for peace and a quiet life are naturally

inclined to look at a strategic problem from the point of view of their own security, and thus to overlook the disabilities of a potential opponent. The way that Italy has enlarged her forces and extended her bases of offensive action has undoubtedly complicated Britain's problem in assuring the security of her trade routes and oversea territories. But in the process of extending, Italy has entangled her bases with those of Britain to an extent that is awkward for herself. This strategic entanglement may prove a check on aggression, and thereby become an unforeseen "bond" of peace.

A new disturbing factor is undoubtedly foreshadowed by the prospect of Spain's development into a military power with warlike tastes and Fascist ties. It is a potential threat not only to the French communications with her African colonies, but to Britain's power to control the western outlet from the Mediterranean. A naval force could hardly be maintained at Gibraltar in face of a hostile air force on the mainland.

These possibilities inevitably increase the insecurity of the British position in the Mediterranean, while they also introduce a new insecurity into the Cape route. Even so, the fresh complications might not prove wholly adverse. When so many heavily armed Powers are confined in so narrow a space, each with their bases interwoven, and that space is being continuously narrowed by the growth of modern weapons, to start a war there would be like shutting up a bunch of mad cats in a cage. The picture, and the uncertainty of any calculations, might deter even the most warlike statesman.

EUROPE AND THE SPANISH WAR

By E. H. CARR

THERE is no doubt about the international event which has loomed largest in the public mind in the latter half of 1936. Since the beginning of the century, Spain had scarcely appeared above the international horizon. Her relations with foreign Powers had been smoother and more unruffled than those of any other European country of her size and importance. Now suddenly the international limelight has been focussed on her, and her internal affairs threaten to become a universal issue. The Spanish Civil War can be regarded in any one of its multiple aspects: from the Spanish standpoint, from the Mediterranean standpoint, from the standpoint of world affairs.

By a tragic irony, the Spanish aspect is the one which seems to matter least. In the last stages of the Abyssinian crisis, it became evident that even the protagonists of the "sanctions front" took no more than an academic interest in Abyssinia, and that what was really at stake was not the fate of a semi-barbaric African Kingdom, but the fate of the League. Similarly, it is clear enough today that, whatever sympathy may be felt for the Spanish people, and whatever horror may be excited by the bestialities of the Civil War, the eyes of Europe are riveted not on Spain as a country, but on Spain as the scene of a conflict which may have the gravest repercussions on the destinies of Europe and of the world.

It is symptomatic of this quasi-indifference to the Spanish aspect of the tragedy that the Civil War is habitually spoken of in terms irrelevant and improper to Spanish conditions. Nobody looking at Spain itself would describe the conflict as one between Communism and Fascism. Neither term fits. The foundations of the International Socialist movement in Spain were laid not by Marx the Communist, but by Bakunin the Anarchist. The Anarchists have even today a far larger body of adherents in the Spanish working class than have the Communists; and the

Spanish Communists themselves are divided by the schism between Stalinists and Trotskyists, the latter being the more numerous and influential. If General Franco were defeated and every foreigner left Spain, the chances of Communism would still be slender enough. Nor is there any reason to call General Franco and his friends Fascists. They are nothing so modern as that. There is in Spain none of that disgruntled, nationalistically-minded, lower middle class which forms the backbone of Fascism elsewhere. General Franco is simply out to put the clock back. He wants to restore the mediæval supremacy of Church and landowner which remained intact in Spain until the Great War gave the first big stimulus to Spanish industrialism in Catalonia and the North. One side is getting help from Communists, the other from Fascists. Only in this external, non-Spanish sense, is it a struggle between Communism and Fascism.

The second aspect in which the war can be regarded is that of Italian Imperialism. Italy, if not privy to the insurrection, certainly sprang to General Franco's aid with remarkable alacrity and promptitude. Nor was there much doubt about her motives. Signor Mussolini scarcely even pretended to be interested in General Franco as a fellow-Fascist. Having won a glorious victory in Africa, and vastly increased his prestige in the Eastern Mediterranean, Signor Mussolini was looking about for an occasion to extend his sphere of influence westwards. His ultimate aims are conjectural, and probably not defined even by himself. For the present he holds a useful pawn. Italy is in occupation of the Balearic Islands. It is true that explicit assurances have been given to the British Government that she does not intend to remain there, and that the British Government have every confidence in these assurances. But few people not bound (like the British Government) by canons of diplomatic politeness share this confidence. It is not even shared by the French Government. The French Government are well aware that a potentially hostile naval power established at Majorca is a standing threat to communications between France and her North African possessions. In this aspect, the Spanish Civil War is a drive to make Italy paramount in the Western Mediterranean.

The third aspect of the Spanish Civil War is one of world-wide importance. Spain has become the battlefield of rival political ideologies—almost of a European Civil War. The battle-cries of Communism and Fascism, however unreal in Spain itself, are full of meaning to the foreign auxiliaries on both sides. Italian Fascists and German Nazis fight in the insurgent ranks; and on the Government side are Russian Communists, German anti-Nazis and Italian anti-Fascists. Smaller groups of sympathisers from several other countries are to be found in both camps. But the person mainly responsible for imparting this universal or ideological aspect to the Spanish War is, beyond doubt, Herr Hitler.

The "anti-Bolshevik" complex has been strong in National Socialism from the start. But whereas, during the first two years of the regime, it was directed primarily against Communists in Germany, its principal target is now Communism abroad. The turning-point in this, as in so many other respects, was the Franco-Soviet Pact. By the spring of 1935, Communism in Germany was too utterly crushed for use even as a serviceable Aunt Sally. The drawing of Soviet Russia into the scheme for the encirclement of Germany prepared by the Stresa Conference gave the cue. Since May, 1935, no occasion has been missed of proclaiming Communism, even outside Germany's borders, as Public Enemy No. 1. The Spanish Civil War provided a first-rate opportunity. Herr Hitler has come to fancy himself quite seriously as St. George trampling on the Communist dragon.

The notion that the foreign policies of states are determined by the form of government under which they live and by the form of political theory which they profess is, of course, not novel. When the Holy Alliance set out to guarantee the maintenance for ever of the territorial settlement embodied in the Vienna treaties, it assumed that only absolutist governments could be relied on to keep the peace, and that democrats at home would naturally be peace-breakers abroad. The assumption was so far correct that practically every revolt during the next half-century against the Vienna settlement was the work of democrats. Then Marx appeared on the scene. Hitherto the interdependence of internal political ideology and external policy had been merely a working assumption. Marx turned it into a creed. He denied,

in principle, the possibility of any "national" policy independent of political ideology. When the proletariat of any country succeeded in capturing the governmental machine and in setting up a dictatorship of the proletariat, the first aim of this dictatorship must be to spread the Communist revolution to other countries. Such a policy was not merely right in principle, but essential in practice. For Marx never for a moment believed in the possibility of socialism in a single country.

This policy was consistently pursued by the Soviet regime in Russia in the first two or three years of its existence. Neither Lenin nor Trotsky nor any other Soviet leader had any doubt that the primary aim of Soviet policy must be to extend the Soviet revolution to the rest of Europe and Asia. In this spirit, the Soviet Government encouraged, recognized and (so far as the material possibility of doing so existed) supported the Soviet regime set up in Hungary by Bela Kun and the still shorter-lived Soviet Government of Munich. Serious attempts were made to bring about a Communist revolution in the rest of Germany, in Poland and elsewhere. But by about 1924 this policy had ended in failure, after seriously embroiling Soviet Russia with several other countries. So far as Europe was concerned, it was virtually abandoned, subsequent efforts (such as the assistance given to the British General Strike in 1926) being gestures of no intrinsic importance. In China, the policy was continued for some time longer. Since 1923 a large Soviet mission under the famous Borodin had been endeavouring, with a considerable measure of success, to plant the Communist ideology among the Chinese; and Soviets actually functioned for many years in many parts of Central China. In 1927 Borodin and his associates were turned out by General Chiang Kai-shek.

The year 1927, which also saw the expulsion of Trotsky from the Communist Party, was the real turning-point of Soviet policy. Since that time, Communist ideology has been subordinated to the national interests of the Soviet Union. The international relations of the Soviet Government have been conducted without regard to the political complexion of the other countries concerned. (There was one period of close friendship with Fascist Italy.) The Franco-Soviet Pact committed the Soviet Government to a policy of defending one bourgeois government against

another; and the invitation to Germany to come into the Pact on a mutual guarantee basis showed that the Soviet Union was equally willing to pledge itself to protect a Fascist Government against attack. So completely has the original ideological basis of Soviet foreign policy now been abandoned.

Unhappily, the abandonment was all too plainly due, not to a change of heart, but to a sense of weakness; and unhappily, too, an example had been set for others to follow. So long as Italy was the only Fascist Power, Signor Mussolini felt too weak to conduct her external affairs on an ideological basis; and for many years it was consistently maintained that Fascism was not an article for export. But when another Great Power adopted a form of Fascism, the whole situation changed. Herr Hitler (it was one of his several deplorable borrowings from Marxism) at once began to propagate National Socialism in Austria by exactly the same methods once used by the Soviet leaders for the dissemination of Communism. Signor Mussolini, for sound Italian reasons, disliked these proceedings. But he took his cue from them and, early in 1934, compelled Dollfuss by financial pressure to suppress and persecute the Social-Democrats and set up a Fascist dictatorship in Austria. Thereafter, a stalemate ensued between Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini; and it was only in the summer of 1936 that they once more found themselves in agreement over their Spanish policy.

But here, too, one may legitimately speculate how far this policy is ideological and how far national. It has already been hinted that Signor Mussolini is more interested in the expansion of Italy in the Western Mediterranean than in the triumph of a political doctrine. Herr Hitler, who seems to have a quality of genuine fanaticism lacking in his Italian counterpart, perhaps sincerely believes in the crusade against Bolshevism. But desire to oblige Italy (who, last July, beat a graceful retreat in Austria) has also been a powerful factor; and there are certainly many good Germans who would rather see German efforts employed in some less remote and unprofitable field. Materially, German intervention in Spain seems to have been on a smaller scale than that of either Italy or Soviet Russia.

There is no doubt that Herr Hitler is, at the present time, the principal champion of the idea that national interest and a

political creed can be made to march in step and serve each other's purposes. But he has shown some caution in the formulation of this doctrine. Even now, no claim is made to export National Socialism to other countries (except, perhaps, to Austria, which is a German land). Externally, the ideology is a purely negative one—resistance to Communism. In other words, Herr Hitler has not repeated the mistake of the old Bolsheviks who antagonized the world by claiming to impose their doctrine on everyone. His enmity extends, not to all countries who reject National Socialism, but only to those who embrace or support Communism.

Let us now see how this theory works out in the two regions (besides Spain) where German policy has recently shown activity: in Central Europe and the Balkans, and in the Far East.

The Austrian question is a thing of the past. In essence, it disappeared when Signor Mussolini obligingly did the dirty work of eliminating the Austrian Social-Democrats. It would now require only a few minor adjustments to transform the present pale dictatorship into full-blooded National Socialism; and the transformation will come in due season. The present focus of interest is rather in the relationship of Germany to the members of the Little Entente (or, as one should perhaps more accurately write, of the late Little Entente).

Yugoslavia was under an autocratic regime for four years before the Nazi revolution in Germany. If, between 1933 and 1935, she moved rapidly towards the German camp, it was not through fellow-feeling for another dictatorship, but through dislike of the growing Italian influence in Central Europe. Now that that influence is on the decline, German-Yugoslav friendship appears to be rather cooling off. In Rumania, Germany may from time to time have subsidized and supported the quasi-Fascist Iron Guard. But here, too, the issue is one of foreign policy. M. Titulescu fell not because he was a bulwark of democracy, but because his foreign policy was pro-French and anti-German. Germany wants Rumania's friendship for the sake of her oil wells, and is at heart not much concerned with the progress of Rumanian Fascism. In Czechoslovakia, the converse position points the same moral. Herr Hitler dislikes Czechoslovakia not because she maintains the semblance of

democracy (in fact, arbitrary police powers and the treatment of the minorities make the semblance somewhat illusory), but because she is an ally of the Soviet Union. In the smaller Balkan States, Germany's interests are mainly commercial. Her attitude has never been affected by the changes of regime in recent years in Bulgaria and Greece.

The Far East had seemed, until the other day, rather outside Germany's ordinary field of vision. But towards the end of November it was announced that Germany had signed a pact with Japan. Internationally, this was not very surprising, and many people had expected it many months earlier. From the moment when France and Soviet Russia made a pact against Germany, it seemed natural and inevitable that Germany and Japan should indulge in the corresponding gesture of a pact against Soviet Russia. But the form was remarkable, and shows how fashionable this business of competing ideologies has become. The pact involves, properly speaking, no international obligations at all. It merely binds the two countries to co-operate in the struggle against Communism at home and abroad. "Abroad" clearly means China. For a colourable pretext has been found for recent Japanese encroachments in Northern China in the necessity for dealing with the "Red menace"—those nests of Communism which have been left over here and there in China from the days of Borodin. But except in the improbable event of war with Soviet Russia (in which case the collaboration of that country's two principal enemies may be assumed), this latest pact does not seem to have much meaning. It is almost as unlikely that Germany will do anything about Communism in China as that Japan will interest herself in Communism in Europe.

How, then, does the world look amid this welter of conflicting ideologies and interests? In the one group stand Germany, Italy, and Japan—the three so-called Fascist Powers (though the term is of doubtful application to Japan)—with Austria and Hungary as faithful hangers-on. The other group, consisting of France, Soviet Russia, and Czechoslovakia, is more difficult to label; for though Soviet Russia has just adopted a constitution in which lip-service is paid to some of the external forms of democracy, she remains in essence as much opposed to democracy

as France is to Communism. In order to find a common denominator for the second group, one has to resort to that comfortable and comprehensive term "the Left"—the side, as Heine was wont to remark, of the heart.

But what cohesion may we expect to find in the two groups? From the ideological standpoint, frankly none. Three years ago, the two Fascist dictators were reviling each other in the columns of their controlled press. Two years ago, Democratic France and Fascist Italy were sworn friends and allies. Soviet Russia will choose her friends as readily on the Right as on the *bourgeois* Left if the need serves. There is, in short, plenty of sound and fury, but far less substance, in this fashionable conflict of ideologies; and the fundamental division is not between Fascism and "the Left," but between those who are in the main satisfied with the present distribution of the world's goods as between States and those who, for various reasons, are not.

This classification would seem, in theory, to range Great Britain and the United States among the satisfied Powers, and to reinforce the opinion of those who would like to see this country associate itself with the Franco-Soviet group. Yet there is no doubt that the bulk of British public opinion is behind the British Government in its determination not to commit this country to membership of any group, and (though the weight of public sympathy probably leans to the side of the Spanish Government) to remain strictly neutral in the Spanish Civil War. The arguments for maintaining this attitude seem to me overwhelmingly strong.

First, as to Spain. The bitter divisions between the two sections of the Spanish people must be admitted as a fact. It is true that the insurgents enjoyed considerable advantages. They controlled most of the regular army and, in the early stages, secured a large preponderance of foreign help. But they could not have made so rapid and sweeping an advance without the active support or tacit acquiescence of important sections of the population. In 1919 the anti-Bolshevik forces in Russia had a virtual monopoly of trained officers, and open and avowed foreign assistance in men, money, and material on a scale undreamt of in the present struggle. Yet victory went to the side which received no external support at all. Denikin had to fall back

from his advance on Moscow because the population in his rear continually rose against him. Kolchak had much the same experience in Siberia. No such fate has hitherto befallen General Franco; and however much one may dislike his aims and methods, it is not possible to dismiss him as a mere irresponsible military adventurer without serious backing in the country. In a land so rent asunder, foreign intervention is a dubious and dangerous experiment; and the British Government, remembering the incalculable harm done by intervention in Russia in the immediate post-war years, will not readily embark on another such venture. It has yet to be proved that the Powers which have so light-heartedly taken sides in this terrible fray will not live to regret their rashness.

Secondly, as to the general world situation. I have said that the ideological link between the so-called Fascist Powers is not strong enough to hold them together. But will their common interest as dissatisfied Powers prove a more effective and durable cement? Subject to one condition (which I will mention presently), I think not. The dissatisfied Powers all have their grievances. But they have different grievances; and different grievances call for different, and sometimes incompatible, remedies. There is little or nothing in common between the ambitions of Germany and the ambitions of Japan. It is unlikely that Germany would gratuitously antagonize Great Britain by supporting Japan against her in the Far East; and the converse is almost equally improbable. The present association between Germany and Italy seems particularly unstable. Both have interests in Central Europe and the Balkans which might at any moment bring them into conflict; and if Signor Mussolini is seriously bent on challenging British naval power in the Mediterranean, he will get no backing from Herr Hitler, a cardinal maxim of whose policy is not to contest British supremacy at sea. Whatever the issue in Spain, the partnership between Germany and Italy remains precarious; and the partnership between Germany and Japan is little more than a gesture. Subject to the one condition referred to, the alleged Fascist alliance will continue to be an unsubstantial dream—or nightmare.

The condition is, of course, that Great Britain—the one Power

which is both interested and detached—should maintain her attitude of detachment. If Great Britain were now to align herself, finally and irrevocably, with the Franco-Soviet group, the dissatisfied Powers would be left with nothing more to hope or fear. Fear would drive them into a close and effective alliance; and desperation might well hasten the rupture. British policy, if it aims at peace, must seek to prevent any hardening of the groups; and this it can only achieve by remaining neutral between them.

Nor is this a policy of mere opportunism. Great Britain has steadily and prudently refused to commit herself to the theory of the sanctity of the *status quo*. She will not, as a matter of principle, range herself on the side of the Powers pledged to uphold the *status quo* and against those who reject it, unless there is in being an effective machinery for its peaceful revision. Article 19 of the Covenant of the League provides such machinery—or at any rate a basis on which it could be improvised. But the fact remains that, until Mr. Eden did so at the last Assembly, no representative of any “satisfied” Great Power had ever made a sympathetic reference at Geneva to the possible application of Article 19.

Meanwhile, Japan has helped herself. Italy has helped herself. Germany will help herself. Rightly or wrongly, we are not prepared to resist by force of arms—unless our own interests are directly attacked. It is time to try the other policy. It is useless to say that a reconciliation between Germany and the League Powers is impossible, for it has not been seriously attempted. The last opportunity was lost through that frigid and formal British *questionnaire*. I am optimistic enough to believe that the opportunity will recur. But it may not recur many times.

FRAÜLEIN GOES AWAY

BY ERNST LOTHAR

IT began almost like a happy day. Fräulein, the nursery governess, opened the bottom drawer of the wardrobe which was as a rule tightly locked, took out a few things and laid them one after the other on the table. They were not at all wonderful things; there was a brooch of Bohemian garnets, a buckle, a cross carved out of brown wood, a mother-of-pearl penholder, a letter-weight of cut glass, a coloured postcard with a view of Meran, a rosary, a few faded ribbon book-markers—all parting presents from generations of children she had nursed and taught. They exhaled a perfume of lavender. Agatha remembered having seen these treasures once before. That was when Fräulein had taken the place and unpacked her belongings and put the little remembrances in the bottom drawer where they had lain undisturbed for more than a year. Hanni did not remember.

“You were too little then,” said Agatha; and Hanni as usual when her youth was thrown up at her replied, “What has my being little to do with it?” Full of curiosity, she stood looking at the quite simple though exciting objects. Photographs followed, children’s letters.

“Look,” said Fräulein, “I was with all these children. That was Rudi, this was from Hans, and this from Lotte whom I’ve so often told you about.”

“Are they big now?”

“Yes, Agatha, all my children are now grown up.”

Hanni tattoo-ed with her thumbs on an old Easter egg. “Why do you say ‘My children,’” she asked. “Were they yours? Did they belong to you?”

Fräulein let her eyes wander for a moment over the things on the table, and from the faces turned up to hers. Then she answered, “No, they didn’t, of course, belong to me.”

The children were allowed to take up each article separately, dust it and lay it in a new glove-case. That was fun.

But two days later when they came in from their walk, Agatha came running to me with her hat and coat still on, in great excitement and said she must whisper something into my ear. Fräulein had been asked in the Park *when* she was going. Fräulein had put her finger on her lips and said nothing. But Agatha knew that she only did that to show that before her she must not say. And was it really true that Fräulein was going away?

Nothing is so cruel as to make children sad. If I told them now that Fräulein to whom they were so deeply attached was really going away . . . how could they understand the reason? Could I explain that the beautiful time of learning at home was over, and now school-days must begin. I tried to think of an answer, but before I could find one she read it from my face.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

Slowly she took off her coat, then her gloves. She laid the gloves together and rolled them inside out, as she had learnt to do from Fräulein. She took off the round brown leather hat and passed her hand over both cheeks. She did it all very slowly, and at every turn the approaching sad event seemed to draw nearer. Sobbing she asked, "Is she going soon?"

I could not bring myself to say that she was going that evening and answered that it was not certain. This seemed at first to give her a gleam of hope, but soon she saw that there was none. She took up her coat, gloves and hat. At the door she stood still and said,

"But I won't tell Hanni. Hanni would cry."

In the afternoon there was the distraction of children visitors. The children played "False Compliments," a game over which there was generally shouts of laughter. To-day there was no laughter. Perhaps the children felt that there was something symbolic in the game, of what was later to happen. That one passes over, without taking notice, what is inevitable and makes much only of that which means nothing—"False Compliments." Fräulein played with them too. Her box was near at hand so that in the pauses of the game she could quickly pop in a few clothes without the children seeing. Now it was her turn for

the Compliment. She regarded all the children sitting together in a row with one comprehensive glance, then she bowed before Hanni. She had guessed right. Hanni was a little embarrassed that Fräulein guessed so easily. For this choosing is really a kind of love-declaration—Hanni would rather it were private.

Afterwards the children played at "Race-course" with tin horses and dice, and as only five could play, Fräulein had time for her packing.

In the evening after the children were put to bed she would go. She stooped over her box in which she laid her possessions. How many times in her life, thought the old governess, had the same thing happened. How often she had packed her box and been obliged to uproot herself and go. How often had she taken her heart in her hands to conceal the love from them to whom it had clung. After every secret parting and finding oneself, Adieu, Adieu. As she packed up she thought that her fate was not to be compared with others, though others are in service with strangers and have to go when their time comes and take other places. Only it is not their duty to live with children. Who knows what that means? Year in, year out, to be always with children day and night.

"Fräulein will see to it," say the parents. "Fräulein is reliable." Yes, Fräulein can be relied on. Fräulein has undertaken the mission and fulfils her duty. Fräulein is the first to know when the children are sick, the first to wake and be alarmed . . . "Fräulein should have been more careful, . . . she should have been more punctual." . . . Ah, how well she knows it all, and thinks of the reproaches, the ingratitude as she packs her box. To live the life of others as the whole of one's own life flies away. Every moment of the many hundred days, many, many hours of the hundreds of nights one has to be on guard. During years and years she had watched over every breath of strange children. She knew where the white canvas shoes of last summer were put away; when Grandpapa's birthday came round; what was to be done to make Agatha understand fractions; how Hanni must eat her food. . . . She knew and was responsible for all. Strangers' children in this way cease to be strange. They become part of oneself. Thus she reflected as she stood by her box and put everything in. The

Dictionary and the Correct German Orthography book, and the blue torn exercise book in which she had entered examples which according to her method simplified the art of language instruction; and there was the cigarette tin with beans in it to help in learning the multiplication tables—the whole outfit of yesterday to serve for to-morrow. She wondered, will Agatha forget the stroke in her division sums when I am no longer here? She took the *Outline of German Literature* and laid it on her black blouse. So far as that she had not yet got . . . only to "*Vögelchen, Vögelchen, wecken Sie auf.*" Even Hanni knew that. She had learnt it in play from listening to Agatha.

When I am no longer here, she thought, Hanni will miss me. She was so used to me . . . and in the night when she throws off the clothes, who would get up and tuck her in again? She blew her nose. Noiselessly and gently, as she had taught the children well brought up people did. And now the box was ready.

At supper we had tried to be natural as if nothing was to happen. Agatha ate hardly anything and Hanni who suspected nothing was nevertheless unusually thoughtful. As she was filling her spoon she asked earnestly, "Fräulein, are you angry?" With an effort we all smiled. No, no one was angry. We talked, uttered a few trivial remarks to keep off what made it so difficult to talk. Agatha, conscious of knowing a secret and feeling a little honoured therefore, took part, in her way, in the deception.

"Hanni, wasn't it fun this afternoon?" she asked her sister, and glanced at me as if to show that she was to be trusted.

"No, not at all," honestly answered Hanni.

There was a pause during which nothing was heard but the click of knives and forks.

"Next week spring will have come. Everything will be green!" said Fräulein. No one could help noticing that Agatha struggled with her tears.

Next week! It sounded in her ears so terribly sad. Next week! . . . Yes, everything would be different then. They wouldn't be sitting round the table as they were now. A new, unknown time was coming. Next week!

I couldn't bottle it up any longer, although I wanted to. I promised them that in the afternoon of the day after to-morrow

they should see "*Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.*" This broke the ice a little. Hanni laid down her spoon directly, making a spot on the table cloth, and asked with rising spirits, "Fräulein, may we wear our patent leather belts there?"—thus obeying the law that all permission, all refusals, issued from Fräulein. Unimaginable that it could be otherwise.

"Perhaps," answered Fräulein in a low tone. The answer perplexed Hanni. After all, *was* she angry? With knitted brows she began seeking for a reason. Was it because she had left her gloves to-day lying on a seat in the Park?

The children went to bed. For the last time Fräulein put them to bed. As on every evening for so long, they took it in turns to be undressed and washed. This time Hanni came first because yesterday it had been Agatha's turn to be first. Fairness must be observed.

She undressed the child with the customary competence. First the shoes, then the stockings, the same to-day as always. And she washed the slender naked child's body with her usual careful quick movement of the hands, made the soap foam, wiped it off with her forefinger, steered the sponge firmly round the child's ears so that the hair should not be wetted, and then said as always: "Now the right, then the left, that naughty foot." And Hanni as usual spurted water violently everywhere round her and asked for the duck, whereupon Fräulein was wont to answer: "Either play or wash! You cannot serve two masters at once, Hanni. If you are not good directly, I shall go away and never come back."

To-day she didn't say that. Instead she brought the duck, and the unexpected rendered Hanni speechless. She went to bed with the duck, the wet duck, and even this was suffered by Fräulein. . . . What could it mean? Agatha knew only too well. Soon she too was undressed, as on every other evening. Fräulein stood between the two white beds and said, "Now, children, say your prayers." And the three together prayed.

There was now nothing more to be done than to draw the curtains, say good night, and light the little green lamp. But before she did this she went to each bed, took each child in her arms, held her close, very close to her heart, and kissed her on the eyes, mouth and forehead. Then she murmured something

that might have been good night and lit the little green lamp and waited till they fell asleep.

They slept, and once more she looked round the room where for so long she had been at home. She saw the pictures of Wind, Moon and Rain which she had herself framed; the curtains which she had made and embroidered; the inkstain on the bath-mat that couldn't be got out with lemon—and the toys which stood in an orderly row on the two cupboards and the chest-of-drawers. But the Teddy Bear was hanging a little over the edge—quickly she put it straight and without looking in the glass she put on her hat, went to the door on tiptoe and opened it softly.

But when she stood with us outside on the landing, and none of us could quite command words in which to say good-bye, Agatha suddenly appeared in her nightgown and bare feet. She was pale with eagerness. "Fräulein," she said, "this is for you, so that you will remember us, too." It was her new silk hair-snood, and Hanni's cornelian slide. She gave them to Fräulein and ran back to bed on the brink of tears again. In bed she held her breath and listened—Hanni was fast asleep. She could not understand all that was being said outside, she only caught the words "Promise" and "Certainly" and then "Good-bye" twice. "Good-bye."

Then the front door opened and shut. All was quiet, so dreadfully quiet! The child lay with wide open eyes. Now she knew, knew what gave pain and made one unhappy. It was "Good-bye, Good-bye."

[Translated by Beatrice Marshall]

THE ARMY RECRUITING PROBLEM

BY EARL WINTERTON, P.C., M.P.

UNTIL I and others, both by writing and in speeches, called attention to certain aspects of the pay and conditions in the Regular and Territorial Army which were a deterrent to recruiting, it was assumed that the general reluctance (because of pacifist propaganda and for other reasons) of young men to serve in the armed forces of the Crown was the main cause of the serious deficiency.

The figures of entrants into the Navy and Air Forces appear to disprove such a view, since sufficient young men and boys of good quality are entering both Services. It is indeed notable that the expansion of the Air Force has produced a larger, not a smaller, pool of applicants from which to choose. The risks and hardships of service in the Navy and Air Force would not presumably be less in time of war than those to which soldiers would be exposed, while if to wear a uniform and serve in the armed forces is an offence in the eyes of pacifists, and those who pay regard to their views, it is not less so in the Navy and Air Force than in the Army.

Clearly there are, therefore, factors militating against recruiting for the Army which do not apply to the other two Services. I may say, in passing, that when I made this statement at a regimental dinner recently it was quoted in the column of a Left journal in which fatuous or unconsciously humorous remarks are held up to ridicule. No doubt to those who, in the slang of a decade ago, were known as "Parlour Bolshies," the lack of recruits for the Army is not only amusing but most heartening. For the very reason that people of this temper are rejoicing at the failure of Mr. Duff Cooper's campaign to get recruits, it behoves the rest of us to inquire into the causes.

Members of the Government themselves, by their constant asseverations that there is nothing wrong with the spirit of our young men, followed by plaintive queries as to why they do not join the Army, cause their speeches to have the opposite effect to that which they intend. They give the impression abroad that pacifism and anti-patriotism have a far larger hold than they have. They rejoice the hearts of the British "Reds" and "Pinks." Far better would it be to announce an immediate Royal Commission or Committee of Inquiry into the causes of bad recruiting. No doubt pacifist propaganda, and the opposition of certain sections of opinion to the Forces would then be found to be having some influence, but I am convinced that other causes are infinitely more potent. They can and should be removed, though in some cases it will take time.

First and foremost among them is the question of pay. Serving officers of all ranks with whom I have discussed this matter are all but unanimous that low pay is the principal deterrent to recruiting. On the other hand, more than one ex-Regular officer who left the Army before or at the end of the War has expressed amazement to me that that should be so. They point out, quite accurately, that pay is better than before the War; further, that conditions for the soldiers' comfort, such as better cooking, a more efficient canteen service, etc., have also improved. That also is the fact, though a certain amount of hideous, comfortless, unhygienic barrack accommodation—some of it in the shape of huts which were erected during the South African War—still remains.

Mr. Duff Cooper's attention has been called to this matter, and also to the Esher Committee's condemnation of such barracks more than a decade ago. In his replies he has shown that progress is being made with the improvement and rebuilding of barracks. But the process is still too slow.

The answer to those who express the astonishment to which I have referred is this. Compared with his predecessor before the War the soldier of today is better paid, provided with more amenities, and often, though not invariably, better housed. But the contrast is even more favourable in the case of the average civilian wage-earner in almost every trade and industry. The standard of living and comfort of the man in work has immensely

improved since 1914, and even the unemployed in the worst areas are in possession of a higher real income than those out of work before the War. Thus, so far as the Army is in competition in the labour market for the best type of boy or man of the labouring class, it has not kept pace with its rivals.

The actual money wage which the soldier receives per week after he has been fed and housed looks reasonable enough, but from that has to be deducted not only possible punishment stoppages, but actual compulsory contributions to regimental funds—no doubt most beneficial to the soldier, but a drain, notwithstanding, on his financial resources. A Brigadier with a fine record of service said to me recently with great emphasis that he would like to see all compulsory stoppages from pay—penal or otherwise—made illegal under King's Regulations, because they were both unfair and inimical to recruiting.

Another aspect of this case was put to me by the very intelligent commanding officer of a famous battalion, a man who has had a most successful military career. He said: "My lads are of a good type, though I can't get enough of them. Mostly they come from respectable working-class homes in which they are accustomed to a higher standard of living than the men who went to France with us in 1914. Try as we do to eke out rations, we can't give them a meal at night after their tea. The result is that most of them buy themselves supper with their own money. I don't blame them; they are growing lads and need it."

Incidentally, I must observe at the risk of causing offence that if and when officers of the type to which I have referred, each of whom had a long period of regimental service in the trenches during the War, reach the topmost places in their profession, I believe that, given a competent Secretary for War and a friendly Government, much more will be done in the way of removing abuses, anomalies and anachronisms from Army life than is done today. We have had a succession of able, indeed brilliant, men in high positions in the Army since the War, but the majority have been on the Staff continuously since 1914. They are not "soldiers' Generals," and since the days when they were regimental officers there has been a vast change in the outlook of the class from which recruits are drawn—and

also, though not necessarily an unfavourable one, in that of the public towards the Army. "The 'brass hat' type of mind" has come to be almost a *cliché*. No doubt this is partly due to war books, often patently unfair to the Staff. Nevertheless, there do seem to have been too few "fighting soldiers" in key positions of command since 1919. A bachelor soldier who is anxious to help his parents by sending them weekly contributions from his pay or one who wants to give his "girl friend" a good time, like any of his fellows, by taking her to cinemas or tea shops, is less able to do so than many unmarried young men of similar class in civilian life.

Then there is the question of marriage. At the risk of wearying readers by constant quotations from my own circle of acquaintances, I think I cannot do better than repeat the very pointed words on this matter of a friend who is a General: "The soldier of today, to his credit be it said, is more anxious to 'make an honest woman' of his girl than the pre-War soldier. Much of the crime and desertion in the Army is due to this cause, since so few are allowed to marry on the strength." Of course some of these considerations concerning pay apply *mutatis mutandis* to the other two Defence Forces. But the young sailor, being usually on a ship, has less opportunity to spend his pay than the soldier. Marriage also is easier for him, since he spends less time on foreign service. I have urged before, in print and in public speeches, that if the taxpayer wishes to preserve the voluntary system he should be willing to face the burden of higher taxation in order to make the pay and conditions of the Army more attractive. Here duty and common sense run together, and the Government should no longer let this injustice remain.

The length of time spent by the soldier on foreign service is unpopular with potential recruits. This is probably due not so much to a decline in the young Englishman's taste for travel and adventure, as to the fact that amenities at home, for the class from which soldiers are drawn, have immensely improved in recent years. The cinema, cheap travel by bus, tea-shops, every form of spectacular professional sport at low prices of admission, and the universal bicycle did not exist in the time of *Soldiers Three*. The modern young man does not want to give up all these amusements of his spare time and go abroad where,

in addition, he may have to live in a difficult climate. Perhaps also he may find himself in a foreign station where his is the only unit, and where unpopular guard duties and parade ground movements are his main duties. If he is a keen soldier and a man fond of human companionship he will miss the cheery communal life, with its many sporting contests, and the field training of a large garrison in England. I believe that before the War, when British troops were stationed in South Africa, that was a popular station. It had the double advantage of a good climate and a white population of both sexes in which "other ranks" could find friendship and companionship among people of their own station in life. Few British Army stations abroad have both those advantages today.

Military opinion inclines to the belief that the Cardwell system must at least be modified. This could be effected by the substitution of specially enlisted long-service garrison battalions for certain units in the interior of India and in some colonial stations. The cost would be greater, but it would be justified if it improved recruiting. Further, I believe that if the Cardwell system could be confined to potential striking forces, such as the Northern Army in India and the Force in Egypt, the efficiency of battalions, regiments, and batteries would be automatically improved. Because at no time would they be serving, as often happens now, in places where brigade training, let alone divisional training, is impossible.

It may be objected that there would be as much difficulty in getting men to enlist in these long-service battalions as it is to get recruits today. I do not think so, for it offers a career. In fact, the supply of suitable candidates—all British ex-soldiers who have finished their Reserve Service—for positions as sergeants in the Calcutta, City of Bombay, and other Eastern Police Forces, exceeds the demand. These men are content to live ten or fifteen years in the East, usually without a single trip home, because they are well paid, and, in the case of married men, there is good accommodation for their wives and families. I believe that the same considerations would apply to the Force which I suggest. Men might be enlisted between the ages of 20 and 25, and serve for ten to fifteen years. The Government of India could, I think, eventually be induced to accept, though

no doubt with some demur, such an amendment of the Cardwell system as I have suggested. But it would cost money, and, as Mr. Duff Cooper has pointed out, it would be unfair to burden India with a much heavier Army expenditure at a time when the new Constitution is about to be inaugurated.

I have already stressed the satisfactory flow of recruits to the other two Defence Services. There is no doubt that they are formidable competitors of the Army in attracting recruits. In the Navy marriage is made easier for various reasons. For one thing the allowances are higher and, as previously stated, a smaller proportion of service is spent overseas.

It is possible, under the system of messing, to provide an evening meal as well as tea, and I have already referred to the effect of its omission in the Army. Mr. Duff Cooper, in a recent debate, held out hopes that this defect would be remedied. While fully appreciating his difficulties, we cannot but be concerned at the slowness of progress in reforms. No doubt a further big expenditure of money is involved by most of them, but a Government with a clear mandate for the rehabilitation and re-furbishment of our defences has been in office for over a year, during the whole of which time the present Secretary for War has occupied his office. Grave speeches have been made by Mr. Duff Cooper and the subordinate Ministers of the War Office, in which they have admitted that the present system of obtaining recruits is breaking down. Surely at such a moment, and when for the first time since the War the Treasury is willing to spend money freely for defence, there was never more need for urgency and quick decisions to improve the attractions of Army services. It is true that none of them can wholly bridge the gap between the opportunities of civilian employment which the sailor or airman can command, and those open to the ex-soldier. The very nature of the service of sailors and airmen makes them, in most branches, ready to step into positions requiring technical engineering knowledge and a high standard of artisanship. Many branches of the Army afford no such training or experience. The Vocational Centres do something towards building this bridge, and Mr. Duff Cooper's promise to endeavour to give men about to be dis-

charged a longer period of home service will increase the scope of these centres.

One must accept the fact, however, that, despite increasing mechanization, a large proportion of discharged men will continue to be unskilled workmen. Surely here Government Departments can be of more assistance in offering employment. The Postmaster-General stated recently that fifty per cent. of vacancies for postmen were kept for ex-Service men. This percentage should be increased, and it is hard to see what administrative difficulties stand in the way.

In making a comparison between the relative attraction of service in the three Defence Forces, an interesting argument is sometimes advanced. I myself cannot claim to possess sufficient knowledge of the subject to accept or reject it. But I will set it out. It is as follows :

Discipline is not weaker in the Navy and Air Force than in the Army. In fact, in the Senior Service it is, in a sense, more rigid. There is certainly less personal contact between officers and men on a ship than in a battalion. But, so the argument runs, this is accepted by all but a few "hard cases" among sailors and airmen, because the safety of the machine, whether 'plane or ship, depends upon the efficiency of the men manning it. That efficiency, in its turn, depends upon instant and unquestioning obedience to orders. "Liberty and equality," as the Captain of the French frigate is supposed to have said during the Revolution, "may be all very well on shore, but they are damnably out of place on board ship." The Army recruit, on the other hand, according to this view, sees no sense in spending six months in apparently meaningless parade ground movements. Some of his pals see him doing it through the barrack railings, and he tells others about it ; thus Army service becomes unpopular, especially with young men of intelligence, or who belong to classes which should be able to show a better standard of physique than those from which recruits are mainly drawn.

Certainly some routine duties in the Army are largely an anachronism. One example of this is to be found in guards and sentries. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, when the civilian population was more lawless than it is today,

the police force as we know it non-existent, and officers and rank and file alike unpopular with the public, an armed guard was necessary to prevent damage to Army property, or even a riotous incursion into barracks. Officers, too, had to be protected from possible attacks by private soldiers, who were harshly treated, brutally punished, and badly paid and fed. It frequently happened in the eighteenth century that the men on guard were the only sober people in the evening in the whole barracks. None of those conditions obtain today, and, with their absence, the main reason for sentries and guard mounting disappears. There remains, of course, the consideration that such duties are in themselves a valuable training in smartness and discipline which build up soldierly qualities and character.

Undoubtedly, however, there are many army officers who think that, quite apart from the effect on recruiting, such duties are overdone. It is even suggested that training for tattoos and military tournaments turns the soldier into a sort of automaton, and diverts the attention of officers and men from the grim realities with which they will be confronted in war. It is urged that in the case of a small professional army such as ours the aim should be to turn each individual into an intelligent and skilled technician in the art of modern warfare. Anyone who saw the exercises of last summer, while admiring the spirit and endurance of all ranks, must admit that that desideratum is still far off. But I am wandering somewhat from the subject of recruiting.

I have left myself but little space to deal with recruiting for the Territorials. Here Mr. Duff Cooper, by his strenuous advocacy, has achieved a notable success. The percentage increase in enlistment is remarkable, but much remains to be done to increase the attraction and popularity of the Force. Some of the reforms can only be achieved gradually, some present serious administrative difficulties, incapable perhaps of being overcome. One of these latter is tax concessions both to Territorials themselves and to their employers, and discrimination in the giving of contracts by all government departments, civil and military, in favour of firms employing a given percentage of Territorials. More easy of attainment are further increases in pay and allowances; the rebuilding of obsolete drill halls,

and the provision of modern equipment in which some branches of the Territorial Army are sadly deficient.

Most important of all, perhaps, is the realization by members of Parliament, public bodies, and the rest of the population that the Territorial soldier is a man worthy of the utmost commendation and admiration. Just tributes are constantly paid to the excellence of the police and to the courtesy and good humour of bus conductors and other servants of the public. Too little is said about the self-sacrifice and high standard of conduct of the officers and men of the Territorial Force, who spend their scanty leisure in learning to defend their country from invasion.

In conclusion, I wish to disclaim, if such a disclaimer be necessary, any desire to hamper the Government and War Office by suggesting reforms which, however admirable, are incapable of achievement at the moment. I have already freely admitted the immediate difficulties which some present; others, too, may be less easy than they appear to be. Nor do I wish to discourage recruiting under the conditions which prevail today. Men who are out of work or in casual and uncertain employment would be far better off morally and physically in the Army. The pity is that they don't realize it. I write rather in the spirit of the House of Commons debate on recruiting on December 9th. On that occasion there was a most heartening and almost unanimous desire evident in all parts of the House to help the Secretary for War by constructive criticism and suggestions how to get recruits. A very different spirit was displayed towards the subject from that which was apparent even a few months ago.

POLICY AND ENTERTAINMENT

BY IVOR BROWN

THE attitude of the State to popular entertainment in this country was for centuries one of detachment. It was none of its business to provide good entertainment, to assist the better against the worse, or to subsidize those forms of dramatic and musical art which private enterprise could not supply without severe losses. While all other European nations founded, encouraged, and sustained theatres and opera-houses, national and municipal, on the ground that the provision of good drama and music was as much the duty of the State as was the provision of universities, colleges, schools, libraries, and museums, Britain left these matters to chance or to private benevolence on the supposition that entertainment, even in its most cultural aspects, was the business of the individual. The actor had to fend for himself and the operatic singer depended on the philanthropic guarantors who made our Covent Garden seasons possible. The idea of a National Theatre has been constantly proposed by enthusiasts and consistently neglected by the public. Subsidies for music have occasionally been granted by urban councils, but, on the whole, the attitude of British officialism to entertainment has been one of rather less than benevolent aloofness. The Puritan distrust of the painted player in his motley has been deeply implanted in the national attitude to life. Men might have their pleasure: but the State must only guard such pleasure from viciousness: positive and constructive policy was not wanted.

But things are changing. Those who choose always to interpret policy in terms of economics will certainly observe that the British Government only became aware of popular entertainment and its problems when that entertainment had ceased to depend on small groups earning small sums and had become a vast industry serving millions of people and thinking in terms of

millions of pounds. G. K. Chesterton once remarked on the British genius for not noticing essential people: in his view we take our railwaymen and bus-drivers so much for granted that we only become aware of their existence when they go on strike and are not there. The British Government had long omitted to notice such people as actors: but it could hardly overlook the existence and importance of the film with its huge capitalization and its opportunity for making private fortunes. It really began to see the films when the films were not there to see—or at least the British films, which, in the middle of the last decade, were being extinguished by foreign competition.

By 1927 the American film industry—note that entertainment has now become one of the largest industries and is no longer merely an art or a craft—had so far outstripped British screen-production in quality and quantity that the State was forced to accept the cinema as a matter of Government concern and cause for a considered policy. A form of protection by quota followed. Film-renters had to take 20 per cent. of British-made films. The foreign companies countered this by producing, or having produced, in Britain short “quota-films” which were made cheaply and often carelessly. They were stopgap stuff, vamped up to comply with the letter of the law, and the fact that they were labelled British only did the name of Britain further damage. Fortunately British technique in film-construction began to improve and the arrival of “talkies,” which necessitated more indoor-work and less outdoor “shooting,” did much to counteract the climatic advantages of California. English actors were wanted for their accents and the British film industry gained rapidly in status and prosperity. But the State was still its protector.

After nearly ten years had passed, there was need for review of the situation. A Committee, appointed by the Board of Trade, has just sat under the Chairmanship of Lord Moyne and has reported on the condition of the film industry and on the proper policy for its improvement. Because it is dealing with a highly complex industry the Report is necessarily technical and is not easy or attractive reading for the average patron of this form of entertainment. The complete industrialization of this form of supply of popular pleasure is implicit in every word of the Report,

which is not concerned with an art or with individuals, but in securing certain trade standards without damage to trade economics. Such a sentence as this about the quota-films shows how the conception of an art has been entirely subjected to financial considerations in the case of the cinema :

It was suggested to us that if a higher figure—such as, for example, £2 per foot of the film—were required to be spent on its production a reasonable minimum standard of quality would thereby be ensured ; and that the total of salaries, wages and payments in respect of the production of a film referred to in Section 27 (3) (iv) of the Act of 1927, which closely approximates, on the average, to 50 per cent. of the cost of the film, would have been a possible basis for administering such a cost test.

The Films are really being treated as so much lead-piping, the one being a conduit of popular pleasure and the other of waste fluids.

The Moyne Report advocates the retention and extension of the quota system and makes plans for abolishing the scandal of the cheap and trivial "quota-film." Even more important is the recommendation to create a Standing Commission "for the purpose of administering the provisions of new legislation arising from the Report." It would be "represented in the House of Commons by a Minister of the Crown or in some appropriate way." The Commission should have "powers of initiative and control." Moreover, it is further recommended that :

(1) The Government should keep a close watch on transfers of interests in British producing, renting and exhibiting units with a view to taking such steps as may be practicable to prevent control passing abroad.

(2) The Government should, as soon as may be, take such steps as may be practicable to encourage financial interests to constitute one or more organizations to finance British film production, in approved cases, on reasonable terms.

In other words the supply of visible and audible matter for public pleasure by the cinema trade has become so important financially and socially that the old policy of *laissez faire* in entertainment has completely vanished. The industry receives further protection by quota and is to have Government support, after due scrutiny, in raising capital. Foreign "interests" are to be watched lest the foreigner once more control this means of approach to British taste and opinion.

To note this change of policy with regard to public entertain-

ment is not to challenge it. We do not doubt the prudence of the Committee's advice, but it follows from this complete overthrow of free trade and *laissez faire* in one branch of entertainment that the people concerned may reasonably ask for a similar change of policy elsewhere. If the provision of distinctively British and decently competent films is a matter so important as to merit the attention of the British Government, are the arts of drama and music to be left to face all the economic blizzards that may blow without any cloak or covering of public provision ? To suggest any sort of action on these lines would have seemed a heresy not long ago, but heresies often become orthodoxies more quickly than we expected. On December 1, at a meeting in the House of Commons, a committee of members was formed to watch the interests of music and drama, and to support a Bill which would constitute a Music and Drama Commission with power and funds to provide relief for the performers appearing in person before a living audience whose craft and livelihood have been threatened or destroyed by the superior wealth, palatial premises, and cheaper wares of mechanized entertainment.

At this meeting it was impressed on members by speakers of the highest authority, Lord Bessborough, Sir Hugh Allen, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, and others, that the plight of our orchestras was really desperate, while the supply of drama by the actor in person is either drying up altogether or is sadly hampered by financial stringency. The repertory companies, for example, in many provincial towns have to waste their time and efforts in collecting subscriptions or in finding guarantors of small sums to enable the continuance of work which is generally admitted to be a credit to the performers, a pleasure to the public, and an enrichment of local life.

There is in existence a body called the League of Audiences, which is sponsoring this Music and Drama Bill, the object of which is to institute a special Commission, rather similar in scope and status to the Forestry Commission. This would be empowered to grant aid to dramatic companies or to orchestras which could prove, to the satisfaction of expert assessors, the social and artistic value of their work and the necessity for some help to ensure its continuance. The amount to be disbursed

would have to be settled later on: a modest suggestion of £50,000 per annum has been made; this is not much, when one considers the size of the national bill for Education, not to mention Armaments. The source of this revenue will also have to be settled, but since the Entertainment Duty already brings in nearly ten million pounds a year the return of a two-hundredth part of this for the sustenance of the weaker brethren does not seem an unreasonable demand. Again there is the huge surplus taken by the State from the wireless licence fund, a fund earned by the artists, speakers, entertainers, and programme-builders of the B.B.C., but not returned to them in full. To propose that some of this should go to subsidize forms of art which can prove desert and poverty is surely not extravagant. Nor does it prove any feeling of jealousy or hostility to the B.B.C. It is merely urged that money earned by art and entertainment should be, in some fraction at least, devoted to sustaining worthy kinds of artistic performance.

At any rate the State is now fully involved, both by its vigilance on behalf of British films and by its relations with the B.B.C., in the finance and the nature of popular entertainment. It is no longer possible to dismiss the theatre and the concert-hall as purely private matters. The policy of Governmental isolation has been abandoned. Indeed there is now actually direct endowment in one direction. An organization called the British Council is receiving £15,000 a year, a trifling sum when one considers the size and the importance of its function, in order to impress other nations with the virtues and merits of British culture and British artistic achievement. Last autumn, for example, the British Council, working with the Foreign Office and some generous private hosts, brought to England and entertained the music critics of many nations, arranging that they should hear in the course of a few, perhaps too crowded, days the best of British music and see the best of British ballet as well as meeting British people with musical and cultural interests. The object of this was to counteract the far too common notion that British music is only derivative in style and second-rate in execution. I believe that the results obtained, as far as the favourable judgment of esteemed foreign critics went, were most satisfactory. The visit was a great success.

In the dictatorship and totalitarian States leisure, like labour, is inevitably organized. The German and Italian Governments both construct elaborate plans for the best use of the workers' hours of ease, including arrangements for dramatic and musical performances. Our democracy, with its far greater appreciation of the individual's need and duty to find his own entertainment instead of being spoon-fed by authority, will naturally not want anything so thorough (or so embarrassingly named) as the German "Strength Through Joy" Campaign. Nor do we want propaganda in art. But, as has already been explained, the old policy of detachment has collapsed in this country and, at the same time, the general decrease in hours of labour is turning the problem of public leisure into a matter for public vigilance and public action. Many great industrial concerns have now agreed to a five-day week and more are likely to follow this example. The long week-end may soon cease to be the perquisite of stockbrokers and be widely enjoyed by those who earn the dividends as well as by those who draw them. This means that the millions have to find more amusement and develop more hobbies or side-line occupations. We are distrustful of increasing our Civil Service, and proposals for a Ministry of Arts or a Ministry of Leisure would in all probability be very ill-accepted by the electorate and certainly would receive "a bad Press."

The present technique of securing some public control and ordered planning without surrender to the Whitehall species of bureaucracy is the creation of boards, commissions, and corporations which enjoy freedom to develop their own methods and are only loosely attached to the ordinary machinery of State. The Moyne Report follows this model in its proposals for a Standing Commission to watch British films, "its constant aim being the creation of a healthy, expanding industry to the benefit alike of the Empire, the nation, the public who see the films, and all the commercial interests concerned." Note also the complete departure from *laissez faire* principles implicit in the following paragraph:

Once the Commission has become well established with the right personnel and has earned the confidence of the various sections of the industry, there might be other functions which sooner or later it could appropriately be asked

to discharge. These might involve, for example, such questions as the redundancy of cinema houses, combinations in one section of the trade and counter-combinations in another, quicker turnover of capital and the furnishing of information required by the local licensing authorities in the exercise of their powers of control. These last are closely allied to some of the problems of distribution, with which the Commission will be dealing.

The Commission's costs are to come from the trade itself. "To defray the expenses of the Commission and its staff, we contemplate that the fees received from renters' and exhibitors' licences and from registration of films will prove a nucleus."

The Government has already granted the film trade special legislation and there is little doubt that this Standing Commission will be duly set up to implement it. The arts of drama and of music, whose need is often desperate, can no longer be logically neglected. In the days of general *laissez faire* with regard to entertainment it was reasonable to tell the author and composer, the actor and the musician that their fate lay in their own hands. But now that the British film industry has become a matter of public policy, now that the case for sustaining and spreading the repute of British art and British artists has been permitted by the foundation and financing of the British Council, it is impossible for the Government with justice to wash its hands of the other arts.

One point made in favour of the Music and Drama Bill, a point especially emphasized by Dr. Malcolm Sargent in his speech in Committee Room 10 on December 1, was the smallness of the sums needed to turn the financial balance for an important orchestra, and the same would be urged by any leader of a dramatic company who is still heroically carrying the burden of touring Shakespeare and other work of quality, without subsidy, in places where classic drama would never penetrate without the visits of his team. These efforts do not involve large losses, but there is (or may be) a constant series of small losses because the public catered for simply cannot pay London prices for their seats. Charity and enthusiasm may meet these petty losses for a while. But why should they?

LONDON—ONE-FIFTH OF THE NATION

BY G. D. H. COLE

MORE than two hundred years have passed since Daniel Defoe, in his *Tour through the Whole Island of Great Britain*, expressed his amazement and admiration at the prodigious growth of building around London, and at the extraordinary increase of houses and people within London itself. In Defoe's eyes, these things were very good. He rejoiced to see the houses of prosperous merchants perching themselves on every vantage-point of high land around the metropolis; and as he wandered about England on his equivocal missions for Harley, reporting on the state of opinion and organizing everywhere a series of correspondents who would keep him, and through him the Government, regularly informed, never wearied of recording how much London's greatness contributed to the prosperity of the rest of the country. In eighteenth-century England all roads, by land or by water, seemed to lead to London; and nearly all trade seemed to be an exchange between London and the provinces, to the advantage of both.

London was, in Defoe's day, the only town in England that could be reckoned great by modern standards. Bristol and Norwich, the two next largest places, had in the 1720's probably no more than 30,000 inhabitants; and most towns were no bigger than many villages are today. No wonder London seemed to Defoe and his contemporaries a prodigious place, overshadowing the whole country with the multitude and wealth of its consuming public.

And yet, by modern standards, how small a place Defoe's London was! Half a century before, at the time of the Great Plague, Greater London had about half a million inhabitants. After the Plague and the Fire, the number fell by perhaps a fifth. Then it increased again very fast. Defoe, in 1724, asserted that London and its environs had a population of a million and a half. This, however, like most of Defoe's

estimates, was obviously wild exaggeration; for when the first Census was officially taken in 1801, Greater London—taken as including the area now administered by the London County Council—had still under a million people. For this same area, still fully adequate to include all veritable London, Defoe's figure was not reached until about 1826; and the two million mark was not passed until the early 'forties. Three millions were reached in the middle 'sixties, and four millions in the middle 'eighties. But the four and a half millions of the 1901 Census proved to be the summit of growth within the L.C.C. area. Since then, London's population, within this area, has actually fallen away.

At the time of the Plague and the Fire, roughly one citizen out of every eleven in England and Wales could be called a Londoner. In Defoe's day the proportion may have been one in ten. At the date of the first Census it was one in nine. London had been gaining in relative population, but not at a very rapid rate. But in the nineteenth century the relative rate of increase became much greater. By 1880 Greater London could claim one citizen out of every six. Today it can claim one out of every five.

These proportions are not, of course, for the same areas at different dates. They represent the population of a Greater London which has been continuously spreading out over a larger area. The area which seemed generously adequate in 1855, and perhaps barely adequate in 1888, when London at last acquired, within the frontiers fixed in 1855, a unifying authority with reasonably sufficient powers, has since become quite ludicrously too small. Fully half the people of London live today outside the area administered by the London County Council; and before long the number of outer inhabitants will be greatly in excess of the number of Londoners in the narrower sense. In terms of extent of territory, the disparity is naturally greater still; for the outlying suburbs are far less densely populated than the districts in the inner ring. In these days, a growing population takes much more room than it used to take. Houses are built less thick on the ground; and much more land is given to gardens and open spaces, public or private—though still, especially in the poorer areas, not nearly enough. Moreover,

nowadays families are smaller, so that for a given population houses are more numerous as well as farther apart.

Thus it comes about that the area assigned to the London County Council forms today only a small part of Greater London. Still more startling is the contrast if we compare even the L.C.C. area with the Greater London which Defoe thought so vast and marvellous. London County includes, in addition to the City, the twenty-eight Metropolitan Boroughs created in 1899 out of the earlier confusion of parishes and district boards which sent representatives to the Metropolitan Board of Works. Of these boroughs only two—Holborn and Southwark—fall wholly within the area which Defoe marked out as constituting the Greater London of his day. And no less than eighteen of the present boroughs of inner London—quite apart from the numerous boroughs and urban districts of the outer ring—fall entirely outside the area of the great metropolis as Defoe described it in his *Tour*. Yet Defoe, with his abounding enthusiasm for London's greatness, was certainly far more disposed to exaggerate than to minimize its extent.

Not till the nineteenth century did the area of continuous building spread out far beyond the limits of Defoe's London. I have before me Cary's map of London as it was in 1822—nearly a century after Defoe's survey. The changes in the built-up area are far smaller than the rise in population would suggest. Indeed, the continuous built-up area was still relatively small. Independent towns and villages such as Islington, Hackney, and Stoke Newington to the north, and Peckham, Battersea, and Clapham to the south, had come into much closer contact with London without being actually engulfed. So had Woolwich in the east, and Kensington and Hammersmith in the west. The Greater London of 1855 was already being foreshadowed; but it was not yet in being. The railway age, which was soon to suburbanize a host of towns and villages beyond the built-up area, had not yet begun. London's first steam railway was not opened until 1833. The network of suburban lines was mostly built in the 'fifties.

Indeed, at many points the solid growth of the London area was made possible only by the draining of the marsh lands, especially to the east, where even today low-lying areas along the

courses of the Thames and the Lea still account for considerable open spaces within the circuit of the built-up area. The story of London's expansion until well on into the nineteenth century is bound up with the drainage of low-lying lands. As rivers were canalized, or even put in pipes and lost to sight, as marshes were drained and filled up with all manner of rubbish, Londoners populated the spaces where building had been out of the question at an earlier date. East London, as we know it, has been erected largely on the low lands along the valleys of the Thames and the Lea.

To the north and the south Nature offered less obstacles to expansion; but here, too, contours are important. In all these areas the higher lands were usually filled up first, as residential suburbs for the well-to-do. The lower lands were developed later for cheaper houses and for poorer folk. To the west population was able to pour out more evenly than in other directions, along the relatively flat clay of Middlesex. But even in this region expansion usually came earliest on such rising ground as there was. In greater London, except in the centre, it is broadly true that the rich, or the well-to-do, live on higher ground than the poor.

There are, of course, many reasons for the hugeness of London. London is the capital city of a great country, which is itself the capital of the world's greatest empire. It is the world's financial centre, with a far greater accumulation of experience than any other city in the handling of large and delicate financial transactions. It is the only great capital city in Europe which is also a first-class port, so that foreign commerce, as well as government and high finance, finds in it a natural home. It is well placed for contact with the Continent of Europe, so that it became at an early date the clearing house for tourists as well as for commercial traffic. Many causes have come together to make London great; and the greater it becomes the more compelling is its attractive power. Great populations mean great markets for the wares of culture and commerce alike. The more people come to live, and industries to settle, in London, the stronger are the reasons why more should follow. Nor are there, now that the marshes in the vicinity have been mostly drained, any natural obstacles to further expansion. Physically,

London can be stretched out continuously to Brighton, or Oxford, or Colchester without encountering worse hindrances than have been overcome in the course of its earlier growth.

Is this proliferation of the metropolis good or bad—first, from the standpoint of the Londoner and, secondly, from that of the country as a whole? From certain points of view it is definitely bad. It increases the vulnerability of Great Britain to attack from the air; for a stampede of the vast London population into the surrounding country would obviously dislocate the entire system of food supply and public administration. It aggravates the problem of the depressed areas; and, moreover, the bigger it grows, the more evident become the disadvantages of its growing without any sort of comprehensive plan. It is costing millions to establish any sort of green belt of open land around Greater London, and even so the belt is bound to be broken by many stretches of built-up land. This could have been avoided if at an earlier stage London had possessed any sort of unified governing authority with power to plan its development on rational lines. But no such Greater London authority has existed in the past; and unhappily none exists even today.

The disputation about the advantages and disadvantages of London's hugeness is almost as old as the history of the place. For centuries before William Cobbett railed at London as "The Wen," one generation of Englishmen after another had been marvelling at its prodigious size. Foreigners, too, and half-foreigners from North Britain, have often been eloquent in praise of London's greatness—from William Dunbar's "London, thou art of townès *A per se*," to the latest star of Baedeker. But there have been many voices uplifted on the other side. Queen Elizabeth issued several proclamations designed to check the growth of building in London: Shelley capped Dunbar by proclaiming that "Hell is a city much like London;" and Cobbett regarded the growth of "The Wen" as the cause and accompaniment of the decay of the English country. No one who lives in or near London, whether he praises or blames its hugeness, can help observing with wonder this apparently limitless capacity of the great city for taking all things unto itself—a capacity that seems in our day to be unaffected, if not positively stimulated, by economic depression elsewhere.

It is, indeed, not difficult to see why London is able to grow so fast today. The face of England is changing, economically, almost as fast just now as it changed in the days of the Industrial Revolution, when factories and coal mines and iron works were piling up population in the new industrial areas of the north. But now the current is setting the other way. Finished commodities are made with a smaller expenditure of raw material; and the semi-manufactures used in their making take far less fuel to produce. Labour is shifting out of the extractive and primary producing industries into the lighter finishing trades which, untied to any particular locality by natural causes, are mostly free to settle where they will. As productivity increases and standards of living rise, fewer workers come to be employed in making things, and more in carrying them about, handling them in warehouses and shops, or making book-entries about them in ledgers. More people again come to be employed in rendering direct services to the consumers—in the entertainment and catering industries for example—or in manning the public utility services, from gas, water, and electricity to road-making and the erection of public buildings. Maintenance work in garages, in house repair, and in a host of minor services grows apace. The public departments, national and local, assume new functions, and therewith take on a larger number of employees. Finally, the professions wax in numbers; and more and more hitherto unorganized callings acquire a recognized professional status.

All these changes in the character of employment minister to the growth of London. Both the official Census and the recent *New Survey of London Life and Labour* bring out very plainly the special qualities of London's economic life. In the area covered by the *Survey*, the figures showing the numbers engaged in different occupations are very revealing. Domestic service heads the list, with 418,000 employees. Then comes transport, with 316,000, followed by the food and catering trades, with 272,000, the dress trades with 264,000, and commercial occupations with 227,000.

So far the list does not include a single major "industry" in the ordinary sense given to the word. Next, however, comes building (165,000); and then follow in order professional

occupations (153,000), metal and machinery trades (150,000), printing and paper trades (102,000), government services (86,000), wood and furniture trades (83,000), and textile trades (72,000).

Thus, among productive industries in the narrower sense, excluding the food and dress trades, building comes easily first, followed by the metal and engineering group and by printing and paper. Domestic service, the food and catering trades, and the clothing trades occupy a far larger proportion of the working population than in any other region; and the same is true of transport and of commerce, including distribution. London's professional population is also quite abnormally high. If the persons engaged in domestic service be added to the "non-manual" group the numbers of the combined population of "black-coated" workers rise to nearly half the whole.

It is not easy to compare these conditions with those of earlier periods. The Census gives occupational figures from 1851, but not on a comparable basis. It can only be stated broadly that in recent times the numbers engaged in domestic service have grown the least, and the numbers engaged in manufactures have also increased far more slowly than those in transport, commerce, and finance, and the professional and public services.

As a manufacturing centre, London is concerned mainly with the consumers' trades. There is nothing new in this. Although the predominant trades have changed, it was as true in the eighteenth century as it is today. In 1750, or thereabouts, London's principal occupations included watch-making, silk-weaving and bootmaking—all for the most part lost since then. Shipbuilding, which was the principal London industry not catering directly for the consumer, has also gone, the last London shipyard having disappeared well within living memory. As the nineteenth century advanced, and some of London's older staple trades began to melt away, new consumers' trades grew up apace round the docks in the East End. Furniture-making, match-making, jam-making and many other food trades developed fast; printing expanded with the growth of newspapers and commercial advertising; and the light metal trades became rapidly more important with the advent of telephones, gramophones and, in our own day, electrical apparatus and wireless.

Assembling works, especially for motor-cars, grew numerous in the twentieth century; and many producing industries established big depots, as well as offices, in the metropolitan area. London's manufacturing activity increased again. It has been increasing faster than ever during the past few years.

London's attractive power, as the focus of a great local market, as the capital of a world-wide empire, and as the principal money-centre of the world, has given it throughout the modern period an immense power to draw to itself all manner of economic activities that are not tied by natural conditions to a particular region. This power was enough to prevent it from falling in relative population even during the period when industry, based on coal and iron, was making its most rapid advances in the North and in the industrial areas of the Clyde and South Wales. And this power is even more formidable today.

Surely so great and rapidly growing a centre of economic and social life needs to be planned and governed as a whole. Yet never in its history, at any rate since the Middle Ages, has London possessed a common government. In 1855, the year of the Metropolis Management Act, *The Times* could even maintain that London did not in truth exist.

We may really say that there is no such place as London at all, the huge city passing under this title being rent into an infinity of divisions, districts, and areas. . . . Within the metropolitan limits the local administration is carried on by no less than 300 different bodies, deriving powers from about 250 different Local Acts, independent of general Acts. The number of Commissioners employed, though not precisely ascertainable, Sir Benjamin Hall estimated by his own computation at about 15,000.

In the sense given to the words by *The Times* in 1855, London still has no existence. The number of separate administrative bodies responsible for the government of the inner metropolitan area has indeed been greatly reduced; and there has been considerable co-ordination of certain essential services. But London proper—and still more Greater London—is still administered by a host of separate bodies, under no common system or form of unifying control.

In 1855, when the Metropolitan Board of Works was set up for the purpose of consolidating London's sanitary administration, the area allocated to it could be regarded as at any rate roughly co-terminous with Greater London. Thirty-three years

later, when Parliament decided to establish the London County Council, the metropolis had already sprawled very much further afield; but the boundaries of 1855 were retained as they were. They remain the same today—for every year has made their extension more difficult. For most administrative purposes, London today is still the London of 1855. Yet in that year Greater London had only about two and a half million inhabitants, whereas today it has between eight and nine millions living in what is essentially a continuous urban area.

London, then, has never had a government. When at length, in 1888, Parliament took the oft-considered step of setting up a London County Council elected directly by the ratepayers, it had already escaped far beyond the boundaries of 1855, so that the new body set to work under an immense handicap. London—that is, Greater London—was beyond the grasp of the new L.C.C., which had to watch the metropolitan population spreading fast over suburban areas wholly beyond its co-ordinating control.

This is London's tragedy—never to have had a government, and to seem farther now than ever from acquiring one. For it gets harder every year to rectify the old mistakes. Only a few years ago the Royal Commission on London Government practically abandoned its task in despair. For far more now than in 1888 will any attempt to include the sprawling suburbs within London's government be fought by bitter and determined opponents. The county boroughs and many of the municipal boroughs of Greater London will fight hard to maintain their independence; for many of them have lower rates than they could hope for if they were within the L.C.C. area, and to some extent their citizens enjoy London's common services without paying for them. Still more energetically will the County Councils of Middlesex, Surrey, Essex, Kent, and Hertfordshire resist any attempt to transfer to the L.C.C. a large part of their present populations and a still larger proportion of their rateable values.

London, then, has grown up without a plan, for it has been without any authority capable of making one. Since Wren and Evelyn drew up their comprehensive plans for the re-building of London on the morrow of the Great Fire of 1666, no one, I think, has been venturesome enough to make even on paper a

plan for the re-development of London as a whole. After the Fire, Wren's and Evelyn's plans were quickly discarded in face of the objections of property owners to being told what they were to do with their land. Vested interests were strong enough to veto planning on any adequate scale.

But, it may be asked, will London continue to grow? We are told nowadays that before long the population of England and Wales will begin to fall fast, and that within a generation or so the fall is likely to become catastrophic. About that I do not profess to know; for in the long run population has a way of playing at "Cheat the Prophet." But in the fairly near future some fall there is certain to be. How will this affect London's growth?

Less, I think, than might be imagined at first sight. For there is still abundant room for our housing standards to improve, even if the population grows less. We shall continue, I hope, to empty the overcrowded areas in the centre, and to spread the people out more thinly in better and pleasanter surroundings. Moreover, unless war comes to devastate the city, London will continue, under modern economic conditions, to exert its compelling power and, in default of major economic changes, to gather people unto itself. If existing trends continue, before long one citizen in four, instead of one in five, is likely to be a Londoner.

Therefore the need for planning exists now more than ever. And planning needs to be economic, and not simply social. We need to plan industry as well as houses and open spaces; and accordingly we need, now more than ever, a common government for all London—not to supersede the lesser authorities, but to complement and co-ordinate their work. But are we likely to get such an authority for Greater London—a regional, as distinct from a merely local, governing body? Not, I fear, till the notion of London as a city has sunk far deeper into the minds of the citizens than it has today; and not, I fear, till we set seriously to work to plan, not merely London, but the ordered development of all Great Britain.

A MUZZLE ON CRITICS

By V. S. PRITCHETT

PROPAGANDA is the natural means of communication for an age of faith, whose chief requirement is some sort of transcendental simplification. "Death to Fascism," "Down with the Yids," or the more homely "Beer is Best" are examples of this simplifying instinct at work—simplifying, of course, in order to conceal a confusion of issues. For a nostrum can only be made to appear as the one rescuing and guiding light in the darkness, if the darkness is first made dark enough. Hence confusion of mind is an absolute necessity to the born propagandist; his own confusion is his best friend; and those who have laughed at the latest muddle of words which have poured out of Dr. Goebbels in Berlin are in danger of under-rating his success and its causes.

The case of Dr. Goebbels is an interesting one. From obscurity he has risen to be the chief gargoyle on the strange Nordic façade, as shrill as the *Skibbereen Eagle*, and as frantic as the Editor of the *Eatanswill Gazette*. Obscure in the days when all men of talent in Germany had freedom to rise, Dr. Goebbels rose when freedom vanished, and the great Germans of his day were sent into exile. He became a cultural dictator after the cultured had departed. In the first years of Nazi reaction, his attention was mainly given to matters of political ideology, to matters of blood, Valhalla, and Bolshevism; and he assumed—as it happened, too lightly—that those writers and artists who had not been able to get out of Germany would automatically become imbued with the inspirations he gave them over the microphone. Lately he discovered he had been too optimistic.

The speech—for it was obviously the occasion for a speech—has become mildly notorious. The root of the evil, he discovered, was in criticism. There must be no more criticism of works of art in Germany. It was intolerable in a country where no one

was free that the critics should retain their freedom. Artists must no longer be victimized. Happy artists and writers in Germany! No longer will the German Keats be a martyr. Happy reviewers, no longer can X. say that Y. has written a bad book or acted atrociously in a play. That world of vituperation has gone. There is only one vituperator and He shall be nameless. And happier, happier publishers! Criticism must become what all the lovers of publicity have long wished it to be: an extract from the publisher's catalogue or those aphoristic comments which fill the advertising columns of our Sunday papers. Who can fail to respond to such an affluent proposal?

Well, quite a number of people can fail no doubt. It strikes one that Dr. Goebbels, so long engaged in politics and business, where men are openly actuated by self-interest, has overlooked the nature of writers and artists. They are ungrateful and cantankerous people. It is easy enough to drive a team of politicians or the ordinary run of citizens; a judicious distribution of the oats of self-interest is enough. But self-interest means very little to the artist, who is indeed happiest when going against his own interests and those of others. Self-preservation is what really governs him. Nothing is more congenial or necessary to him than to rend his own tribe. One has only to bring two painters, two poets, two musicians or two actors together to see that this is not the material the docile totalitarian is made of, not Nordic man but a gathering of wolves.

This is all very regrettable when one looks at the nobler course that Dr. Goebbels would have them pursue: "In a time such as ours which demands the utmost energy, endurance, and nerve, it is the special mission of the artist tirelessly to communicate to the nation strength through joy."

But, one asks, will artists and writers have the sense to stop muddling along with what they call serious work even after this appeal? Alas, they seem to prefer their muddle, and Dr. Goebbels has had to dig deep for the explanation. Art, he discovered, is steeped in the criticism of "the liberalistic-Jewish period." Criticism has fallen into the hands of a secret conspiracy of "the hidden successors of this Jewish autocracy." For it would seem that in Germany, as notoriously in England, the critics of a paper are frequently in the opposite camp to

their political Editors; the Left wing weekly has a Tory literary critic, the Tory paper is undermined by the latest æsthetic insinuations from Moscow, and nothing so delights these writers as slyly to sabotage—I think that must be the word—the political policies of their papers. Moreover, says the Doctor, no one has a right to criticize a work of art unless he can do better himself. Description of a work is permissible, but not criticism. And no one—though he rather mysteriously quotes with zest an episode in Berlin when some young men of twenty-two "drew swords against accomplished artists" of twice their age—under thirty must be allowed to undertake the heavy responsibility of this descriptive work. "For the rest," Dr. Goebbels said, "art had suffered no loss by the disappearance of the critic. False greatness would die a natural death." The Nordic world, strong in its joy, secure in the new culture, would live by the good old nineteenth century law of the survival of the fittest.

Dr. Goebbels is not the first to damn the critics. All the great critics have done this many times. Coleridge—though now abolished—had a low opinion of them. Coleridge was certainly an artist who had had a great measure of success; but the general run of critics, it must be admitted, fall into the category of artists who have failed. He who cannot do, teaches. Sainte-Beuve, for example, would have been dismissed by Dr. Goebbels, because of his poor verse. Dr. Johnson's views on the poets would have been banned because of the mediocrity of his poems. Hazlitt would not have been allowed to write on painting because he had been obliged to throw up painting in despair, Ruskin would have gone the same way. Indeed, it is obvious that if one is to accept the rule that there must be no criticism unless you can do better yourself, then the great critics would have been condemned to a consideration of the mediocre only or at any rate of what is beneath them. One had not expected from the subtle Doctor such a candid admission of the mediocrity of the art of the Fascist states.

To be just to him it must be pointed out, however, that these were not really his own views. He has borrowed them from Russia, whence so much of Nazi Germany has been borrowed. The Doctor observed that in order to set free one class you had to put another in chains, and copied the Marxist procedure.

A Marxist art in a Marxist state, a Nazi art in a Nazi state, and criticism to match. To quote the old Spanish lines :

Free thought I loudly proclaim to all
And death to him who does not think as I do.

The dilemma of Dr. Goebbels would have a merely picturesque interest if it were not also the dilemma of Western Europe. Faced by the disappearance of serious art in his own country, he abolishes the critic, but it would be useless to deny that the disappearance of art is threatened through Western Europe. By this I mean we are likely to lose, indeed for all important purposes we have already lost, the art that belongs to the great literary tradition of the nineteenth century. What remains is chiefly the ever-rarifying atmosphere of its criticism.

Released by the French Revolution and emerging after its initial crudities and political quarrels into the full confidence of the romantic movement, liberal culture became in the years before the war very largely detached from politics, isolated from the broader concerns of society and retired into a world of private sensibility. In English letters, it is the contrast between H. G. Wells, for example, and Virginia Woolf. The rehabilitation of the eighteenth century was its crowning act, a final amends to the century from which indignantly it had in its youth reacted. The fact is, the liberal movement had completed its circle and it had returned to its parent. Now, where this revival still survives, all is urbanity, tolerance and disinterestedness. But as there was a dash of Wesley and Blake in the eighteenth century, so the neo-eighteenth has its Lawrence.

Those who still live in the happy backwaters of the Liberal movement speak of protecting liberty, but rather less of sharing it ; that has an ugly political sound. Like the new rich, they wish to forget their immediate origins and adopt a tradition they had in more boisterous times despised. Put them back into the bitter, political quarrel about the Lake poets, set them to read the venomous quarrels in Hazlitt and Coleridge, remind them of the charges and counter-charges of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* and of how the French Revolution divided Europe into two camps as clearly as Communism does to-day, and they treat it all as picturesque or academic. The manners of the eighteenth century were better, they say ; there were standards,

there was elegance, eccentricity did not become inflated into a humourless conviction of Godhead, formality had not become dogma overblown, the epigram had not degenerated into the slogan, simplicity had not been confused with the untutored, and man had not become the mob. Moreover—and this is a strong point—eighteenth century views were limited, conventional and tolerant. Liberalism, which is the only tolerant force in the world of new and intolerant ideas, turns with nostalgia and apology to the world it overthrew more than a century ago.

In English letters, this nostalgia for an elegant and circumscribed world was typically represented by Lytton Strachey. In him the Liberal mind had reached an aristocratic phase and hence the insistence on the exclusive value of private sensibility, the pleasures of eccentricity. The school of writers who succeeded Wells and Shaw were all eccentric in their method. The aristocratic "Do what you will" could be written on their title pages, whether they exalted the eccentricity of consciousness to the fabulous level of *Ulysses* or like Mr. E. M. Forster were exposing the clash of the English sensibility with an alien one.

How difficult it is going to be for Dr. Goebbels to continue literary discussions in simplified political and moral terms is clear the moment one begins it. The individualism of the artist is so various that you can make almost any case from any writer, if you have fallen into propagandist habits. A party theory could be made out of the works of P. G. Wodehouse or Dorothy Sayers, without ever pointing out that the first was not a political but a humorous writer and the second a writer of detective stories. A writer much misrepresented by these people is D. H. Lawrence, probably because his work contains most of the main and conflicting tendencies of his period. There are plausible reasons for arguing that Lawrence with his blood mysticism, his stress on the instinctive, his dislike of the mind, his exaltation of the primitive and his hatred of the international world, was a Fascist prophet. In Germany, he is indeed so regarded. On the other hand, there was in him more than a touch of that neo-Liberal belief in the rights of the private sensibility. As he grew older, he tended to write less of his own class—the miners of Nottingham—and more about the kind of people, artists and writers and their hangers on, who were in, say, the Lytton Strachey circle.

He wrote sometimes satirically, often enviously or admiringly, of the Liberal aristocrats who were scattered in the pleasant places of the pre-slump world. Again, there is another Lawrence ready to the party hand; ultimately he rejected the Liberal world. He was a working class writer, writing his best work about the working classes; and in his critical work—I am thinking particularly of the studies in American literature—he is most refreshing, because the traditions of Liberal criticism are simply not in him. It is not surprising that after the game-keeper went off with Lady Chatterley, Lawrence was claimed by the anti-Fascists and that Dr. Goebbels should be fighting with them for his body.

Lawrence was mistrusted by the Liberals because of his fanatical religious temper. It is this fanaticism which attracts the younger generation to him. The young have discovered belief, and belief creates its own liberty by depriving others of theirs. One expects no tolerance from new religions. Vision may be wild, but it cannot compromise. Neither a Fascist nor a Marxist can entertain doubt any more than a mystic can. The packed trial, censorship, suppression, distrust of the independent mind, are inevitable. An age of faith is an age of cruelty. The history of Spain in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries provides the most striking historical parallel to what is going on in Germany to-day.

It is as well to remember that as Mr. Aldous Huxley has been saying in his articles on propaganda, successful propaganda is less the result of the appeal of the propagandized idea than of favourable circumstances. And circumstances are at the moment very favourable to the political schools of art and criticism. Dr. Goebbels has been produced by the moment. What are these circumstances? The question may be answered in many ways. You can say we are on the see-saw of fashion, that passionate concern for society succeeds inevitably to polite indifference to it; that we are still suffering from the chaos of values caused by the Great War; that we are pulled one way by the Russian Revolution and the other by the Fascists, just as Europe was divided at the time of the Council of Trent; and so on. But behind these upheavals, a new class has become vocal in the West. If there is a clash of classes it is because a

new class has arisen, and in art, that means new manners, new subjects and new styles. The modern English novel when it appeared in the time of Defoe was the product of just such another class emancipation and its accompanying political changes.

What is this emergent class? In Spain and Russia it has obviously been the working class. In the other Western countries, the working class movement has had great setbacks. The struggle has not indeed been directly between the rich and the poor, but between the poor and the slightly richer. It may be simple in Italy and Germany to make these rigid divisions, but in England, the most class-ridden country in the world, and in consequence, a country which has had to learn how to relieve the importunities of these barriers, the attempt to impose the class argument has always something slightly absurd or exaggerated about it. Circumstances have not greatly favoured the propagandist or prophet and the Communist or Fascist simplifications have had little chance with us.

WARTIME FOOD SUPPLIES

BY DR. CLOUDESLEY BRERETON

THE history of the Government's policy for laying in an adequate supply of food in time of war has been a sorry record of dilatoriness and procrastination. While they have taken the most energetic steps to strengthen our Army, Navy and especially our Air Force, they have literally done nothing of a practical nature to increase our reserves of food supplies, with the possible exception of a conference with the canning industry, and that was apparently only a preliminary investigation of the potential expansion of the industry.

Actually the Government have been very late in taking up the question at all, though the re-armament programme has long been in full swing. During the three days debate on defence the only allusion to it was a casual remark by a Minister who in winding up the debate used the familiar formula that the matter would not be lost sight of. As late as April 2 Mr. Baldwin said: "I do not think the appointment of a national committee is necessary." But happily he soon altered his mind, and on April 22 announced the appointment of a special committee. This surprising *volte-face* was due no doubt to the persistent pressure of a small group of young Conservatives in the House (Mr. Patrick Donner, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Mr. Cartland and others). This committee, which was under the chairmanship of Sir William Beveridge, and has now finished its deliberations, apparently dealt with little more than the problems of rationing. A sub-committee of the Committee for the Co-ordination of National Defence was assigned the threefold task of surveying the food problems under three heads: (1) Storage of all kinds of food for use in emergency, (2) expansion of the production of food at home, (3) protection of food supplies from overseas. When, however, efforts were made before the rising of Parliament in the summer to discover what steps had been taken to

secure the expansion of home production, Sir Thomas Inskip replied that he had nothing further to say on the matter.

No wonder a widespread feeling of uneasiness arose which found expression at the Annual Conference of the Conservative Party. Early in the present session a few vague statements made by Mr. Baldwin and Sir T. Inskip merely paid lip-service to the matter, but on November 24 an important deputation, headed by Sir Austen Chamberlain and consisting of Mr. Churchill, Lord Salisbury, Lord Trenchard and others urged on the Prime Minister the establishment of a national stock of food sufficient to last for several months. The only reaction of the Government to this weighty appeal was the subsequent announcement of yet another committee—this time under the Board of Trade. A Food (Defence Plan) Department was to be set up to work in co-operation with the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence to "continue and complete" the formation of plans for the supply, control, and distribution, of food and feeding stuffs for defence purposes. But this department will not be directly concerned with home production. That will be a matter for the Ministry of Agriculture. The only other thing known is that the problem of food storage in time of war is being investigated by Sir Ernest Gower, with no doubt yet another "shadow" committee to help him. One hopes that one has correctly pieced together this jig-saw puzzle of apparently overlapping and interlocking committees, in spite of the meagre information that has been vouchsafed about them.

But the broad fact remains that though the Government have had nearly a year to work on the problem, they have so far produced nothing except committees. It certainly surpasses the wit of the ordinary man to understand why they should not long ago have put into operation a substantial part of this elaborate programme, unless the reason be "the present system of unorganized and unco-ordinated departmentalism," of which the President of the Building Industries National Council has so bitterly complained. The Army, Navy, and Air Force, have not put off getting to work till all their numerous problems were settled. Let us hope that by the time this article is in print the Government will have implemented some of their paper schemes, for it is difficult to exaggerate the urgency of the

matter, in view of the present state of Europe, which is daily getting worse. If a war breaks out in which we are involved, it will come like a thief in the night, and it is useless to be armed to the teeth if we have a half-empty larder.

Compared with 1914, our food position is undoubtedly worse. We have 4,000,000 more mouths to feed, and 4,000,000 acres less under the plough. As the *Record* of the National Farmers' Union has lately pointed out, except in the year 1935 the decrease in acreage since 1932 has been continuous. As regards manpower, 120,000 workers have left the land since 1921, and if we consider that other great reservoir of food supplies, the sea, we find that owing to the Government's failure to protect our fishermen, their number has fallen since 1912 by 12,000, or roughly 37 per cent. Yet we may well in the next war be in the position of a beleaguered fortress. Not that we are likely, if the Government continue to press forward their naval preparations, to lose command of the sea, but in any case the transit of adequate food supplies to this country will be far more difficult. The submarine of today, with its extended radius of action, will be much more dangerous, but the chief danger of all will be the aeroplane which, according to Lord Trenchard, has a range of 750 miles, and carries high explosive bombs to which those used in the last war were mere pellets.

What is going to protect our unarmed, or at least unarmoured, merchantmen on the high seas and in the Mediterranean from sudden raids by aerial Emdens? Certainly not our cruisers, who number little more than a third of those we had in 1914 (70). Even with that number at their command the Government were totally unable to bring over the wheat they had bought in Australia, which was left rotting on the quays of Adelaide. Besides, our merchant service will have a double task, the conveyance of oil as well as food—a matter on which Lord Strabolgi has already written an article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*. Again, a good deal of cargo of all sorts was brought during the last war to this country in foreign bottoms. Yet, as Mr. Watts of the Shipping Federation has observed, we may not be able to get any timber in wartime from the Baltic if neutrals fight shy of bringing it, as they may well do. In the last war they actually brought 95 per cent. of our supplies. What is still

more disquieting is that the total tonnage of our mercantile marine has decreased by nearly 2,000,000 tons since 1914, and, as the ships are larger and fewer, the loss of a single ship will be more serious than in 1914. The numbers of British seamen in our polyglot merchant service has fallen from 178,000 to 100,259. How serious this is for the Navy may be seen from the fact that while its personnel is 103,000 men, it has only a reserve of skilled seamen (including fishermen) of about 135,000 men to draw from, and, according to Admiral Mark Kerr, it takes four years to train one who has not already followed the sea, and six years at least to make a seaman gunner.

The question is not a political or party one. Sir Arthur Salter, who is a free trader, has urged in *The Times* careful investigation of the desirability of keeping a year's food in the country. Two of the greatest authorities in the country, Sir Charles Fielding and Sir Herbert Matthews, who were both in the Ministry of Food during the war, have written or spoken about it. They should know more than anyone else, but they are not, as far as I know, on any of these committees.

This need of defending the national larder is recognized by practically all continental countries. Even so pacific a country as Sweden, probably the most pacific in the world, has been striving for years, in spite of its climatic conditions (far less favourable than our own), to make itself entirely self-supporting, and this year it has succeeded in doing so. As for Germany, according to a striking paragraph in *Agriculture*, the semi-official organ of the Ministry, she has recently raised her storage accommodation for wheat and rye to seven million tons, an increase of 46 per cent. in the number of store-rooms and 53 per cent. in capacity. She has also accumulated an immense supply of fresh and preserved food, besides expanding her agriculture in in every possible way.

I can only deal fully here with the question of a proper wheat reserve. But, after all, bread is the most essential of all; we can at a pinch do without other foods, necessary as they are to a complete diet, but we cannot do without our daily bread.

The problem divides itself into two parts; how much wheat do we need to store, and how are we to store it?

We started the last war with five months' supply, and in 1917

we had only fourteen days in hand between us and starvation. Clearly, five months' supply is not enough. Sir Herbert Matthews, whom I have already mentioned, has declared we need a year's supply. Let us err on the side of moderation and pitch our requirements at ten months. How can we most effectively and economically secure this?

1. We can raise the wheat quota on which the full deficiency is paid from six million to eight million quarters. There is plenty of land suitable for the purpose without breaking up good pastures. With the present rise in the price of wheat it will in all probability—in spite of the increase—cost the Government less than the quota last year. Unfortunately owing to the Government's shilly-shallying the autumn seed-time has been allowed to go by, and spring-sown wheat will in many cases only give half the yield. Still, let us hope that farmers, tempted by an increased quota, will sow a larger acreage, enough to give us two months' supply for the latter months of the cereal year, after allowing for the amount they must thrash out for farm requirements. A small bonus given for every month after February would induce them no doubt to keep the requisite amount in the stack. There is no better way of keeping English wheat. Besides, it would save some two and a half millions for silos and granaries which would otherwise have to be provided.

2. A census taken in the summer revealed that millers were running their mills on skeleton stocks, at one time only holding six weeks' supply. If they and the bakers were given a bonus to keep their silos, granaries, and flour bins full, we could probably reckon on over four months' supply. The bonus could be paid on the excess of their average holdings during the last two or three years. But there must be no breach of faith on the part of the Government, as occurred during the last war when, after a solemn promise that prices should be kept steady if the millers held maximum stocks, Mr. Runciman flung a large amount of the Indian crop on the market, and the too-confiding millers lost hundreds of thousands of pounds.

3. This leaves us to provide storage accommodation for four months' supply. Two of the greatest experts in England have told me independently that this could be provided at an outlay of £10,000,000, about one and a half times the cost of a modern

battleship. Unfortunately most of our big mills are situated on the East Coast, at Hull, London, and other places, and thus, like Woolwich Arsenal, are peculiarly exposed to aerial attack. The new storing places should therefore be spread about, mainly in the West of England. In place of some of these new buildings, one might possibly utilize many of the numerous country mills which were shut down owing to the rationalization of the industry. The possibility of adopting some of the disused cotton mills in Lancashire might also be considered. One further instance of the ill-effects of the Government's procrastination. Had they purchased only four months ago the amount of surplus wheat which this scheme requires, they would have saved millions and started with a handsome balance in hand. Let us only hope that when the time comes they will buy this wheat from the Dominions, not from some foreign country.

And now for a few words on the other kinds of food, the principle one of which is meat. If the Pig Marketing Scheme is maintained, we are certain of having an abundance of bacon, and some system of storage of pig meat could no doubt be devised. But beef is by far and away the most important item. Cold storage can do a great deal, but the one indispensable thing is to put the home production of beef on a sound footing, which the present totally inadequate proposals before Parliament cannot possibly do. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of the saving of ship room, thus providing for the importation of other necessities, which the restoration of this sorely depressed branch of agriculture could effect. Much, too, can be done by an extension of the canning industry, not only for vegetables but for meat. A great deal of the cow beef with which the market is flooded today could be sent instead to the canneries, to the profit of the fat cattle industry. But canneries are not built in a day, and so far no public steps have been taken to encourage their building.

And, lastly, a vigorous wheat and beef policy would be of incalculable value, first to agriculture, which the Government's half-hearted policy has done no more than keep alive, and which is an industry which has not shared in the return of prosperity; and, secondly, to the land itself which, owing to the unremunerative prices the farmer has been receiving, has seriously deteriorated

in many parts of the country. The matter assumes the gravest aspect, if on the outbreak of war we are called upon, as in 1914, to produce as much as possible in this country. You cannot restore the lost fertility of the land at short notice, nature refuses to be hurried.

The speedy adoption of all-round food defence schemes would have an untold psychological effect on the minds of the civil population. The knowledge of how near we were to disaster in 1917 was a source of intense anxiety to the few who were aware of our imminent peril. It will not be possible to hide these things in another war. The fighting spirit of an army largely depends on what their parents, wives, and children for whom it is fighting, are thinking. It was in fact the collapse in morale of the German people which largely contributed to the collapse of the German army. An adequate supply of food would do far more than anything else to keep the nerves of the nation steady.

One would have thought the remembrance of the endless food queues in which women stood for hours for their scanty rations in the last war would have roused the Government from their comparative lethargy, especially if they recalled, as every parent and teacher who was alive at the time recalls, the grievous injury, often lasting for life, to the health, nerves, and constitution of the growing generation of the time. The Government have recently shown a highly commendable interest in the vital question of national nutrition and the reduction of the high percentage of C3 people—again brought into prominence by the recruiting question. It is therefore strange that they have failed to grasp the urgent necessity of putting some of their complicated food plans into operation at once in order to prevent a far more crushing blow to our national physique. It was Danton who said, "Après le pain, l'éducation." Without neglecting the children's education, let the Government make certain that the requisite food for children is in any event forthcoming. If they do not, history will not spare the politicians who, while there was yet time, failed to take the necessary steps.

THE TWO CRANES

BY REARDEN CONNER

ALL day long the young crane had followed the old crane. From one fishing ground to another it had flown in the wake of the older bird, haunting it like a shadow. Towards evening the old crane came to a neck of the river hemmed in by low-growing willows. This was its favourite fishing ground. Up to now it had not shared it with any other bird, nor had any of the lively younger ones dared to follow it so far up river.

The old crane was wise and slow of movement. It flapped down to the edge of the bank and rested, almost motionless, waiting for the younger bird to follow it. The young crane resented its wisdom and its slow definite movements, slow not with age but with the experience that the years bring. The old crane stood very still, with its long sharp beak pressed down on its breast as though it were about to sleep. It did not attempt to fish. It did not seem to be observing the river at all. It looked a very old bird in that position. The young crane despised it.

The young crane was restless. It strutted up and down the river bank. It entered the water and waded past a clump of reeds. A water-hen darted out from the reeds and gave its shrill cry. The sound startled the young crane, although it knew that it did not mean danger. It turned down river and passed the old crane, now seemingly asleep on the bank. It was angry and wanted to attack this old bird that was so indifferent to the need of food.

The fishing had not been good that day and the young crane was hungry. In an hour it would be dusk. Already the sky was beginning to tinge with the first faint smoke of night. The young crane jerked at the water with its beak, but it was not fishing. It was standing in front of the old crane, jerking with its beak and throwing back its head as though it were swallowing

fish rapidly. The old crane watched it without changing its position or opening its eye too wide.

After a while the young crane grew wild with anger. It seemed to grow larger as though its wrath were puffing it out. It rose into the air and flapped its wings wildly, dropping down to the water now and again with noisy splashes. The old crane continued to watch it and felt irritated because it was frightening the fish by its foolish tactics.

Presently the young crane grew weary. It thought that it, too, would display wisdom. It rose high into the air and flew away across the field as though it were leaving the older bird to its slumbers. This was a ruse to make the old bird fish. But the old bird did not move. The young crane was drunk with rage now. It flew higher, then dived like a bolt at the old crane. The older bird heard its approach and seemed to sense its purpose. It dodged, without seeming to surrender its position on the bank, and flashed its beak sideways. The young crane shot past its head, out across the river, baffled and dazed with rage, a red spot appearing on its breast where the beak of the older bird had ripped into the flesh.

It dropped to the water and waded down river. In the shelter of a clump of reeds it began to plume its damaged breast, dipping its beak in the clear water and rubbing its blood-dyed feathers. The old crane did not seem to heed its movements. It stretched up its body, shook out its wings, and settled down on the bank once more, as though the young crane were not in existence.

The young crane's rage had died down now. It began to feel respect for the older bird. It, too, settled itself on the bank. It was waiting for the old crane to begin fishing. But it grew impatient soon and rose into the air again. It flew up river, keeping a sharp eye on the water. A hundred yards above on the river bank a goat and a kid stood, studying its progress. The kid was nervous at the sight of the big bird, looking so ungainly as it flapped along. It began to bleat unhappily, edging nearer to its mother.

Out in the field an old ass was resting, lying on its side, almost motionless like the old crane. The young crane was curious. It flew towards the ass, rising high into the air. From a height

the grey-brown ass looked like a sprawling rock. The young crane swooped down and landed some yards away from the ass. It saw the ass's ears move as flies tickled them. That satisfied its curiosity. It began to plume its wounded breast once more.

Shortly afterwards a man came into the field and began to shout in a strong voice. The old ass leaped to its feet and ran across the field, away from the man. The man beat the turf with a stick and shouted louder than ever. The young crane was terrified. It flew towards the river, seeking the comforting presence of the older bird.

The old crane was in no way perturbed. It was holding its head erect, watching the man and the ass. It did not look at the young crane, now standing below it in the river. It saw the ass come to a halt in mid-field and wait for the man to approach. Then it watched the man and the ass amble towards the gate in the far corner of the field.

It wore an expression of satisfaction in its wise eyes now, as though it had known that the man would fetch the ass from the field and had been waiting patiently for him to come and go. It shook out its wings, folded them carefully again, looked up and down the river, then stepped gently into the water. It began to move up river, away from the young crane. It did not wade with little splashing noises like the young crane. It lifted its feet with great deliberation and set them down tenderly as though the water were over-warm from the day's hot sun. It paused for a moment, looking up at the sky as though measuring its time.

Then it began to fish. Its beak flashed down and lifted in one sweeping movement. It had swallowed a small sleeping fish in a twinkling. The young crane was startled afresh at this exhibition. It was jealous of the old crane's ability to find fish where fish did not seem to exist.

It followed the older bird closely, watching that ready beak with eyes that glistened with new rage. Suddenly the old crane paused over a deep pool under the river bank. It stood staring into the water, as though it had come upon the pool unexpectedly instead of merely reaching its goal. Then its beak flashed down and was upraised holding a wriggling eel. But with a speed even quicker the young crane had dived forward

and upward and had seized hold of the eel's tail, lifting the prize clean away from the older bird's beak.

Up, up, rose the young crane, swallowing hard, gorging its stolen meal. It swept out over the field. For a moment the old crane stood as though it had been stunned by a falling branch. Then it, too, rose and dived after the younger bird. Now its turn had come to be gripped by rage. All day long it had borne the young bird's interference with dignified patience. It had permitted this intruder to join in its private fishing ground. But now, at the close of day, there was murder in its heart. Its rage was not the hot rage of youth, but a cold and callous feeling that would not be quelled until its purpose had been fulfilled.

Three years before it had killed a crane of its own age. It knew how to kill its kind. There would be a swift and steady flight until the younger bird tired, then a manœuvring for position, then a downward dive and the fatal blow.

The young crane sensed the fearful mood of the older bird. It rose higher, higher still, heading all the time towards a cluster of houses beyond the fields. Here it hoped, somehow, to shake off the older bird. Over the houses it began to circle. It saw the old crane still pursuing it relentlessly. It was tiring already. It was so young that its wings were weak yet. Suddenly beyond the roof-tops it saw the fringes of a wood. It dropped down, dived below the old crane, and skimmed over the roofs towards the wood. In a second it had left clear space and had shot like a weighted arrow into a bunch of telegraph wires. Its wings were smashed and entangled before it had recovered from the shock of contact. It tried to turn, to rise up, to drop down. But it was held tighter than any fish had ever been clutched in its own beak.

Above it the old crane soared, turned, and disappeared below the houses behind the telegraph wires, making steadily for the river. The film of smoke over the sky had deepened now and dusk had come at last. No one in that sleepy place seemed to heed the twanging of the wires.

In the morning small boys discovered the body of the young crane. They flung stones at it and laughed at the way its feet and neck hung down from the wires. Then they went away and forgot it, leaving it to the hundreds of flies that came out with the bright sun of the early day.

ODDFELLOWS

BY ROMILLY JOHN

I CAN remember being very much puzzled in my childhood by the words "Oddfellows Hall," engraved over the doorway of a building in Poole. And when a child is puzzled, his imagination, unrestricted by an accumulation of facts, sometimes reaches a more fundamental view of phenomena than would occur to the adult of whom he is said to be the father. In this case, my childish wonder led me to elaborate a theory about "oddfellows" which, if extended to the world at large, might have a certain grim appropriateness. I thought of them as beings whose doom it was to have been born each with some repulsive peculiarity and who, because nobody else would have anything to do with them, had formed a club. They appeared to me as a melancholy, almost lunatic tribe, miserable in solitude, together (in such humiliating circumstances) incapable of enjoyment.

As I grew older, the visionary gleam began to fade. Or rather, this particular day-dream expanded into a conviction that oddity is part of the normal order of life. And now the world, in my eyes, has taken on the aspect of a vast Oddfellows Hall, shorn, it is true, of the macabre qualities with which I invested the building in Poole—for, after all, we on earth have only each other to associate with, and therefore need not feel outcast or abashed.

By the time I was eight, this attitude had so far crystallized that I could have no doubt of the verisimilitude of Dickens; nor will I yet allow his creations to be exaggeration, or "caricatures." Indeed, he himself, in his letters, sometimes mentions real incidents altogether too strange to be of use to him as a novelist. Yes, there were snowy peaks in the geography of behaviour which he dared not paint, for was he not already held to be far-fetched?

Nature is the caricaturist. Biologists find strange exaggerations in the animal kingdom, and botanists a kind of insanity among the vegetables. It may be objected that my own conviction of life's oddity is due to my having been brought up in an unconventional *milieu*; perhaps, but then I have not found any reason to modify it on a wider experience. On the contrary, it has been triumphantly confirmed by the discovery that it is precisely "normal people" who are capable, on occasion, of the wildest flights.

"But in what does this absurdity consist?" I seem to hear. Well, I shall not send the sceptic, for enlightenment, to works of fiction, since nothing is proved by them: next to life itself, a course of biography is indicated. The recorded acts and sayings of eminent men furnish a plentiful supply of delightful absurdity; the biography which fails to throw, at times, a ridiculous light on human nature is, I would go so far as to say, a pompous lie. For instance, of Maria Theresa's chief adviser we are told that "he once had a glass box made to fit over himself and his saddle when he went out riding, because he was afraid that the fresh air would make him ill." He also invented hair powder. Suppose Dickens, and not nature, had produced this conception of a diplomat! A general in a novel would hardly write pamphlets (like General Gordon) to prove that the forbidden fruit must have been a coconut; nor would an artist in a novel maintain (like one I know) that it was in fact a banana. No, the one would be too busy grooming his moustaches and getting red in the face, while the other would be wholly occupied in wearing his hair long and being a man of genius: both alike suffering, growing a little deader, for the limitations imposed on them.

But the fact is, the majority can scarcely bring themselves to believe in a display of oddity, even while it is in progress before their eyes; and there is an almost irresistible tendency, thereafter, to suppress its memory. Even I, who make a speciality of the unlikely, am not immune from that. Looking back into the past, I seem to see myself, a lad of fifteen, bicycling one dark winter's night, at about eleven, along the road to Poole; perched on the step is a well-known figure, a great man and a large; and we are on the way to a party to which neither has been

invited. The rest of the family had long since taken themselves off, complete with car, leaving us *tête-à-tête*, to brood with mortification on the inequalities of life till we could bear it no longer. What were the reactions of our host and family when we appeared in this manner, the vision saith not. But my own feelings about the episode, at this distance of time, is that it just could not have occurred; and if I find a departure from the normal so dream-like in retrospect, what must the same sort of thing be for those who really believe in normality?

To the average Englishman, odd ideas are things which originate in the minds of "cranks," while extraordinary behaviour springs from a kind of lunacy. Well, that is perfectly sensible; only, he is not aware that he himself is, in all probability, a bit cranky, and sane merely in spots. By assuming that cranks are rare birds and that oddity is a thing seldom met with he obliterates his own and the national instability, and enables himself to continue in the idea that he and his country are, above all things, fundamentally "sound." I cannot help thinking that the man who considers himself brilliant is perhaps more healthily, though less interestingly, conceited. He, at any rate, feels the necessity of exerting his intellect; but soundness is such a mystical quality, its possession seems to depend so much on physical bulk and mental inertia. And the worst of this kind of inertia is that its possessors cannot always be relied upon to keep still; every now and then something sets them in motion, and before they come to rest again an infinite amount of damage may have been done. I doubt if "sound" people ought to be allowed at large; they are a danger to the community, an irresistible force.

And there are frequently very queer ideas inside those massive, irreproachable skulls of theirs. The fact is, such minds are the heaps on which the age dumps its lunacies, the kind of lunacy, I mean, not to have a touch of which is to be thought rather "queer."

But then, one can generally tell what a sound person will think, because his ideas, however odd, are shared at the moment by nearly everyone. What fascinate me are the ideas a man can get no one to share with him; and here I have an advantage over most people. Ever since I was capable of taking an interest in thought, my unfeigned pleasure in listening while men pro-

pounded their philosophies has been a magnet to all who had one. I have, for example, been told (by a high railway official) that time has six directions. For all I can say, of course, it may have seventy-seven. It may also be true that, as another person assures me, space has three dimensions, the first, second, and fourth—rather on the analogy of an English railway carriage, which overleaps, for some reason, the second class. However, my informant was an artist, and I seem to see a taint of professionalism in his view, when I remember that his pictures often completely ignored the third dimension.

Recently, in my own rather cranky way, I entertained the idea of building a house with my own hands, and went to see a man who had discovered how this could be done almost entirely out of chalk. He had been experimenting with chalk for a number of years, mixing it with glue and various other substances to give it cohesion. On his own admission, he could "talk chalk for ever," but his horizon was not bounded entirely by this material, or by the view from the top of the down upon which he lived. No: in a word, he contemplated a chain of colonies extending over the whole of Europe, the buildings of which would presumably be constructed out of his favourite substance, wherever obtainable. What useful purpose these colonies were to serve I have now forgotten. Not long before I met him his own chalk house had been burnt out, a circumstance which gave him great satisfaction, in that it afforded a proof that chalk walls are incombustible. Who knows, his schemes may one day be put into execution, to the infinite advantage of us all. But until that happens, the great majority will, I fear, remain crassly sceptical on the subject of chalk.

The truly authentic oddfellows are quite disinterested, and often lay themselves open to the suspicion or even mockery of the world. More fortunate are those few whose ideas involve no conflict with the established order. Such was another artist of my acquaintance, who believed that his paintings in some way upheld and illustrated Einstein's theory. Not being himself a mathematician, he remained uncertain exactly how. He was anxious that a mathematical friend of mine should inspect these works, and make clear to him their precise connection with relativity. And obviously, if Einstein's view of the universe is

to be accepted, they must have had one. One cannot lightly dismiss a notion because it sounds cranky. And yet, in a world where an eminent Frenchman could lay it down that "the women of Egypt prostitute themselves to crocodiles," it is no less clear that a great deal of erroneous thinking may and will take place.

But there are some people congenitally incapable of contributing anything substantial to the sum of error: those people, I mean, who are always on the point of making a great discovery, yet at the same time never know quite what it will be about. The Einstein illustrator belonged, I think, essentially to this class: he had a profound conviction of he didn't know what. I am particularly fond of the great inarticulates, as they may be called; in their society, when I can get them to talk, I feel not far from a solution of the ultimate mystery.

In Peacock, and to a less extent, a few other novelists, we meet ideas as a subject of humour, but the ideas they make use of are apt to be fairly "rational." There remains a vast field from which no writer has culled more than a wild flower or two in passing. Here is a chance for an original genius, in this age which seems to demand always something new. But a word of warning: no writer can hope to do much with it who is not prepared on all occasions to listen, and listen with pleasure, to ideas which are at once the most absorbing to those who hold them and the most tedious to the world at large. If he can do that, well. . . . As a Polish gentleman once said to me of agriculture (wiping from his brow the sweat engendered by conflict with a small and excessively weedy portion of English ground): "In a few years, it will be an interesting study." Our author may rest assured that though I for one shall not gasp and stretch my eyes at the result of his patience, I shall always be delighted to read his books. And never, he may be certain, will it occur to me to dismiss him as a caricaturist.

CHAIN STORES AND THE PRIVATE TRADER

BY CAPTAIN BERNARD ACWORTH, D.S.O., R.N.

IN this article I propose to consider the effect of the present economic trend on the retail and distributive trades.

Throughout this country, as in many others, such as the United States and Belgium, where this has become a burning question which compels the attention of legislators, private traders are mobilizing in self-defence against the great accumulations of capital behind the chain stores, the multiple shops, and the co-operative movement which threaten not only their independence, but their livelihood. But in their alarm there is a danger that they may be induced to advocate policies which involve injustice to rivals, big and small. They would thus invite further regulations and restrictions on trade which, though seemingly a safeguard to their own particular businesses, would almost certainly accentuate the pressure to which they are already in danger of succumbing.

During the past few weeks the writer has had the advantage of meeting responsible representatives of various federations and associations of private traders—grocers, drapers, fish-friers, coal retailers, and other callings. All, in various ways and in various degrees, are seeking a means of safeguarding themselves and their businesses from forms of competition which they feel to be unfair. Emphasis has in all cases been laid upon what is regarded as a fair deal, and for more than bare justice the writer has heard no plea from any genuine private trader.

The question of what is fair and just is, however, the crux of the difficulty, and before attempting to reach a conclusion it may be of interest to set out briefly the causes of complaint.

The outstanding menace to private traders is undoubtedly the big chain stores and multiple shops on the one hand, and the Co-operative movement on the other. The former represent great accumulations of capital, raised for the most part by

banks, insurance companies, and finance houses. Just recently, it will be remembered, 2½ millions was provided by the Prudential Company for the erection of 24 new premises for a great chain-store firm.

The Co-operative movement, on the other hand, derives its great financial resources, as does the Prudential, from the savings of hundreds of thousands of poor people, and all three have this in common. Vast sums of money are placed under the control of a few individuals whose personal risks and liabilities are as slight as are their power and personal remuneration apt to be great. Not only have these great aggregations of capital an almost unlimited reservoir of money upon which to draw for the extension of their premises, but they can command reserves of capital which, for a time, can be used for cutting prices to a point at which the private trader, to whom large capital reserves are not available, is squeezed out of business.

But these financial reserves at the disposal of impersonal trading organizations are reinforced as a weapon against private traders by credit and price advantages from manufacturers and producers; advantages that are not always available to the private businesses from which orders for goods are relatively small, if not, from the Big Business point of view, negligible. Furthermore, there is a growing tendency, encouraged by legislation, for distributive combines to become financial patrons or partners of producing combines, with growing powers granted to them by Parliament for compulsorily "liquidating," or "rationalizing," their independent competitors. If these powers are not withdrawn, consumers in general, and private traders in particular, will be at the mercy of a few manufacturing and distributing monopolies with the resources of the banks, insurance companies, and finance houses at their disposal.

But this threat from Big Business is not the only competition to which the private trader is now subjected, and which he feels to be unfair. He is experiencing, in two spheres, the growing competition of the very small "mushroom" private trader. First, there is the man or woman who, through loss of his or her normal employment, starts a tiny shop without any experience of retail trade and with no capital to support it. This new phenomenon—for on the present scale it is a new

one—is mainly the outcome of industrial depression and it will cease to operate against the professional private trader when the economic condition of the country really improves.

The second form of competition by very small private traders, to which exception is taken, is the growing practice of trading and retailing in private houses as a means of avoiding the crushing rates and taxes which established shopkeepers have to bear. This again is a form of competition which will diminish, if it does not disappear, when the present burden of rates and taxes for social services is reduced to tolerable proportions.

The foregoing are the main threats to private traders from Big Business on the one hand, and from the enterprise of the very small man on the other. There is, however, another curious development which several representative private traders have mentioned to the writer.

There seems to be a new specialist known as “the professional shop-opener.” New shops suddenly appear within the natural territory, so to speak, of an established private trader, remaining in being long enough to reduce his profits to the vanishing point, and then frequently, though not always, vanishing when they have done their work. Examples of this form of “shop breaking” have been cited to the writer in Leeds. As a professional shop-owner must clearly have large capital behind him it is readily believed, though difficult to prove, that such shops, established under various names, are in reality weapons in the hands of those who direct the operations of the chain stores, multiple shops, and, possibly, the Co-operative movement.

Before turning to the question of how to restore a fair deal to the privately-owned shop, without inflicting injustice on chain stores or the “mushroom” private trader, it may be well to draw attention to certain inherent advantages which the small private trader enjoys. First and foremost is the natural advantage enjoyed by a shop which is the property of a family, and which is operated mainly by members of the family.

In such businesses there is no wage problem because the family, as a whole, benefits from the success of the business. Such businesses, even when one or two wage-earners are employed, are in many cases, if not in all, a family affair in which those employed receive that fair consideration which is an

outstanding feature of sound family life. This is essentially a natural advantage, and one against which impersonal businesses, run entirely by wage and salary earners, would find it hard to prosper did they not have at their disposal those great financial powers and advantages to which allusion has already been made.

The other outstanding advantage which the private trader can command is that personal good will and understanding between himself, his family, and his clients which must necessarily be absent in the relatively soulless chain-stores, and multiple or co-operative shops.

It would be absurd to overlook the fact that multiple shops and chain stores offer certain attractions to shoppers which small privately-owned businesses lack. This must be so, as otherwise there would be no case to consider. The multiple store provides not only an “umbrella,” under which the varied requirements of customers can be met, but they also provide, especially for women folk, something in the nature of an exhibition in which they can walk about in warmth and comfort, and enjoy themselves in the universally popular pastime of “shop-gazing.” These multiple shops, in common with chain stores, have the further advantage, to which allusion has already been made, of being able in many cases to accept lower prices for similar articles than the private trader could afford to charge. Against these two undoubted attractions are to be set the growing lack of variety in quality and price in chain stores and their failure to give credit to the poor in hard times.

There are other aspects of this trading question which seriously affect consumers, but lack of space prevents their consideration. Let us turn instead to certain social changes which have exercised a powerful influence in expanding the business of impersonal trading at the expense of the private trader. The most important of these are the “humanitarian” legislation of past years. Notable examples are to be found in the Shop Acts. These Acts, introduced with the highest motives by legislators, at the instigation of a well-meaning public, have benefited chain-stores and multiple shops for this reason. In family shops there could be no demand for compulsory closing hours, because attendance on the shop would be a matter of family arrangement. On the other hand, in the case of chain stores and multiple shops, which

are managed by and employ nothing but hired labour, legislation which strictly regulates shop hours is of incalculable advantage because the hired shop assistants and managers would not work longer hours for the same wages. If, therefore, they were subjected to the competition in the evening of privately owned shops they would be compelled to employ double staff if they wished to check the drift of their poorer customers from the chain stores to their private rivals.

Having outlined some of the principal features which confuse the issues between private traders and their powerful, but impersonal, rivals, the writer will conclude by setting out as briefly as possible what adjustments he considers desirable in order to restore a perfectly fair field and no favour to the rival interests.

First of all, he would repeat that a return of general prosperity to the country would automatically remove many of the difficulties under which our private traders are now labouring. The growth of chain stores is a symptom of depression, but a return of general prosperity would still leave certain injustices which require rectification if the private trader is to have a fair deal. Clearly, the natural advantages of good will and family trading must remain unaffected by legislation for the simple reason that these advantages are natural. Increased prosperity must lead to a fall in the burden of rates and taxes. A reduction in rates would reduce the present tendency for private traders to relinquish their shops and to trade in their private houses. Improved opportunities of employment would tend to withdraw from the retail trade those tiny mushroom shops which in recent years have proved a thorn in the side of regular and experienced shopkeepers. It therefore seems that no action against the unwelcome competition from small mushroom private businesses is necessary or desirable. We thus have only to consider what legislative action is needed to remove the unfair advantages which great aggregations of capital enjoy over the genuine private trader who owns and manages his own property and who risks all that he has.

In order to restore to the private shopkeeper his natural, and therefore legitimate, advantages of family management of his business, the Shop Acts should be reformed on the lines of allowing greater latitude for remaining open late. Men and

women working for wages in the great combine undertakings can be relied upon to demand increased wages for increased hours, or, alternatively, to resist extension of their present hours.

There only remains for consideration the tremendous power in the hands of a few men who have the handling of enormous sums of money, not their own, with which they can browbeat their private competitors. Though these great accumulations of capital are not in themselves immoral, being largely a symptom of bad trade and of the threats overhanging private ventures, they should surely pay for the overwhelming advantages which they necessarily enjoy. Unlike the natural advantages of private enterprise, these mass financial advantages are unnatural and extremely harmful. Should they not, therefore, be subject to a graduated Corporation tax, particularly in the realm of reserve capital, and safeguards against concealed financial control?

Captain Balfour's Shops (Retail Trading Safeguards) Bill contemplates licences for chain stores exceeding six under common control. It provides for a census of all shops, and three Retail Trade Commissioners will issue licences to chain stores. Aggrieved persons may appeal to an *ad hoc* tribunal, but there is no mention of a right of appeal to the Courts. Private traders may support the Bill as an apparent check to chain stores, but in rising to the bait they should not forget the hook. There is nothing in the Bill to prevent great capital accumulations from disguising their identity by the formation of subsidiary companies. Indeed, the proposed system may lead, ultimately, to an extension of chain stores and the licensing of all shops. When private shops become subject to inquisition the natural rights of citizens will be openly denied. Here are signs of a trap similar to the Marketing Boards. Beguiled by a vision of higher prices through the elimination of competitors, farmers have now subjected themselves to tyrannies under which they are writhing, and which bring them no commensurate advantage.

THE SURFLEET EXPERIMENT

BY GEORGE GODWIN

FIVE years ago, Captain R. G. M. Wilson, a Sapper with a Cambridge honours science degree, acquired a three hundred acre farm at Surfleet, on the northern shores of the Wash, and began to experiment with intensive cultivation for food production. Before starting he had spent three years in studying continental methods of intensive cultivation and began operations with the assistance of a Dutch expert. Flat, like all the South Lincolnshire land, this Surfleet holding is well watered by tributaries of the Welland and has a fertile soil. In every way, a practical farming man would say, the place offered ideal conditions for just such an experiment.

Yet this land, with all these natural advantages, and with adjacent markets and waiting labour, had been so far allowed to go out of cultivation when Captain Wilson acquired it that it gave work to only three men and a boy. If one had inquired of local expert opinion why this had happened presumably the answer would have been that intensive food growing does not pay. When the present writer, attracted by reports, visited Surfleet a few weeks ago, he saw a farm upon which not a single rood remained uncultivated; a farm of new and modern buildings, glass-houses, experimental gardens, orchards and innumerable frames; a farm whose land was whip-clean, and whose acres now give all-the-year-round employment to upwards of a hundred men and women. It is this land which produces fruits and vegetables of such quality that last year their grower was awarded the coveted Silver Medal of the Royal Agricultural Society for all England. If one farm can thus be transformed from a moribund condition to one of phenomenal fecundity, there must be many more. It is the possibility of a wide application of the methods in use at Surfleet that gives this experiment significance and a national importance.

While I can claim no knowledge of the science of soil fertiliza-

tion, which is the root of the matter, practical experience as a rancher in British Columbia was useful during a long day spent in seeing every aspect of the Surfleet work. What I do assert is that this experiment deserves far more attention than it has received, that it has scientific authority behind it, and that the system had remarkable success in India and on large estates in East Africa.

The land itself has been parcelled out with an eye to the conservation of labour; long wind-breaks protect the growing crops from the prevalent east winds; a light railway system links all parts of the land with the compost pits—the heart of the system—about which more presently.

The salient facts which strike the visitor to Surfleet may be briefly summarized. They are the absence of disease, the healthy state of the soil, the quality of the crops, indicated by form, colour, texture, and taste. Turning to the method employed, one may be as brief. The only system of manuring and fertilizing used is the compost system, the homogeneous resultant of the special treatment of all botanical and animal refuse, plus stable manure from local hunting stables and cavalry depots. For the first three years the Dutch and French methods were applied, but it was only when the compost system was used that the results became so striking and a degree of success was achieved which exceeded the hopes of the experimenter. In theory, the chemist in his laboratory can supply the grower with all that he needs to make his land fecund. But in practice the abundant use of such fertilizing materials has been found to have certain unforeseen consequences. One is that the soil, violently over-stimulated, reacts as violently into a state of exhaustion. Crops thus raised were seen to be remarkable for size, but of coarse texture and savourless in the kitchen.

This limitation upon what may be won from the earth by artificial manures, that is to say, mineral inorganic fertilizers, indicates clearly the limits of such methods. The alternative now being applied with such dramatic results at Surfleet is new only to England. It is neither more nor less than the Indore compost system as worked out by Sir Albert Howard, as Director of the Institute of Plant Industry, Indore, and now used extensively in India and East Africa. Sir Albert Howard noticed

that those native cultivators who returned to the land all waste, botanical and animal, from it, were obtaining crops which were in every way superior to those being grown by himself with all the resources of a modern experimental station. He decided that the native cultivator, inheritor of a tradition as old as time, was the more scientific grower and that what agriculture needed was not modern discovery, but the rediscovery of lost knowledge. Science, in a word, had to learn at the feet of antiquity.

The systematized manufacture of a compost was begun, the object being to produce, economically, the properly fermented organic matter that is the pre-requisite for healthy crops. It was found impracticable to prepare the humus on the land itself, for the humus impedes growth. It is therefore prepared in special pits, into which is pressed all manner of vegetable waste and animal manures to be broken down under high temperature. Thence it is carried on light railway trucks to any part of the land. The humus that results from the process is not unlike that leaf-mould to be found thick on the forest floors in British Columbia. It is organic, a substance compounded of the broken-down properties of botanical and animal life and a wide range of substances synthesized by the activities of fungi and bacteria. The humus thus dealt with has two properties: the bio-chemical and the chemical; the first providing good soil for the micro-organisms, the second resulting in its combination with soil bases. Thus the Indore method uses fungi and bacteria as they occur in nature to break down animal and botanical waste from the land itself.

At the Indore station, the waste from 300 acres yielded a thousand cartloads of humus per annum until that treated acreage "stood out like an oasis from the surrounding land." The great plantation industries, always alert for new ideas, were quick to realize that here was the germ of a revolution in crop production and an answer to the riddle of sustained fertility. During the following years (1925-1930) the Indore compost system was applied to the growing of tea, sugar, sisal, coffee, and other crops. The experience of large-scale growers with the method is not without value and interest.

In Kenya, for example, Major Belcher, manager of the Kingalori Estate, near Kyambi, began to make compost in 1935,

and produced some 2,000 acres at a cost of 4s. 4d. a ton. Other Kenya growers followed, and in Tanganyika, largely owing to the advocacy of Sir Milsom Rees, there were further successes. In Africa the system offers a solution to the problem of the shifting cultivation of the land as practised by the natives. One area cropped, the native grower moves on. Such a system can be practised only in lands with vast cultivable areas and thin populations. In many parts of Africa the old system is no longer possible, and Sir Daniel Hall suggests that the compost system, taught to the native, offers a solution. It is the fact, according to a wide diversity of reports examined, that wherever the Indore system has been applied by practical growers the results have been as remarkable as those seen at Surfleet. For example, in Rajputana, after the introduction of the system, crops of thirty tons to the acre were raised on a compost composed of *sann* hemp.

What is the value of this system to the food problem of England? If what Captain Wilson is doing in South Lincolnshire can be accomplished throughout agricultural England, then our land can not only produce in abundance the food we need, but can absorb much of the unemployed labour of the cities. It is an interesting fact that at Surfleet many of the hands taken on were men who had no previous experience of the land, and these men are learning quickly and making the change-over from town to country with unexpected ease. A miner was encountered on the London road, walking from Durham in search of work. He was offered work on the Surfleet land and accepted it. He has become an expert market gardener.

In passing, too, it is worth noting that the Indore system could utilize the municipal waste of our large cities, their crude sewage and sewage sludge, and this is already being done with success in several East African municipalities. The amazing range of apparently useless and noxious material that can be made useful to man has been revealed by the plant now in operation in Nairobi where such substances as coffee parchment, tannage waste, hair, wool and fleshings, horn and bone and so forth are broken down into a rich and valuable compost.

Let me quote from Sir Albert Howard: "It should not," he writes, "be beyond the resources of an organization like Imperial

Chemical Industries to acquire for a term of years the waste products of one of the Special Areas, preferably one with extensive peat deposits in the neighbourhood, and create a new local industry, which is certain to spread throughout the country."

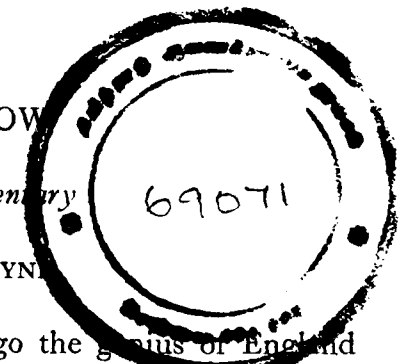
There is another angle from which the matter must be viewed, however. That humus can be manufactured economically, as suggested, has been already abundantly proved elsewhere. But there must be a ready market for the product. In other words, growers have to be converted to the new system, and since most English growers are conservative in their approach to new methods, the progress of the Indore system, failing official encouragement, is likely to be somewhat slow. "What," I asked Captain Wilson, "do your neighbours think about your nurseries?" "They think I am mad," he replied. To the conservative Lincolnshire farmer the large outlay of private capital which has made the Surfleet land what it is today, appears as a folly. Actually, it is quite otherwise, for expert valuation of the land shows that in five years it has trebled in value. When the virtues of the compost system as applied at Surfleet become widely known and applied, much of the neglected grass-land of our countryside will cease to be a reproach to English agriculture.

Indeed, a start has already been made by Professor Stapleton on the sheep pastures of Wales. There is no impediment, so far as one can see, to the adoption of the compost system by every food grower in the country. The work at Surfleet is therefore a matter of national importance. For if one individual, backed by no more than adequate capital, can transform a village community and bring into phenomenal productivity a farm long neglected, then the possibilities of the widespread application of such methods are obvious. One thing at any rate can scarcely be disputed: the Indore system which can be seen in practical operation at Surfleet must be given thorough and large-scale tests.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYN



MORE than two hundred years ago the genius of England began to mould a chosen family for a purpose which was also gradually being modelled. The attempt began awkwardly with two unattractive foreigners, having little in their favour but courage. Yet when George III succeeded his father, England already had in this English-born King something like what England wanted—a sovereign who should command respect, not adulation: first and foremost, an honest English gentleman, with a high sense of duty. The trouble was that neither England nor the King had yet realized exactly what the King of England's duty was to be. Last century gradually made that clear; but it was not until after the old Queen's death that the world realized how finely the work of education had been done. The parting speech of the Prince whom we now know as the Duke of Windsor had nothing in it more significant than the reference to constant advice and guidance given him by his father, the King in whose reign monarchy was most severely tested, by internal crisis and by external convulsions.

Ambition was set aside without so much as a word. The young King enjoyed a personal popularity perhaps without parallel; and could not help knowing it. He had a way with him that caught the crowd, and need only have shown himself in the streets to elicit demonstrations very difficult for any Government to withstand. The Government in power, though strongly supported, was not popular. What success it could claim was the result of that unpleasing virtue, a drastic economy. The Prime Minister's personal prestige had been shaken, there is no denying it, by the change of front over Abyssinia; and his health had forced him to a period of withdrawal, while rumours of impending retirement weakened his authority. On the other

hand, the King by his visit to South Wales had made a dramatic gesture that raised hopes in the despairing. Ambition never had more ample material to work with ; and this was so strongly felt that Parliament instinctively began to demonstrate its loyalty to the man who represented the reality of elected power. That did good ; but it was not for the King that such demonstration was needed. Deliberately he shut himself within his own grounds and deliberately took counsel only with his Prime Minister. He accepted without question the decision that what he the King desired could not be done, simply because in the Prime Minister's judgment the elected representatives of Great Britain and of the Dominions would not consent to it.

There was, of course, another choice possible : the King might give up his wish to marry, in his own words, " the woman whom I love." It ought to be recognized that

And a Moral in this resounding action he took stand for a principle. Divorce is legal, but by unwritten law it still carries a stigma. King Edward evidently held that this unwritten law no longer commanded respect, and desired to make that plain, and much of the sympathy for him came from men and women who resent the whole position in regard to divorce. One thing which should follow from these happenings is a serious effort to bring the marriage law into harmony with ordinary moral judgment. Another, though here the urgency is less felt, is a review of the question of establishment. The issue, already complex enough, was further entangled by the King's nominal headship of the Church of England. It was neither unnatural nor unreasonable that the Bishop of Bradford should call attention to his apparent lack of concern with religious Services. But is Parliament willing to impose church-going as an obligatory function on the King ?

The new King is less widely known in the Empire than his predecessor. That is not a defect. King Edward felt in excess that physical restlessness which is a feature of post-war times, and his zeal to be a propagandist of British interests in the ends of the earth withdrew him from the steady contact with English opinion through which the monarchy has been quietly guided—and which, indeed, would have taught him that his particular

choice of a wife was impossible for a King of England. George the Sixth will not be less acceptable to the Commonwealth and to the Empire because his way of life has been less cosmopolitan and more English.

In the permanently distressing case of Ireland, matters will be no better than they were before. Acceptance of the King's marriage with a lady twice divorced would, of course, have made them worse. But Mr. de Valera's **Mr. de Valera's New Move** Valera has seized the chance which the troubled waters offered. He might indeed have made more trouble (if a view stated by Professor Berriedale Keith is correct) through a refusal to pass legislation endorsing the British Parliament's action. He has now endorsed it, but on terms of his own proposing. They are, however, new only in form, and once the Governor-General's function was reduced to a farce, it was better swept away. Probably Mr. de Valera's gesture will be disregarded by British opinion at large, even though it may be resented. Yet what it means should be noted. Mr. de Valera knows that he can declare a separate Republic for the Free State and that no forcible resistance will be offered, whatever may be the consequence to individual Irish citizens. Plainly he prefers that Ireland should remain in association with the British Commonwealth—even though it cannot be a contented association. The reasons why it cannot be, are given in a little book which I commend to all : *The Four Green Fields*, by Professor George O'Brien,* a well-known writer on economics who has hitherto suppressed the talent for epigrammatic comment which enlivens this work. Yet the book cannot be called cheerful reading, for his conclusion is that while Partition lasts, Ireland never can work cordially with Great Britain, but that Great Britain could not, even if desiring it, end Partition without the consent of Ulster. This consent he regards as unattainable. Certainly Mr. de Valera's action in this crisis has not brought it any nearer. Loyalty to the Crown is Ulster's pride ; and though in this late crisis there were expressions of disapproval in Belfast when King Edward's portrait was shown, because " loyalists " felt that he was giving those whom they regarded as " disloyalists " occasion

* Reviewed in this issue by Sean O'Faolain.

to blaspheme, yet the elaborate refusal of Mr. de Valera's political metaphysics even to mention the King's name will embitter feeling.

Everything has to be paid for, and it would be surprising if there were not a heavy price exacted for England's mistakes in Ireland down to our own day. Ireland can be kept within the Commonwealth, and I believe this to be in the interests of both countries. My own feeling is that time is on the side of common sense, and will tend to draw closer together not only England and Ireland but Ulster planters and the rest of Ireland. In any case it would be most unwise to provoke a new crisis within these islands at a time when the state of Europe is what we see it.

For the whole thing could not have come at a more dangerous moment. There is the obvious glaring peril in Spain where men of all nations mixed with Spanish combatants are contending for mastery of Madrid. That in itself is fruitful enough of risks, but need not involve more than the volunteers; nor can the war's issue be decided in Madrid. Yet one thing will be made more clear than it is at present—the true disposition of Spain. Napoleon conquered the country, but could not hold it because Spain was against him and backed Wellington. General Franco with an army largely Moorish made himself master of the South and West. Now that his onward course is checked, will the country that he mastered stand with him, or will it rise in his rear? If he came as a saviour—which was his claim—the event will make that claim good. It may disprove it. But the pith of the danger lies in conflict at sea. If the war is to become something like what the war was between Napoleon's marshals and Wellington, it can only be because Great Britain and France allow armies to be transported there as Wellington's were. Up to the present, munitions have come in bulk, but volunteers only by companies—now however it is admitted by Mr. Eden that Germans have landed at Cadiz up to a total of five thousand. General Franco has so far secured control of the sea that reinforcements to him come in freely. He now sets up a claim to establish a blockade.

In this attempt, German and Italian ships can assist formidably. After the denunciations hurled by these two Powers at Russia,

no one could be surprised if some unit of either navy took action against a Russian vessel that might easily lead to war. Since, however, neither Italy nor Germany can reach Russia, nor Russia reach either of them, such an occurrence could only add new fervour to demonstrations by speech, by newspaper and by wireless. Matters would, however, become very grave if either a French or British vessel were treated with hostility on the high seas. One may dismiss the possibility of this measure being taken by an officially German or Italian vessel. But should it come to pass that General Franco's naval forces were as largely German or Italian in their composition as his air force is said to be, the situation would assume a new complexion either for England or for France. Again there is the danger that a French or English vessel may be deliberately bombed from the air by a machine, German or Italian manned, and of German or Italian make. Both England and France will be the more sensitive about the naval position because of the apprehension that, as an outcome of this Spanish struggle, Italy may be left with a naval base in the Balearics and Germany with one in the Canaries. Such bases would flank the routes to France's African possessions: they could threaten nearly all that England possesses overseas.

One may probably dismiss the supposition that General Franco's party will agree in advance to surrender of Spanish possessions as the price of assistance. It is, however, at least conceivable, in spite of the verbal assurances which have been given by Italy, that at the end of the Spanish war, whichever way it goes (and certainly the chance will not be less if Franco fails), the world may find these Powers installed in these places *de facto*, and disinclined to go out. In that event it would be convenient that there should still be a League of Nations to supply a mandate for assisting Spain to oust them. Yet what authority is now left to the League? And if the unlikely thing happened, and an accredited Spanish government made over these strategic points to other Powers, what pretext would either France or England have to interfere, that would be consistent with the professions made by both of them during the Great War and in the period after it? Could not Spain do what it would with its own?

The ultimate reality is that neither France nor England will

risk war unless some interest considered vital to each is assailed or unmistakably threatened (as was England's interest in Egypt by Italy's concentration in Libya): whereas both Germany and Italy will take perilous action to prevent the establishment of a "Bolshevist" Power in Spain; while Russia will do as much to forward that prospect. Initiative is left entirely to the less contented and therefore less pacifist Powers. Germany has used that initiative to form an understanding with Japan, clearly designed as a check on Russia. Italy has already used initiative in Northern Africa: she may use it again in the Mediterranean. It would appear then to the civilian mind that England can only ensure complete security for her sea routes by the closest understanding and co-operation with France, which will narrow the field practically open to ambitious enterprise.

The French have shown in a most explicit manner their desire for mutual insurance. M. Delbos declared in the Chamber that any unprovoked attack on England will be treated as an attack on France. This is none the less welcome because it is the logical corollary to Mr. Baldwin's statement that the British frontier is on the Rhine; and so far as the Channel area is concerned, no pact between France and England is really needed. But, according to Mr. Eden, England's vital interests comprise the Mediterranean route and the security of Egypt. Can these be ensured without French co-operation? Or on the other hand can France ensure free passage from her African possessions without British support? Everything prompts the two democratic Great Powers to plan and to act together far beyond their common doorstep.

But if France is to be interested in the defence of Egypt, how does the matter stand in regard to England's attitude towards France's military or political alliances? This is where danger to the peace of Europe is more real today, because it is less obvious than are risks on the Spanish coast; yet every European Power knows that Great Britain is sensitive as to sea power. No fuss was made indeed when at an earlier stage of the Spanish war gunboats that had taken General Franco's side stopped or attacked British ships: these incidents were easily cleared up. But it would be a very different matter if the same were done by

a German or Italian destroyer—whether it flew the Spanish colours or no. That is not likely to happen because the consequences are foreseen. But nobody knows what England would do if Germany or Italy, separately or jointly, made some aggressive move against the Little Entente. Yet skilled observers think that all the signs point to a German move against Czechoslovakia which both Germany and Italy strive to detach from its allies; and in the last month at least one leading English journal announced that in such case England would not attempt to intervene. The Czechs, according to Mr. Garvin, have brought the trouble on themselves. They have had the audacity to organize an *entente* including Rumania and Yugoslavia. Worse still, they have concluded an alliance of their own with Soviet Russia. Their extinction as a nation, if it comes to that, will apparently in his judgment be on their own heads.

It will be well for Englishmen of all classes to think about this matter in advance of events. Czechoslovakia owes the recognition of its existence as a free nation to the Treaty of Versailles, for which England had no less responsibility than France; and from the standpoint of democratic civilization, Czechoslovakia has justified its right to a national existence more clearly than any other of the succession States. The parts played by Masaryk and by Benesh after the war were worthy of the heroic march of the Czech Legion through Russia during the war. However we strive to clear our minds of inconvenient memory, we shall not be able to forget how these men were received at Geneva, how they were listened to. It is not going to be simply a case of Abyssinia over again where nothing more was at stake than the mere principle of justice and respect for the pledged honour of nations. Czechoslovakia has given an example in Eastern Europe of what men in France and in England regard as civilized and ordered freedom. Now, the French are pledged to defend that freedom if it be assailed. Russia is also pledged. When France is blamed, as she is frequently blamed, for the Soviet pact, it is to be remembered that only by forming that pact could France render effective her guardianship of the Succession States—among which Czechoslovakia is the one most imminently threatened.

Old Allies—
New Conditions

Threat to
Czechoslovakia

The object of Germany is, of course, to prevent by all means that close understanding between France and Great Britain which is essential to both these freedom-loving Powers. It is not easy to see how that understanding can be maintained if England definitely refrains from lending support to the security of a free nation for whose creation England was largely responsible. If, on the other hand, it is made clear at once in advance that encroachment on the territory of Czechoslovakia will be resisted by the power of France, of England and of Russia, acting in support of Czechoslovakia's own very competent and determined resistance, then the probability of aggression is pushed far away.

The truth is that we have got to get back to the reality of the League of Nations ; and the reality is a League of Europe, with the British Dominions counted in. Europe in America is forming its own League and may conceivably deal once and for all with what is a far less difficult problem. If the United States is willing to submit to American jurisdiction any dispute between itself and one of the smaller states, the thing can be done, since the United States has the power necessary to enforce any judicial verdict as between other states in an American League.

But in Europe, where a League must be formed with two Great Powers absent and hostile, the conditions are very different and it cannot be that easy amiable thing which British (and American) fancy pictured—a League of pious intentions where everybody would bow to moral verdicts : in practice, a League of which you could take just so much as seemed in your opinion to suit your own needs. This revised thing would have to be a League for mutual protection of its members, first, perhaps, against one another ; secondly, against the outside Powers. It would have to face the necessity of being disagreeable to the outside Powers, even in peace time ; and it would have to be ready to throw out any disloyal member. In short, it would have to be, or rather will have to be—for one day it must exist—a fighting League. It is only English country villages that can afford a lethargic amiable policeman.

But whether we act in the League, for the League, and with the League, or no, this Czechoslovak danger concerns all civilized

Europe. The thing to avoid is that England should awake to the facts too late and begin demonstrating ineffectually when she sees liberty having its throat cut. Here is a live effective and most creditable member of the League of Nations threatened by a Power—or by a combination of Powers—hostile to the principles of the League of Nations. The world should know, and England should know, where, if that threat becomes active, England will be found.

It is undeniable that the challenged position is assailable. The Treaty of Versailles, completed by that of Trianon, left eight million Czechs controlling a state of fifteen million people—three and a half million of them Germans. It left fifteen million Magyars with a population of eight million Magyars inside Hungary and the balance under foreign rule—a million or so under Czechs. A state so constituted as Czechoslovakia cannot last unless it makes its Germans prefer to belong there than to the Reich. That should not be impossible : France has done it in Alsace-Lorraine. But the true model for Czechoslovakia is Switzerland where minorities and majorities have alike full effective citizenship. In Czechoslovakia it is true that representation is given to minorities ; but all control is kept in Czech hands. That may be unavoidable at present. But if it is to be regarded as perpetual, not all Europe can make Czechoslovakia last.

All the perturbations of these last weeks have lessened public concentration on a dramatic event, long deferred and not the less exciting. Forty years ago a young Scotch writer, all of whose traditions and upbringing had kept him specially aloof from the stage, suddenly emerged as a popular dramatist, and till long after the Great War gave me more pleasure, and gave me pleasure more often, than any other playwright. Then he stopped writing. Last year, after fifteen years' silence, he turned back to his art, moved by the appearance of a new actress whose genius seemed to him without parallel. And this play which he wrote for her was one wholly unlike any that he had ever written before—yet it came naturally out of his origins in a Scottish Calvinistic household. No such literary adventure has happened in my time, and in the verdict of Edinburgh one more triumph has been added to

The Art of Acting

the playwright's long list. But I have not yet had the chance to see how Elizabeth Bergner rises to the opportunity which James Barrie has created for her.

If I were in doubt of her talent, I should find myself singularly reassured by the references to her in the Autobiography of as fine an actress as my generation knew. Miss Lena Ashwell in *Myself a Player* tells many amusing stories, but essentially she is the preacher of a high and passionate art in which the artist seeks to create, through his or her own personality something "individual and unique"—as, to take the author's instance, Miss Bergner does. But how is it done? Not primarily by any gesture of the body, but in the mind. "Dame Madge Kendal said that the art of acting was concentrated imagination, and in fact, when the image is felt the words do become alive." It is not by cut-throat violence that an actor can thrill us with his words, "Macbeth does murder sleep." He must have before his inner vision some horror-striking realization of what the metaphor conveys. Miss Ashwell tells us from her own experience extraordinary cases in which she, while acting, caused the audience to see, embodied on the stage, what actually was not there.

The conclusion of this book, everywhere chivalrous in temper, is a plea for the freedom of the actor as against the drill-sergeant methods of the producer; and the best ground of hope she sees is a return to the tradition of the actor-manager. Let us hope that the actor-manager may realize that the first essential is to make your audience hear. Modern actors, instructed by modern producers, are so concerned to be "natural" that their speech is not always audible half-way down the stalls. It would be a blessing if, as Miss Ashwell suggests, critics would take to judging plays from the back of the gallery. But blessed above all it would be if only actors and actresses made such efforts as Miss Ashwell describes in her own career to develop the qualities of the human voice. Perhaps not three in a generation would attain to such beauty as she reached—together with Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mrs. Patrick Campbell—among those who came after Ellen Terry. Yet short of this, many an actress of today who could now justly be accused of "squalling" (as Miss Ashwell was by G. B. S. in her first days) might after such application as this book describes become, as Miss Ashwell became, "music to hear."

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A FIRST DRAFT

By EDMUND BLUNDEN

BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES. Now first published from the original manuscript. Edited by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett. Heinemann. 21s.

THE first edition of Boswell's Tour, one year after the death of his "illustrious fellow-traveller," contained a long dedication to Edmund Malone, in which we read, "You have obligingly taken the trouble to peruse the original manuscript of this Tour, and can vouch for the strict fidelity of the present publication." For almost a century and a half that manuscript was missing, but it turned up at last mainly complete in "an old croquet-box in an unused cupboard" at Castle Malahide; and the discovery made clear the exact nature of Malone's perusal. He did a great deal of the modifying and the rearranging which preceded the appearance of his friend's narrative in print. Boswell could hardly have found a wiser assistant for his immediate purpose, an *interim* book about Dr. Johnson.

But in the handsome publication now to be noticed the chief business has been to eject Malone and his system of control, and to reinstate Boswell all by himself with this Hebridean Journal as far as possible in its unregenerate condition. The editors, whose labours may be appreciated in a moment by a glance at

the facsimiles of what they have deciphered, do not exaggerate Malone into a monster, but they do not disguise their satisfaction at being able to expunge his revision and that of Boswell himself. As they see it, the "original record, untrimmed and unpolished, is more entertaining to our age" than the book so long familiar and so beautifully edited in recent years by Dr. R. W. Chapman. They declare, too—but they will not carry all their readers with them in their tendency—that "we are now able to read the *Tour*, not as a book about Johnson, but as one of the best chapters in Boswell's autobiography."

Among the excisions for which Malone seems to have been responsible rather than Boswell, several passages enrich the autobiography of a hearty, grateful good eater. Unfavourable circumstances could not deter him. In Mr. Simson's ship, on the way from Skye to Mull, it transpired already that Boswell "became very sick," but the matter was not stated very fully. It is now, and the record for October 3rd, 1773, becomes quite gorgeous:

I kept above, that I might have fresh air. I eat bread and cheese, and drank whisky and rum and brandy. The worthy Bailie had sent with us half a sheep and biscuits and apples and beer and brandy. There was a little room

or den at the fore-castle, with two beds, and a fire in it. Dinner was dressed, and I was persuaded to go down. I eat boiled mutton and boiled salt herring, and drank beer and punch. I exulted in being a stout seaman, while Mr. Johnson was quite in a state of annihilation. But I soon had a change.

Considerations of style—of increased dignity, of clearer sense, of keener point—resulted in many of the minor differences between the manuscript and the work given to the public. No doubt Malone's scrutiny was influential in these. A very good example occurs under the date October 5th, 1773, when the travellers had gone ashore on Coll, and Johnson and the minister had both talked with grimness. Boswell's comment on Johnson's unaccommodating way was formerly published with this ending:

I have often maintained that it is better he should retain his own manner. Pliability of address I conceive to be inconsistent with that majestic power of mind which he possesses, and which produces such noble effects. A lofty oak will not bend like a supple willow.

The original provides a curious comparison:

I have often maintained, that it is better so. Pliability of address I take to be inconsistent with that majestic power which he has, and which produces such noble effects. A bar of iron nor a lofty oak will not bend like a supple willow, or like many plants between those. What though he presses down feeble beings in his course? They get up again like stalks of ripe grass.

Another source of modifications and of suppressions was the fear of shocking the reader, and in this respect Boswell is now and then as prim as an Early Victorian. He did not, in fact, note down much, in this stretch of his journal, which could have upset even the Rev. Mr. Bowdler; but he saw to it that the few risky entries were not printed. He struck out one or two of them with plenty of ink, but not enough to defeat the

persistency of Messrs. Pottle and Bennett. Thanks to them, one notable mystery ceases to be a mystery. On September 16th, 1773, "after the ladies were gone," Johnson told the company that if he kept a seraglio, the women should all wear linen or cotton gowns. This amused Boswell, but Johnson did not see the joke, and according to the old version of the Tour, "retaliated with such keen sarcastick wit, and such a variety of degrading images" as to make Boswell wish himself elsewhere. What was the sting? Mr. Macqueen (we are now told) asked Johnson if he would admit Boswell to his seraglio. "'Yes,' said he, 'if he were properly prepared; and he'd make a very good eunuch. He'd be a fine gay animal. He'd do his part well.'" Boswell tried to counter-attack, but only drew more fire: "he returned to my office as eunuch and expatiated upon it with such fluency that it really hurt me."

Presently (and this also is among the passages dropped by Boswell and Malone) the attention of Johnson fastened on his companion's habit of taking a little whisky in the forenoon. He observed that "it was now really become serious." One must give Boswell full marks for his simple acceptance of this. He only says, "It was lucky that he corrected me. I refrained from it since, *as a regular morning mode*"—the italics are the reviewer's.

Like many tourists ancient and modern, Boswell illustrated his diary, but his editors do not press the subject; his sketch of Rorie More's claymore is reproduced, and resembles a claymore, up to a point—indeed, the point is quite masterly.

To sum up, they have presented the discovery in a form well suited for general reading, and added to our bookshelves not a volume to supersede the received Tour—that keeps its own merits—but to accompany it.

FAMILY PORTRAITURE

By R. H. WILENSKI

CONVERSATION PIECES, by Sacheverell Sitwell. With notes on the illustrations by Michael Sevier. *Batsford*. 21s.

If you have friends among the English county gentry you will do well to send them this book as a present. For it is concerned with English conversation portraits, i.e., small portrait groups representing English royalty, nobility and gentry in comfortable, well appointed apartments or agreeable parks; and your friends will surely take a narcissistic pleasure in contemplating the reproductions of these urbane portraits of their kind.

The book will also be appreciated, though not I think to the same extent, by students of art as such. It will please them because it reproduces some attractive pictures by some artists with wit and spirit. But it will also depress and disappoint them because it deals with a form of art where observance of what Mr. Sitwell calls "the grammar of competence" and a certain servility are what the sitters chiefly asked for and are all that in many cases they obtained; and because the text of the book, in which passages of slipshod near-English alternate with purple passages of pretentious Paterism is not, I think, likely to convince them that Mr. Sitwell really sets the value he here pretends to set on careful mediocrity in art.

Some years ago Mr. Sitwell gave us a book on southern baroque paintings. He made it clear that he enjoyed these paintings and wished all his readers to

enjoy them too; and he led us to that enjoyment by writing in a baroque style. The method was persuasive. The consonance of the elaborately ornate writing with the art described was irresistible; it converted many whom baroque art had previously repelled or bored. The book was deservedly acclaimed a literary success. But in the book before us there is no such harmony between theme and treatment. It is surely impossible to credit Mr. Sitwell with a passion for "the grammar of competence" when he hands us a sentence such as this:

The National Gallery, at Dublin, has a group of Mrs. Congreve and her children which is a curious specimen of Reinagle. In style, it is like an over-emphasized Zoffany, conspicuously German, in fact, but loaded with pleasant detail, more especially in her absent husband's sword and cocked hat by a table in the corner.

And all readers of *Southern Baroque Art* will recognize the Sacheverell they know, the lover of and the creator of the fantastic, when he asks them to believe that Zoffany had two or more heads and also accessories (horns perhaps and a tail?) and informs them that "the accessories of Zoffany were as valuable as his heads." Is it not unwise, when attempting to interest us in Zoffany, to stir our imagination in this way? And then again it is, I think, unkind to tease and puzzle and mislead us in passages that purport to be history, to tell us for example that Hogarth's pupils included "one or two exquisite Gainsboroughs, the tireless Devis, the ubiquitous

Zoffany." Was Thomas Gainsborough an exquisite? And who was his namesake and fellow exquisite and fellow pupil? Was it father John Gainsborough? Or brother John? Or cousin Thomas? Or the Rev. Humphry? Or Henry Noel, Earl of —? Or Gainsborough Dupont? Why this mystery? Why this coyness about facts?

Many readers, I fancy, will be scarcely less happy with the purple passages. The celebrated "Robert Andrews and his Wife" which Gainsborough left incomplete, possibly because another touch might have destroyed it, is assuredly a delightful picture; the figure representing Mrs. Andrews is piquantly drawn and charmingly coloured in the French eighteenth-century manner which Gainsborough employed in his youth. But Mr. Sitwell creates the wrong *Stimmung* for appreciation when he echoes Pater's famous passage on the *Monna Lisa* in his comments:

Her expression is demure and vaguely disapproving and she is very young, probably not yet twenty. Her hands lie straight in front of her, upon her lap. . . . The skirt or pannier . . . has the colour of blue spray on one day in ten years in the Baltic or Northern Seas. It is no blue of the Mediterranean. Perhaps it is the blue of a fresh water lake where the ripples have slight blue crests and the light runs through the bulrushes out to the swan white calm. . . .

and so on for a page or more. *C'est magnifique*, perhaps, but it is surely too ninetyish for the particular job in hand.

The illustrations are good and numerous. Mr. Sitwell begins with works by Lely and Danckerts and ends with "A shooting party at Sandringham," painted by one J. J. Barker in 1867. He gives colour plates after Copley's "The Children of George III," Hogarth's "Lord George Graham in his Cabin," Zoffany's "Queen Charlotte

and her two eldest Children," Cotes' "Mr. and Mrs. Bennett and their Daughters," Turner's "Musical Party at Petworth" and Thorburn's "The Duke of Wellington with the Children of Lord Charles Wellesley at Strathfield-saye"; he also gives a hundred and twenty-four half-tone illustrations reproducing thirteen paintings by Hogarth, twenty-three by Zoffany, seven by Devis, seven by Stubbs, five by Gainsborough, three by Wheatley and various works by Wootton, Ward, Gawen Hamilton, Marcellus Laroon, "Old" Nollekens, Highmore, Hayman, Patch, Ibbetson, Ferneley, Grant, Winterhalter, and other painters. The book has a serviceable index; and the notes on the illustrations give some information about many of the sitters.

It is customary for reviewers to end their remarks by some critical observations upon the subject treated in the book. There is something to be said against this practice. But since the custom is there I shall follow it that you may discover where I stand. Firstly, then—I judge Zoffany one of the most contemptible artists known to me, because he was evidently one of the most prosaic and servile. Secondly, every picture I have seen by Devis has seemed to me the work of an original and witty artist, and I am delighted to meet here the reproductions of some works unknown to me—"The Till Family," "Horace Walpole presenting Kitty Clive with a piece of Honeysuckle" and "Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bul., of Northcourt." Thirdly, I thank Mr. Sitwell for reproducing Wheatley's "Mrs. Ralph Winstanley Wood and her two Children"; and finally I congratulate his ancestors who allowed one Octavius Oakley his fling with the third baronet, Sir Reresby Sitwell, aged eight, and his jolly little brother and sisters riding their rocking horse so gaily on the terrace that bordered their park.

PORTRAIT OF A SOLDIER

By SIR CHARLES PETRIE

THE MAN I KNEW, by The Countess Haig. Moray Press. 18s.

BIOGRAPHIES by relatives are as a general rule not to be recommended, for their authors too often approach their subject from an angle in which impartial criticism is demanded, and this they naturally fail to supply. Lady Haig is to be congratulated upon avoiding this pitfall. As the title of her book implies, these pages contain merely a personal account of her late husband, and she makes no attempt to discuss matters upon which no widow could be expected to express an unbiased opinion. Her work, in effect, is a description of the great soldier as she saw him, and it is very valuable on that score. The absence of an index is to be deplored.

For reasons with which the public is familiar, she was prevented from quoting from Earl Haig's diaries, but it is clear that the present narrative is based upon them. During the war he was in the habit of enclosing a few pages of diary in each of his letters to his wife, so that the record of events is contemporary. It is, however, to be regretted that no details are given about his immediate ancestry or his early military career, as both must have had considerable influence upon the development of his character. It is true that the title she has chosen to some extent justifies Lady Haig in this omission, but the book would have been more interesting had she consented to stretch a point.

Haig emerges from this study a man with little charm, save to those few who knew him intimately, but possessed of an intense devotion to duty. In this he was in the British tradition, for few

of our great commanders, save Marlborough and Roberts, have possessed personal magnetism, a quality with which the naval heroes have been amply supplied. Yet such judges of character as King Edward VII and King George V picked upon Haig, and if he owed much to Royal favour, he was far removed from being a Court soldier. On occasion, as Lady Haig admits, he could be ungracious enough, but whatever minor asperities can be charged to his account, they weigh as nothing in the balance compared with what he did for the ex-Service men. Perhaps the best epithet to apply to him would be "dour."

With his strategy we are not concerned here, though his opinion of that of others is sometimes given, and it is interesting to read that, in respect of the attack on the Fifth Army in March, 1918, "Douglas pointed out that what was wrong was not Gough's generalship but the fact that the War Cabinet had so weakened the forces, and failed to make adequate arrangements for keeping the divisions up to strength, that there were not enough men to withstand the German assault." With that view few will now disagree. Joffre he liked, but thought that he was too liable to change his mind, while Nivelle he found continually subject to pressure from political circles in Paris. Indeed, it was not until Foch took over that there was any real unity of command in the French Army.

Lady Haig has a good deal to say of Mr. Lloyd George's treatment of her husband, which certainly left much to be desired. Haig was continually ignored, and it seems to have been the Prime Minister's intention from the

beginning to put him under the orders of the French. Not to put too fine a point on it, he did not receive the consideration which one gentleman has a right to expect from another. The culminating insult was after the Armistice, when he was asked to ride in the fifth carriage in a procession to the French Embassy, where there was to be a luncheon to which he was not even invited. Mr. Lloyd George's strictures on Haig's generalship may or may not be justified, but his own bad manners were inexcusable. In any event, if he had so low an opinion of the British Commander-in-Chief it is not easy to see why he did not have the latter recalled.

Like most soldiers, Haig distrusted politicians, and certainly no British general since Marlborough was so hampered by them. The only one for whom he seems to have had a sincere regard was, curiously enough, Asquith. This mistrust can be understood when we read that it was his opinion, based upon experience, that one might as well announce a forthcoming operation to the enemy as mention it at a meeting of the Cabinet. There were also attempts on the part of the Coalition to use Haig as propaganda before the General Election of 1918 which served to deepen his suspicion.

There are not so many side-lights as one might have expected on the circles in which Haig moved. Kitchener is portrayed in a more kindly manner than usual, and the pomp of the Vice-Regal Court under Curzon is well described in a few sentences. It is also interesting to hear that the Kaiser wished to surrender to Haig personally, but was deterred because he was told that he would be murdered before he could do so.

Above all, there is the account of the foundation of the British Legion, for which so many hundreds of thousands have to this day to bless the name of the Commander-in-Chief.

BALFOUR — THE LAST PHASE —
ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, Vol. 2.
by Blanche E. C. Dugdale. *Hutchinson.*
18s.

THE most fascinating chapters of Mrs. Dugdale's second volume of the Balfour biography are those which deal with the closing years of Lord Balfour's life. The man, who, at the age of sixty-three, had resigned the Leadership of the Conservative Party in the expectation that his active public career was over, lived on for another twenty years, in which his powers, so far from declining, actually expanded. His life indeed presents an arresting contradiction to the belief that since there is a retiring age in most professions at sixty or sixty-five years of age there must be a similar period in the career of politicians when they have exhausted their capacity for being of supreme service to the State. It was after Lord Balfour had passed the span of life allotted to man by the Psalmist that he played his decisive part in piloting the League of Nations through its early difficulties, and bringing from the Washington Conference the only real victory that has ever fallen to a disarmament policy. I found it difficult to realize as I read the account of his last years, when his mellow judgment was at the service of successive Governments and his incomparable influence invariably exercised in defence of liberal causes, that this was "the Bloody Balfour" of the 'eighties, or the ruthless Party leader of the early years of the century.

Yet Balfour was not himself conscious of any change in his outlook. To the last he would not admit the possibility of having been wrong on any major issue. "What remains of your Irish policy now?" Mrs. Dugdale asks him in 1928. "Everything, everything," he replies. "Look at the position of Ulster now. And what was the Ireland which the Free State Government took over? The Ireland that *we* made." It is

astonishing that any elderly Conservative could look upon the Ireland that emerged from the Treaty—a settlement that to both sides would have appeared unthinkable in the early years of the struggle—and not regret his opposition, forty years before, to the Gladstonian solution of Parliamentary Home Rule.

But Balfour had no philosophy of popular Government. If he had, he could never have supported the House of Lords in carrying their policy of wrecking Liberal Bills until it culminated in the rejection of the Budget of 1909 and the reprisals of the Parliament Act. Though his Party was overwhelmingly defeated in the 1906 election, Balfour was convinced that it still had the right to continue governing the country through the House of Lords. He saw the coming collision, "yet," writes Mrs. Dugdale, with obvious approval of the attitude, "Balfour never attempted to evade the challenge. Least of all did he desire to see the House of Lords preserve its powers by declining to exercise them. Nor was he an enthusiast for its reform." But how could Parliament work under such conditions? Did it never occur to him that a House of Lords that put no obstacle in the way of Conservative measures and created an impenetrable barrier against all Liberal legislation that was remotely controversial, was a travesty of Democracy.

I cannot understand how a man of his insight and character could ever have committed the supreme folly of the rejection of the land taxes. They did not present an intolerable burden, and they could easily have been repealed when the Conservatives returned to office.

Mrs. Dugdale unashamedly exposes the root cause of the Conservative resistance. "The determination to resist the land taxes at all costs," she writes, "sprang from the irresistible instinct of self-preservation in the class from which the Party

derived its tradition and much of its strength. The land taxes and the land valuation clauses attached to them, were a death blow to the landed gentry." Fortunately for the country that instinct of class selfishness no longer governs the Conservative Party.

But it is not the Balfour of middle life fighting for indefensible privileges that posterity will delight to recall, but the Balfour of the grand years of elder statesmanship. No man, whatever his party, can fail to read of Balfour's splendid conception of the new Palestine or the magnetism that he exercised in the Assemblies of the League of Nations or his wise handling of the post-war imperial problems without admitting that the full flowering period even though it came late in life, was as fine as anything in the careers of his great contemporaries.

ROBERT BERNAYS.

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CASELL

RETURN TO MALAYA, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. *Putnam*. 10s. 6d.

SENTIMENTAL journeys are usually extremely dangerous things. Distance, as Sir Walter Scott so justly observed, is one of the most valuable aids to the romantic imagination. All the more credit then to Mr. Bruce Lockhart for his rich enjoyment and delightful account of a recent visit to Malaya and the Dutch East Indies after an absence of a quarter of a century.

In his first book, *Memoirs of a British Agent*, Mr. Lockhart described the three years that he spent in Malaya early in the century. He had been sent to open up a rubber estate in a remote district where there were no other white men, and he had caused a mild sensation by carrying off Amai, the beautiful ward of the Dato' Klana, a local prince. This high-handed proceeding almost caused political complications. It seriously hurt the Dato', an old friend, with whom Mr. Lockhart played football. Acute malaria or perhaps poisoning put an end to the incident and the author, now an "emaciated bundle," was packed off to England via Japan and America. Ultimately, some time after the war, Mr. Lockhart reached Fleet Street as a member of the staff of one of Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers. This could hardly be described as a restful occupation, and it is not surprising to find Mr. Lockhart peering out into the fog outside his office window and longing for the grateful warmth and restful beauty of Port Dickson, one of the loveliest seaside places in the world. His desire to return was also influenced, as he says, "by memories of Amai and by a Loti-esque sentiment to pay a last tribute to her grave." The beginning of the trip was not altogether auspicious. On walking into a travel agency in the Haymarket to inspect the list of his fellow passengers in the Dutch liner, Mr. Lockhart read opposite a whole string of cabins the inscription, "Lord Beaverbrook and

party." Accommodation for these travellers had also been reserved for other parts of the world, and, in the end, Lord Beaverbrook went to South America.

The account of Mr. Lockhart's trip is altogether fascinating. He has the expert journalist's eye for essentials coupled with a love of the country and an understanding of the Malays which make *Return to Malaya* the best and most comprehensive account of the place, its peoples and problems, that has appeared in recent years.

As Mr. Lockhart is the first to admit the best picture of Anglo-Malay relations in the "Land where it is always afternoon" is to be found in M. Henri Fauconnier's *Malaisie*, but *Return to Malaya* depicts the ever changing east, the influence of English education and of English and American films on the numerous races which comprise the population. It shows the differences to the European community caused by the great enlargement of the Singapore Base. Time has changed, as Mr. Lockhart discovered, the lot of the civil servant. The pervasive interest of Whitehall, and the visits of peripatetic politicians have done something to curb the initiative of the man on the spot.

Of all these matters and of the difference between Dutch and English methods in handling administrative and mercantile questions Mr. Lockhart writes with the greatest fairness and an evident determination not to be biased by the golden days of the past. His own particular brand of gently romantic sentimentalism is ideal for the task he set himself. He was not allowed to escape the unexpected. He went prepared to strew roses on the grave of his lost love. He found that she was not dead. They met once more, and it is only fair to leave what passed at that memorable meeting to the reader of this fascinating book.

ERIC GILLET.

UNIQUE DICTATOR, by Desmond Ryan. *Barber*. 10s. 6d.

THE FOUR GREEN FIELDS, by George O'Brien, Litt.D. *Talbot Press*. 3s. 6d.

It is a question whether a dictator can really be called a dictator when he may be equated with a policy, and depends for political power on a party-machine, or a public tradition, capable of carrying on that policy without him; one can, for example, imagine Germany behaving in precisely the same way, today, without Adolf Hitler. But, in the opinion of this latest biographer of Mr. de Valera, not merely is this a unique dictator, in so far as he employs the usual democratic machinery of government, but a unique man. Mr. de Valera, in other words, is presented to us here as a leader who virtually is his own party, and nine-tenths of its policy; who, above all—and it is offered as the secret of his power—embodies in himself, by his bigness or littleness (opinions vary) a national tradition.

That has been well put by an old and unbending opponent of Mr. de Valera, the late Kevin O'Higgins:

Patience, wisdom, tolerance, a great compassion for the multitude struck one as distinguishing marks of Mr. de Valera. He seemed to constitute himself in a special manner the guardian of the civil population, and as well became a national leader, he allowed himself to draw no narrow distinction between those who gave and those who withheld support. One always felt that however others might lose their heads in the zeal of a new-found militarism, this man thought, and spoke and acted for an entire people.

After the Treaty *débâcle*, O'Higgins felt that Mr. de Valera had changed; but, then, rival parties had emerged for the first time, and the rivalry based itself on different interpretations of nationalism.

This being so, it is the misfortune of every biographer of Mr. de Valera that he must concern himself less with a

human being than with an embodiment. What is this national, or public tradition, which Mr. de Valera so rigidly asserts? What is the magic of this policy? If Mr. de Valera were asked he would give a lecture on Irish history. Mr. Ryan does not even attempt to answer these questions, and he deals only with the history of his subject's life. In the end, we are given a lively picture of the man, while all that makes him a dictator, all that power of his whereby he has anaesthetised opposition, is left either unconsidered or, at best, to be inferred.

One must say, however, that Mr. Ryan's book is so packed with documents, the details of events, speeches, and so forth; and so nicely emphasises the key points in Mr. de Valera's fluctuating career, that inferences are repeatedly invited. If they are not the "correct" inferences Mr. Ryan must blame himself, blame particularly his failure to cover the period between 1924, the end of the "Civil War," and the entry into power—a vital period, the most vital period of all, in fact, since in those ten years Mr. de Valera formulated the policy he is now implementing. Similarly, the period since Mr. de Valera became President is shamelessly dismissed in a half a dozen skimpy pages. In vain, too, one searches for some consideration of Mr. de Valera's attitude to the Catholic Church in Ireland, that greatest of all political influences; or for some definition of his attitude to the Gaelic Revival, that next most powerful weapon: one wants to know how he has hitched these two stars to his sound-wagon, and one is not told. There is not, either, any adequate description of Mr. de Valera's social outlook.

The fourth estate of this Ireland, Ulster, does not appear in the index to Mr. Ryan's book; it forms the subject of Dr. George O'Brien's thoughtful essay. An historian and an economist, he deals refreshingly with the irrefutable facts of social history. His general conclusion

is best found in the short sentence—"The Plantation of Ulster succeeded only too well": to which may be added his forecast that the present territorial division in Ireland cannot alter until the data are altered—these alterations being the unlikely decline of the present vigorous Protestantism of the North; or the removal of the traditional dependence of the British Government on the allies of the North in English politics. In spite of a certain amount of repetitiousness, and, from an economist, a peculiar unreadiness to underline the economic reasons for the rise of an Ulster minority, and its latter-day political consolidation, this essay is one of the most readable, brief accounts of the "Ulster Question" outside the mass of literature on the subject at the period of the union. It differs from all others, however, in so far as it is that unusual thing—the essay of a good-humoured realist.

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OUR FREEDOM AND ITS RESULTS, by Five Women. Edited by Ray Strachey. *The Hogarth Press*. 8s. 6d.

"SUCCESSFUL revolutions," writes Mary Agnes Hamilton in the final section of this volume, "have a trick of blurring their own outlines." Undoubtedly to-day—and by no means only among the very young—there is a tendency to disparage the liberating democratic movements of the recent past. In 1913, "cleverness" and modernity assumed the guise of a rebellious Fabianism; in 1936, "cleverness" feels a compulsion to express reactionary views in order to demonstrate the degree to which it differs from the war generation and their predecessors. Unconsciously influenced by Fascist doctrines, the "up-to-date" attitude towards the women's revolution tends to be mildly contemptuous. The fact that this revolution was but one part—though an exceptionally dramatic part—of the whole story of democracy becomes lost to view. Its protagonists are described as "serious," "earnest," "intense"—adjectives, once complimentary, which have now acquired a somewhat derogatory connotation, and give little idea of the passion with which the pioneers of yesterday set out to attain the all-but-unattainable.

The five writers, of whom Mrs. Strachey is one and whose work she edits, leave us in no doubt that the feminist pioneers brought about a transition in values and standards which has remodelled the social world from top to bottom—for men as well as women. Their efforts have altered beyond description, not merely the circumstances and atmosphere of public life, but private relationships within the home. One of the chief omissions of this book is its failure to deal—except indirectly through its account of legal reforms and its references to

married women's employment—with the psychological effect of the women's movement upon the family. The change by which the private individual in his millions has been most affected is surely the new standard of companionship between married partners, the growth of friendship and confidence between mothers and their children. Mrs. Hamilton touches lightly upon this profound revolution in one paragraph only of her otherwise admirable essay on "Changes in Social Life." Despite its omissions and its loose construction, the literary quality of this chapter and its fine concluding paragraph set it apart in grace and vitality from the contributions of her four predecessors.

These predecessors are all experts in their particular field, and since they are not professional writers it would be exacting to expect verbal elegance from their informative essays. Miss Eleanor Rathbone's sound and statesmanlike chapter on "Changes in Public Life" is marred by undue attention to trivial disagreements with organizations whose members she describes as "Me Too" or "old" feminists, but there is a relevant urgency in her emphasis upon the "criminal folly of society's whole attitude towards mothers and children." Until motherhood is recognized as a privileged service rather than a professional handicap, much of the present vaunted "equality" will remain shadow rather than substance.

In "Changes in Law" and "Changes in Employment," Miss Erna Reiss and Mrs. Ray Strachey contribute straightforward, well-documented summaries. "Changes in Sex Morality," by Miss Alison Neilans, begins by outlining conditions which to modern youth will appear more typical of decadent Rome than of the surface respectability of Victorian England. Her vital, downright essay shows that

though the political women's movement did not specifically attack the "closed stale atmosphere" of nineteenth century morality, a deep change in moral values was its inevitable consequence. Nothing could prove more clearly than the comparative decency of to-day that the social and moral standards of any country are reflected in the position of its women.

VERA BRITAIN.

A COTSWOLD YEAR, by C. Henry Warren. *Geoffrey Bles*. 7s. 6d.

MR. WARREN'S book moves at the pace of life at Woodend, the remote Cotswold village where he settled, and about which he writes. The diary form allows of a discursiveness which suits his theme; it is the thinking aloud of a man of observation and leisure, attached to no particular branch of country life, but having that aggregate and approximate view of the comparative new-comer.

He has been at Woodend long enough to be accepted by the inhabitants. Being un-superior and sociable, he soon made friends. Such a person, typical of a section of the community to-day, finds himself out of tune with a mechanical civilization, with an instinct to return to be "in mind and body near the sources of creation" (his quotation). Yet a stranger there too, though the strangeness is something of a wistful wandering about a place that once was home.

Farmer Flack, who returned from a bid for a wider life in Canada to the few poor acres of his native place; Jesse Gable, the craftsman who must always be making or mending something, from a dry stone wall to a model of an owl; the blacksmith, pedlars—Mr. Warren sketches the fading lines of what was once the framework of English life. He is neither at one with that progress which is seeping in from the towns, nor with preservationism. A ruin he prefers to be, organically a ruin;

falling naturally back into the earth. As for the anodyne of the idyllic, he has had his misgivings of his pleasure in rural peace, and, facing them, found a reality in values which can discern between tractor-bluster and the purely picturesque.

The need for this is what makes the writing of a country book difficult. The mere mention of such words as "scythe," "farm-house," "harvest-waggon," carries with it a pressure of sentiment which hampers clean and clear statement about the country. Mr. Warren's country diary comes pretty well out of this test, particularly in view of the fact that he has not been, apparently, technically implicated in the life he describes. On the other hand, he has been always ready to lean over a gate and chat with farmers and labourers, listen to the stories of tramps. The extracts—here the diary form helps again—are quite short and break off cleanly. Perhaps most successful are certain moments, encounters with itinerants, given without comment.

He includes with Woodend the great view of the Severn valley to the Black Mountains, which is spread before it. Storms brew there; the fume of Gloucester is always visible, reminder of a different life. He explores that view, by bus and local train (which themselves provide humanities from which the owner-driver is insulated), and on foot. Wild life and human intercourse succeed each other; glimpses of old crafts and modern innovations; the ruin of the Stroudwater Canal and the interior of a modern milking shed.

One gets the impression that Mr. Warren has been fortunate in his Woodend. It seems more remote and self-contained than many villages these days. But perhaps that is merely saying that he has managed to convey something of the native quality of country life in his diary of a Cotswold year.

ADRIAN BELL.

FOOL'S GARDEN, by Muriel Stuart. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE GARDENER'S ENGLAND, by Eric Parker. Sicly Service. 8s. 6d.

THE OLD HALLS AND MANOR HOUSES OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, by J. Alfred Gotch. Batsford. 21s.

EACH of these three books is, in its own way, very good indeed; but *Fool's Garden* deserves to be spoken of with some high superlatives. It is the right sort of gardening book, well removed on the one hand from the authoritative, on the other hand from the sloppy. Miss Stuart, as her index shows, has a shrewd knowledge of plants; she adores this garden of hers. But one never has the feeling, as with, for instance, Robinson, of crabbed and disillusioned age frowning on youth or, as with the popular garden fictionists, that in another paragraph she will pick up her skirts and run. She strings off her high-sounding names, but it is really to amuse herself and to oblige us. Occasionally she is sentimental, but it is the best kind of sentimentalism; she is certainly romantic, but it is the romanticism of nature. Her garden was small and, when she took it, appalling: a strip, like thousands of strips, boxed in by hideous fences. The story of how, with her son Adam, she planted it, transformed it, idealised it and finally had to leave it is told in *Fool's Garden*. And it is very well told, with genuine feeling, with knowledge and humility, humorously and with gusto and delicacy. Miss Stuart is, in fact, a poet first and a gardener afterwards, and if her garden was half as good as her book it was truly enchanting. Finally, a double bouquet is due to Miss Irene Hawkins, whose fifteen lithographs of fruit and flowers are superb. They have a kind of delicacy hard to describe; it is powdery, almost shadowy and yet quite alive. Altogether this is marriage of true minds, and a very happy book.

With all this Mr. Parker cannot really

compete. He is a star fixed in a definite orbit: a good writer, sober, unfanciful, with a sound background of knowledge. His book, however, should have been called "Mr. Parker's England," for we are offered only the things of his own special delight, his childhood garden, his garden in the Surrey hills, his own fancies and predilections. His book will not blow the roof off, but it has deep delight in it and warmth and a kind of affectionate solidity. It has none of that cheap transparency and paltriness now, unhappily, so profitable and popular.

Lastly, a book that is less of a book than a memorial to one of the best and now least-known of English counties, the once elegant, park-like and now half-industrialized Northamptonshire. Lying on that rich stone backbone that runs from Rutland down through the Cotswolds to Somerset, it has, at one time and another, produced a wealth of domestic architecture that is staggering. There are houses pictured in Mr. Gotch's book that make one weep: the half-ruined Kirby Hall, roofless, windowless, standing in isolation at the end of a cart-track in fields, and yet absolutely incomparable in line and feeling, indisputable in its air of being an epic; Deene Park, solid and yet almost shining by the lake; Burghley, incredibly vast; new Lyveden, roofless, never finished; Apethorpe, extremely stately and yet somehow as homely as a manor; Easton Neston, grandly eighteenth century; and many others, houses as lovely as their own names—Stoke Bruerne, Castle Ashby, Sulgrave Manor, Aynho, Stoke Albany, Rockingham Castle, Lamport Hall. It is a richness that quite transfigures the otherwise plain bread-and-butter Northamptonshire country on which, since before Elizabeth, artists of all classes from local masons to Inigo Jones and Wren, have conferred incomparable legacies. Kirby alone, even half ruined, is unsurpassed anywhere.

H. E. BATES.

WHICH WAY TO PEACE? by Bertrand Russell. Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL answers the question posed in his title by pointing the road of absolute pacifism, but admits that he came to this position only after a long period of genuine doubt as to the right policy. It may be surmised that the present order of his chapters reproduces something very like the movement of his mind through that period to his final conclusion.

First, he confronts—or, more exactly, is confronted by—that "imminent danger of war" which is the common fear of every responsible man and government in the world today. Next he inquires what will be the nature of that war, and consults and quotes the military experts to discover it a mainly aerial matter, soon over perhaps but only because intensely destructive of civilian life, morale and organization, and leading almost inevitably to stringent military control as the only means of coping with widespread social chaos. It will be a war in which, as Mr. Baldwin has said, "the only defence is offence, which means that you have to kill women and children more quickly than the enemy if you want to save yourselves."

No man clearly, he feels, can contemplate such a prospect without seeking by some means to avert it. One by one he studies the more widely advocated preventive methods. There is the policy of Splendid Isolation. But an imperial power, it seems to him on examination, cannot isolate itself, for the world from which it wants to hold apart will turn against it a combination needing both great strength and geographical remoteness to withstand; the British Empire might achieve the former, but the latter is in its nature impossible. There is the policy of Collective Security. The theory of it seems to him admirable: "I believe the ultimate cure for war will be found through a development of the

idea which led to the creation of the League of Nations." But in practice it has failed every test put upon it, and not only does the will to make it work seem lacking, but the speed of decisive attack under modern conditions makes it, in the absence of a standing international armed force, probably impracticable. There is the old policy, to which the European nations seem more and more frankly returning, of defensive alliances. But the alliance of Britain with France and Russia, or, alternatively, with Germany and Italy, offers no assurance of peaceful settlement of cankered problems. Lastly, there is the actual British policy of Expedients, a dealing with each situation as it arises according to the circumstances of the moment—the policy which, as much as anything, has landed us where we are today.

At this point, rather out of its logical place, he introduces the problem whether there are not some wars—for national independence, for democracy, for what you will—one should not seek to evade, but frankly face and fight that one's cause may prevail. The question here, he suggests, is less whether a cause is worth fighting for than whether any cause can survive the war fought for it.

So the board is swept clear of every militant answer to the threat of war. There remains then, in his view, only pacifism, complete and unqualified, and it is to the exploration of pacifism's possibilities that he devotes his last five chapters. At least, by what has gone before, he has made out a negative case for their careful consideration. What may be urged against his positive arguments is that, in suggesting what amounts to a total reversal of national policy (for a pacifist imperialism is a contradiction in terms) he glides rather too easily over the vital working difficulties to prove very persuasive to those not already of his own outlook.

GEOFFREY WEST.

LANCER AT LARGE, by F. Yeats-Brown. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

MR. YEATS-BROWN belongs to the same tradition as General Gordon, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Lady Hester Stanhope, T. E. Lawrence, and C. F. Andrews. It is a peculiarly English tradition. Other nations in their bewilderment sometimes murmur, "Secret Service." They just do not understand so intimate, even respectful, a relationship with Oriental races that have been subdued by British arms or gold, and often incorporated by British statesmanship in the Empire. In *Lancer at Large* Mr. Yeats-Brown describes his impressions on re-visiting India after a long interval, and at the same time his spiritual adventures there, his quest for a *guru* or teacher. The two themes largely overlap, since he looks on contemporary India with an eye mainly pre-occupied with Absolutes. It is not without significance that his *guru*, when he finds him at Cape Comorin, has been in the I.C.S., and that he turns sadly away from New Delhi—"This overgrown and inglorious Golder's Green"—and passes an exalted night in the Taj.

If I might venture to separate out the constituent elements in Mr. Yeats-Brown's attitude towards India (a task that is made easier because of the agreeable ingenuousness of all his writing), they would be as follows: (a) An instinctive sympathy with Hindu thought and practice, extending to belief in re-incarnation, and an instinctive liking for individual Indians; (b) a considerable backwash from his Indian cavalry, pig-sticking days which makes him sad and ill at ease in scenes that remind him of them, and yet gives a glamour to "fifty or sixty pages written in an adolescent hand which I recognize with startled affection" of the Bareilly Tent Club Log; (c) a "preference for men of action

over the masters of high debate" and so for deeds, even for a public school at Dehra Dun "for the sons of Indian gentlemen . . . and conducted entirely on English lines," and for Indian ladies at the Calcutta races who "are highly emancipated, and bet, smoke, enamel their nails, use lip-stick, drive cars, go to the movies (and why not?), but however fast the pace, however hectic the fever of modernity, remain themselves."

Such an attitude of mind does not conduce to any great liking for recent constitutional changes in India—changes which, however, Mr. Yeats-Brown accepts as being inevitable. His sympathies are all the time with Indian India rather than with Anglo-India, though his range of admiration includes Lord Willingdon, Gandhi, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and even so arrant a "master of high debate" as Mr. Satyamurthi. He has little hope for Indian Democracy, but much of an Indian spiritual renaissance. As he has seen the possibility of his own salvation by taking the "illuminated path" that the Chidambaram Swami started him on, so he thinks that India may save the world and establish a thousand years of peace by making possible the "exploration of the borderland between Being and Not-Being."

The procedure for getting on to the "illuminated path" is described in *Lancer at Large* in some detail. It begins with a glass of water and performing the purposes of nature, and reaches its climax in "repeating the Word of Power, OM, five times, soundlessly, while breathing inwards, and five times, soundlessly, while breathing outwards." Mr. Yeats-Brown found it entirely beneficial, and expresses the hope that "it may pass through some friendly eyes to some few sympathetic minds, whom only it can help." How far is this hope likely to be realized? The answer is, perhaps, OM.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

SALAVIN, by Georges Duhamel. Translated by Gladys Billings. Dent. 8s. 6d.

THE CROQUET PLAYERS, by H. G. Wells. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

BREAD AND WINE, by Ignazio Silone. Translated by Gwenda David and Eric Mosbacher. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

THE retiring secretary of a local Residents' Society was reported lately in the Press to have been given a large clock, which he handed back the next day "because he had discovered that it was of German make." Luckily the novel reader has not yet reached this pitch of imbecility, and it is still possible for publishers to give us translations of foreign books without having them thrown back through their windows. I hope not too many will be shocked at finding that *Salavin*, the best novel published in England in 1936, is "of Frenchmake." It is, in fact, a book which many people will like.

Of those twin founders of the Unanimist movement, M. Jules Romains and M. Georges Duhamel, the latter is likely to gain more ground in England. Romains gives an immense and incomparable picture of modern Paris, but the length of his book (now in its twelfth or thirteenth volume), the bewilderment of so many characters impartially viewed, the difficulty of following all his plots and sub-plots, the expense finally of acquiring almost a library in the shape of one novel, has made readers pause; it has made me pause, I may say. Duhamel does not run to more than four novels at a time; and *Salavin*, his most important work, has been packed by Messrs. Dent, without overcrowding, into a single volume. Translation good; my only criticism is that there should have been a brief introduction by some capable critic like, say, Mr. Hamish Miles. When was *Salavin* written? We are not told. How far is it part of the Unanimist canon, or does M. Romains now stand in theory alone? After all, not all novel readers are uninterested in

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

JANUARY, 1937

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January, 1937

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literature, and the place in modern letters of a book as important as *Salavin* deserves at least indication.

Unfortunately, in a review as brief as the one I am writing, it is impossible to attempt a consideration of that sort. Compared with *Romains*, however, Duhamel is inferior in what one might call the *mystique* of the city—the abstract pattern of life, the haunted anonymous lives, that strange animation and drift of the crowd; but superior, immensely superior, in his creation of an individual figure. (How far is this a lapse from Unanimism?) *Salavin* himself, a shabby saint in a bowler, is a fine creation: very ordinary, very humble, noble and comic by turns. The comparison with Don Quixote made by a number of reviewers, though exaggerated, is not absurd. But where the Don was magnificent and as cracked as an old flower-pot, *Salavin* is weak, introspective, good-natured and odd. Nevertheless, he has a principle of growth which the Don has not: from a scarecrow stalking the Paris streets at the beginning of the book he becomes a spiritual hero, absurd enough in some of his actions—in his chastity which breaks his wife's heart, in his gifts to relentless spongers, his confession of sins he has never committed; but we laugh less and less as the book proceeds. He becomes tangled in politics; and the shock of a police raid kills his old mother. He goes to live alone in Tunis, keeping a gramophone shop and devoting himself to good works in a hospital; his servant, a black-guardly young Arab, shoots him in the leg and he is brought home to Paris to die. Perhaps his failure is in himself, for he bungles nearly everything he does; yet most of the saints of antiquity succeeded no better, or when they did succeed it was only by withdrawing themselves from a world which would eventually have maimed and destroyed them.

Mr. Wells's *The Croquet Player* may seem a trifle after Duhamel, a ghost story seventy pages long, but literature cannot be measured by weight, and this is one of Mr. Wells's best books. He returns to the earlier mood of *The Invisible Man* (perhaps his best story) and *The Kingdom of the Blind*. It is eerie, convincing and well written—how much better the writing than in most of his novels! He succeeds in haunting the reader with a whole landscape: the Fens. With admirable perception Mr. Wells begins this tale of a countryside ruled by panic, on a café terrace in the sunlit South.

Signor Silone's novel of Italy at the present day gives us a true, vivid, and disturbing picture and has not, of course, been published in Italy, where writing will no doubt soon cease to function. Apart from going to Italy for ourselves we could not get a closer view of the peasantry under Fascism than he gives us in *Bread and Wine*. Hopeless, and yet there are pages of delightful comedy. Those who do not know *Fortamara* should certainly begin reading Signor Silone with this novel.

All three good books, one excellent—a day out for the novel reviewer indeed.

G. W. STONIER.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

J. A. Spender and several other authors of this month's articles have written sufficiently recently in these pages to require no further introduction, but we may just recall that **Edward Hallett Carr** lately left the Foreign Office to become professor of international politics at the University of Wales; that **V. S. Pritchett**, who belongs to the younger generation of critics and novelists, frequently reviews for the FORTNIGHTLY; that **Romilly John** is the author son of Augustus John, and **George Godwin** a journalist who, after farming in British Columbia, wrote the standard life of Captain Vancouver.

Captain B. H. Liddell Hart is a military critic and historian of European reputation. His words carry weight, as was proved when he recently wrote two articles in *The Times* which clearly meant that a British Expeditionary Force will not again be sent to fight on the Continent. The Government, if only for political reasons, could do no less than reject the idea, but experts have been struck by his evidence that the conditions of modern war would make our intervention a hazardous venture. Besides being military correspondent of *The Times*, Captain Liddell Hart was military editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and his books on the art of war are many.

Lord Winterton entered the House of Commons as its youngest member in 1904, and has been an active Parliamentarian ever since, with a strong interest in Service matters. He was Under-Secretary for India from 1922 to 1924.

Ivor Brown left the civil service to

enter literature, and has for years been dramatic critic of the *Manchester Guardian* and more lately of the *Observer*. He lectures on the art of the theatre at Liverpool University.

G. D. H. Cole, most prolific of writers on international economics, has, in his lighter moments and in collaboration with his wife, written several full-blooded detective novels, the latest of which, *The Brothers Sackville*, has just appeared.

Dr. Cloudesley Brereton as a practical farmer in Norfolk knows the serious need of stocking the national larder against the event of war, and has been running a campaign to stir the Government to action. The friends of this youthful septuagenarian have just heard with interest of his being awarded a prize of 15,000 francs for a book on French tourism.

Captain Bernard Acworth is giving much of his time to organizing the small shopkeepers' movement against the chain store octopus, a movement which finds its counterpart in many other countries. Since his retirement from the Navy he has been chairman of the Liberty Restoration League.

Rearden Conner has contributed several stories to the FORTNIGHTLY, but the name of **Ernst Lothar** is less well known. Author, critic and manager of the Reinhardt Theatre in Vienna, Herr Lothar is well known in his own country for his sympathetic treatment of the problems of childhood. His novel, *Kleine Freundin*, was recently filmed under the title of "Little Friend."

THE FORTNIGHTLY

FEBRUARY, 1937

GERMANY'S FOUR YEAR PLAN

By F. A. VOIGT

IN the spring of 1933 Herr Hitler asked the Reichstag to give him four years to carry out the political, social, and economic reorganization of Germany. Before he was Chancellor and when the National Socialist Party was still in opposition, he often spoke of the "Plan" (as distinct from the official programme of the Party, which is no more than a number of points or articles of a general and largely demagogic character). But neither he nor his associates ever stated, even in broadest outline, what the Plan was, though the various hints and promises that seemed to give some indication of its nature attracted vast numbers of voters. When the National Socialists were challenged to produce their Plan, they replied that they were not going to give away the secrets of the future National Socialist Government of Germany.

The Plan remained a secret even when that Government came into existence. The National Socialists dominated the Reichstag, which was asked to say "Yes" or "No" to their demand for full but unspecified powers. The Reichstag, of course, said "Yes." It was widely believed, even by objective observers, that the National Socialists had no Plan. But these observers were mistaken and did not realize that the Plan *had* to be concealed for reasons both of domestic and foreign policy. Many of Hitler's followers would have refused to follow him any longer—or might even have attempted resistance when he made himself dictator—while the outside world would have been dangerously antagonized if the real character of the Plan had been known.

Indeed, even the word "Plan" was avoided when Hitler

faced the Reichstag in 1933. He simply asked for time—four years' time. It was not until the Congress of the National Socialist Party at Nuremberg in the autumn of 1936 that he announced the existence of a "Four Year Plan"—which was really a second "Four Year Plan," the first being near its completion.

Hitler's opponents believed that the Plan was a propagandist device to counteract the discontent that existed in Germany and to help the dictatorship over its more immediate difficulties. This belief was fortified by the vague character of the Plan (as it then seemed). But it was this very vagueness that helped to make the Plan attractive, or at least unobjectionable, to many persons who would have been violently opposed to it, or who were destined to be losers by it. The inspired National Socialist press skilfully encouraged hope and assuaged anxiety with the help of articles by "experts," articles that seemed to show great precision but were, in reality, of studied vagueness. For example, on September 12th, 1936, Nonnebruch, the "economist" of the *Völkische Beobachter*, the chief organ of the National Socialist Party, wrote about the Plan as follows:—

The Political orders have again been given to the economic system [*die Wirtschaft*]. That system will devote its whole strength to the task set before it. This task stands visibly before the whole people. When the people see the economic system placed in the service of this task, they will see how it works for them in concrete fashion. The expression "the economic system serves the people" is not just a fine sounding phrase, from the National Socialist point of view, but has a material content which it receives from policy. . . .

We shall not reduce working hours until the people have raised their living standard to the level they wish to achieve. To reduce working hours before then is the embarrassed method of a policy that is unable to cope with capitalism. . . .

In this period [of rising internal prices] there is nothing that could be more advantageous to our people than freedom from foreign raw materials [*Rohstofffreiheit*]. . . . we see how prices on the world-market are always sinking. Almost everywhere it has become the normal thing to sell at a loss to foreign countries. . . . Low prices on the world market are the tribute which nations must pay for the dependence on international trade [*Weltwirtschaft*]. If we are released from this dependence, we need pay this tribute no longer. Our freedom from foreign raw materials is the condition for a constant and irresistible drop in our own prices such as can be observed on the world market. . . .

Comments of this kind were made in countless articles,

lectures, and speeches, and served to conceal the true purpose of the Plan while making it appear attractive. Skilful and ever-variable camouflage of this kind persists to the present day. Now, as before, it is stated that the Four Year Plan is a German attempt to achieve *Rohstofffreiheit*—to make Germany independent of imported raw materials.

But those National Socialists who had, or were allowed to have, some insight into the Party's policy, had no illusions as to the real purpose of the Plan—they knew that its purpose was military. The heads of the Army and the chiefs of the National Socialist military organization (the S.A., S.S., and, to some extent, the "Hitler Youth") had been prepared for the Plan. Meanwhile, the idea of "total mobilization"—that is to say, the mobilization of all the national resources, both spiritual and material, as proclaimed by General Ludendorff—has infiltrated into the minds of vast numbers of disciplined Germans. Hitler and his closer associates were particularly skilful in dealing with the army and in gaining its support for their political aims.

The Four Year Plan is the ground where the Party and the Army meet, so to speak. The Plan and German rearmament are now one organic whole. The question of *Rohstofffreiheit* was handled not by economists, as such, but by Hitler's "economic experts," who are all "autarkists" and imperialists first, and economists second; and by his military advisers. The Ministry of Trade and Industry, the Ministry of Finance, and the management of the Reichsbank were hardly consulted at all. Indeed, Dr. Schacht and the Minister of Finance, Count Schwerin-Krosigk, seem to have been taken by surprise when they first heard the details of the Plan. In any case, they had a very inadequate knowledge of the preparations for it, nor were they admitted to any decisive share in the execution of the Plan.

According to the decree of October 23rd, 1936, the "financial questions" connected with the "reconstruction programme" are to be "elaborated in co-operation with the Ministry of Finance and the Ministry of Trade and Industry," but these two departments are allowed no more than an advisory function. As for Dr. Schacht, the so-called "Economic Dictator" of Germany, it was his most implacable opponents amongst the National Socialist "economists" whose influence on the Plan was decisive.

But it does not follow that serious economists in Germany have been silenced altogether—they have simply been *gleichgeschaltet*, and their expert knowledge has been placed in the service of a Plan they have had no part in shaping.

The details of the Plan were worked out in a series of conferences attended by Hitler and the military and political chiefs of the National Socialist Party, and, of course, in consultation with the General Staff.

On October 18th it was announced that General Göring had been empowered to superintend the execution of the Plan. On the 22nd of that month he issued the decree in which he announced that certain departments had been created for the practical execution of the Plan. These departments were to deal with the following categories: raw materials, the distribution of raw materials, employment, agricultural production, price control, and foreign exchange.

After General Göring, the chief persons entrusted with the execution of the Plan are Körner (one of the militants of the National Socialist Party), Lt.-Colonel Löb (who is a member of the German General Staff and an exponent of the doctrine of "total mobilization"), Dr. Keppler (who is Hitler's economic adviser and a representative of the Pan-German imperialistic wing of the National Socialist Party), Köhler (an extremist and an opponent of Dr. Schacht), Backe (one of the chief exponents of the doctrine that Germany is over-populated and needs "more room"), and Wagner, an "economic" exponent of radical National Socialism.

On November 9th, General Göring issued six decrees for securing the skilled labour needed to carry out the Plan. These decrees authorised the re-employment of older workmen, and the return of former engineers and builders to their old profession, while preventing younger men employed in these professions from leaving. (Engineers were needed for the armament industry and builders for the new fortifications that were being erected in all the frontier regions.)

On November 26th, the Price Control Commissioner, Wagner, issued three price-fixing decrees. The problem of "stable prices and stable wages" he declared, had become of the highest importance for the realization of National Socialism. It was

admitted in the decree that although to charge higher prices would be a penal offence, the problem as such could not be solved in this manner. The control of prices in Germany has been reinforced by penal and even by terroristic measures, but it has not been possible to suspend the functioning of economic laws altogether.

On December 17th, 1936, Hitler and General Göring addressed a select meeting of German industrialists on the subject of the Plan. According to the report in the "DNB," the German official news agency, Hitler said at this meeting:

Trust the man [General Göring] I have appointed. He is the best man I have for this task. He is a man of the greatest will-power and resolution. Go with him, all together. In this way, we shall lay a firm foundation for a German economy, which will be rooted in the strength, stability, and security of the German Reich. If we feel that we are fanatically devoted to this task, the political chiefs and the German economic system will be justified in the eyes of posterity; the former, because they were men who showed the determination to achieve something; and the latter, because all its strength was devoted to the execution of the Plan.

The "DNB" concealed the most interesting facts about the meeting. Hitler spoke with great vehemence. He explained to the assembled industrialists that the purpose of the Plan was not economic but military. "We are," he declared, "already in a state of war, only the guns have not gone off." He also uttered strong anti-capitalist sentiments. The industrialists were, in fact, thrown into considerable perturbation of mind.

There is, of course, a good deal of silent criticism in Germany. Some industrialists describe the Plan as "madness," but not publicly. There can be no open criticism. Hitler demands that the plan *must* be carried out, and that the necessary sacrifices *must* be made. And the coercive powers of the Dictatorship are such that there can be no questioning his will.

As the Plan serves military ends to the exclusion of all others, it cannot be judged from a purely economic point of view. One result of the Plan is poverty, but although this would be an economic argument against it, the argument is not valid, for the purpose of the Plan is not the raising or even the maintenance of the German standard of living. The poverty it is bound to produce is part of the sacrifice which the German nation is expected to make.

Although the Plan had not been elaborated until the National Socialists had been in power for some time, it is part of their original purpose—a purpose by no means vague, but very clearly conceived, even if not worked out in its practical details.

The National Socialist revolution was, as its name indicates, National and Socialist. Its "Socialism" has often been regarded as mere demagoguery to attract the working class vote, but this view is mistaken—the "Socialism" in National Socialism has by no means been abandoned now that votes are no longer needed. There is in the Party a strong anti-capitalist feeling which is shared by Hitler himself. He is undoubtedly a Socialist, and he left his "capitalist" audience on December 17th under no illusions on this point. But the revolution was also militarist and imperialist. The conquest of power in Germany was a beginning, not an end.

It is easy to demonstrate that there is no such thing as a German "race," that there is no "pure race" anywhere, that one might "as well talk about a dolichocephalic dictionary as about the Aryan race;" but arguments such as these miss the point. By "race" Hitler means, in the first place, a recognizable reality—a people, scattered possibly, perhaps not confined within any one frontier, but having a common linguistic and cultural heritage and a desire for union. In addition to this, he and his associates have partly inherited and partly developed a kind of myth for which they claim scientific validity, very much as a "scientific" validity and "objective" truth are claimed on behalf of the Marxist myth; whereas both National Socialism and Marxism are anti-scientific and subjective, though it is this that lends them their great attraction. The National Socialist myth is that of the "pure" race and of "Aryan" man, a superior being and master of the world's future, who corresponds to the Marxist "proletarian." It is easy for the scientist to demolish either myth (despite the apparent difference between them and the political warfare in which they are constantly engaged, they are fundamentally akin). But by doing so, he does not argue certain realities out of existence. The Jews are a "race," although they are not a homogeneous ethnical entity. When Hitler speaks of the "Aryan" race, he has in mind something very much like the conception that was once very common and

has by no means disappeared, the conception of the superior "white race."

Hitler's language is often vague and his terminology variable. But there is nearly always an irreducible content in what often seems like a shifting mist (this, as we have seen, is true of the Four Year Plan, where there is a great difference between the real content and the outward appearances).

The nationalism of National Socialism applies not merely to Germans living within the political frontiers of Germany today, but also to the German "brothers," the members of the same "race," speaking the same language, having the same or similar cultural heritage, and living beyond those frontiers—in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Lithuania, Danzig, Denmark, Belgium, France, and Switzerland.

Beyond this, there is the supremacy of the Germans who, according to Hitler and his associates, are destined to colonize regions inhabited by "inferior" races, such as the Russians, colonization having a "civilizing" as well as an economic purpose (by no means a new conception either, nor confined to the "new Germany").

To establish the unity of all "Germans" or, in other words, to unite them all in the "Greater Germany" or "Pan-Germany" of the future, it is first necessary to unite the Germans in the Reich. And for this purpose, the first necessity was to destroy the chief rival of National Socialism, its next of kin, so to speak, namely, Marxism; for it is clear that a doctrine which would divide mankind horizontally according to classes (even if with the object of achieving an ultimate unity) is incompatible in practice, however akin it may be in theory and in method, with a doctrine that would divide mankind vertically according to nations or "races." That is why the first action carried out by the National Socialists as soon as they were in power was the extermination of the two Marxist parties, the Social Democrats and the Communists, and the exclusion of the Jews from national life.

This was the first step towards the national unity which National Socialism exacts. The first four years of the Dictatorship were chiefly devoted to the negative purpose of eliminating elements of social, political, and racial disunity.

This purpose was, on the whole, achieved "according to plan."

The next four years, which are now beginning, the period of the Four Year Plan proper, are devoted to consolidating and arming the newly achieved social, political, and racial unity for the purpose of carrying out the principal aim of the National Socialist Revolution, namely, the union of all Germans in a "Greater Germany" which will exercise an imperialist ascendancy and execute its colonizing "mission" in realms stretching vastly beyond the present frontiers of the Reich.

About the reality of this purpose there can be no serious doubt. It is developed in Hitler's book *Mein Kampf*, and is the essence of all National Socialist thought. It is, of course, subject to variations—for example, Hitler, in *Mein Kampf* opposed overseas expansion, but now supports the demand for the return of the former German colonies. The purpose is, indeed, incapable of fulfilment without transforming Europe in a manner that is likely to encounter formidable resistance from a number of states or even from a powerful anti-German coalition.

To recover the southern part of northern Slesvig may be easy—to recover Alsace-Lorraine may prove to be so hazardous an enterprise that it will have to be abandoned (it is rarely talked of even now, but it certainly exists and there is no question of abandoning it yet). But this purpose—I mean the union of all Germans in a Greater Germany and not the mere conquest of power in Germany—is the aim of the National Socialist revolution. Until this aim is fulfilled (not completely, perhaps, for even the most successful revolution never achieves all the aims it has set before itself, but in the main) National Socialism will have been a failure and the National Socialist regime as such cannot survive. The revolution is therefore still in its beginnings.

A sequence of events so big that each one of them marks an era, like the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, is, as it were, being telescoped into one in Germany. Robespierre certainly did not live so that Napoleon might follow, but Hitler-Robespierre certainly lives—and quite consciously—so that Hitler-Napoleon may follow. The National Socialist Revolution and the attempt to establish the Greater Germany

and its imperialist ascendancy are an organic whole. What we call the revolution, namely, the seizure of power in 1933, has no meaning and is meant to have none, save as an organic conscious preparation for that attempt. And unless the attempt succeeds, the seizure of power will have been all for nothing—a mere interlude in the eyes of the future historian.

The Four Year Plan and German rearmament are two aspects of the same thing, just as the manufacture of munitions, the creation of a great army, the control of industry, and DORA were aspects of the same thing from 1914 to 1918. They are, in fact, inseparable. The German military chiefs have a decisive influence on the Plan, and the political chiefs (extreme National Socialists without exception) have a decisive influence on rearmament. The weakness of war-time Germany has been removed—there is no longer any antagonism between the military and political leaders, and the army has been assimilated into the nation. The officers' corps is no longer a caste, and politicians and generals co-operate in a single cause, the politicians on the whole being the more militant and having the greater initiative. This is perhaps the most striking achievement of National Socialism, and one that has confounded almost all prophets. Soldier and politician are fundamentally *one* in the "new Germany." A member of the "Confessional Church" has, with the realism that is characteristic of modern German orthodox theology, pointed out that one of the chief creations of the "totalitarian state" is the "political soldier." Germany is the land of the "political soldier" today.

Germany has no economic interest in being independent of imported raw materials. There are some, like copper, nickel, and so on, which she must import in any case. The National Socialist thinks in terms of international war just as the Marxist thinks in terms of class war, and cannot indeed think in any other terms without ceasing to be a National Socialist, just as the Marxist ceases to be a Marxist when he abandons the theory and practice of the class-war. But the new Germany either has to create substitutes (which is being done, although the substitutes are expensive and of poor quality) or build up reserves of the indispensable imports so as to endure years of war and blockade.

Terms like *Rohstofffreiheit*—or any compounds of the word

Freiheit (freedom)—have a certain emotional attraction. They convey a sense of actual freedom and independence, they spread illusions that have the highest propagandist value, and so help to conceal and yet to promote the real purpose behind them.

The Four Year Plan and German rearmament are in full operation. "Independence" of imports is to be achieved as far as possible, and reserves are to be accumulated; the armament firms are working with prodigious intensity, and the whole population is subjected to a regime that resembles a DORA in immensely concentrated form. In short, the whole material and moral resources of the German nation are being placed in the service of what General Ludendorff calls the "totalitarian war" which is destined to carry out the essential purpose of the National Socialist Revolution.

AFTER MR. BALDWIN—WHAT NEXT?

BY ROBERT BERNAYS, M.P.

THE opening of 1937 finds Parliamentary institutions in a calmer sea than probably at any time since the War. The hurricane of direct action that in the early post-war years threatened to upset them has died away. The Trades Union leaders who, in 1921, were in so militant a mood that it was deemed necessary to recruit a defence force to safeguard democracy, and in 1926 brought the country in the General Strike to the edge of revolution, are now issuing joint manifestos with Mr. Churchill in support of democratic liberties and collective security. The propaganda of the Labour Party has lost all its old menace. It is far less revolutionary than that of Liberalism a generation ago. Mr. Attlee in 1937 is an angel of light to the propertied classes compared to what they thought of Campbell-Bannerman in 1907. So well ballasted is the ship that it passed through a crisis that ended in the abdication of a Monarch with scarcely a tremor or a creak.

How long can this remarkable state of affairs continue? Prophecy is difficult, for one of the chief causes of the astonishing way in which Great Britain has remained, through these turbulent years, on an even keel is shortly to pass away. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Baldwin has altered his determination to resign the Premiership at the Coronation. Clearly he cannot stay longer now that he has made it plain that he does not intend to fight the next election. No Premier can have any confidence of success at the polls unless he has two years to make himself known to the electors. For Mr. Baldwin to remain in office beyond this summer would be to endanger gravely the prospects of a third lease of power for the National Government.

Mr. Baldwin will not do so. Every reason, personal and political, counsels resignation. In spite of his triumphant handling of the constitutional crisis in which he did not make a single false step, there is little doubt that he lacks something of his old

vitality and strength. It is noticeable on the Treasury Bench that his powers of hearing are losing their acuteness, and that he frequently has to appeal to a colleague for the exact terms of a Parliamentary question. I am told that in Cabinet he easily tires, and there is unmistakable evidence in the House that on some important controversial questions, such as the Coal Bill and the Distressed Areas, he has not a real grip of the essentials.

But, most important of all, he seems unable to summon up the necessary interest in and knowledge of the critical European situation. The fact is that in the last four years the world has passed through a revolution, and to this new age of violence and cruelty and competitive armaments Mr. Baldwin cannot acclimatise himself. The mainspring of all his political endeavour has been the improvement of the condition of the people, and with every fibre of his being he loathes the condition of affairs which makes it necessary that social reform should be of secondary importance to Western Air Pacts, the supply of machine tools, and the protection of the civil population against the agonies of poison gas.

There is also the additional personal reason for an early resignation. If he goes in May he will go in a blaze of glory. Not even after the General Strike did his prestige stand higher than it does today. His speech on that dark December afternoon when the Duke of Windsor announced his final and irrevocable determination to renounce the Throne represented the greatest Parliamentary effort since Grey won over a united nation for the Belgium ultimatum. When he sat down the "King's Party" was dead, for he had shown by his narrative of the events that had led up to the tragedy of the renunciation that as long as a King's party had been possible he had been its leader. What was more, he not merely drew the best out of himself, he drew the best out of the House of Commons. The stupidest member refrained from interruption, and the most truculent and irresponsible of republicans were silent. Never has been more brilliantly exemplified the might and majesty of Parliamentary institutions. Mr. Baldwin could leave no more fitting memory to his life than this speech that heightened even further the grandeur of the House of Commons, to the service of which he has given all the flowering period of his life.

I am certain, of course, that were he convinced that the public interest demanded that he should remain he would not give a fig for his reputation with posterity; but he would be less than human if he did not consider that in addition to the other reasons for his resignation in May he is never likely to be more fortunate in the occasion of his departure.

But however advisable on every account is Mr. Baldwin's early resignation, few will dispute that something will have gone out of public life and the National Government which it will be impossible to replace. He has rendered immense services to his generation. He restored decency to politics at a time when there was a general loosening of the old conventions. He brought back to political propaganda the conception that there was something dishonest in making promises that could not be fulfilled, and in doing so he turned honesty, that had been regarded as a liability, into a first-class political asset. He made his Party once again the instrument of social progress, and thereby took the sting out of the class war. He conceived the idea of National Government long before it received actual political expression.

As long ago as 1924 he made public recognition of the fact that the great Conservative majority of that year was made possible by the adhesion of at least a million Liberal votes, and announced his determination to retain them by a resolute forward social programme. He was not in those years always faithful to that ideal. At times the reactionary forces in his party were too strong for him. But in the end he got their measure, and never once since the National Government was formed in August, 1931, has he allowed the Diehards to take the reins. The remarkable consolidation of his power in the 1935 election was an acknowledgment by the electors that in spite of the crushing majority of the Conservative Party in the National Government he had not been unfaithful to the all-party mandate. In a more vital sense than that ever understood by Disraeli "he has educated his party" and converted it from being the servant of a narrow and class-conscious caucus into the embodiment of the aspirations of millions who subscribe to none of its old tenets and prejudices.

Can Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who is now certain to be Mr.

Baldwin's successor, succeed to such an inheritance without dissipating it? He has as yet very little of Mr. Baldwin's appeal. He is regarded as the safe party man, whose middle name is efficiency, a competent platform speaker but with no warmth in his message; a keen social reformer, but lacking any vital sympathy or understanding for the people whose lot he desires to improve.

Mr. Chamberlain is himself an essentially modest man, and is probably as much aware as his critics that he lacks Mr. Baldwin's superb electioneering gifts, and that he makes no personal appeal to the working classes. What will he do to strengthen his position and give his Government as fair a chance as possible of retaining power at the next election?

On the answer to this question there are two schools of thought. Some are of the opinion that he will perform the parade ground manœuvre known as "turning half Right" and, while by no means going over to the Diehards, will reconstitute the Government primarily on a Conservative party basis. They argue that, realizing that he cannot hope to poll the Baldwinian Liberal strength in the country, Mr. Chamberlain will depend for success on consolidating behind him every Conservative vote, calculating that the German menace alone will be sufficient to induce a large body of Liberals who support rearmament to vote for his candidates and so retain for his Government a working majority.

For my own part I believe that those who think that Mr. Chamberlain will act in this way misunderstand his character. Though he is at present an object of dislike to a great section of the working classes, Neville Chamberlain is his father's son, essentially a Radical. His Derating Bill was, after all, the most thorough reconstruction of local government since the Poor Law of 1834. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he can never be accused of relieving the rich at the expense of the poor. The moment that he found himself in a position to remove some of the more savage cuts that had been imposed by the financial crisis he made the unemployed the first charge upon his surplus.

It is sometimes argued that the worsening plight of the Distressed Areas is due to the fact that all proposals for reconstruction have to pass through the bottle neck of the Treasury.

But there is really no evidence that any practical proposal has been held up by the niggardly obscurantism of Mr. Neville Chamberlain. His speech in the House last December satisfied all but the most irresponsible critics on the Government side of the House. Though he is the idol of his party caucus, he is not temperamentally Conservative. He has never escaped from his Liberal Unionist traditions. Just as in his brother, Sir Austen, the old Liberal ardour is constantly emerging in his approach to social and political questions.

I believe that he will do his utmost to preserve the spirit of the all-party combination. There will be no proscription of National Liberal and National Labour representatives when he assumes control. Rather, by the very reason that he has not the same personal magnetism with Left Wing thought as Mr. Baldwin, will he be disposed to broaden the basis of the Government.

It is certainly necessary if the National Government is not to degenerate in the eyes of the electors into a sham and a humbug. I am not referring to posts in the Government so much as seats in the House of Commons. The present position by which nearly 400 Conservatives are able to call themselves "National" because they allow some 35 National Liberals and a dozen National Labour men to reach Parliament without Conservative opposition cannot be permanently stabilized. These allies, for all their scanty numbers, represent millions of voters in the country. It is only necessary to compare what the Conservative Party polled in independence in 1929 with the votes that they received in combination with National Liberals and National Labour to prove this. An analysis of the poll-book reveals that two out of three Liberals who voted for an independent Liberalism in 1929 plumped for the National Government in 1935. The National Labour group has no considerable organization in the country, but it is indisputable that it brings hundreds of thousands of votes to Conservative candidates in the country and, what is more important, is attracting in substantial numbers young men and women who in ordinary circumstances would drift into the ranks of the Labour Party as being the only expression of the ideals of constructive Socialism.

Both these Parties if they are to survive must have oppor-

tunities for growth and expansion. It is an absurd position that in the County of Lancashire, whose support is vital to the existence of any Government, there should be only one Liberal National. In Greater London, which comprises a sixth of the seats in England, there is not a single National Labour representative. Nothing is being done to remedy the situation. When there was recently a vacancy at Preston, which is a two-member constituency and therefore peculiarly suitable for a Liberal and a Conservative to run in harness, the Conservatives insisted, although there was a National Liberal candidate ready to fight, on their own nominee. When it was a question of finding a seat at a difficult time for Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, who had been defeated at Bassetlaw, the Conservative Party, instead of surrendering out of their own plenty, came to the Liberal Nationals and asked them to give up Ross and Cromarty to Mr. MacDonald in the interests of national unity.

When representations are made as to the present gross inequalities of distribution, the answer is always made by the Conservative Central Office that the fault lies with the local associations over which Headquarters have no control. It is obvious that advice given by the leader of the Conservative Party to his followers in such cases would carry great weight. Such advice has not been given. Mr. Chamberlain would perform a signal service to the future of the National Government if he would actively interest himself, when he is Premier, in these electoral problems. I should not be surprised if he took a firmer grip on the electoral machine than has yet been evident, and used his powerful personal influence with his party to give a greater reality to the National appeal. He is essentially a practical man, and a plan to increase the strength of his Liberal and Labour allies would obviously attract him as a means of proving to the country that his Premiership did not mean a swing to the Right.

But the National Liberals and the National Labourites have their part to play. As a National Liberal myself I am delighted that my party is now at work on constructing a definite programme for its followers to fight for in the House of Commons and the country. A more precise definition, too, of what National Labour means, in terms of the concrete problems of the hour,

is also overdue. Both these groups will attain their rightful place only when they can show to the country that they are something more than patient oxen dragging the Tory waggon. They ought to make it clear that an occasion may arise when they will be compelled to resume an independent position.

The publication by the National Liberal and Labour groups of their ideas as to how future Government policy should be shaped would be particularly opportune on the accession of Mr. Chamberlain to the Premiership. He has a remarkably open mind, and when he has once decided that a constructive proposal is sound and sensible he has the necessary driving force to carry it through the Cabinet and the House of Commons. Indeed it is in his qualities as a driver that Mr. Chamberlain will be most valuable in these difficult days. Even now he is chairman of all the Cabinet Committees that matter, and if ever the Government is in difficulties in debate he is the man who comes to the rescue. He is not a scintillating speaker, but he radiates confidence, for he is always complete master of his brief. On occasion, he can castigate the Opposition with a merciless invective reminiscent of the mighty Joseph Chamberlain himself. He is the one man on the Government bench whom the Opposition not merely respect but fear.

Lord Cecil once said in the Coalition days of Mr. Lloyd George, to whom he had so violent a personal antipathy, that he was within an ace of enlisting under the banner of Asquith—"The fellow is so confoundly efficient; none at any rate can doubt who is Prime Minister." Since those days the office of Prime Minister has almost been in commission. It was not an uncommon experience when Mr. MacDonald was in nominal command, to see the whole House laughing not with their Prime Minister, but at him. Mr. Baldwin can emerge as leader with devastating effect, but the occasions are rare. For the most part he has remained amiably, almost sleepily, detached from the more turbulent controversies of the day. Mr. Chamberlain will restore the Premiership to its old importance. He will make it his business to know the details of all major Bills and will make his influence felt in every department.

There will be a change, too, in the method of appointments. Mr. Baldwin has relied, for his choice of men to promote, very

much on the advice of his Chief Whip. The result has been that office has too often gone to the young men who have given no trouble in the division lobby, rather than to those of independent mind and debating powers well tested in Parliamentary controversy. Consequently, on occasion Under Secretaries, when their chief has been in the Lords, have been found unequal to the task of piloting a difficult measure through the Commons when the Opposition has been formidable. Under Mr. Chamberlain efficiency is likely to be the sole passport to promotion.

In addition to a greater tautness in administration there will be a new vigour in foreign policy. Mr. Chamberlain is essentially a man who thinks clearly and expresses his thoughts in unambiguous language. Mr. Baldwin has always been obsessed by his conviction that at almost any cost Great Britain must be kept out of war. This dread of the possible consequences of strong action under the League Covenant was largely responsible for the Hoare-Laval fiasco, which in turn led to the humiliating withdrawal of sanctions last June. It is the pacifism of Mr. Baldwin which has produced in the Nazis the same delusion that existed in the mind of the Kaiser, that Great Britain could be ruled out of account as an effective breakwater against aggression. It has become increasingly evident that fear of war is the surest way of getting war. There will be no bluff with Chamberlain. When he makes a pronouncement it will mean business.

In brief, though Mr. Chamberlain lacks many of the gifts of Mr. Baldwin—his superb electioneering skill, his reputation as a man of goodwill with Left Wing thought, his capacity to rise to the height of a crisis—he will bring to the task many qualities that Mr. Baldwin does not possess. He has immense powers of industry, an ability to infuse into the whole of his administration his own high standards of efficiency, and above all a courage that expresses itself in plain language followed by firm action. It may well be that just as Mr. Baldwin was the ideal man to carry the country successfully through the industrial turmoils of the last decade, so Mr. Chamberlain is the right pilot for the very difficult danger zone in foreign affairs that, with the year 1937, we are now entering.

THE FASCIST INTERNATIONAL

By G. E. R. GEDYE

IT was always patent to the student of politics that since the birth of Italian Fascism, an intangible Fascist International has existed in the shape of a certain volume of goodwill among reactionaries in all countries on which Fascists could count for support. It was that same section of the British Press which had screamed loudest about the Red Terror in Russia which endeavoured a few years later to present the Fascist terror in Italy as something extremely funny in which nothing worse than large doses of castor oil replaced horrible murders. The steps towards the overthrow of the Austrian democratic Republic—finally effected in 1934—taken year after year with the aid of Italian arms, money, and counsel, was the next phase which disproved the Duce's assertion that Fascism was not an article of export. The Rome Protocols between Italy, Austria, and Hungary were another, but the open constitution of the long-existent but intangible Fascist International was first effected last autumn by Herr Hitler's proclamation of an international crusade against "Marxism." Everyone who knows Herr Hitler realizes that this was really an attempt to ally the Fascist and other reactionary dictatorships of the world, not against Soviet Russia alone, but against liberty of thought everywhere.

Those who stand for democracy and peace can only congratulate themselves on this emergence of international Fascism into the open. It was a clumsy move on Germany's part, which has served to open the eyes of those whom she threatens, as well as of those ready to support her to a certain extent who have been alarmed at what they saw. Outwardly she has formed her Fascist International, but actually, the dropping of all concealment of her aggressive intentions has had the effect of isolating her to such an extent that at the moment her only possible ally in Europe seems to be her sister Fascist Power, Italy. What the Nuremberg crusade initiated was clearly international Fascist co-operation; what it aimed at but failed

to initiate was an international alliance. The pact with Japan has received no further adherents, although the reactionary States of the world have all given it their blessing with greater or less degrees of sincerity. It put a welcome break on the flirtations of British Conservatives with the Third Reich which Herr von Ribbentrop had so skilfully initiated. Together with the Nuremberg speeches, it dispelled the last illusions in Poland concerning the Nazis' real sentiments towards her, and from then on Poland's attitude towards the German anti-Soviet campaign has been one of armed neutrality. Hungary, whose leaders had been alluding to Germany as the fourth spoke in the wheel of the Rome bloc states, began to draw back—a process accelerated by the opportune decease of that fanatical pro-Nazi Premier, General Gömbös.

Neither General Göring nor Herr von Neurath on their visits to Budapest last autumn succeeded in their aim of making Hungary the fourth partner in the Rome bloc. These visits led up to the invitation of Count Ciano to visit Berlin and Berchtesgaden last November. Germany on this occasion again failed to secure Italy as a full ally, nor did she procure an invitation to participate in the forthcoming Vienna conference of the Rome bloc, although she did secure a privileged position at that conference, Herr von Papen alone among representatives of the non-bloc States being invited to all unofficial gatherings connected with it. More important was the Nazi success in calling Austria to heel and preventing her from mediating between Prague and Rome. Germany wrecked the prospect of co-operation between the Little Entente and the Rome bloc which was to have been initiated in Vienna.

What Germany certainly did secure from Count Ciano was an indefinite gentleman's agreement to consult and co-operate in European policy generally, and a definite agreement to co-operate in the attempt to overthrow the democratic Government of Spain through General Franco's military putsch. The question that remained was whether Italy could be detached from Germany in Spain, as she has already been detached from supporting the scheme for an invasion of Czechoslovakia. Six weeks ago, when it became known in Vienna that Herr Hitler was pressing the Reichswehr to agree to a lightning coup in

Central Europe, Italy took fright, and allowed it to be understood in Berlin that she could not support such an adventure. An important factor in influencing her in this direction was Mr. Eden's declaration of British interest in the fate of the Central European States—a declaration which may actually have prevented the outbreak of war. Subsequent comments by *The Times* and the B.B.C. have strengthened its effect. A firm statement by Mr. Eden on the subject of Spain, if given in time, might produce a similar result there, and even force Germany to withdraw her troops. (The attempt to draw a parallel between the real volunteers in Spain—individual haters of Fascism who, mostly against the will of their respective Governments, have managed to wriggle into Spain to support the Spanish Government—and the regular conscripts shipped *en masse* by Germany and Italy to attack the Government, is so obvious a part of the whole "neutrality swindle" of international Fascism as to need no elaboration.) Italy's policy in Central Europe has been largely one of blackmailing Great Britain by threatening support of Germany. In Spain she is blackmailing France in a similar way. But it seems safe to assume that the Duce is too shrewd, and knows too much concerning Germany's real situation to be prepared to take the plunge on her side into a general war. If that is so, France may well decide at any moment that the time has come to call Italy's—and Germany's—bluff.

For it is bluff, despite the feverish war preparations, the piled-up armaments and the hysterical war mentality created and maintained among the German people. Herr Hitler and General Göring were a little too greedy when the Nazis first assumed power, and overdid the speed of rearmament, with the result that some of their material is defective and some of it already out of date. The Czechoslovak military expert, Colonel Emanuel Moravec, has recently pointed out that if the assumption is correct that Russian aeroplanes have been defending Madrid against the assaults of the Junkers' machines with which it is known General Franco has been supplied by Germany, then the inferiority of the German planes cannot be questioned. For although there is (at the moment of writing) something like air equality over the capital, when the attack began some eighteen Government machines, of alleged Russian manufacture, managed

to hold up the attack, he says, of over fifty Junkers planes—no mean achievement. There is no question that the German chasers are mostly fitted with engines which are already out of date, having a maximum speed capacity of 250-300 kilometres an hour, whereas that of the chasers now being built in various countries is 450. Nor is Germany able to make good to any extent by scrapping her earlier machines and building more modern types, such as those which Great Britain is piling up at such speed, for her stocks of foreign currency are exhausted.

In addition to Germany's economic difficulty in obtaining fresh raw materials for war there is a psychological difficulty. Throughout the world the recognition is spreading that Nazism means war and disaster for the whole world, and in one country after another the Nazi regime is meeting with difficulties in obtaining raw materials for war. Yugoslavia, for example, is evading all Germany's present attempts to obtain further supplies of bauxite, essential to the production of war aluminium. In the Balkans and in South America—areas to which Dr. Schacht was last summer promising a glorious future, to be built up by supplying Germany with huge quantities of raw material without payment and allowing their markets to be swamped with German industrial products in return—there is a new shyness about moving towards this great destiny along the road of supplying Herr Hitler with the means of taking the offensive.

How hard pressed Germany is becoming in this respect is exemplified by her attitude towards Czechoslovakia at the recent commercial negotiations between the two countries. Czechoslovakia recently introduced a grain monopoly with the object of building up a grain reserve. Grain reserves for a country in Germany's position of course form part of the sinews of war, for not only can wheat be stored for three or four years (in the Ukraine it was stored successfully for seven), but reserves can be maintained indefinitely by replacing old reserves every year by the new harvest. Czechoslovakia, having insufficient silos at present available for the storage of all her wheat, has been considering the sale of her surplus stocks—to her friends. Learning of this, the Germans presented a demand at the commercial negotiations for the sale of a certain considerable quantity to herself—a demand couched in very strong terms.

In view of the abundant grain supplies throughout the world, and the ease with which Germany was filling her requirements up to a short time ago, the exigence of her demands to Czechoslovakia—for which I can vouch—is significant of her present straits. So is the affair of the Rio Tinto mines, for which I have good but not equally unimpeachable authority. I am informed that since the occupation of these British-owned mines by General Franco's rebel forces and the ruthless massacre of the miners who were loyal to the Government, the ore production destined for Great Britain and needed for our own munition supplies has been seized by the rebel leaders and diverted to Germany. If, as I have reason to believe, this is a fact, it may cause some of the Rio Tinto shareholders to reconsider their estimate of the advantages of an eventual triumph of the military rebels and their foreign Fascist backers over the Spanish people. The amount of copper ore which Germany may have secured from her puppet General Franco, the few thousand truckloads of wheat which she tried to blackmail Czechoslovakia into handing over, are in themselves insignificant. What is significant is the fact that she is reduced to attaching importance to even such small quantities of raw materials for war. It lends real importance to the apparently trivial campaign in England to induce the individual to abstain for the present from buying a single German product or spending holidays in or travelling through Germany. Such proofs of Germany's desperate efforts to secure the sinews of war do indeed suggest that by rigorously avoiding any expenditure which would result in foreign exchange reaching the Reich Government to be spent, as all available foreign exchange certainly is spent, on war preparations, it is within the power of every individual to do something to cripple the Nazi power for mischief.

But there are two raw materials of supreme importance for the motorized artillery (and air force) which is going to be the backbone of the next war—rubber and petrol, and for both of these Germany is entirely dependent on imports. For the latter she must remain so dependent; for the former, at least for a period of many months, probably also indefinitely. Germany is experimenting hard on the production of synthetic rubber, but Central European experts believe that within three

months of modern warfare her motorized units would be crippled by shortage of natural rubber. In Russia, two factories are already turning out synthetic rubber at quite a useful rate, but Germany has not got beyond the experimental stage. Moreover, the production is such an expensive process as to be almost prohibitive under the capitalist system to a country like Germany with so little financial reserve. Private capital certainly could not be induced to interest itself in such an unremunerative product.

Germany's petrol reserves would also not carry her far in a general war, and much time would have to elapse before she could realize her design of securing the Rumanian resources. And, as already mentioned, there are increasing signs that the governments of the world, in belated realization of what the supplying of Germany's demands will ultimately mean, are becoming less and less complaisant in the financing of exports to her. Yet her merchants cannot pay—nor can her Government—for imports without the assistance of foreign Governments. What she requires is what she is demanding of Austria today in her commercial negotiations with that country—the financing of exports by the Government of the exporting country, with the prospect of ultimate repayment by German manufactures which in all probability the country cannot accept without upsetting all her other suppliers.

In detail, the scheme in Austria is that the Austrian National Bank should pay the Austrian peasants and landowners for their grain and timber in Schillings, for Germany neither has nor can she procure the Schillings, and her Marks she dare not export lest their real depreciation should be revealed. The Reichsbank would in turn pay Marks to the German exporter for the goods he sent to Austria—the usual German “compensation transaction.” The stagnation of the Austro-German negotiations is largely due to the refusal of the President of the Austrian National Bank, Dr. Kienboeck, to finance such Austrian exports by the only means open to him—inflation. In a belated access of clarity, the Austrian Press is now pointing out that Austria would have to finance all her exports to Germany herself. For the moment Dr. Schacht appears to have shot his bolt. In Yugoslavia, Rumania, and even Bulgaria, there is growing

opposition among both business men and the Government to the whole barter system of Germany which was blooming as recently as last autumn.

Whatever one may think of Signor Mussolini's intentions—and his capping of the Anglo-Italian Mediterranean Pact by the landing of further large contingents of Italian troops to support the Spanish military rebellion should furnish all the evidence needed to form a correct judgment—no one need doubt the excellence of his information. That Nazi Germany today faces a less favourable economic situation than at any time during the last three years is certainly better known to him than to most. He must also be aware of the reports which are in the hands of other skilled foreign observers concerning the present discontent among the German middle and working classes. It is a discontent which can, of course, never be voiced—there is still room enough in the concentration camps—but what does exist, it appears, is disillusion with the extravagant promises, weariness at the long-continued privations, and growing doubts of the cure-all efficacy of Herr Hitler's national programme. Here is one reason for the vehement pursuit of the Spanish adventure today, with its slaughter and mutilation.

But despite all *Gleichschaltung*, there is another reactionary Germany distinct from Hitler-Germany—the solid relics of the old Imperial Germany, the Reichswehr. The Reichswehr is as eager as any professional army for the glories of war, and more eager than most, but it prefers to seek these glories under conditions where its professional acumen can assume that there is a reasonable prospect of victory. That is not the position now. The opposition of the Reichswehr and the German Navy to Nazi playing with fire was shown in the refusal of Admiral Förster to allow the German Fleet in Spanish waters to engage in the piratical actions which the *Königsberg* and the *Admiral Scheer* subsequently undertook after the command of the German Fleet had passed to Admiral Carls. But Admiral Förster's farewell words, remarkable in a “retiring” officer, to his fellow officers, were “*Auf Wiedersehen, meine Kameraden.*” One of the persons best equipped to judge the internal situation in Germany today, with long years of activity in an important position there, told me two days ago: “If Hitler were to provoke

a war today, the Reichswehr, despite the frequent warnings they have given him of their unpreparedness, would go into it behind him. But within four weeks they would have established a new regime in Germany."

That is one form of opposition—concrete, tangible. There is another which is intangible and quite incalculable, that of the anti-Fascists—of the Communists, Socialists, Democrats and Liberals in Germany. Before the advent of Hitler there were six million Communists alone in Germany. Killings, concentration camps and prisons have accounted for a great many, but not for six million. Where are the others? Here is a significant little incident which has escaped general attention. For many months a German Major of artillery had been experimenting in the greatest secrecy on an electrical device for serving and firing gun batteries in an advanced or exposed position from a secure station far in the rear, so that only the guns and ammunition, but not the gun crew, would be exposed to fire. One day, about five months ago, he brought his device so near perfection that he was able to give a (very secret) demonstration of it to the German General Staff. That same evening Moscow broadcast the following message at the conclusion of the news programme: "Our heartiest congratulations to Major ——— of the ——— Regiment of Artillery, on his interesting experiment in distant battery control which was so successfully carried out at ——— today. He will be interested to know that copies of his plans are in Moscow, and while they lag behind our own, they are nevertheless a brilliant piece of work."

It is surprising that many otherwise well-informed political observers have failed to notice the curiously good relations between Italy and Czechoslovakia. The division of Europe into Fascist and anti-Fascist States often tends to the ignoring of how national interests continually, as here, cut across ideological. On purely logical grounds, the liberal, democratic republic of Czechoslovakia, Germany's selection as the first victim of expansion, the ally of Soviet Russia and of Yugoslavia, should be on the worst of terms with Fascist Italy, the friend of Nazi Germany. In point of fact, the two countries have hardly known a quarrel since 1918, and their relations today are a good deal more cordial than appears on the surface. The German campaign

against Czechoslovakia found little echo in the Italian press, and the alarm about the formation of the Rome bloc, at one time expressed in Belgrade, was not voiced in Prague. The conclusions of the Little Entente Conference at Bratislava last autumn will be found on examination to have been in essence preparations to meet an attack from Germany, not to face any threat from Italy. The view expressed in many London papers that the Vienna conference of the Rome bloc states, which was announced just afterwards, was a "reply" to the Bratislava meeting was ridiculed in the Prague press. In point of fact, as everyone knows now, this Vienna conference would have brought the Little Entente and Rome blocs closer together had Germany not succeeded in preventing this. The resolution of that Conference in favour of bilateral treaties only between its members and outside Powers was at first seen only as a bar to the rapprochement of these two blocs. It is now considered in Prague, following on certain assurances from Rome, to have been equally intended as a barrier against Germany joining the Rome bloc.

Prague, in fact, maintains its optimism despite the general pessimism in Europe concerning Czechoslovakia's immediate future, largely because of its faith in arguments based on the map of Europe and on the Duce's understanding of it. Rightly or wrongly, Czechoslovakia refuses to believe that Italo-German co-operation in the cause of the Fascist International could go so far as to induce Italy to countenance a German invasion of Czechoslovakia. For the seizure of Czechoslovakia's Sudeten-German territory—supposing it could be carried through successfully—would obviously be only the first move to realizing the programme of *Mein Kampf*, of bringing together all German-speaking peoples under the rule of the Third Reich. The absorption of Austria would be practically simultaneous, and Herr Hitler's past examples of his regard for the pledged word would hardly suffice to reassure Signor Mussolini that the German advance would halt at the Brenner and exempt the purely Germanic peoples of South Tyrol from "liberation" by the Nazis.

Nor does the danger to other countries with German minorities end here. Everyone knows of the Nazi maps discovered in Hungary showing "Greater Germany" stretching through

Bohemia, Moravia and Austria into Hungary and finishing at the shores of the Hungarian Lake Balaton. Despite the ties with Nazi Germany forged by General Gömbös, the Hungarian Government has in the past few months arrested numerous Nazi agents from the Third Reich caught stirring up Hungary's German minority with propaganda of this sort, and has ignored the protests of Herr von Mackensen, the German Minister in Budapest. Although too much reliance cannot be placed on Italy's assurances that she is now a satisfied state, it is clear that for several years to come she cannot desire a foreign adventure. Her plans for Abyssinia differ greatly from those which Great Britain and France have pursued in their colonization, and will be far more costly and take much longer to realize. Her ambition is not merely to administer and exploit, but really to *colonise*—to settle Italians in large numbers in Northern Africa. She will have her hands full. She realizes the weaknesses behind the imposing (and alarming) united front of aggressive intentions which Nazi Germany presents to the world, and she must certainly dread being precipitated into war by the driving necessity of the Nazi dictatorship to conceal its economic failure at home from the German people by sensational triumphs of violence abroad.

The conclusion, therefore, seems inevitable that now is the given moment for Britain and France to call the German bluff, and administer a decisive check to the bullying tactics of the Third Reich which so far have carried her from triumph to triumph. The keystone is Spain. The most obvious danger which could result from a triumph of Germany and her agent General Franco in Spain and Spanish Morocco, is the encirclement of France and the threat to her African possessions.

But above and beyond this would be the enormous increase of German prestige among those very lesser States where it is now at such a low ebb, and the securing to her of all Spain's and Spanish Morocco's vast supplies of the raw materials for war. The British National Government is reputed to base its whole policy on the need of gaining time for rearmament. But if we in six months' time are better armed, and have to pay the price by yielding today to German aggression in Spain, it will be a very different Germany which will confront us.

THE WELL

BY JEAN GIONO

(Translated from the French by V. S. Pritchett)

THEY were sitting near the little gate of the station. They were at the end of their tether and kept looking at the conveyance and then at the road, which was greasy with rain. The winter afternoon was spread black and white in the mud like washing which had fallen off a line.

The stouter of the two men got up. He rubbed his hands down both sides of his velveteen greatcoat and ended by cleaning out the bits from the lining of its pocket. It was empty. The driver was climbing up to his seat and had already started clicking with his tongue at the horses which pricked up their ears. "Hi! Wait for us," shouted the stout man. Then he turned to his friend and said, "Come on!" They both went towards the conveyance, the stout man leading and the other seeming to float along, very thin, in a thick and heavy worn-out shepherd's cloak. His neck, which stuck out of the hood, was emaciated and lined like a line of steel rope.

"Where are you going?" asked the stout man.

"Up to the town."

"How much?"

"Tanner."

"Get up," said the stout man. He bent down to hold back the skirts of the other man's cloak and to guide his foot to the step.

"Get up," he said to him. "Get a move on, old 'un."

But first they had to let a young girl get in with all her boxes. She had a strong, full white nose, covered with powder, and she knew everyone was looking at it. This caused her to glance sideways in a rather offended manner, which made the stout man say, "Beg pardon, miss."

Sitting opposite them there was a plump and spongy-looking

woman wearing a coat with fur round the neck and sleeves. A commercial traveller had squeezed himself next to her and he had stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat so as to be able to dig his elbow into her now and then.

"Lean back there," said the stout man, propping up the thin man's shoulder. The thin man let his head fall back and kept it still. He had fine blue eyes, quite motionless, like still, dead water.

They moved off slowly because it was uphill. The blue eyes watched the trees passing by. Tirelessly they watched as if counting. Then flat fields came into sight and there was nothing to be seen from the window but the monotonous grey sky. The light went out of the gazing blue eyes and they became as dead as nails. They looked straight at the plump woman, but as if they were looking through her from very, very far off and very sadly. It was like the absent look in the eyes of a sheep.

The lady pulled her fur collar round her. The commercial traveller began to feel up and down his trousers to see if they were done up. The young girl drew in her skirts.

The look of those eyes was always in the same place. It was a look that seemed to pierce and sting there like a thorn.

The lady ran her glove along her lips. They were sweet and moist and she was drying them. The commercial traveller tapped his fingers up and down his trousers again and stretched out his arm as if he had got cramp. He tried to outstare the dead look of the old man, but he had to lower his eyes and his hand fidgeted over his coat front. His pocket-book was still there all right! Nevertheless, he reassured himself by running his fingers round the edges of it and feeling its thickness.

Then the inside of the coach darkened. They had got to the Station Road now where the houses dart out like two arms from the town. On the one side was the usual Hotel du Commerce and its gardens. On the other were the grocer shops, the usual three sour rivals.

* * *

The local priest was knocking out his pipe into the collection plate. His ash tray was just out of reach on the edge of the

prie-dieu. He put his pipe still warm into its case. He had several packages of pious circulars to deliver in the town and he had got out the list of subscribers "to classify by roads and houses." But three of the packages were missing. He looked everywhere for them. Then, after shifting a pile of books and folding up a newspaper, he discovered them. The precious packages were lying under a parcel of pig's liver which his brother had brought in. "He might have minded what he was doing," the priest muttered. One of the covers was blood-stained. He held it up to the grey light of the window to see whether, if one tilted it, the stain would not show. The best thing to do with this copy, he thought, would be to give it to Madame Puret at the oil shop. She was half blind and her hands were always covered with oil and she would never know she had not made the stain herself.

The brother had also brought some stable mess into the room on his boot. The priest got up and gingerly tipped it by the toe of his shoe to the hearth. Suddenly there was the sound of knocking.

"Martha," he called out, "there is someone at the door."

"What?" shouted Martha, opening the kitchen door. Her thin apron strings divided her into three nasty-looking parcels. "What! Another one!" she screamed back. "It wouldn't hurt you to answer the door for a change! Always running up and downstairs wearing out my poor feet, getting my death."

The knocking at the door went on. "Go on, you go and see for once," she shouted. "And don't let them upstairs because this weather makes the place filthy." Her face was smeared over with fat. "It is those dripping dishes that did it," she said. "The larder shelf is too high. One of them slipped and I caught it on the face."

"All right, all right, coming," the priest called in the passage. He drew the bolts and opened the door.

"Evening, Sir," said the stout man. The thin one with the blue eyes was behind him trembling under his cloak.

"We don't give to beggars here," said the priest when he saw them.

The stout one took off his cap; the thin one raised his hand and fixed the look of his blue eyes into the priest.

"Have you any little job of work we could do?" asked the stout man.

"A job?" said the priest. He affected to be thinking, but all the time he was slowly closing the door.

"Any job," the stout man said.

Suddenly the priest opened the door wide. "Come in," he said. The stout man who had put his hat back on his head hurriedly took it off again.

"Thank you, thank you, your reverence," he said. "Thank you." He scraped his boots on the door scraper and lowered his head as he came in, although there was no need to do so because the door was a very high one. The other man said nothing. He just came straight in without bowing his head and without wiping his feet, but watching every gesture of the priest with the cold sadness of his blue eyes.

They went down by a gateway at the side of the house, which had at one time been a manor farm. There was a square courtyard and in it a staircase running up to a gallery which ran all round it.

Suddenly the priest remembered their muddy feet and said: "Stay down there," and he went up. The stout man smiled to himself.

"What did I say," he said. "We will get our tanner back. We've clicked."

The priest called out when he got inside. "Martha!" he called. Then his voice changed. "What are you cooking?" he asked.

She had just put a dish down on the white table and the pigs fry was frizzling in it with little bits of violet liver and clusters of sweetbreads. "It is a fry" Martha said, and she began to pour in a thin stream of rough wine which smelt of the root. The boiling fat quietened down.

"Is that for tonight?" asked the priest.

"Yes."

"Look here, Martha, I have just had an idea," said the priest. "What about getting the pump put right?"

"You can't do that without going down the well," Martha said, still pouring the wine.

"Yes, I know," said the priest. She did not answer but

jerked up the bottle briskly and carried the dish back to the stove.

"You won't get anyone to go down that well. You know what the plumber said. He said he didn't want to break his neck. It is too old, that well, and it's got worse in the bad weather. No one's going down that if they can help it."

"There are two men downstairs looking for a job. They look as though they're on their beam ends."

"Well, there's your chance!" exclaimed Martha, "You'll never get that plumber to go down, he told me. If they're hard up they'll do anything. Beggars can't be choosers."

* * *

"Look here, my man," the priest said. "There's a job here if you like. Our pump's gone wrong. Something wrong with the lead pipe. It ought to be held in by staples against the side of the well, but they've worked loose or something and the pipe has come unstuck and is wagging about loose inside like a snake as you might say. It's dragging on the bolt at the top and I am afraid it may pull the bolt right out. I have got a few staples. The only thing is it means going down the well."

"Is it deep?" the stout man asked.

"Oh, no, it isn't deep," said the priest. "Not at all—well yes in a sense, but still not very deep. You know, just an ordinary farmhouse well, 50 or 60 feet at the most."

"Where is it? Here?"

"Yes, it is just here." The priest walked over to the other side of the courtyard and the stout man followed him and the other man, too, in his cloak.

There was a little arch in the wall and underneath an old stone trough worn down by the water. He opened the hatch and the hinges squeaked and layers of rust fell off it on to the slabs.

"There you are," said the priest.

A sour smell of night plants and deep water came up from the depths of the well. There was an echoing "ping" as a bit of stone fell off the side into it. The priest peeped forward, but held himself back at the same time drawing in his behind. You could almost hear his toes creaking in his boots.

"That's it." He seemed rather apologetic about it. "There are two of you I see," he said.

The stout man looked at his friend. There he was still floating about in his grey cloak. He seemed to have no face, only eyes—those cold blue eyes staring into the middle of the priest's cassock looking clean through it into the wretchedness of the world. He was trembling and he kept painfully swallowing in gulps and clicking his Adam's apple up and down.

"O.K. your reverence," said the stout man, "That's O.K. by me. I've only one pair of hands, but I'll fix it." Martha came out on to the balcony.

"Your reverence!" she called. "It is time for your music lesson," and at the same moment someone rang at the door. The priest went to open it. A tall fair-headed youth was there. He was dressed in a fine tweed cape.

"Ah, just go upstairs, Master René," said the priest, "and I'll be with you in a minute."

He went back to the men. "I—I—er—don't know how safe that—er—well is," he said.

"Now just you stay put, old 'un," said the stout man. There was a doorway at the far end of the courtyard. Inside there were a lot of rabbits hopping about and squeaking.

"Stay there and sit down. Feeling cold?"

He sat down beside the old thin one and undid his own boots. "It's easier barefoot," he said. "You can hang on by your toe-nails." Then he undid his baggy trousers and took them off.

"Keep your legs free. You can use 'em better when they're free," he said. "Not to mention the weight. Put them over yourself. Keep you warm."

The cold air of the well steamed in the courtyard.

"If I want any help I'll give a shout," he said, as he let himself down over the edge of the well. He was letting himself down by his hands and his head was still sticking up over the top. He glanced down into the darkness as he felt for a grip with his feet.

"I've got the holes all right, old 'un. That's me. So long." And he disappeared.

Sounds of a harmonium being played came out of the house. The notes went spiralling and waltzing up to heaven in threes,

swinging like a snake. The air was being fairly well played by the priest but, after a silence, fell under the clumsier fists of Master René.

The day declined. Up on the balcony of the first floor a number of pots of cactus were set out and there was a jar with a nosegay of violets. The old thin man was gazing at the flowers. Night rose in the courtyard like a fountain, filling it, and gradually the flowers melted out of sight. The darkness rose up to the second floor.

The old man got up and went over to the well and groped for the hatch. He leaned over. Down below he heard a sort of raking noise. He called down. There was an answering call from the other man below. The sound came up half-suffocated after a few seconds.

"Are you all right?" said the old man.

"Yes," replied the voice. Then it said, "All right, old 'un?"

The old man went back to sit in his place and just at that moment, Martha opened the door and appeared on the first floor balcony with a lamp in her hand.

"Can you see with this lamp, Master René?" she asked.

"Will you close the door after you?" The fair-headed boy closed the door. Martha looked down into the courtyard.

"It looks as though they've cleared out," she said.

* * *

The stout man stepped across out of the shadow. His muddy boots scraped on the cold cobbles.

"Are you still there?" he called.

"Yes," came the voice of the old man.

"Well, give me back my trousers. I've fixed it. Not so warm, is it?" he said, when he got them on again.

The house was completely silent except for the sound of frying that came from the first floor. He called out: "Your reverence!" But the sound of frying drowned the call. He called out again: "Your reverence!"

"What is it?" Martha yelled back.

"I've fixed it," said the man.

"Fixed what?" Martha yelled again.

"The pump."

"Oh, the pump! All right, I'll go and see."

She returned to the kitchen and started pumping into the sink. The water ran. The priest was reading close to the stove, getting as near as he could to the food that was frying.

"It's running all right," she said. He barely looked up.

"I suppose I'd better go and pay them," he reflected.

"What'll I give them? It wasn't a big job."

"And close the door!" yelled Martha. But she went down after the priest, saw them off the place and gave the lock a double turn and stuck the bar up after them.

Fine cold rain had begun to fall. Under the lamp the man looked at the coin in his hand. It was a sixpence. The man with the blue eyes gazed too at the little coin showing in the hand that was scratched and torn and muddy.

"No use wearing yourself out for me," the old man said.

"I'm done and finished. I'm only a drag on you. You go on without me or you'll kill yourself."

"Get a move on and shut up," said the stout man.

WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN RECORDS

BY STANLEY CASSON

ARCHÆOLOGY has, for its own good or ill, caught the popular mind. A generation ago the average person was quite unable to divest his mind of the idea that an archæologist must have a long white beard, large spectacles and a pathetic enquiring look on his face; it was equally suspected that, when roused, he would burst into a paroxysm of rage if his views were doubted. There was, in fact, a good deal of truth in this popular conception, for in the first half of the nineteenth century what then passed as archæology was largely a hobby reserved for the aged and the retired who, by virtue of curious minds and an inquiring nature, spent their leisure in probing the ancient sites of the past, and collecting ancient relics and "curios." Some less aged men, but nevertheless men of leisure, made very important contributions to knowledge, such as Boucher de Perthes, a French customs officer, who in the '50's was the first to identify Palæolithic implements; or Harrison of Ightham, a Kentish villager, who, with great insight identified, not long after Boucher de Perthes, a still earlier phase of the stone implement industry, the so-called Eolithic. But for the most part the elderly white-bearded men did in fact represent the activities of the student of Antiquity, both in England and elsewhere. Then, slowly, it was seen that there was a difference between the Archæologist and the Antiquary: that the former was a student of one of the branches of humanist study which can serve, in the historic periods, to add enormously to historic knowledge, and in the prehistoric periods to formulate chronology and create a history recorded not by written records, but by archæological facts. But the power of the written word, reinforced by the tremendous prestige associated with Holy Script, has given such kudos to what was written that records not consisting of words were considered by scholars as trash. Archæologists were called, until quite recent years, "collectors of pots and pans," men unworthy to rank with those who in the quiet of their studies

had spent long hours emending and correcting the ancient literary records of literary men. To make an emendation in the text of a Greek manuscript was held by many to be a far greater achievement than to have recovered two hundred years of unrecorded history, even if the emendation was a pure invention of the emendator.

But that prejudice has largely died down. The literary scholars now realize the extent to which they must depend upon the archæologist, whether they wish it or not. They have at last realized that the period during which written records, not procured by the archæologists, are operative to explain the history of mankind barely exceeds two and a half thousand years, while the antiquity of man covers a period of 500,000 years. It is obvious to them that the recorded history of the human race covers but a short hour of its history. The archæologists have helped them considerably by revealing more written records not suspected—the cuneiform of Babylonia and Sumer, the hieroglyphics of Egypt and elsewhere—which add another two thousand years to history as recorded in writing. But the tremendous prestige of a written document still holds, for we have barely passed out of that age when writing was the greatest invention ever made by man. The world has been literate, after all, only in fits and starts. Mesopotamia was the home of the great invention, and Mesopotamia alone remained constantly and continuously literate from about 3000 B.C. to the Middle Ages, a record which has nowhere else been beaten.

If proof of this somewhat startling assertion is needed, it can be given in two ways. In Mesopotamia, under Sumerian rule, under Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, and Sasanian, the Kings frequently made for themselves great public monuments. Such monuments are usually inscribed, sometimes with long and detailed statements of the achievements of the ruler and the extent of his conquests. Such is the great monument of Darius at Behistun, carved in the rock, inscribed with an account of the Persian Empire. Assyrian inscriptions are perhaps even more widespread and more specific. Such monuments were made to endure for all time—which for the most part they have—and they were designed to impress the passing traveller, the caravan, and the citizen. They presuppose that he could read them.

Secondly, throughout the same periods every merchant and every man who had even a small amount of property, possessed also a seal-stone with which he could seal the documents of daily business, the cuneiform tablets which then took the place of ledger and account books. The number of Sumerian, Babylonian, and Persian seal stones which have been found is enormous. Many of them are actually inscribed with the owner's name. They also presuppose a widespread knowledge of reading and writing.

The Persians who succeeded the Sasanians and lasted until the Mongol invasions of the thirteenth century A.D. were, perhaps, not quite so literate as their predecessors. But the widespread interest in poetry and the large number of Persian writings that have come down to us testify that the deep-rooted knowledge of reading and writing in Mesopotamia and Persia was not finally eradicated until the Mongol destructions. Even then much survived after that calamity, though, for the most part, the ordinary man now became illiterate.

In comparison Greece and Rome produced a civilization which was literate only for some 1,200 years. With the end of the Roman world literacy, in the sense that the average citizen could read and write, ceased for several hundred years. In Greece as in the Roman Empire, everyone had these achievements except slaves. Even the Romano-British working man was literate. You will still see written on tiles found in London and elsewhere, the odd remarks and witticisms which the workmen scratched in their luncheon hour. But few workmen were literate from the fall of Rome to the nineteenth century in any European land. We had to start all over again with the tiresome business. And every time that man starts anew to read and write he marvels anew, for the glamour of the invention is still strong upon him. It is so very recent a discovery, even if we date it back to the time of the early Sumerians, compared with the total history of Man.

That, I think, largely accounts for the prejudice which surrounds anything recorded in handwriting or print. And that prejudice is reinforced by the overwhelming power given by religion to its testaments. If the Bible says so then it must be so, is a dogma belonging not merely to a mediæval age or even

to a reformed Puritan era, but to the days in which we live. It is recorded, and therefore it has a power and truth not permitted in other mediums of recording.

But there is a reaction and, in its way, the reaction is almost as dangerous to the study as the original animus against purely archæological facts. On the one hand, the older generation of scholars said that "If your story is based solely on archæological knowledge, its worth is infinitesimal in comparison with a story recorded in written script." On the other, the enthusiasts will state that "Since written records are often tendencious and erroneous, they are nothing like so valuable as the certain facts produced by excavation."

Between these two extremes the unhappy archæologist has to make his cautious way. Some archæologists, through excess of caution, merely tabulate the bare facts of their discoveries, cataloguing them like a seedsman or a grocer, and leave the student to make what he can of them, letting the literary man draw his conclusions if he likes. Others, casting caution to the winds, make wide and sometimes rash inferences from evidence which will hardly permit it, in order that they can justify their claim to be as good as the professed historians.

The wiser course is to realize that neither way can stand alone. An archæological report that is a mere catalogue is an incomplete report. Conclusions must be given by every excavator. But the conclusions must adhere with close and absolute fidelity to the listed facts. You cannot go outside your terms of reference—or you should not.

And so, in the long run, the facts of archæological discovery and those recorded by history and literature must be taken together when they exist together; the conflict must be dealt with, if there is a conflict. If recorded history states one thing and archæological facts indicate another there must either be a reconciliation between them or one set of facts must be preferred to the other. The glamour that surrounds written record must be cleared away by the wind of impartial scrutiny. If a historical writer says that at a certain place at a certain time a certain state of affairs existed, and archæological excavations proves conclusively that it did not, then we must accept our historian as wrong and conclude that, even if he be Herodotus or Thucydides or

Gibbon or Mommsen, he wrote in error. Such a situation is constantly arising in archæological research.

There are many instances which I have not the space to mention here. But I might quote, for example, the way in which archæological research at Sparta has revealed that the Spartans, so far from being the inartistic, puritanical, militaristic luxury-hating people of Greek tradition, were, in fact, at least in the seventh and early sixth century B.C., one of the most luxurious and artistic peoples of Greece. The excavations showed that there was in this early period an almost oriental love of music and adornment, a wide interest in poetry and music and little or nothing of puritanism. Later there came the puritanical revolution which made Sparta a byword for uncultured simplicity throughout history. But the historians had forgotten that early rapture of art and culture, for it happened many generations before they wrote. I might quote also the strange enigma of the Phœnicians who are supposed still by many to have colonized Britain and to have brought eastern culture to our islands. History tells us of them, but archæology not only can produce no single object of their importation, but it states quite firmly that, if indeed any Phœnicians did come here, we have no grounds at all on which to base our belief in that supposition. True, the archæological refutation of the historians is largely based on negative evidence. But it is negative evidence of a peculiarly cogent kind. For, if after nearly a century of excavation in our island, no trace of Phœnician importations and commercial activity has been found we can with tolerable safety suggest that there was none to find.

Here are two myths of the historians now dissipated. There are even certain myths of the emendator which archæology has banished! In the *Ethics* of Aristotle occurs a strange passage referring to "man, who won a victory at Olympia in the games." It is not "the man" or "a man" but just "man." As such it long baffled the textual critics. One inserted "the," without textual authority, while another, more ingenious, suggested that a proper name had dropped out of the text and someone had put in brackets, simply "man," in the sense of "Another." Then, when a papyrus found in Egypt was at last deciphered and published in the second volume of that great work of erudition, the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, we were given a list of Olympian victors

from a forgotten treatise on the Games. In it appeared among the winners a Greek with the singular and unique name Anthropos. Here was our enigmatic winner whose name was, simply enough, Mr. Man. That made the sentence read as sense and now the latest texts print the word previously printed as "anthropos" as "Anthropos." A small point indeed, but one where the archæologist held the key, for the papyrus which cleared the matter up came from an excavation.

The facts recorded by an ancient historian are facts recorded by a man who lived at the time of the events he records, at least in the case of Thucydides and similar writers. That gives him strength as a contemporary witness. But the facts of archæological research may also be contemporary, and they are every bit as valuable as witnesses if they can be interpreted.

In recent years the agreement between the historian and the archæologist has been much reinforced. Each year we find the newly discovered facts confirming anciently recorded statements, in those periods where archæology and written record cover the same ground. And, naturally enough, it is the Greek period where the highest standard of complementary agreement is to be found, for Greek historians are, on the whole, more accurate observers than historians of other ages. To take a small example. We have all heard of ostracism. The term literally means "the process of the potsherd." A referendum was taken of the Democracy at Athens whenever there was a political impasse, and every citizen was asked to scratch on any chance potsherd that he could pick up, the name of the politician who should, in his opinion, leave the country for the country's good. The size of modern democracies makes this salutary process, today, alas, impracticable! As schoolboys we had all heard the story of Aristides the Just, and his ostracism. But, somehow, we never quite believed that the process occurred literally as indicated by its name. We imagined some sort of public vote by show of hands. Not a bit of it. The excavators of the Athenian market place, who have now been digging for several years, have accumulated an almost embarrassing quantity of broken fragments of pot, roughly inscribed with the names of leading politicians of Athens in fifth century B.C. Among them occurs the name of Aristides with considerable frequency. All

the names of politicians recorded by Thucydides and Aristotle (in his *Athenian Constitution*) occur on these sherds, and others not hitherto referred to by the historians. Almost a hundred in all have been found, thrown away after the grim process was concluded. A complete history of Athenian Ostracism can be written from their evidence. The unknown names can be roughly dated by the form of their letters. History is thus illustrated, vindicated and enlarged. "The pot and pan hunter" can no longer be jeered at by the historians.

We all remember at school reading through the long and thorny passages of Thucydides in which he describes those exciting events at Pylos and Sphacteria, when the relatively amateur Athenian soldiery succeeded by a brilliant coup in forcing a detachment of the finest soldiers of Sparta to lay down their arms and surrender on a rocky island off the west coast of the Peloponnese. Even in a drab and dusty schoolroom we could glimpse the excitement that must have run so high in Athens at the time. Many of us since have seen the lovely Victory of Pæonios in the Museum at Olympia which was made to celebrate the event. Now in the same Athenian excavations has been found a bent and battered bronze shield on which, after cleaning it, the excavators found roughly punched the inscription "*Dedicated by the Athenians: from the Spartans at Pylos.*" When the captives and their arms were brought in triumph to Athens, their shields were hung up in one of the public buildings. Somehow one of the shields a century later was dropped into a cistern which was filled up. There the excavators found it. The events it commemorates live in the lucid pages of Thucydides. There you find the story of how Cleon the demagogue swore to conclude the siege of the Spartans in twenty days. The people of Athens, who almost took him as a joke, gave him permission to try his hand and, to the surprise of all Greece, he succeeded. The four hundred odd Spartans were brought back, and one of the soldiers of Cleon punched this rough inscription on the shield of his captive. What better illustration to Thucydides is there than this?

Then what a mass of information archæology has provided for us about the battle of Marathon. There is the burial mound of the Athenians on the battle-field. Excavated many years ago,

it yielded the humble oil-pots and vases which, after the battle in 490, the relatives of the dead had placed beside the bodies. Arrowheads from the battlefield were also found buried with them. But the recent excavations at Athens have provided a more precise documentation still. A fragmentary inscription was found in the Athenian market place which preserved the half of two four-line verses. It was found to belong to another fragment, long known, but unidentified. The whole gave two verses which commemorated the dead of the battle, and the verses were of a very high literary order. Research showed that, in the pages of an obscure writer, it was stated that in the competition, soon after the battle, held to select the official inscription for the official war memorial of the event, Simonides, the famous poet, won the prize; while Aeschylus, the dramatist, came second. Rumour had it that Aeschylus, a native-born Athenian, was deeply offended that the prize was given to Simonides, who was a foreigner. On the stone found the first dedication can indisputably be assigned to Simonides on grounds of style. The second might well be by Aeschylus. But it would be strange if the second prize-winner also inscribed his verse on the war-memorial. Yet he certainly did so, for a closer scrutiny of the stone showed that the second verse was added after the erection of the monument. We can thus safely reconstruct what happened. After the monument was up, perhaps only a month or so later, local support of Aeschylus and his sympathisers persuaded the authorities to add the verse of the poet who only came second, so as not to wound his susceptibilities. All were then satisfied. A very Athenian compromise.

But the question remained how it happened that both these verses had not survived in the various anthologies of epitaphs and epigrams which have come down to us, among which the verses of Simonides are numerous, for he was one of the loveliest of all Greek poets. The explanation is this: ten years after the victory of Marathon, the revengeful Persians came again and captured Athens and laid it waste. One of the first objects of their destruction would naturally be all those monuments which commemorated the battle of Marathon. And so they broke this stone and knocked it over. Then it got buried in the debris until the excavators found it. That explains how it came to be

omitted from the anthologies, for they were not compiled until well after the second invasion of the Persians, and by that time the broken memorial was buried.

Here again is a chapter of history, perhaps more literary than political, recovered by the spade, and two admirable poems added to the anthologies of Greek poetry. Could one expect more from the excavator?

In other fields where the written records are weak or confused much more depends on archæological discovery. The present campaign in this island to investigate the state of Britain in the periods just before and after the Roman conquest is a well-thought-out attempt to provide historical information where the written history fails us. Before Julius Cæsar made his first raid on our shores the native Britons lived in no little luxury in well-organized petty principdoms. Greek historians and geographers have left us some few accounts of our ancestors, but they are sketchy in the extreme. After the Romans left us, Britain faded away into a Dark Age that was perhaps darker than any other in history. We know almost nothing of what happened between 500 and 700 A.D., and the available historians are as illiterate as they are unreliable.

What we want to know is whether the pre-Roman Britons were really savages painted with woad, as Mrs. Markham's *History of England* would have us believe, or whether they were a chivalrous and aristocratic society, highly organized and deeply influenced by foreign cultures, as their remains would indicate. Excavations at sites like Colchester and Maiden Castle are now revealing the truth. The pre-Roman Britons may not have lived like Romans, but they certainly did not live like Hottentots. The post-Roman Britons, on the other hand, appear to have lived in a revived barbaric splendour in which traditions of their pre-Roman ancestors, long dormant, had begun to revive. These are new chapters of history which consist of archæological enlargement on very bare themes recorded imperfectly in written records.

The increased popularity of archæology is evident on all sides. The number of people who attended the purely archæological exhibition recently held at Burlington House, to illustrate the activities of the British School at Athens, far exceeded the expectations of the organizers. Provincial archæological societies

are nowadays prosperous as they have never been before, and hosts of young enthusiasts are ready to help all excavators. There are the professional archæologists working hand in hand with the amateurs. But neither must expect too much. The professionals must not expect that the amateur will be content with mere catalogues and reports written in pure jargon, and the amateurs must not expect that the professionals are prepared to launch vast assumptions which their evidence will not sustain. The perpetual cry of "Show more boldness and more imagination" is a demand which must not and should not be made. It is like asking a doctor to give a precise diagnosis when he knows that he must suspend judgment. No one is more welcome into the professional archæological fold than the judicious and well-trained amateur, and no one is more unwelcome than the irresponsible enthusiast who brings the whole study into disrepute. The study of archæology is illuminated by the contributions of pure amateurs. Schliemann, who laid the foundations of prehistoric Greek archæology, was in all senses an untrained amateur. Almost the whole of Palæolithic archæology was first organized by amateurs. Central American archæology was mainly begun by Maudsley, himself an amateur, and today much first-rate work is in amateur hands. But when the amateur seeks to step out ahead of the professionals and play a lone hand he will, in nine cases out of ten, lose the game with disaster. For in no other study is international co-operation so absolutely essential as in archæology. Every step you take must be based on comparisons and research which concern the work of others. A historian, like Gibbon, can play a magnificent lone hand with prodigious success, but only because he can draw from the researches of others. Even so, his main outlook may prove to be wrong. Few Byzantine historians today would support Gibbon's general view as to the character of the Byzantine empire. Gibbon worked too much in the study and too little in collaboration with others, and the material remains of Byzantium meant nothing to him. Today the archæologist and student of art can re-write his history in another vein. So that even the greatest historians can miscalculate if their work is not checked by the discoveries of archæology.

CHANGING OXFORD

BY PROFESSOR ERNEST BARKER

THE title suggests physical change ; but that is not the theme. No doubt there has been a great deal of such change.

I seem to remember, when I first went up to Oxford, over forty years ago, our still wearing (at any rate on Sundays) tail coats and hard hats. There were no motor cars, but we were beginning to ride bicycles ; and my bicycle had a habit of getting into the tram-rails, on which the old horse-trams slowly jolted along, and throwing me suddenly off. North Oxford, where our dons, in their newly acquired married state, were beginning to reside, was still a fairly small suburb : women students were still rare, and a dashing Blue might occasionally deposit a bunch of violets in a lecture room before the seat of one of the most famous of the rarities. There was already, I think, a golf course in the quiet fields of Cowley (*quantum mutati ab illis*) ; but my own diversions were walks, late on summer nights, to see the glow-worms or to hear the nightingales on the edge of Bagley Wood, or to follow the track of the scholar gipsy by one of the Hinkseys and up past Childersley Farm. They were innocent diversions ; and my companion, a Balliol man, like myself, of whom I always thought as a young Hippolytus

(σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου
λειμῶνος, ὃ δέσποινα κοσμήσας φέρω)

is gone.

Today it is a very different place. Life roars along its streets ; North Oxford stretches northward for miles ; Headington, and the parts beyond Headington, are bare ruined choirs, set about with houses : there are no quiet fields in Cowley ; and perhaps the nightingales are silent, and the glow-worms are extinguished. Oxford lies on the great routes of motor transport :

it is a great place for the building of motor vehicles : it is a hub of our motor age. Our Oxford poet was already exclaiming, in 1914,

How shall wretches live like us
Cincti Bis Motoribus ?
Domine, defende nos
Contra hos Motores Bos !

His prayer was in vain : no mop could exclude the tides of the genius of Lord Nuffield ; and even if Lord Nuffield had never existed (which would have been a sad tragedy for the University of Oxford) the City of Oxford would still be—what it now is—a posting-house on the routes of motor transport, a centre of commerce, and a nest of desirable suburban residences.

I am told that the accounts of the Colleges and the University are now small beer in the vaults of the Old Bank in High Street. The ports and the clarets which mature there are the commercial accounts. If we take money as our index (and it is an easy index to take), we may fear that the University has been submerged. But perhaps the truth is the opposite ; or at any rate, if not the opposite, it lies at a different angle. I am inclined to suspect that the moans about submerged Oxford (with the relentless tides of traffic roaring over her battered head) are only an elegiac lament over an Oxford of the imagination. The real Oxford, I fancy, has risen higher on the tide, and has acquired a new vigour and motion. Our old universities were once set in green and quiet rural towns. It was a source of strength—they could meditate and contemplate the Universe : it was also a source of weakness—they were cut off from the tides of life. Oxford, for good and for evil, has been swung into the tide. Her teachers and her students have life at their very doors. They may be distracted by its clamour. That is the possible evil. They may also be invigorated by its pulse. That is the possible good.

Does the geographical background of a university affect its character and its life ? Our two old universities both justly claim to be national universities. So far as their students and staff are concerned, they are hewn from no particular rock, and they show no particular colour or grain. It was not always so. There was a time when Oxford was the University of the

West, and Cambridge the University of the East. (The dividing line which separates Western England from Eastern is perhaps spiritually no less important, or even more important, than that which separates Northern England from Southern.) In the seventeenth century Clarendon and Locke, in their different ways, were types of the one : Cromwell and Newton, again in their different ways, were types of the other.

There was a value in this difference, because it was the difference of complements and correctives. Perhaps difference still survives ; but it survives in an altered form. Cambridge, on the edge of the fenland, still sees “ the unalterable law ” that moves in the open skies and over the tilled flat earth. She is still the home of the science of nature’s rules. Oxford has another genius, less exact but more multiform. It is a genius of which we may say (as Aristotle said of the thought of Socrates, in the *Metaphysics*) that it “ busies itself about ethical matters, neglecting nature as a whole, but seeking in its own matters to find the universal.” In other words, we may say that Oxford, less near to immediate nature, finds its proper study in man, and seeks to construct a moral and political philosophy about him by the study of his thought and of the record of his action in time. Perhaps this genius and this quality have nothing to do with the West—though we may reflect that, of the two great moral and political philosophers of the seventeenth century, one came to Oxford from Wiltshire, and the other from Somerset. Perhaps they are due, in a more recent epoch, to those who founded the Oxford School of *Literæ Humaniores*, in the early years of the nineteenth century—whoever they may have been, and from whatever source they were drawn.

In any case, it may well be contended that the present changes in the city of Oxford—the increase of population, communications, commerce, and industry—have all helped to supply a fresh substance of “ ethical matters ” (if such matters can be called ethical), and to give a new edge to the practical and contemporary study of actual and contemporary man. . . . Not but what the man would be unwise—singularly unwise—who neglected the work and the achievement of the Economics Tripos in Cambridge. In comparison with the School of *Literæ Humaniores* it is new ; but it cuts deep and incisively. Yet it may be

said, even of that Economics Tripos, that it too sees (or seeks to see—for the object of vision is very elusive) "the army of unalterable law" duly arrayed in its own field of economic matters.

It would be a curious and interesting study to compare the sources from which Cambridge colleges recruit their students with those on which the Oxford colleges draw. It is merely a guess (and perhaps an erroneous guess) that Cambridge draws more on secondary schools and grammar schools, and Oxford more on what are called "public schools." If there is any truth in the guess, the reason for the difference is perhaps to be found in the different distribution of studies in the two Universities. A comparative table, based on the figures for the year 1935-6, has set me thinking, and may be of interest to my readers. It is purely and solely intended to illustrate the difference between the two Universities: it is not intended to suggest (indeed it is difficult to see how it can suggest) any advantage in favour of either. So far as any moral can be drawn, it is the moral that the two Universities are happily different, and different in a way which still makes them complements to one another. Let me add that the numbers given relate only to undergraduate students, and do not include advanced or research students.

	Oxford		Cambridge	
	Numbers	Percentage of total	Numbers	Percentage of total
Classics (Moderations and <i>Litt. Hum.</i>)	595	14	340	6.4
History	874	20.4	696	13
Economics and Politics (Oxford "Modern Greats")	460	11	262	5
Modern Languages	443	10.3	498	9.3
English	365	9	256	5
Law	404	9.5	459	9
Divinity	160	3.7	115	2.1
Mathematics	143	3.3	307	5.7
Natural Science and Medicine	512	12	1,198	22.4
Engineering	35	0.8	516	9.7
Ordinary Degree	116	2.7	264	5
Other Subjects	182	3.3	427	7.4
	4,289	100	5,338	100

Interesting as they are, these figures may be misleading. They

include both men and women students; and Oxford has nearly 400 more women students than Cambridge, who naturally go to swell the number of Oxford students of what may be called "literary" subjects. Again in Oxford a student reads only for one final school; in Cambridge many students take Part I of one Tripos, and Part II of another; and this difference makes it difficult to classify Cambridge students as belonging specifically and particularly to one particular subject. Nor can the writer guarantee the exact accuracy of each number, or of each of the percentages. But with all reservations there is one conclusion which seems to emerge. Of the 4,300 students of Oxford over 2,700, or considerably more than half, are taking general "literary" subjects: about 560, or nearly one-eighth, are taking Law and Divinity; and only about 700, or less than one-sixth, are taking subjects of pure or applied science. Indeed there are more students in the subject of History alone than in all the subjects of science. The University of Oxford, however it may be changing otherwise, is still a University of the arts; of ethical matters and literary subjects; of the thought, the history, and the languages of man.

There have been, indeed, a number of changes in the new Oxford which has established itself since the end of the war. The greatest is the new final school of philosophy, politics and economics (or, as it is called, "Modern Greats"), which was started some fifteen years ago. More recently there have been instituted new diplomas in public and social administration; and a research committee has been founded to promote research in social studies. There has also been, in the last five years, nearly a doubling of the number of advanced students working for research degrees in the humane faculties. I imagine that a large number of these students are working on subjects of history, politics, and economics. Theology does not seem to engage as much attention as it did half a century ago. But at any rate Oxford is deeply occupied with the problems of "anthropology," in the old sense of that word.

Lord Nuffield's great benefaction—the most remarkable recorded in the history of English universities—may make a difference in the distribution and balance of studies in Oxford. A post-graduate school of medicine, receiving the tradition and

the glories of Linacre, Locke and Sydenham, may give a new impulse and direction to the study of nature. Physic and philosophy have been connected since the days of Hippocrates; and Oxford may well become the happy ground of a renewing and deepening of their connection. But the post-graduate school of medicine is a national institution, placed indeed in Oxford for good and sufficient reasons, but perhaps likely to develop its own intense and intimate life, without necessarily affecting the general life of the University. On the other hand, it is also perhaps likely—and the more likely, the higher soars the flame of research in the new post-graduate school—that there may be unintended but deep results in the general study of biological science, and even of science at large. Medicine draws on many sciences—chemistry, physics, zoology, botany. Oxford has already a school of chemistry (and of the sciences more particularly allied to chemistry) which has won deserved respect. Of the 512 students of Natural Science and Medicine noted in the above table, 209 were students of Medicine and Physiology, and no fewer than 185 were students of chemistry. There is here a nucleus which may well feel the fructification of Lord Nuffield's gift.

Oxford has a long tradition of the service of the State, and of the preparation of men for that service. It is a tradition associated with the name of Jowett; but it seems to me older than his day. It is as old as the School of *Literæ Humaniores*: it was reinforced, about 1850, by the School of Modern History (originally a school of Law and History), which has produced at least three of the members of the present Cabinet: it was still further reinforced, after the war, by the School of Modern Greats. New chairs of Colonial History, American History and International Relations, have corroborated the tradition; there is a Gladstone Professor of Political Theory and Institutions, busy on concrete politics; there is also a vigorous apparatus of undergraduate clubs, interested in imperial as well as domestic issues. It is all part of that mingled distraction and invigoration of which I have spoken.

One sometimes wonders whether the ferment is not too vigorous, and whether the new generation of Oxford undergraduates is not too much immersed in the concrete matters of

the present to remember adequately the need of what Aristotle called "finding the universal." The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, in his last annual speech to Convocation, uttered some wise words last October. "However true it is that our University exists to serve the world and the community in which we are set . . . it will cease to fulfil its function if it allows its inquiry or its teaching to be perverted by the purposes which it serves. . . . The belief in dispassionate inquiry and impartial knowledge has many enemies in the world today, and perhaps the most alarming fact about the perversion of university standards which we have seen happening elsewhere is that the change seems on the whole to have been welcomed rather than resisted by the younger generation. It looks as though it was going to be harder to hand on to the coming generations than it has been in the past the true faith of the University." Indeed public service, and concern about social and political issues, are of great and friendly service to youth. *Sed magis amica veritas.*

The growth of legal studies, and the growing prestige of professors and public teachers of law among the legal profession, which leads on to their exercising a greater influence on the formation of legal opinion, is a good sign of the times in Oxford—and also elsewhere. The study of law in our universities, largely owing to the peculiar strength of the legal profession in London, has tended in the past to be academic in the wrong sense—too much divorced from the actual forum and practice of the law. Here is a ground where practice and theory can only fructify one another; and it is comforting to be told that the opinion of the professor and public teacher is beginning to be reckoned with by the barrister and the judge.

One would dearly like to see something similar also happening in the great field of the study of divinity. There was a time when the counsels of the public teachers of theology in Oxford counted greatly in the life and affairs of the English Church. *Tempora mutantur.* The students of divinity are now less than four per cent. of the students of Oxford; and the teachers, whatever their eminence, seem to be left high and dry. This is a matter for the Church at large rather than for Oxford and her sister Universities. One cannot but feel that the Church could do much to help the Universities—and itself. Is it a good thing

that the teaching of the future clergy should run so much into theological colleges, with their particular brands and colours of opinion? Is not the University, with its general life and its standards of "dispassionate inquiry and impartial knowledge," the right place for the training of the clergy? Is not a flourishing university school of divinity, linked with the thought and the action of the Church (I should prefer to say "the Churches"), a necessity for the Church, or the Churches, no less than for the University?

If I speak last of the position of women in changing Oxford, it is only because I believe that the number of the women students (who are more than one to five men in Oxford, as compared with less than one to ten in Cambridge), and their full admission to all the rights and privileges of the University, have exercised no very appreciable effect and produced no particular change. The number of women students at Oxford, as I have already said, helps to swell the preponderance of "arts" subjects; but perhaps it may also be said that the preponderance of such subjects has helped to attract the greater number of women students. As I see the matter, the women have affected the men, and the University at large, far less than they have been affected by them. The women's colleges have become copies (too faithful copies, I cannot but feel) of the men's colleges: the women's curriculum is simply that of the men. I am enough of a feminist (though of that sort which is rejected with indignation by my women colleagues) to feel that women students are *sui generis*. I have never abandoned an old dream that some day there will be women's colleges which are *sui generis*, and that there will also be (as their necessary home) a women's University which follows lines of its own. I have seen the thing in the United States; and I have admired what I have seen.

Not that I would undo what has already been done for women students in Oxford and (to a less extent) in Cambridge. *Factum valet*. But it is not enough. Someday, somewhere—long after I am gone, and in a place I cannot guess—the women of our nation will have a university of their own, with colleges of its own. If I were living then, I should be proud to be a professor there . . . if I were good enough (which I doubt) to teach what was needed there, in the way in which it was needed. I should

even be willing (that would be an easier job, and one quite proper, according to my American experience, for a man) to be the head of a college, or even Vice-Chancellor.

σύν τε δὴ ἐρχομένῳ καί τε πρὸ δ τοῦ ἐνόησεν.

With^o my wife at my side (and I should stipulate for her being there) I should not go far wrong. . . . And I have daughters of my own.

* * *

But I doubt, on reflection, whether there would be colleges in the new women's University. I am not sure that the collegiate life leaves women enough initiative and independence. And these are the qualities which are the very root and essential purpose of a good university life.

WINTER JOURNEY

BY ERIC LINKLATER

WINTER travel in the outer parts of Scotland retains a certain flavour of adventure—the small beer of adventure—and the traveller should have a good circulation. In the Highlands there is sure to be snow; on the Atlantic side there will likely be recurring gales; and on the East Coast, it is probable, there will be stormy weather with frequent hail and sleet. The traveller whose circulation is healthy and whose habits are reasonably active will find in this stirring climate a marvellous exhilaration, more especially if his journey be on the west of Scotland, where the wind breathes, or roars, with the enormous vitality of the Atlantic; but should his blood be sluggish and his disposition sedentary, he will be aware only of misery and discomfort.

It was late in November—November of 1936, a year notable above the average for the frequency and force of its bad weather—that I resolved to pay my third visit to the island of Barra. It is an enchanting island, but till recently it was difficult of access. One had to go by rail or road to Oban, sleep some part of the night there, and, when sleep was deepest and most grateful, rise unwillingly to catch the boat; which left at six o'clock. In June the sun would have cleared the mountain tops and be gilding the rough sides of Mull, to raise one's spirits and awaken appetite; but beyond the point of Ardnamurchan there might be, even in June, a boisterous sea to take it away again. To Barra, that jewel of an island, dangling on the string of the Outer Hebrides, was a voyage of nearly twelve unpredictable hours. It was a redoubtable journey at any time of the year, but to make it in winter, unless one had very good reason, might throw doubt on one's sanity. Until the aeroplanes came, that is. The conquest of the air has made a marvellous difference to the islands of Scotland, and brought down many of the difficulties of

travelling to vanishing point. I would go to Barra for a long week-end, I said proudly; and forgot that winter was older than flying-machines, older even than ships.

The aeroplanes that serve the Western Isles have their home in Renfrew, and Renfrew, at ten o'clock in the morning, lay in a sullen twilight. Wisps of fog floated across the aerodrome like weeds in a pool, and the circumference of the pool was the dreary and apparently endless mist. But three minutes after leaving the ground we came curiously into broken air, into clouds that were charging us like snowy mammoths; and on their shoulders were gleams of light. Then we surprised the sun, and caught him naked in the sky.

The earth was nowhere to be seen. It was hidden by a huge coverlet of clouds, dirty enough on their undersides, but so glorious above that to be immaculate would seem the chiefest joy. As far as vision could reach were these candid valleys and silvery heights, this shining and mountainous land of vapour that looked solid as the Alps, and was more soft than wool and as white as snow. This was the sun's domain, immense and beautiful and strictly private; but we were delighted trespassers.

Then to the north and north-west we saw clouds of a new kind, as white as the others but more carefully drawn, with arrowy heads and sides like the flaky edge of a flint. These were the snow-clad hills of Scotland, as tall in the sky as we were, and disputing with the clouds for loveliness. Here the clouds were less dense, so that looking down, as though through an alpine chasm, we could see the slate-blue water of a narrow loch and the pale green fields of a little valley. Ben Nevis stood over Scotland like the frozen blade of a Lochaber axe, and beneath us the slim island of Lismore was swimming like a trout into the ruffled waters of Loch Linnhe. Then we turned westwards over the Sound of Mull, and suddenly we had left the sun's calm cloudland and were in brawling boisterous weather.

Above the Sound—which is a deep and narrow gulf between Morvern and Mull—we fluttered like a wind-blown leaf; but with every slip and lurch one felt the stability of the aeroplane as though it were a boat heeling to a squall and luffing-up again. We came to the open sea, and here we flew low, because the upper wind was strong and contrary; and the sea, so near beneath us,

was angry as the dragon-teeming waves of a Japanese drawing.

For perhaps a quarter of an hour there was nothing to be seen ahead but the dim horizon. Then faintly there rose some little shadows, that slowly took a more certain shape, a seeming of solidity, a bold high-rearing aspect; and I recognized the rugged lines of Berneray and Mingulay, the southernmost islands, and Ben Heaval, the high hill of Barra. I looked at my watch as we crossed the coastline—ragged as an old comb—and circled over the huge white beach, which is Barra's natural aerodrome, and came gently down upon the cockle-shell crunching sand: it was an hour and thirty-five minutes since we had left Renfrew. The aeroplane was a very useful and agreeable invention, I decided; and complacently I said to myself, "In four days' time I shall return to Renfrew with equal ease and celerity."

There was a freshness in the air like the brisk and delicate flavour of spring, and the pale bright hues of the island might have misled a careless traveller—one who had long lost his calendar—into thinking the year had already turned. But the illusion of spring did not last, for in the late afternoon the night came heavily down, and the long darkness wore the livery of winter.

The island of Barra is dark in hue, mountainous, and rocky. On the east side the coast is much indented, and on the west there are long white strands. From the north-west corner stretches a neck of land, green with benty grass between mile-long beaches, to a spade-shaped peninsula called Eoligaray. This is high-pitched and bright green in colour. To the north is a treacherous but lovely sound, studded with many small islands, and beyond that the high dark land of South Uist. The eye is never wearied, for when it turns westward there is the wide immensity of the Atlantic, and when it turns inland there is Highland scenery miniaturized in twenty rocky shapes; look to the north, and there is a tall archipelago in a peacock sea, and look inward to your heart, and there is the knowledge that beauty is worth all other things.

I live in Orkney, and for the islands of Orkney I have as deep a love as anyone may have for the land of his fathers; but I never go to Barra without committing a kind of spiritual adultery. The difference between them is the difference between prose and poetry. Orkney is prose—the best of prose, with all its

variations of rhythm and its sturdy utility—but Barra lives in perpetual music and breathes a magic air. My four days of intended holiday had been no longer than a sonnet when I packed my suitcase and waited for the returning aeroplane.

But no aeroplane came, for the mainland was lost in darkness. From Glasgow to the south of England there was a brown impenetrable fog, and all the aeroplanes sat still as hooded falcons. I stayed in Barra for another four days, waiting till the fog should rise from Glasgow and let the aeroplanes go free. But in Barra we had springtime weather, and at night a full moon silvered ten thousand ripples on the full-moon tide that flooded the Cockle Strand.

Then I said I could wait no longer, and I would go back by ship, in the older and more certain way. But that night the gales began. They came with all the weight of winter and the Atlantic behind them. They thundered on the solid roof as though it were the skin of a gigantic drum. They lifted the surface of the sea in great curtains of spray and flung it cliff-high, and over the cliffs, and far inshore, and the heather grew salt as seaweed. They lifted the sand from the long beaches—the air was prickly with sand—and drove it through window-frames and the joints of the doors. To walk face-forward into the gale was like forcing your way up a swollen breast-high mountain torrent, while the wind poured chokingly into your lungs, and played the British Grenadiers on your ear-drums. But to walk before the wind was to be bowled along like an old hat on a gusty pavement.

So I stayed in Barra for another four days, because no ship could cross the Minch and come into the difficult harbour of Castlebay in such hurricane weather.

In many houses it would be embarrassing, both to guest and host, if the intended duration of a visit were multiplied by three. But I was staying with Compton Mackenzie, whose hospitality is that of the west and the north and all far islands—that is to say, free, generous, and untroubled—and whose conversation is more various than the table-talk of twenty dinner-parties. He was writing a life of Pericles, and Athenian gossip played musical chairs with the gossip of island visitors. Capri and the Edwardian theatre; Norman Douglas and water-gardens

and London in the Eighteenth Century ; the Ægean in 1917 and the excellent prose style of the Admiralty pilot-books—these were topics, I remember, that appeared in a single evening. But sometimes the evenings were long ; more than once they lasted till four o'clock in the morning.

Also, while the wind beat upon the roof, I read in long galley-proofs the first volume of a great novel called *The Four Winds of Love*. I bore no grudge against the storms and the fog that had kept me in Barra.

At last, in the darkness of a cold wet night, I went aboard the island steamer, and we crossed the Minch with a following sea and a lurching jovial movement. At Oban it was raining, a ponderous unrelenting drenching rain, that bounced on the black roads. I wanted to go to Inverness, and from there fly north to Orkney. There is no railway between Oban and Inverness, but I hoped there would be a bus. The daily bus had gone, however, so I had to go to Glasgow, and after spending a night there, take the train.

At the station the Glasgow evening papers were on sale, and there seemed to be an uncommonly large demand for them. A quietly resolute and ever-increasing company of Obanians—Obaners or Obanese, perhaps—was proffering its pennies and reaching for *News* or *Citizen*. I got one myself, and read in large black letters across the top of the page, KING WANTS TO MARRY MRS. SIMPSON. So the news came to Oban, and the people, with admirable self-control, took their papers without batting an eyelid or murmur of surprise. Nor did they stand under the station lamps to read the story there and then, but folded their *Citizen* or *News* and took them home to study in decent quietude. Football results or shinty news would have been discussed loudly and on the spot ; but Highland behaviour is governed by a very just and delicate instinct.

In Glasgow I was told there had been another gale warning for all coasts, and snow was falling heavily in the north. There seemed little chance of being able to fly to Orkney in the morning, so I accepted an invitation to spend the next day in Glasgow, and go slumming. It was rather a challenge than an invitation, for among the several people who had supper with me were two young men—one a cheerful and good-natured Communist,

the other a humorous and semi-acrobatic dancer—who said I was shamefully ignorant of Glasgow, and it was my duty to learn something about it. I went slumming, therefore, and spent the morning in stinking tenements, among poverty so dire that it could furnish but a single room with rags and pieces, and eat but one meal in the day. The floors of the dirty little rooms were rotten, the walls crumbling, and bugs infested them. What the people's meals were like I dare not think, for later I spent some time in butchers' shops in the neighbourhood, and half the meat they sold was carrion. There is much talk of gangsters in Glasgow, of the menace to the City's peace of organized hooliganism ; but the gangsters and the hooligans, being half-starved from infancy, do not grow much taller than five feet, and I cannot think they are very dangerous. Were I compelled to live in the Gallowgate I would use a weapon more dangerous than razors or a cosh, and that is petrol. There would be a Great Fire of Glasgow, and a very good thing too. But the slum-dwellers are too listless to think of that, and my Communist friend would probably be shocked by the idea ; for Communism is so drearily rational.

It was in something like the discomfort of the slums that I resumed my journey to Inverness. The train left at half-past four in the morning, and that is an ugly hour to wake and smell the acrid perfumes of a railway station. The train was cold ; it stopped for tedious long periods at unknown halts, and daylight came reluctantly. We climbed slowly through the Central Highlands, and the darkness was broken by the grey light of falling snow. There were fir trees, dark on one side, white on the other. The hills were roughly blanketed with snow, and the stormy air was full of it. My spirits, low already, sank like mercury in an arctic thermometer, for there seemed little chance of flying in weather like that.

But suddenly, half-an-hour from Inverness, we came into bright sunshine and the glory of a winter landscape all white and cut by steel-blue firths. My spirits rose again, a June thermometer now, and most cheerfully I thought, I shall be in Orkney in ninety minutes. But the pilot looked grim when he got his weather report. There was heavy snow at Wick, it would be impossible to land there, and in the farther north

conditions were still worse. He was sorry, but it would be useless to start, for we would only have to come back.

The train again, I decided, and hurried to catch it. It left in ten minutes' time. I would get as far as Thurso, and the next day I could either fly or take the little mail-steamer, the *St. Ola*. One or other would surely be able to cross.

And then—we were somewhere between Beauly and Muir of Ord—I remembered it was Saturday; and the ship and the plane neither went to sea nor took the air on a Sunday. I was doomed to a week-end in Thurso; and though I would not say a word against Thurso, it has little of that gaiety which, in other places, makes the week-end more delectable than the week's middle. It is a very good place to stay in if one is fond of fishing; but this was not the proper season for fishing, and a Presbyterian Sabbath is, in any case, a kind of omniscient and sempiternal close season. I did not look forward with any pleasure to a week-end in Thurso.

I had, moreover, as we steamed leisurely northwards—the Highland Railway is scarcely quicker than a stage-coach—the uncomfortable feeling that the pilot had made a fool of me. The day was brilliantly fine, the air a pale and cloudless sapphire. That lovely and half-desolate land of Cromarty and Sutherland was a miracle of loveliness, and the sea, in long ruffled firths, came gently into snow-white valleys. It was a perfect day, flawless on earth and flawless in the heights. And then we saw the storm.

The outermost part of it was a belt of darkness that lay on the boundary between Sutherland and Caithness. It seemed as though a segment of night had never lifted. One heard the noise of the train more clearly, as one does at night, and a furious rain assaulted the rattling windows. This darkness endured for several minutes, and beyond it was a twilight wilderness of raging snow. The whole sky was an agony of conflicting winds and the whirling leaves of some stript and frozen forest. It was a scene that chilled the blood, not with snow, but with primal fear of the warring sky. Here was Winter the Murderer, and the white-hooded winds were his cold assassins.

Darkness, whether of night or the storm, lay upon Thurso, and there fell from heaven discoloured snow, black rain, and

some sleety distillation of malignant icebergs. The streets were a foot deep in slush. Every gutter was a running brook, each confluence of gutters a spreading mere. I wanted to send a telegram, but throughout the Highlands and the Islands the wires were down, blown by the wind and snapped by frost; and communication was reduced to the range of one's voice.

On Sunday, there being little improvement in the weather, I stayed most of the day in bed, and read in two sixpenny volumes that work of easy and graceful genius, the *Autobiography of Margot Asquith*; which is, perhaps, the best autobiography since Cellini's, and, I take it, more truthful. Sunday passed more quickly than I had expected, and Monday arrived with a watery sun to promise safe conduct to Orkney.

Change and contrast are the characteristics of northern weather. Every storm is a hurricane, and rain is black beyond belief; but come fine weather and you would think the hills and the islands were carved of many jewels, and the clear sky will lift you to your feet with a shout of joy, and all the clouds are mother-of-pearl. If you want the assurance of heat and a bright sun you must go to California, or somewhere nearly as far; but if you can relish a climate that is alternately a giant's robe, a beggar's rags, and the plumes of a Bird of Paradise, then buy stout boots and come to Scotland.

I stumbled along a frozen, ice-roughened road and looked north over the Pictland Firth to the great island of Hoy. I had often seen it as black as peat, as red as clover, and in the early morning the colour of a pigeon's breast. But now, beyond the dark sea, it was all unbroken white. It lay on the horizon like a white lion *couchant*, like a watch-dog for the hard-weather islands beyond, and the sky above it was the soft and taded blue of an old battle-flag.

Later in the day I went aboard the *St. Ola*, the little mail-steamer, and presently we were rolling along with a good tide under us, bowling along with a stiff breeze behind. We had three telegraph-linesmen aboard, who were going to repair the wires where they had been blown down in the high parts of Hoy. That would be cold work, I said. Cold for little fish-hooks, said one of them, using the old sailors' phrase, and blew, proleptic, on his mittened fingers. In Scapa Bay, in darkness

and a rising wind, they put their gear and themselves aboard a smaller ship, that would take them to Hoy, and I set out on the last stage of my journey. I still had fifteen miles to go.

The road was villainous with icy ruts and drifted snow, and here and there the fallen telegraph wires lay in great coils or hung upon the dykes in wide ungainly loops. We lurched and slithered, but I did not care much though the car should go into the ditch, for I could walk the rest of the way. Though half the sky was dark enough, the north was lighted by the long stiff petals of a flower that was rooted at the Pole. The Northern Lights were up, the Merry Dancers were afoot.

LEFT WING DISCONTENTS

BY D. W. BROGAN

IT is difficult now to recall the days when it was assumed that an independent Labour victory was inevitable and near, yet the basis of the calculation was simple. The Labour Party was bound to be reinforced by all sorts of discontents as the ills of the capitalist system were more widely felt; it had a remedy for those ills; its rivals had only palliatives. The majority of the population was "working class;" it could be won over to see its own interests—and there you were. The only immediate obstacle was the survival of that galvanized corpse the Liberal Party, which was "dividing the progressive vote;" once the corpse had been reduced to acting dead, as well as being dead, its assets could be taken over by the natural heir. Then power would be in Socialist hands. Hadn't there been a Liberal government before the war dependent for its majority in Britain on the small Labour Party? Wasn't the new Labour Party more formidable than the Liberals had been? Hadn't its victories in London and Birmingham (hostile to the Liberals since 1886) shown that it had assets the old Liberal Party never owned? So the argument ran, and I can well remember the sad prognostications of a Liberal friend of mine who used to say: "What frightens me about the Labour people is the way they underestimate the Tories; we have fought them long enough to know how formidable they are; these amateurs don't."

They do now; since the armistice, predominantly Tory governments have ruled for all but three years; the great inevitable sweep of Labour triumph has failed to come off. Politically, for whatever reasons, the Labour Party has failed to do its job, and whereas the destruction of the Liberal Party was the main political task of the Party in the hopeful years from 1918 to 1929, now the salvaging of the Liberal Party is the chief hope of the Opposition, for it has come to be realized that there were

more claimants than one for the assets of the party of Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman, and that the Conservatives (in various guises) have got most of them. The day of the purist is over; the day of the practical politician with an eye on the majority has dawned, and getting a majority involves making friends where they can be found and being content with a good deal less than a mandate to socialize Britain over-night.

Almost equally potent in inducing this change of front, if not of heart, among many once rigid Socialists has been the lead given from Moscow. However much the orthodox Labourist may dislike the local Communists who pester him (and he often has good reason for his dislike) he has a sneaking respect for the one country in which Socialism has got from the agenda of congresses into the factory. And Moscow has shown a willingness to co-operate with bourgeois parties that makes the more than levitical purity of some Labourists seem silly. If the French Socialists and Communists can ally themselves with the French Radicals, why should not the Labour Party ally itself with the corresponding forces in Britain? Why not, provided that there are corresponding forces in Britain and a situation justifying their union?

At the moment it is doubtful whether either the forces or the situation exists. The basis of the French *Front Populaire* is the existence of *le peuple*; that is, the existence of a majority of Frenchmen whose natural reaction, unintelligent if you like but spontaneous, is to vote (and fight) against "reaction." There is no such dominant tradition in England. The English working man is sturdy, far less malleable than many propagandists imagine, but he has no revolutionary tradition. He does not automatically suspect nice people; the French peasant or worker reacts at once against any lead given by the *gens bien*. The English worker has to fight against a traditional bias to trust his betters. There is a story of a Socialist Congress before the war in which Bebel lectured Jaurès on the bad organization and doctrinal feebleness of the French Socialists, and Jaurès, admitting the charges, replied, "But you have not died upon the barricades." No more has the English working man. There is a big difference between the tradition of the Tolpuddle Martyrs and the tradition of the *mur des fédérés*.

The French people's front was a recognition, by the politicians, of an existing fact, the fact that the Frenchman in the street didn't want Fascism, didn't want deflation and told his agents, the various political parties and leaders, that they had better take steps to see that these menaces to the conquests of the revolution were ended. History, the memory of the "great days" rose up as a barrier to Colonel de la Rocque; the fact that he was a count, a gentleman, a descendant of *émigrés*, were handicaps to a French Fascist leader. In England, the fact that the Fascist leader is a baronet is a help—and the fact that he is a member of the family mainly responsible for the Peterloo massacre is known to few and of no account.

Then the French Popular Front is fairly united on a question of the utmost importance at the moment, the question of peace and war, internally and externally. Traditionally, the left-wing parties in France are anti-militarist; since the evaporation of clericalism as an active issue hostility to militarism and to what the Americans call "patrioteering" has been one of the bonds linking together all the Left. But that anti-militarism is not pacifist in our sense. Pacifism in the English sense seems to be very rare in countries whose religious traditions are Catholic. G. K. Chesterton put the difference clearly when he invented the English Quaker who had a long and fruitful correspondence with some French pacifists which broke down when he discovered that their recipe for peace was to arrange for the rank and file to shoot their officers. But the difference is not confined to Quakers. To persons who took Fascism seriously, one of the most revealing and ominous acts of the 1929 Labour Government was its abolition of government aid for the cadet corps and its continuance of aid to the O.T.C. The boys of the working and lower middle-classes were not to be corrupted by militarism; their "class enemies" were to be trained in these disgusting arts, and serve them right. As the song says:

You may wreck the middle-classes
With your wicked demi-tasses,
But heaven will protect the working girl!

But doubts have begun to spread. If Fascism is a real danger is it wise to ensure that when the fight comes all the military skill

will be on one side? It is too often forgotten that much of the moderation and desire for conciliation displayed in Britain and other countries by the possessing classes after the armistice was due to apprehension as to what might happen if it came to push of pike—with millions of proletarians trained in handling the modern equivalents of pikes. As time has passed, that fear has passed too; but not in France, where military training has been given to a population hostile to Fascism and with few pacifist inhibitions.

In England, however, the pacifist attitude, political Quakerism, is still strong in the Labour Party; the heirs of the conscientious objectors of the late war are powerful and, in consequence the party has given no definite lead on peace and war; on armaments and foreign policy. It is possible that complete pacifism is the answer to the whole problem. Messrs. Huxley and Russell may be right, but it is certain that they are not making converts fast enough to avoid disaster if the left-wing parties ever have to fight at home or abroad, for the majority of the Labour Party are unregenerate enough to want to fight when pushed to it. All that the present policy ensures is that they will fight at the maximum of disadvantage, that they will be the men in the shirts against the men armed—if one may recall to the modern heirs of the Roundheads words of wisdom from Oliver Cromwell. How far the old Adam is from death even in left-wing hearts can be seen by the admiration evoked by the action of the volunteers who have gone to defend Madrid. The I.L.P. and the Communist Party will both gain and deserve to gain credit for their grasp of the obvious truth that if you really believe that democracy is fighting in its last ditch before Madrid, there is something to be said for getting into the ditch. So Ralph Fox may do far more to win support for the Communist Party dead than he did alive. And the Communist Party and the I.L.P., hitherto negligible in the country at large, may grow formidable if their militant action continues to evoke enthusiasm in breasts that the official Labour rhetoric (however statesman-like) leaves cold. The rulers of the Labour Party might ponder on the fate of an even more thoroughly organized body, the old Irish Parliamentary Party. What argument and oratory, the dialectics of Arthur Griffith and the life of Patrick Pearse

failed to do, was done by the British firing parties after Easter Week. The Irish people went over to the representatives of the men who "died for Ireland."

If it is important to get the National Government out (and if it is not important the whole case for a People's Front or a Labour Party falls to the ground) the present rulers of the Labour Party will have to tap sources of popular strength that at the moment they neglect. They will have to persuade many doubters that it matters very much who is in power at Westminster. The two previous experiences of Labour Government did not do much to convince the doubters that it did matter much. The Labour Party has failed to convert the majority of the English people to Socialism (it has not altogether converted itself), and a People's Front means a realization that something less than "Socialism in our time" may be worth having and that political questions are not negligible.

In short, it must be privately admitted that the much despised Liberals were not altogether wrong when they insisted on both these truths. It matters whether the future of the Distressed Areas is left to Mr. Chamberlain or to someone with a less sacred regard for the independence of private industry from government control (of course, this only applies when industry is asked to give, not to receive). It matters whether the Foreign Office is in hands that tremble at the thought of more expropriation of nice people, in hands that are far more willing to placate the Germany of Herr Hitler (has he not banned lipstick?) than they ever were to placate the Germany of Weimar. In short, *politique d'abord*. The lesson that it is better to be on the winning than on the losing side in the next few critical years has been learned in Moscow; it might be learned in London. If it is learned there will be less readiness to sneer at the misguided Americans who voted for Mr. Roosevelt instead of creating a party on the model of the British Labour Party, that nonpareil for success and revolutionary fervour. In short, it is to be feared that a good many of the axioms of the last ten years will have to be put into cold-storage.

Above all, there will need to be agreement on a minimum policy, especially in the field of foreign affairs, for the man and woman in the street is increasingly preoccupied with the fear of

war. He is less bothered by the thought of the Bank of England in private hands than he is by the horror of the air. Is the Labour Party ready to fight at all? If it is, what is it ready to fight for? Is it wise to support government rearming with no better assurance than the battered word of Mr. Baldwin that it will not be used in the old nationalist and imperialist way? Is it possible to refuse support to rearmament which everyone knows to be a result of German activities, and yet to detest publicly the government of Germany?

The old-fashioned Liberals got some credit by undertaking and succeeding in the task of giving the country better defence for less money than the Tories, with their tenderness for military vested interests, could offer. The Labour Party might begin looking for a Haldane and, if it cannot bring itself to do that, to examine, realistically, the chances of a general acceptance of non-resistance. With the rising cost of living, the economic policy of the National Government, the ingenious transfer of taxation on to working class shoulders is vulnerable enough. There is ammunition in some of the speeches of that forgotten politician, Mr. Asquith. In an age when even Tories hesitate to fight for Togoland the dangers of an economic policy of imperialism that make an honest reply to German claims impossible for the present government might be stressed.

In short, the old-fashioned Radicalism of Campbell-Bannerman might be given a trial; and something like it might be the basis of a People's Front. C.B. did not think that the forms of government were things that, like halitosis, your best friends never mentioned. We can hardly doubt that the old Radicals would prefer Stalin to Hitler (though they would not worship Stalin) and the old Radicals, even in the social field, got quite a lot done (for example, they secured for the trade unions a legal position that the Labour Party was unable to save for them or to restore when lost). There is only one obstacle to this programme; the old Radicals are dead or disgruntled or nationalized. For the alienation of the powerful sections of opinion that were the backbone of the Radicals the Labour Party is largely to blame.

But there is no use crying over spilt milk; the achievements of the pre-war Liberal Government may be too lofty and dazzling a mark for a new Radical Party (or alliance) to aim at. The

Left will have to be content with less; it will have to admit with M. Blum that there is no immediate chance of the overthrow of capitalism by force or law. The immediate task is the salvaging of democracy and of the democratic attitude. The weakness and irresolution of Mr. Baldwin's foreign policy endanger both, at home and abroad. This is appreciated (for mixed motives) in Paris and Moscow, in Prague and Washington. To persuade the British public of this truth is the main task of the Labour Party.

The British public will need a lot of persuading—not that it trusts Mr. Baldwin so much, but that it does not trust the Labour policy at all (not having any idea of what it is). A People's Front on the French model is probably impossible. But some kind of a substitute could be found if there were a united Labour Party, recognizing how misguided its doctrinaire optimism in the twelve years after the War was; more modest in its aims and less anxious to provide a little of something for everybody; a little pacifism mixed up with a little armaments, for instance. For it should be remembered that the Conservatives are on foreign policy not much more united, and though Tories can afford luxuries of disunion that are beyond the means of Liberals or Labourites, they cannot for ever postpone decisions. They might like to, but Herr Hitler will not let them.

In the meantime, the Communists, the I.L.P., and the Socialist League, old critics of the lack of energy of the official party, have formed their own united front and may win sympathy from many disgruntled Labourites. All these dissidents have in common a belief in the possibility of real changes in the present social system and also a belief that a real crisis is at hand. It is true that a junction or a close alliance of these bodies is a good deal short of being a true People's Front, since most of the people will be outside the organization or organizations that will embody the dissenters and the organizations are far from unity. On this comforting truth the official party may rely too much.

These bodies are not indeed likely, together or separately, to command such strength as will enable them to coerce the official Labour Party. But if the feeling of imminent crisis continues or grows and the official party shows no more signs of giving

or taking a lead than it has done so far, there may be a secession from the Labour Party that will free it from zealots and unpractical persons at the cost of freeing it from all real fighting force; that will leave it to its trade union and official party bureaucrats and end, for a long time, any hope of winning the type of young man and woman who must be won if the party is to awake from its coma. A Labour Party which is drained in this way will not be much of a nuisance to the National Government, and while it is true that the "left-wing People's Front" will be only an irritation to the ruling classes, the temptation to be an irritation is great when one is twenty and when the alternative is to be an echo. If the Labour Party can give no sign of unity, of life, of desire and of capacity to rule, the old practical arguments against the "extremists" will lose much of their force. Such a front cannot be a very potent body in contemporary England, but if its existence stimulates the Labour Party to activity and thought it may be the catalyst that precipitates some reaction of real importance.

There is a great deal of discontent in the rank and file of the Party as well as scepticism in the minds of many potential supporters to be eradicated. That discontent and that scepticism will not vanish over-night, but they would both diminish if the official Opposition showed more signs of being, or of wanting to be, an alternative government. More coherence and more courage on what must be the centre of any left-wing alliance is needed before any talk of a People's Front is likely to be more than talk. At the moment, even the attenuated armies of Messrs. Cripps, Maxton, and Gallacher show to advantage compared with the overgrown awkward squad that dozes at Westminster and squabbles at Edinburgh.

• THE MENACE TO CZECHOSLOVAKIA

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

DURING last month the International War in Spain, with Germany and Italy on one side and Soviet Russia and France more or less on the other, diverted general attention from the acute political situation in Central Europe, which, however, remains of the utmost importance, and must soon again come into prominence. Meanwhile, an opportunity is given for considering that situation, especially from the point of view of British fundamental interests.

Czechoslovakia is the central or pivotal State of Central Europe, geographically, politically, and strategically. A glance at the map is quite enough to prove her exposed position in relation to Germany. It shows that her territory, nowhere of great breadth, stretches for 600 miles from west to east—from South-Eastern Germany to North-Western Rumania, and forms a corridor into which Poland on the north and Austria and Hungary on the south have also entrances. As Austria has practically ceased to be the big "danger spot," the possession, or at all events the use, of this corridor for political and military aims has become one of the greatest and most agitating questions of our time, and its solution is likely enough to be decisive of the fate of Europe.

For months Czechoslovakia has been subjected by Germany to a fierce campaign of propaganda, the object of which is the discrediting, particularly in English eyes, of the smaller State by holding it up as the outpost or sally-port of Soviet Russia, and therefore constituting an imminent menace to the Reich and Europe generally; the corridor is depicted as a place which has been turned to all intents and purposes into a Red corridor. This campaign started as far back as 1934, but was prosecuted with much more intensity after the conclusion on May 16, 1935, of the Czechoslovak-Soviet Pact of Mutual Assistance, which

was complementary to the similar pact of May 2 between France and the Soviet. Those treaties were entered into with the knowledge of the British Government, but as a large proportion of the British people remain suspicious of Moscow they were not received too well in England. Next followed the denunciation of "Locarno" by Germany, accompanied by allegations in the German Press that the mutual assistance pacts were merely instruments of an aggressive Bolshevik policy against Germany and the West.

Herr Hitler's severely controlled newspapers published the most extraordinary statements, almost all fictions, designed to show that Czechoslovakia was pursuing aims other than those of her own defence, the avowed object of the pact with Soviet Russia. Among these assertions were reports of the construction of military aerodromes in Slovakia for the air fleets of the Soviet, which were absolutely false*; so were the stories of the presence of considerable numbers of Red officers in the Czechoslovak Army, and the erection of big strategic obstacles in the country with the aid of Red engineers and in the interest of the Soviet's military power. On June 24, 1936, the *Neue Preussische Kreuzzeitung* illustrated the virulence of the German drive at Czechoslovakia when it said that schools had been established in that State for the training of Communist agitators, and that Prague was becoming a centre of Communist propaganda—all of which was untrue. This species of attack reached its height when Dr. Goebbels, one of the principal Ministers of the German Government, stated on September 10 at the Nazi Nuremberg Congress that Soviet aerodromes did exist in Czechoslovakia, though he could hardly help knowing that this had been categorically denied by the Czechoslovak Government and President Benesh himself.

Founded by the patriotic labours and nourished by the political genius of Masaryk and Benesh, both convinced democrats, Czechoslovakia had long enjoyed the confidence of Western

*Since this was written the British Government has accepted the invitation of the Czechoslovak Government to send an expert observer on a tour of inspection of the aerodromes and military centres of the country, in view of the German allegations; and this observer is to be the British Air Attaché in Prague.

Europe because of her sagacity, stability, and determination to maintain peace. While those unfounded charges were usually taken at their proper value in the West, the persistence with which they continued to be pressed by newspapers and by wireless* inevitably produced some of the effect intended, not only in England, but also in the two other States of the Little Entente, Yugoslavia and Rumania, neither of which was in entire sympathy with the Czechoslovak view of Soviet Russia. The solidity of the Little Entente was, however, authoritatively demonstrated by the Bratislava Conference of the three States and the exchanges of visits on the part of their respective chiefs at Bucharest and Prague in the latter half of last year, though, as from the beginning of the Little Entente, each State retained its freedom of action *vis-à-vis* Moscow.

Another line of the German attack on Czechoslovakia was and is still based on the composition of her population, about three and a quarter millions of which are German, for the most part long-settled on her western frontiers in more or less compact bodies, with Czechs in between. This is the same as saying that Germans are found on both sides of the mountain arch of Europe formed by the Sudeten, Riesengebirge and Carpathian ranges in that area: an important fact from the military standpoint. Before Hitler attained power Nazism had appeared among some of the Germans in Czechoslovakia, and after he was Chancellor the Czechoslovak Government was compelled in 1933, to protect the country from his subversive activities by suppressing all Nazi organizations within it. But, of course, the Hitler leaven was not destroyed, and after various developments its working out was seen in the formation on October 1, 1934, of the *Sudetendeutsche Heimatfront*, under the leadership of Herr Konrad Henlein, and representing about two-thirds of the total German population; the remaining one-third is friendly to the Czechs and since 1926 has had two Ministers in the Government, and got a third in 1936.

It is now thought that the Henlein Party has lost some of its strength recently, but at the general election in May, 1935, it captured three-fifths of the German vote and became the largest political group, among the many groups, of Czechoslovakia. It professed its loyalty to the State, but is undoubtedly Hitlerite;

it is opposed to the Franco-Czechoslovak Alliance and the Czechoslovak-Soviet Pact of Mutual Assistance ; it is not democratic but essentially totalitarian, though it takes care to suppress or not to dwell on that fact when circumstances are unfavourable to its publication. When Henlein, on a visit to England in December, 1935, to secure British sympathy for the movement, delivered a speech at Chatham House he was at pains to assure the members of the Royal Institute of International Affairs that what he was most concerned about was the cultural unity of the Germans and the promotion of that unity. Avoiding politics, he declared that the Germans in the Sudeten lands and throughout Czechoslovakia form with the Germans in the Reich and everywhere throughout the world a single cultural society. In brief, the scope of the Party's work was presented plausibly as not only harmless politically, but as attractive and praiseworthy in itself.

During a visit to London in the early spring of last year Henlein set a different course. He pictured the Sudeten Germans as oppressed by the Czechs, who differentiated against them in all manner of practical ways, as, for example, by giving positions in the services, posts on the railways and so on, to Czechs when these should by rights have gone to Germans who were on the spot and whose sole disability lay in the fact that they were Germans. He pictured the acute economic distress from which the German districts were suffering as arising largely from this unfair discrimination. There was some truth in this statement, but lately the Czechoslovak Government has gone a long way to meet the demands of the Sudeten Germans respecting the filling of positions and posts from their ranks. With regard to the economic situation, however, taken as a whole, the truth is that the depression was due to the over-industrialization of that part of Czechoslovakia and the loss of the German market through the restriction of imports by the Reich itself.

In addition to stressing what he described as the unjust treatment of the German minority—the oppression of a national minority is usually a good card to play in England—Henlein put forward a plan by which at least the Sudeten Germans would be delivered from their bonds. This plan envisaged the federalization of Czechoslovakia, with the Sudeten districts forming one

of her States. Notwithstanding that it was plain enough that the creation of this State would have as its ultimate object the transference to Germany of this area, not a few people in England looked on the plan with favour, and even commended its prudence or wisdom. It was possible, of course, that Germany in the upshot would not find it necessary to annex the district, but be quite content with establishing her predominance there, with all the rest of Czechoslovakia as a consequence lying within her orbit and obedient to her direction, a "vassal State" keeping her territorial integrity ; keeping her body, that is, but losing her liberty—her soul. Czechoslovakia used often to be called a vassal of France, but not with good reason ; in any case, a vassalage to Germany would be sufficiently onerous, as was shown during the Great War by the Brest-Litowsk and Bucharest Treaties. Instead of being a Red corridor Czechoslovakia would be a German corridor.

Henlein and his party unquestionably base themselves, whatever they may say, on the ideology of Herr Hitler, which is nothing but the ideology of Pan-Germanism as it existed before the War. It was not killed, but merely stunned for a time by the defeat of Germany. Before me lies a book entitled *The New Europe*, which was printed "for private circulation" in 1918 ; its author was Masaryk, and he wrote practically all of it—for President Wilson, it was stated—before the termination of the War and his own election as first President of Czechoslovakia. The work begins with an exposition of "The Pan-German Plan of World-Domination : Berlin-Baghdad." He speaks of Pan-Germanism organizing itself as the philosophical and political science of the German nation, and adds that this organization was not held for a mere theory, but that societies and associations spread abroad its doctrine by the publication of treatises, maps, newspapers, reviews, and pamphlets. He said, "I wondered that the English and the French paid so little attention to Pan-Germanism ; my own countrymen I warned by articles and lectures against the danger threatening us." Now, in his retirement, after all the years that have elapsed since he produced that book of his, he must be wondering why the English pay so little attention to the Pan-Germanism of Hitler.

It was Masaryk, too, who, when he lived in England some

twenty years ago, was the protagonist of the Small Nations idea which was accepted by the Allies and incorporated in their programme in 1918, to be embodied by them in the Peace Treaties of 1919. Naturally England has her share of that responsibility. It was believed for ten or twelve years that the Covenant and the League of Nations would afford the small nations that came out of the Great War peace and security, but nowadays nobody will venture to make this assertion after the League's repeated failures have proved its inadequacy, not to say impotence. The salient feature of high politics, resulting from the discrediting of the Geneva institution, is the grouping of the Great States in accordance with what they consider their own vital interests, and the assembling round them of the small nations from the same motive. Thus Czechoslovakia, though she has not lost all hope of the League, has joined herself, with France, to Soviet Russia by her pact of mutual assistance. Ostensibly this combination is not directed against Germany, but it is certainly not directed against any other Power. As things stand, Czechoslovakia is the vanguard of the opposition to the Pan-Germanism of Hitler and the old, historic *Drang nach Osten*.

While Germany was in eclipse after the War, and France, supported by Poland and the Little Entente, held unchallenged the hegemony of the Continent, little was heard, even in Germany, of Pan-Germanism and the *Drang nach Osten* which epitomized its policy. In England the once-famous phrase "Berlin-Baghdad," and all it connoted, were forgotten, other concepts based on the disuse of power politics having replaced them. The fact that in May-June, 1918, Germany had actually realized her dream of a *Mitteleuropa* subject to Berlin completely dropped out of the British mind. Herr Hitler's *Mein Kampf* is informed throughout by Pan-German ideas of the expansion of the Reich, a "new Germanic migration," principally into Eastern Europe, being put in the forefront. With this object in view Hitler maintained that Germany must become the strongest military power on the Continent. In a recent speech he referred longingly to the possibilities attaching to the possession of the Ukraine and the Urals.

Although Mr. Winston Churchill asserted lately that France

was still the strongest military Power in Europe, most observers think that Germany now fills that role. Hitler's present plan for ensuring the self-sufficiency of Germany is his latest war-measure, and though it entails great hardships on the German people, it looks like being a success. Speaking generally, it must be admitted that his policy, which has torn the Versailles and Locarno Treaties to shreds, has so far been justified by results, that is, as regards the Reich. He continues to proclaim that he is a man of peace, and that his intentions are pacific, but he also lays claim to colonies. In England it is understood that this claim applies to the colonies Germany lost by the War, but on the Continent German "colonization" has a different and quite sinister sound, for it is closely connected with Pan-German expansionism, particularly in the East. It is hardly possible to attach no significance to the repeated reports of what Germany aims at in the Ukraine. At present Czechoslovakia blocks the way for that adventure, and this, as already suggested, is the reason for Hitler's drive at that State. If he succeeded in getting that corridor into his hands he would be within easy reach of the Ukraine and of the Rumanian oilfields as well; the way would be open to the Near East and the old Berlin-Baghdad scheme would be in process of realization. Would that be in the interest of England? It would not; and as it must also be said that the situation in Palestine and Iraq is not too favourable for us, it behoves us to be on our guard.

Without putting aside other supporting considerations, the case for Czechoslovakia, for preserving her real independence as against German penetration, rests, so far as England is concerned, mainly on the unquestionable fact that her disappearance from the map or her virtual Germanization could not but be distinctly prejudicial to vital British interests in the Near and Middle East. The policy of the National Government, whether under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or Mr. Baldwin, has been drably coloured by knowledge of British military unpreparedness for large-scale war, and has led to a series of compromises and surrenders to Germany which otherwise would not have been tolerated. Baldwin's time-lag of two years has still to be set against any early prospect of something approaching adequate British rearmament, the evident cause of the lack of firmness in

Downing Street. In some quarters it has even been suggested that to gain time we must do nothing for Czechoslovakia—which would mean throwing her to the wolves and a consequent deterioration of the whole British position in the East, whether Near, Middle or Far ; for the eyes of Asia are ever upon us.

Towards the close of last year rumours multiplied of an impending military assault on Czechoslovakia by Germany, but in Prague some comfort was derived from observations made by Mr. Eden shortly before Parliament adjourned over the Christmas holidays, a sentence in one of his speeches being singled out as referring specially to the situation in Central Europe. He said that British interests in peace were not "geographically limited," and that we could not disinterest ourselves from this or that part of the world in the vague hope that events in that area would not affect us. That was a general statement, but beyond doubt it applies to Czechoslovakia. During the Parliamentary recess, however, there was a renewal of the violent anti-Czechoslovak propaganda campaign in the German Press. The *Völkischer Beobachter*, the organ of the Nazi Party, carried an article with the headline "Czechoslovakia under Moscow's Dictation," and the *National-Zeitung* declared that Soviet Russia had given the Czechoslovak Army the task of defending the country until Red troops arrived to make war on Germany. To those who know Czechoslovakia well all these accusations are simply preposterous stuff and nonsense, but they may impress others who are ignorant of or in some doubt about the true character of that State. In his New Year message to the nation President Benesh spoke rather optimistically of the situation. Nevertheless the German drive goes on and on, and it is right that our public should understand what it means.

JAPAN'S "HOLY WAR" ON COMMUNISM

BY GEORGE E. TAYLOR

THE stage is set for further Japanese penetration on the Asiatic mainland. The capture of Chiang Kai-shek, which opens up the question of Chinese unity and the possibilities of a national uprising against the invader, is in reality overshadowed by the German-Japanese agreement. The disinterested sacrifices made by Japan in her role as the bulwark of decency in the Far East were not meeting with a full measure of appreciation abroad, but all misunderstandings are now removed by the simple process of presenting the sub-plot as the main plot. Japanese aggression in China will no longer be known as a matter of urgent self-defence and only incidentally as a guarantee that eastern Asia shall not follow Communism, it will take the form of a holy war against the godless heresies of the U.S.S.R. China is outmanœuvred. She cannot come to terms of any kind with the Chinese Soviets, the first condition for a national uprising, without, like Aladdin, removing the lid from the pot in which Japan keeps captive the smoking demon of Communism. Any Chinese government which is not "sincere," that is, meek and submissive towards Japan, will be as "Red" as Japanese, German, and Italian propaganda can make it. The hymn of hate has encircled the world. To the Japanese hiss, echo answers with German gutturals.

The capture and arrest of Chiang Kai-shek is said to have strengthened the arguments of the Japanese military in favour of the newly concluded agreement with Germany. Considering the high mortality of Japanese statesmen, including Premiers, it would not have been very convincing to claim that a mere arrest revealed the chaos of China and proved her to be a menace to the peace of the Orient. It was better to represent it as a Communist conspiracy, the beginning of a Chinese "Popular

Front" against Japan. Suggestions have come from various quarters that Chiang arranged his own capture in order to demonstrate to the Japanese how impossible it is for him to concede their demands, or that the "Young Marshal," Chang Hsueh-liang, was in Japanese pay and that the incident was staged in order to show the instability of the central government, and hence the danger of Communism. The facts, as far as we can discover them, will bear another interpretation, an interpretation, moreover, which reveals the enormous importance of the international Fascist alliance.

The chief point in the background behind these events is that Chiang Kai-shek has been promoting a policy of military unification, for which purpose he relies upon a national army of sixteen divisions, some of which are very highly trained and well equipped. Province after province has come, by force or diplomacy, under the authority of the Nanking Government, the latest triumph being over the two southern provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi. But what can be done with the large provincial military establishments? The huge army of Chang Hsueh-liang raised the problem in an acute form. Driven out of Manchuria in 1931 and North China in 1935, it was moved to the impoverished province of Shensi and charged with the task of fighting the Communists: a privilege not eagerly sought after by the common soldier, partly because he has no great quarrel with them, partly because they are formidable fighters. More serious than this, Chang Hsueh-liang, now Vice-Communist Suppressor, not only upset the balance of power in Shensi province, but also refused to settle Nanking's difficulties over the disposal of his army by throwing it away in heavy fighting.

Is it not in this situation that the key to the incident can be found? Before Chang's arrival General Yang Ho-chen, Pacification Commissioner of Shensi, enjoyed full responsibility for those parts of the province not in the hands of the Soviets. Now he had to share his authority with the Young Marshal and also get along with a newly appointed Governor, Mr. Shao Li-tzu. As Mr. Shao did not bring an army the problem was that much the easier. Shensi was obviously over-loaded with troops. The detention of Chiang Kai-shek seems to have arisen out of

the rivalries inherent in this situation. But who detained the Premier? It is difficult to imagine the ex-opium addict, Chang Hsueh-liang, having enough backbone to carry out, or brains to plan, such a scheme. Chang's chief rival, Yang Ho-chen, or even his own immediate subordinates, finding Shensi too poor and overcrowded a province to prosper their own interests, may have forced him into action. The return of the Young Marshal to Nanking and the reported continuance of the campaign started by national troops against Sianfu, the scene of the Premier's detention, would seem to support the theory that Yang is the culprit and Chang the victim.

Putting aside the question of responsibility, what of the anti-Nanking and pro-Communist propaganda of the rebels? It should deceive no one. Those who suggested that Nanking should fight Japan and form a common front with the Communists would have been horrified if they had been taken seriously. It is the fact that such sentiments embarrass the Government which is the stock-in-trade of all who hope to blackmail the central authorities. Even the Japanese are known to encourage and finance anti-Japanese movements in China. If such blackmail be effective, does there exist in China any considerable support for the programme of composing differences with the Communists in a joint attack on Japan?

Although the unwillingness of Shensi troops to fight the Communists dictated the form of the revolt, it must not be exaggerated into the conclusion that China is straining at the leash in her anxiety to attack Japan. There is undoubtedly genuine sympathy among the educated classes, in fact among the majority of those who are literate, for the oft-repeated determination of the Communists to fight Japan. Many join the "Volunteers" in Manchuria, others support the armies, which come into conflict with Japanese or Manchukuo troops, with services behind the lines. But much of this sympathy, when analysed, often amounts to no more than a fierce determination to fight to the last coolie or a vague dissatisfaction with things as they are, which would vanish if economic conditions were more advantageous to the person concerned. This does not mean that the Chinese are not angered by the invader. They are, but can there be a spontaneous and overwhelming national

uprising against him without social revolution? This is a high price for the educated classes to pay, even for national honour and self-respect.

Social revolution and high policy, like Juno's swans, were born and bred together. In the West, where the sentiment of nationalism is deeply founded in instinct and tradition, the more difficult the economic circumstances within the nation, the greater the temptation for the ruling classes to seek a solution of internal differences by external aggression. Chinese governments do not rule a people of high political consciousness or deep-seated nationalism. A common enemy, which in the fully developed nation-state unites, in China divides; the pressure of Japan, for example, has resulted in a more intense struggle against the Communists rather than a sinking of differences in joint self-defence. War, even if successful, would impose enormous hardship on the peasantry, for whom the immediate problems of livelihood would overshadow all interest in victory or defeat. Only by agrarian changes benefiting the mass of the peasantry, and in particular freeing it from the colossal load of debt and taxation under which it is now being slowly smothered, could the Government enlist the peasant's allegiance.

Detached observers point out that Japan's own internal position is not strong enough to stand the strain of a severe war, that in the long run China must win. This is perhaps true, but any government would hesitate before transforming itself into a guerrilla band, and the country it ruled into a desolate waste of starving peasants and bandit armies, which would be the inevitable result of losing the coastal provinces.

Hatred of the enemy is one thing, capacity and willingness to fight him is another. All must sympathize with the bitter and heart-breaking hatred of Japan which is sweeping over China, but this does not mean that the nation is willing to throw itself into war. The cynical appeal of Chiang's captors for national unity and struggle against Japan shows that these sentiments are strong enough only to embarrass, not to influence or overthrow the Government. For the Chinese patriot the outlook is black indeed.

For the Japanese the New Year opens with different prospects. In a country of higher literacy and much more propaganda it is

possible to canalize agrarian and other discontents into imperial ambitions. But, once embarked on such a course, it is impossible to turn back; above all, it becomes essential to exclude all ideas which might turn internal distress into disaffection against the Government. The Japanese are therefore quite sincere in their hatred of Communism, even if their methods of fighting it are open to question, but the campaign against it, outside Japan, is neither disinterested nor dictated by internal conditions. On the contrary, the international Fascist offensive against the Comintern which Japan has now joined will be marked in the East as it is in the West by attacks, not on the U.S.S.R., but on other countries and for ends other than the suppression of Communism. From the international point of view the German-Japanese alliance is as serious for China as it is for Spain. A Russo-Japanese war is no more likely, in the immediate future, than a Russo-German war. Japan can only afford to refuse the offered non-aggression pact with Russia because Russia's military predominance in the East and her non-aggressive policy are sure guarantees of peace. Japan's unconsolidated position on the Chinese mainland, the richer rewards likely to accrue from conquest of China than from costly campaigns in Siberia, to say nothing of heavy commitments in the drive towards the southern Pacific, preclude the possibility of early conflict with Russia.

Why, then, did Japan join the Fascist bloc? In the first place, her China policy had reached deadlock; she had now come to the territorial core of the Chinese state. Resistance began to harden a little: witness the refusal of China to accept Japanese demands last autumn. Furthermore, at the back of Chinese intransigence could be seen the diplomatic support of Great Britain whose interests, now that the next move must involve the Yangtse valley, were seriously involved. For years Tokyo has tried to persuade or intimidate Nanking into acceptance of a joint campaign against Chinese Communism, with no success. Many a diplomatic kite has been flown from Tokyo suggesting alliances between Nanking and Moscow or deliberate half-heartedness in the prosecution of the anti-Communist struggle, in order to test the "sincerity" of Nanking. A more subtle policy is now necessary, for no government can be expected to sign its own death warrant.

This policy is provided by the new agreement. Japan will not tolerate any solution of Chinese difficulties along the lines of an understanding between Nanking and the Communists or Moscow. Obviously, General Chiang could not march against Japan leaving 100,000 hostile troops in his rear. The prohibition of making terms with them is not so serious for Chiang—he is too inveterate an enemy of Communism—as for China, for no alternative government, favourable to compromise, can be formed in the future. Even a stabilization of the Nanking-Soviet front can now be represented as a "Red" alliance. Worse than that, who can doubt that, if necessary, Japan can arrange an incident which will enable her to label as Communist any Chinese government she wishes, however reactionary?

By a stroke of the pen Japan not only manœuvres China into a very tight corner, but ends her isolation: a psychological gain of no small value to a nation which in spite of its actions is highly sensitive to world opinion. Leaving the Anglo-American orbit, she moves away, so she argues, from those who wish to curb her naval power and throttle her expansion into the markets of the world. American immigration laws and the late Anglo-Japanese alliance can now be forgotten; the humiliating position of second fiddle to the great Powers is exchanged for full partnership in international Fascist policies. There are disadvantages to such an entanglement, it is true, but Japanese heart-burnings over the estrangement of Britain must not be exaggerated. Is it possible to imagine Britain offering resistance to a Japanese invasion of China provided that it is done in the name of Communism? Spain cannot be very encouraging to the Chinese. It becomes clearer every day that Japanese imperialism cannot be satisfied, it can only be stopped, hence the futility of trying to buy Japan off. To stop Japan would involve her in internal revolution, an alternative which Whitehall is no more disposed to welcome in Tokyo than in Berlin or Rome. No wonder that the German-Japanese pact was not popular in London. When England quarrelled with an earlier Holy Alliance for the suppression of Revolution she called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. Is there any possibility of an equally reactionary though not equally statesmanlike England doing the same again? Not, it may be argued, while Conservative opinion

leans towards the view that one of the coming struggles will be between the British Empire and the U.S.S.R.

What of immediate possibilities? For Britain there is perhaps the possibility of breaking up the Fascist alliances. There is plenty of material to create differences between the partners. But this would have to be done quickly, for one cannot escape the view that events in China must play into the hands of the Japanese. The virtual dictatorship of Chiang Kai-shek cannot last for ever in its present form. For one thing the price of unification has been almost ruinous; it includes the subordination of democratic principles to authoritarian rule, the impoverishment of the peasantry and the starvation of economic reconstruction in the name of military necessity. Can the military machine not only unite China, but also give some hope of stemming the Japanese penetration long enough to consolidate the internal position and ensure the free development and independence of the nation? Or has unification raised political hopes which economic realities must shatter?

The whole agrarian economy, it is generally admitted, is precarious in the extreme, largely as a result of stupendous increases in the real burdens of taxation. Furthermore, the development of Chinese-owned industry depends on agricultural recovery even more than on tariff autonomy and the elimination of smuggling. A survey of the measures which the League and Chinese experts consider essential to the achievement of economic recovery shows that any serious attempt to enforce them would involve a change of policy in Nanking which could easily be interpreted as a move towards the Left. Japan would be very unlikely to let this opportunity slip by. At the meeting of the Central Executive Committee in plenary session in February of this year there may be an attempt to reorganize the government with a view to securing saner economic policies. This may be the turning point. Again, the financial position of the treasury is precarious. It is possible that China will be forced to ask for a foreign, probably British, loan. This in itself would bring matters to a head with Japan, who could block the loan by insisting that it should be conditional on China's signing the much coveted Sino-Japanese anti-Communist alliance.

By and large, the opportunity will create the means, but if

China continues to resist over a long period then intimidation and subsidiary forms of penetration, such as are now being employed to good effect in Fukien and Kwangtung, will give place to direct action and further seizures of territory. An incident will be prepared, Chinese or Russian agents will be blamed and the Nanking Government blackmailed into compliance with Japanese demands. It would be easy to arrange such an incident in Inner Mongolia if the Chinese troops succeed in keeping out the Manchukuo levies and Japan's Kwantung army decides to intervene directly. Either Chinese agents from "Red" districts in the North-West or Outer Mongolian agents from across the border could be accused of stirring up trouble. If China continued to send troops she would be accused of supporting Communism. Similarly, to bring pressure nearer home, say, in Shanghai, a few coolies, hired to set fire to a Japanese building, could then be arrested as Communists.

A full-scale war is most unlikely. Firstly, there is no chance of a Popular Front against Japan under the present government, while a reorganization of the government, say, this February, in the direction of a more democratic regime, especially if it contemplated coming to terms with the Chinese Soviets, would immediately be represented as a regime of the Left. It would never be allowed to take the initiative. Secondly, Britain, though anxious, in certain ways, to help China more than circumstances now allow, would be the first to discourage her from fighting if she so desired. Little to interest Britain could be saved from the wreckage of a Sino-Japanese conflict. Thirdly, Japan is in a much stronger position to get what she wants without fighting than she was before, although small scale operations are always likely. But if war does come Britain is already manoeuvred into neutrality because it will be fought on the issue of Communism. Unless the U.S.S.R. changes its policy China will be left to face Japan alone. There is something of a warning in the spectacle of an authoritarian government, many of whose members are great admirers of Hitler and Mussolini and many of whose policies are inspired by German and Italian examples, as the victim of Fascist aggression and Fascist alliances. Dog can eat dog if he calls it cat.

A MODERN DON QUIXOTE

Miguel de Unamuno, 1864-1936

BY WALTER STARKIE

WHEN the news came of the death of Unamuno I took down from my library some of his books in an effort to recapture the spirit of one who was called "the living Spaniard of most importance to Europe." I opened one of the books at random and the first passage that caught my eye was the following, written in 1928 when he was living in exile in France: "I write these lines while my Christian Spain is in agony. She spread Christianity through the sword, she proclaimed the crusade, and now it is she who is to perish by the sword." How much more truly do those words ring today than in the days of the benevolent dictatorship of Primo de Rivera!

By a strange irony of fate death struck him down at the very moment when he was making his protest in the name of Spanish nationalism. In an interview given to the Portuguese *Diario de Noticias* some days before his death he is reported to have said: "The sight of Germans in Spain is enough to kill me. They act on Spanish soil as if it were their own." He then went on to explain why at the beginning of the war he had taken the side of the insurgents:

When the army revolted against the ghost government of Madrid I gave it my full sympathy, hoping that it would save Spain and its Christian civilization which had been seriously threatened by its eternal enemies in the East. I soon realized, however, with the greatest sorrow that this struggle, which at first had been inspired by high motives, had developed into a class war, full of horrors and without pity or generosity of any kind. On the one side we see the so-called Marxists, who do not only include Socialists, Communists and Anarchists but criminals and ex-convicts of all classes without any ideals; we see on the other not a union of anti-Marxist parties in the face of a common enemy, but a number of divided factions, most of them formed by old Royalist, Traditionalist and Carlist partisans. But above all of them and attempting to win full supremacy is the "Falange Española"—Italian Fascism badly translated into Spanish.

Only a short time before the war one day when I was walking with him down the Gran Via in Madrid, Unamuno had exclaimed as bitterly against the theories of Marx and Lenin as followed

by their Spanish devotees. "There is no tyranny in the world more hateful than that of ideas. Ideas bring ideophobia and the consequence is that people begin to persecute their neighbours in the name of ideas. I loathe and detest all labels and the only label that I could now tolerate would be that of ideoclast or idea-breaker."

Unamuno all his life acted as a modern Don Quixote riding full tilt against hypocrisy, smug consciences, dogmatism and shibboleths. His critics tried to lay him low by calling him "paradoxical," but paradoxes are necessary as weapons against routine of thought, and Unamuno's function in modern Spain has been to make men probe and sift ideas. "My painful duty," he said once, "is to irritate people. We must sow in men the seeds of doubt, of distrust, of disquiet and even of despair." For that reason I could not imagine a more dangerous ally than Unamuno, for the simple reason that he was always the incarnation of the Spanish spirit of anarchy. For him the ego was everything. In one of his works he says: "There is no other I in the world. Each one of us is absolute. If there is a God who has made and maintains the world he made it and maintains it for me. There is no other I. There are greater ones and less, better and worse, but no other I. I am something entirely new; in me is summed up a past eternity and with me a future eternity starts."

If Unamuno had lived at Athens he would not have lasted as long as Socrates: he would have been made drink the hemlock on the plea that such a man was a danger to the State. One Unamuno is a benefit to Spain, but dozens of little Unamunos pullulating in the universities and colleges bring libertarian anarchy. And yet, as Count Keyserling said in his book *Europe*, Unamuno is the most important Spaniard that has ever lived since Goya because he unswervingly proclaims out of the wholeness of primal man the very few but very deep things which he has grasped and knows: the significance of faith, of blood, of the tragic, of Don Quixote as the highest symbol of man. What the European, in this hour, needs more than all else, is to win through again to an immediate relationship to these basic problems of life. Spain is supremely important in the modern world precisely because of her indestructible traditions springing

from her past. It is because Unamuno was a traditional Spaniard that he is most illuminating when he speaks to Europe.

Unamuno's death at the present tragic moment in the Spanish war is a warning and a reminder. It is a warning to those who think that Spain—the pentagonal island—set at the junction between two continents is fated to be the prey of Russia, Germany or Italy. Few peoples have passed through so many racial changes as the Iberian Peninsula, but none of those changes has modified the eternal substance of Spain. And Unamuno's death is a reminder that the spirit of the Saguntines or Viriathus burns as brightly today as it did two thousand years ago.

II

I have some very vivid pictures of Unamuno in my mind. I remember him as I saw him in 1921 when I lived in Salamanca. He certainly was the symbol of that august university town, and when in the evening we used to sit in a café in the Plaza Mayor, his table was surrounded by friends and admirers, who had come from all parts to pay court to him. Then he would fire off paradox after paradox. He delighted in pulling the beards of solemn old professors and adopting with them the Socratic method of pretending at first to be ignorant until there was an opportunity of clinching the argument with the blow of a sledgehammer. He would discuss the plots of his novels in the intervals of making, with extraordinary agility, queer little paper birds. As professor of Greek in the university his mind was steeped in classics, but he was not an elegant devotee of the Thessalian maidens; coming from the Basque country, with its fierce steadfastness and obstinacy, he tried to reject the jewels of style, the melodious cadences, as if they had been the flowers of Klingsor's magic garden. This is characteristic when we remember that Don Miguel was a-musical; to him sweet sound was but *musica celestial*—the Spanish synonym for nonsense.

He was, however, in his conversation a subtle humorist, whose humour would have met Landor's definition when he said that "genuine humour and true wit require a sound and capacious mind which is always a grave one." Very often he recalled Samuel Butler. Like Butler he liked to treat as absurd prejudice the ideas that are commonly held. Thus he defended idleness,

holding the theory that lazy people are necessary for the world in the advance of civilization. "Poets," he would say, "are idlers, and it is to these principles of idleness that astronomy owed its origin; that is to say, when man, freed from the necessity of earning his bread, turned his eyes upwards and questioned the enigma of the skies." Unamuno and Butler remind us of the builders of the Middle Ages who adorned their cathedrals with gargoyles. Both of them liked to play the part of a gargoyle themselves, grinning amidst the solemnity of the Universe, yet not incongruous.

Unamuno was the *enfant terrible* of modern Spain, in spite of his air of puritanical austerity at times, which caused Salvador de Madariaga to compare him very aptly to an elder at an Eisteddfod. In appearance he resembled an oak tree, with an owl's head. Everything about him suggested the strength and steadfastness of the Basque with a rugged simplicity not devoid of a certain crudeness. In his dress he shunned adornment; his coat was buttoned right up to the neck. His actions were brusque and I always compared him to a hardy mountaineer from Biscay, peaceful in his home-life, fond of the country and its simple pleasures.

In the evening he would walk slowly along the banks of the river Tormes, where once Lazarillo the Knave used to scamper. At such moments Unamuno would lose his garrulity and become reflective as he pondered over the destiny of Spain. He gloried in the state of agony or struggle in the Spanish soul due to the tensions pulling this way and that: the mystery of the Arab, the steadfastness of the Germanic, the fierceness of the Iberian races. It was then that he would give vent to his intense quixotism. Then he would say that his most significant book, *The Tragic Sense of Life* (very well translated by Crawford Fritch) was a long monologue on the subject of death. "Spanish literature," he would continue, "has forever been obsessed by the idea of death. You find it in the earlier 'Autos Sacramentales': you find it all through the drama of Calderon. What is the whole mass of poetry of Saint Teresa and Saint John of the Cross, but an invocation to death? At times we reach Nirvana with Miguel Molinos the quietist."

After many meetings with Unamuno I came to the conclusion

that his literary works are the expression of the great struggle between his personality as a writer and his personality as a man. More than once he said: "I cannot live without discussions or contradictions, and when nobody outside discusses with me, or contradicts me, I invent someone within myself who does it." His brain was, as a critic has said, like a parliament in permanent session and he could say of himself in the words of Alfred de Vigny: "Je ne suis toujours de mon opinion." In October, 1921, I received a characteristic letter from him describing the state of affairs in Spain:

I wish I could write to you with peace and serenity of mind, but it is impossible. The affairs of this Spain of mine have reached such a critical state that we who feel acutely all the shame that has come upon our country cannot dedicate ourselves to higher things. We cannot breathe in the aether of pure, speculative contemplation because we are stifled by the dust of battle. For some time past I have not written a single line of art or philosophy. I have to write articles of battle. Who knows—perhaps those articles will in the end become more permanent than all the rest! The Gospels were written for an occasion and the Epistles of Saint Paul were really newspaper articles. I do not know when I shall rest; perhaps never. And that will be for the best, for to rest is to die. One must leave oneself in the hands of God—that he may carry us whither he destines us: Who knows? "Life is a dream," said Calderon: "We are such stuff as dreams are made of" said Shakespeare: "dream of a shadow" said Pindar. And I say that we are a dream of God. God is dreaming us and woe to that day when He awakes! It is better not to think of that, but continue to dream that God is dreaming us. Farewell.

Such a self-revelatory letter shows Unamuno in all his egotism and megalomania. Possessing the directness of the Basque he never flinches. Whatever comes into his mind he will blurt out, for it would be cowardly to hide one's thoughts. Every book, play, letter, conversation is part of the interminable monologue which he carried on all his life. Being a man of passion and an egoist he did not always think of the good of the community, or the group, but rather of the world of fantasy created by his individuality. As Salvador de Madariaga says: "The most serious business for the Spaniard is to save his soul, and to save his soul means to maintain the spontaneity and integrity of individual passion in the face of the social activity of generally accepted ideas and above all collective passions."

Unamuno was a philosopher, but the philosopher should follow the example of Marcus Aurelius and live on top of a mountain.

Whenever Unamuno tried to enter the arena of politics his message became dimmed by too much rhetoric. Week after week he wasted his individual talent in firing off political article after political article, full of sound and fury, instead of retiring to his mountain summit to create a supreme work of art for Spain.

III

Unamuno's bitter hostility to Alfonso and the monarchy culminated in his exile to the island of Fuerteventura. From that moment he became famous in Europe as the opponent of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship. It was France then that gave him the helping hand. Intellectuals like Valéry Larbaud, André Gide, Paul Souday and the Comtesse de Noailles welcomed him in Paris.

When the Republic was declared in 1931 Unamuno returned in triumph to Spain and was reinstated as Rector of the University of Salamanca. Many of the younger intellectuals would have wished him to become President of the Republic, for was he not the embodiment of the celebrated Generation of 1898 which had prepared the new movement in the country? But who would expect Don Quixote to become Governor of Barataria after Sancho Panza had been driven out? Unamuno, like the rest of the 1898 group, had prepared the way in order that others might construct. It was not long before his remorseless, analysing brain set to work to disintegrate. Articles appeared daily from his pen attacking every political party. At one moment he lashed the clerical party whom he called "spiritual parasites" because they supported themselves on the faith of others; at another he attacked the progressive people saying that "Progress is apt to become a more degrading superstition than those which it attacks." Between meetings of the parliament one would see him walking bare-headed up and down the Calle de Alcalá, pouring out his ideas in an endless stream to some willing listener. But it was not long before he saddled his Rozinante and sallied out again. This time the windmills were not theologians or dukes, but the modern inquisitorial orthodox Socialists. "Once they destroy the rights of the individual the regime no longer satisfies me."

"Why do you rant so fiercely against the present govern-

ment?" said I to him one day in 1931, when we were sitting talking in Zuloaga, the painter's garden at Zumaya.

"I want to preach the message of Spanish individualism against all those who would diminish its universality. I know that in my native Basque land, or in Catalonia, Galicia, Andalusia or any Spanish region it will always be the public power of the Spanish nation—call it State if you will—which will protect the liberty of the Spanish citizen against the intentions and particularist spirit of the region with its little State."

Hardly had he finished his tirade when the lisping, melodious voice of the Galicia writer, Ramon del Valle Inclan, took up the argument: "Ah, yes. It is Castile which has made Spain, and it is Castile which has made the Republic. Castile is the universal Spain—the Spain that exists not only here in the Iberian peninsula, but over the sea in the New World."

Then Zuloaga butted in: "We all are patriots of our region: I am a Basque; you Don Miguel are one, too; you Don Ramon are a Galician, but there we go forth from the region where we were born and become universal. All our good artists and writers were regional in one sense but became universal."

Our discussion was held in a flowering rose-garden, where beneath trees a fountain bubbled up and flowed over beautiful tiles ornamented in ancient Moorish pattern. In the distance I heard the sound of an organ: Manuel de Falla was playing in the little chapel. The fountain babbled eternally, the organ notes died away and the friends talked on and on. In such a scene of peace I prefer to leave my friend, Don Miguel, but I know that his spirit would refuse to imagine the next life as an eternity of peace and contemplation, a fusion of past and future, a recollection of hope in an everlasting present. He would quote the example of Dante who, alone, created in all its details a society of hell, purgatory and paradise. But as I say farewell to the master's spirit I hear a faint voice chant the words: "I am Spanish by birth, education, spirit, language, profession; Spanish above all and before all; Spanish is my religion; the heaven in which I wish to be is a celestial Spain and my God is a Spanish God—the God of Our Lord Don Quixote, a God who thinks in Spanish and who said in Spanish: 'Let there be light' and the Word was the Spanish Word."

THE MARRIAGE BILL

BY SIR F. D. ACLAND, M.P.

THE Marriage Bill seems at the time of writing likely to be passed into law with its main provisions intact. These are the extension of the causes of divorce to desertion for three years of one party to the marriage "without the consent of and against the will of the other party and without reasonable cause," to cruelty equally carefully defined, and to five years incurable insanity. And it must be noted that all these causes, and those of habitual drunkenness and imprisonment on a commuted death sentence which may perhaps be added, are subject to the overriding provision that there shall be no divorce for the first five years of the marriage. This at once gives occasion to judge the supremely important question whether the promoters of the Bill are justified in stating that its purpose is "to strengthen the institution of marriage and increase respect for the law."

In a representative mixed company of old and young people who were discussing the divorce question recently, there was general agreement that the law needed change in two main directions: to discourage hasty and improvident marriages which can be quickly dissolved by actual or collusive adultery, and to facilitate the termination of unions which had for long periods ceased to be unions in any real sense. This talk took place before the introduction of the Bill, and those who took part in it had very different religious convictions or none. But their conclusion seems sensible, and as it represents exactly the main purpose which underlies the Bill, there seems reasonable ground for hope that there may be increased respect for the marriage law and more seriousness in entering into unions when the Bill is passed than there is, in certain circles, at present.

At the outset it should be realized that the promoters of the Bill have nothing in their minds which by any stretch of imagina-

tion can be called the Americanization of our marriage laws. The American attitude to divorce is too readily assumed to be represented by the easy divorce laws of a few of the States. But, making allowance for this, there is a difference of view on this matter between the two English-speaking races, as definite as it is difficult to account for. For it can be said with certainty that if a measure on the lines of the law available to, and often availed of by, the average American were proposed in the United Kingdom Parliament it would have no chance of approval, even if it were left to the private judgment of members unaffected by any influence from religious bodies. Whether this means that there is a higher general standard of morality here than in the United States is another matter. Probably in both countries some sets and classes have little regard for marriage bonds, and they seem a good deal larger in the States than here, but the great majority jog along fairly successfully over the ups and downs of matrimony without regard to methods of escape, legal or illegal.

Another point that may be noticed is that though there is opposition to the present Bill, it is of a very different type from that of previous years. It seems indeed now to be generally recognized that there should be some change. No responsible person can be found to argue that the law of 1857, which was at the time admitted to be tentative, now works well. It is twenty-four years since a strong majority of a Royal Commission recommended important changes, yet nothing has been done as to modifying the causes for divorce in all the eighty years, except putting the sexes on equal footing as regards adultery.

It is interesting to note in this connection that Mr. W. P. Spens, who led the opposition to the Bill in the Second Reading debate in the House of Commons, said: "... in cases of desertion, habitual lunacy or anything of that sort where the parents are already living apart I am all in favour of those being made grounds of divorce." And Mr. A. C. Crossley, who was a teller against the Bill with Mr. Spens, and the only other opponent of the Bill who took part in the debate, referred to Clause 1 of the Bill, which provides that there shall be a period of at least five years after marriage in which a divorce cannot be granted, as "a great step forward." He appeared to oppose the Bill

because, not unnaturally, he could not extract from the Attorney-General an assurance that that clause would not be withdrawn on the Committee stage. When the Committee stage was reached, not only was the clause not withdrawn, but it was carried without a division—the five-year period being retained.

When the strongest opposition which the Bill received on Second Reading was expressed in this way it seems reasonable to claim that general opinion is now in favour of reform of the law. And comparing the recent debates with those of a generation ago this point emerges very clearly. Then the constant reply, when hard cases of the operation of the existing law were quoted, was that it was better that individuals should suffer rather than that there should be any modification in the grounds of divorce, for any relaxation would be bound to lead to licence. The old phrase that hard cases make bad laws was held to settle the matter. Now, on the contrary, it seems to be generally realized that it is bad law which makes the hard cases, and that the law can be altered so as to meet a great number of them without any risk to our general standard of morals.

A pronouncement which has been made by the Council of the Modern Churchmen's Union on proposals which very closely follow the lines of the Bill, expresses the change of viewpoint so emphatically that it may well be quoted. It would have been quite impossible ten years ago.

"We would express our conviction that, if the proposals here made became law, the moral condition of the country would be greatly improved. The marriage tie would be strengthened, reckless marriages would be discouraged, and many present abuses would disappear."

There have been so far four mornings of debate in the Standing Committee which is considering the Bill, which means rather less than eight hours. And up to the present Clause 1 has been approved, and adultery, desertion, cruelty, and incurable insanity have been considered and agreed to as grounds for divorce. Incurable habitual drunkenness as an additional cause was being considered when the Committee adjourned over the Christmas recess. It may be of interest to summarize the main points on which discussion has so far centred.

The first, and in some ways the most interesting, was an

attempt by several of the members who are most critical of the Bill to alter "adultery" as a ground for divorce (which has been the law since 1853) to "persistent adultery." The amendment was brought forward from a general point of view; "there is a general feeling," it was said, "that a single act of adultery, which may take place in most exceptional circumstances, should not really be a ground for breaking up the home." In particular the object was to check the practice of collusive adultery which is agreed to be a scandal under our present system. This aspect of the matter was forcibly expressed by Mr. Spens when he stated that he would much rather see the promoters of the Bill put in frankly the ground of incompatibility than leave this loophole, which will be available the moment the five years period is over, for people to go on doing exactly what is being done today. But Mr. A. P. Herbert, speaking for the promoters of the Bill, did not rise to this lure. Would those responsible for it like to go to the mothers in their constituencies and say: "We have put an Amendment into the Bill which suggests that anybody may commit adultery four or five times before the court will take any notice of it." Indeed, said Mr. Herbert, the moment you have divorce for desertion the bogus adultery cases would go down to an infinitesimal point. Other members agreed with the bluff statement of a Labour M.P. that if adultery were not to be a ground for divorce, but only persistent adultery, the Bill might as well be thrown over altogether.

Sir Arnold Wilson made a new and interesting point. It had been argued that the worst result of collusive divorces is that children live for part of the year with each parent, but Sir Arnold showed that there were 100,000 persons living judicially separated, and not in 1,000 cases were the children living with alternate parents. On the contrary, the vast majority do not live with either parent, but are sent to homes and orphanages. He had found in a public institution known to him that three out of four of the children were the offspring of marriages in which one spouse has deserted the other, and he suggested that if in such cases the deserted parent could re-marry a home would be made for the children. And he agreed with the view that the passing of the Bill, with separation as a new cause of divorce, would be the prelude to a great decrease of cases of

adultery, particularly of the collusive kind. These arguments fortunately prevailed, and in the end the word "persistent" was not admitted.

Then the opponents tried to remove from the Bill each of the new grounds proposed as justification for divorce. Beginning with desertion, it was suggested that the Bill might become known as the "Reno Bill" for putting our divorce law on a par with the notorious law of Nevada. To this it was replied by Mrs. Tate, who supports the cause of reform with considerable knowledge and understanding of the lives of people under the present law, that since 1573 desertion has been a ground for divorce in Scotland without any stigma upon the country of the kind that attaches to the name of Reno. And Mr. Herbert proceeded to remind members that under the present law an enormous body of people are, in fact, separated for life, without being able to enter into happier and more regulated unions, and that this circumstance brings about all the dangers of illicit unions.

Cruelty is defined as such conduct by one married person to another as makes it unsafe, having regard to the risk to life, limb, or health, bodily or mental, for the latter to continue to live with the former, "or as is calculated to cause and has caused the latter prolonged and unnecessary mental distress." This offered much scope for argument, and though the challenge to it was not pressed, it was understood that the definition would have to be carefully considered at the proper time, particularly the last sixteen words which relate to mental distress.

The last day's Committee discussion almost entirely concerned the question of lunacy as a ground for divorce. The proper modern definition of lunacy which represents the views expressed by the majority of the Royal Commission seems to be incurable unsoundness of mind and having been continuously under care and treatment for five years. It is intended that in these cases initial proceedings shall be served on the King's Proctor, who will communicate with the Board of Control, and it is believed that the Board, in the light of their modern knowledge, would be able to identify the cases, limited to about one per cent. of those who recover, in which the recovery takes place after five years. In these cases proceedings could not be brought

into court. Mr. Sorensen, who gave exact figures, after twelve years work on a Mental Hospital Committee, said that less than 0.5 per cent. had recovered their reason after five years sufficiently to secure some kind of discharge.

And so we must end, without definite conclusion because the Committee stage is by no means concluded, and every line will no doubt be fought by a few members of the Committee, not with obstruction, but with a desire for information and enlightenment and attempts to make the promoters change their minds, which will be calculated to occupy a maximum of time. But the promoters are wise—Mr. De la Bère, to whom so much is owed for undertaking the Bill; Mr. A. P. Herbert, with his reasonable and conciliatory habit of argument and refusal to be provoked; Sir Arnold Wilson the omniscient, and Mrs. Tate full of understanding. They also serve who only sit and vote. And their main hope is, again to quote the words of the Modern Churchman's Union, that the reforms that they advocate will bring society nearer to the Christian standard, and that marriage will become what it should be, one of the most serious steps in life, and happiness will be available to those who have been crushed by the severity of our present system of laws.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THINGS in Europe centre upon Spain, which means that the alarming forces now at work have their immediate effect outside the European centre of gravity. But geography must be taken into account. When your neighbour's house is on fire it is your business, as Juvenal said. France has the Pyrenees between her and the conflagration, but quiet people in France who value their liberty do not like the prospect of Fascist institutions installed on this border also. Other quiet people there are equally frightened lest a centre of Bolshevik contagion should be established next door. The interest of France in this contest is much less abstract and much more legitimate than that of Germany or of Italy. Also, the government of France has a right to be what it is, the government of a free people, and individual freedom of action is open to Frenchmen as it is not to Russians, Italians, and, least of all, to Germans. Money and men can go out of France as individual ventures. Money cannot be sent out of Russia, Italy, or Germany without the government's connivance. In Germany no man at present can leave the country without a permit from the local military authority. States where individual freedom is not permitted can control such reinforcements as are sent, and make sure to which side they are going; but it would surprise me greatly to learn that all the French volunteers are in the Government camp; so far as English-speaking auxiliaries are concerned, they are to be found in both. About the middle of December the makings of a very useful battalion left Galway by a German boat to join their leader under General Franco; but the Irish Government had nothing to do with that adventure, still less, I

need hardly say, had the British Government. I do not believe that any other organized body of this importance has set out either from France or Great Britain. But when several thousand Germans landed at Cadiz, that was a government action. So was the later arrival of several thousand Italians. Russia also must be held responsible for aid given by Russian Soviets and with Russian war material.

But dribblets will not finish the war, though they may prolong it. Unless there is intervention on a decisive scale by some outside Power, Spain itself will in the long run settle the issue. At present the Government side seems to have more command of men; but from the first they have been thrown in without serious training. In the area controlled by General Franco, the work of the countryside is said to go on in its normal way; this may signify that the peasants would rather stay at the plough than fight in a cause which does not appeal to them. It may mean, however, that Franco is making sure of his food supplies, or again that he is not taking more for the army than he can train efficiently. General O'Duffy, the Irish leader, published in Ireland a letter guaranteeing that those who joined his command would get better training before they went into action than was given to Irish volunteers for the British army twenty years ago. That was not saying a great deal, but it was significant. If the same training is being given to the Spanish troops raised for Franco's side, the war may develop rapidly in his favour in spring—though hardly sooner.

On the other hand, German and Italian officers with the insurgents may have reported that man-power in Spain is definitely more available to the other side—in short, that Spain is for the Government rather than for Franco. If so, the chance of crushing this new "focus of Bolshevism" will lessen every week, according as the Government troops gain experience; and there is a temptation to intervene by the despatch of decisive reinforcements.

There is no doubt that Herr Hitler at least claims for Germany the right to ensure victory to the side to which he and the Duce have given formal recognition. If the "anti-Reds" can win

without manifestly more foreign aid than is given to their opponents, Germany and Italy secure their aims without risk. But by the second week of January, it looked as if both the Fascist States had decided that risks must be taken. Two days after the Anglo-Italian agreement was published, came the news that Italians to the strength of a brigade at least had been landed in Spain, at a time while the Italian Government was nominally considering the Anglo-French proposals to keep outside Powers out of the conflict.

It is true that some French newspapers which regard M. Blum as a mere agent of Moscow publish disturbing statements as to recognized recruiting centres for the "Reds" in the South of France; they even affirm that planes from the French Air Force of the latest types have been surreptitiously directed to Spain. M. Pierre Cot, the Air Minister, is among those of M. Blum's colleagues who make no secret of their desire to see France intervene. Meanwhile German ships of war have retaliated for the seizure of a German cargo vessel which was carrying a large quantity of field wireless. Great Britain has also been obliged to protest against the arrest of British ships outside Spanish waters by armed trawlers belonging to an insurgent flotilla. Yet the difference of method was notable: England puts down a hand, Germany puts down a heel.

Meanwhile we are made unhappily aware that there is no accredited international jurisdiction. If Germany and Italy decide to force the victory of General Franco's side on the plea that the existence of a "Bolshevik" government in Spain would be intolerable, there is no law to stop them: for Geneva has, at least temporarily, ceased to act. We perceive how little peace was gained by the decision to let Italy have its way. European Powers had there a clear issue on which to stand as a League of Nations; they had fifty nations in agreement. Now there is no clear issue, since none of the free nations is solidly for or against "Bolshevism" or "Fascism," and there is no certainty which side represents Spain. The onus of allowing Italy and Germany to take their way rests now solely upon England and France: naval Powers which together can

undoubtedly prevent foreign reinforcements from reaching General Franco. Yet such action would involve the risk of European war; and it has hitherto been clear that the dictators will take risks, but the democracies will not.

There is no doubt but that France and England would stand formidably in the last ditch. But where is the last ditch? Mr. Eden has declared that free use of the Mediterranean, in peace or war, is a vital British interest. Italy has declared that she has no intention of altering the *status quo* in that sea. But if Italy and Germany by joint action put General Franco in command of Spain, does anyone seriously believe that the *status quo* in the Mediterranean will not be altered to the detriment both of England and of France?

Since there is a strong probability that these next months will increase the power and the pretensions of Fascist states, those nations which value freedom must stand closer together—above all, the two great free Powers, England and France. Their alliance is necessary to afford a rallying point for the smaller states, which otherwise will be drawn without resistance into the orbit of those who are feared. One may therefore consider the chances of joint effectiveness. It has to be recognized that France is committed to alliance with Russia, which cannot by any stretch of language be described as a centre of freedom. This alliance is disliked by large groups of opinion both in France and in Great Britain. Nevertheless it is easier for the democracies to work with Russia as a counterpoise to the Fascist power than with the Fascist Powers as a counterpoise to Russia. There is at present so wide a support for rearmament in Great Britain that a genuinely National Government would be easily possible if it became necessary for the safety of the State. If it is not absolutely necessary now for reasons of external policy, that is because Labour is in general agreement with the Government.

The cause of this is first and chiefly that Labour regards M. Blum as a statesman who is bringing about a social revolution to the advantage of Labour in France. It is not afraid of seeing France become Bolshevik, because it knows from its own experience that an educated democracy can keep Bolshevism

tendencies in proper check. It is afraid, and naturally afraid, of any spread of Fascism because it knows that where Fascism gets a hold, trades unionists may have to face a firing party.

Party division in Great Britain that matters concerns internal affairs—the closely related questions of the means test and the Depressed Areas. Most of those whose interest in politics is not partisan would welcome the recasting of government in such a way as to give Labour a joint responsibility for facing both these problems. The disease of unemployment which threatens to become inveterate in certain areas needs to be tackled by a body less careful of vested interests than Mr. Baldwin's administration, and less characterized by what Mr. Churchill calls "an unparalleled capacity for indecision." How far such a combination is possible, to complete national unity, depends on the leaders of Conservatism and on the leaders of Labour. But so far as external affairs are concerned, all Englishmen may be counted on to act together. It is unfortunately less certain that England can be counted on to act promptly and decisively.

In France unhappily faction rages, and it would be hard to get a dispassionate estimate of M. Blum's past, present, or his future from any Frenchman. But outside observers confirm my own impression that he has made good. "This Government is the only one since the war that has done anything," one man said. "Why do you say 'since the war'?" was the answer he got. In the industrial world employers were much too strongly entrenched, and Labour was still demanding under a Republic much that had been conceded for a generation under the great British monarchy. Good employers thought that all was well in their case because they were, of their own volition, twenty per cent. more generous than the bad. In the same way fifty years ago good landlords in Ireland were self-satisfied, till a tribunal was set up, which reduced rents by an average twenty-five per cent. all round. One member of such a tribunal, himself a large and good landlord, said to me that he and the rest were doing "justice to the tenants and injustice to the landlords." It has been like that in France, and M. Blum's measures have done much that is resented as injustice. But one person who wrote explicitly from

**Civil Strife
in France**

the Catholic standpoint had no fault to find with M. Blum's social legislation: what he objected to was the toleration of inroads on property—the occupation of factories—in the way many in Ireland protested against concessions to organized boycotting, with which a good deal of crime was associated. Much was said, with good logic, against the Irish Government; much is said with equally good logic against M. Blum's. Yet a generation after the Irish land revolution I heard the son of the greatest leader among the Irish landlords say in a representative assembly of Irishmen that we all had to recognize now that the Irish land reforms were necessary and had been beneficent. In another generation, that is probably how M. Blum's reforms will be viewed. But at the time Mr. Gladstone's opponents abated nothing of their virulence, nor will M. Blum's. Large employers are often politicians as well as industrials, and many of them make difficulties—for example, by offering concessions after a strike, on condition that they may dismiss the strike leaders. There is this to be said for the French working men, and for the Government, that scarcely any bloodshed has resulted from the social disorder of the last six or seven months. More drastic use of force would scarcely have helped a settlement.

Yet one cannot be sure how far French labour is under control of its leaders; and it is said that work on munitions is held up most undesirably. In short, it is not clear that the *Front Populaire* realizes the necessity of strengthening its Government at so dangerous a crisis.

Solidarity with the opposition cannot be hoped for—as it can in Great Britain. The opposition still believe that the Communist party takes its orders from Moscow. One thing, however, is generally admitted. This Government has clean hands. Under the regrettable tradition of French politics a politician often incurs obligations to money interests—perhaps most often when he is out of office; for any man who has been in office is regarded as likely to be in power again. But M. Blum and all his colleagues took office for the first time. That is the cynical explanation which I have heard of their generally admitted clearness of pecuniary interests. It may in part account for the surprising fact that bankers speak well of M. Blum's administration, unorthodox though its finance appears.

There is, however, one factor which may produce something like unity in France while it draws closer the bonds between France and England. German activities have created a fear that Germany may seek to gain a foothold in Morocco—not far down on the Atlantic coast, as was the Kaiser's project, but at the Straits of Gibraltar. Both the French and the British fleets have moved in strength to that region—we are told, in pursuance of their ordinary routine. But the last ditch is clearly indicated, and shown to be manned. Whatever else may be possible, it is not possible for Germany to undertake a campaign in Morocco against the opposition of France and England. Since some step backward is indicated as necessary, it will be more easily taken as part of a combined withdrawal. In other words, if Hitler has really put his foot too far forward in Morocco, there is a chance that he may seriously co-operate to end, or limit, outside intervention in Spain. Certainly the reminder that England and France are ready for united action has made for prudence elsewhere, and may produce the desired result.

What would happen then in Spain, no one can foretell. It needs a great optimism to expect good from the victory of either side. General Franco's refusal to agree to an exchange of two thousand hostages with the Basques has a sinister aspect; and whether the White Terror or the Red Terror has the last word, there will be a bloody reckoning. Only one hopeful thing is to be noted: neither side has used gas. It may be because they have not got it; yet both sides have all the most "civilized" instruments of war, and no military operations could have shown more clearly the case to be made for gas on military grounds. It is almost impossible to dislodge determined riflemen and machine gunners from behind walls by explosives—witness the cadets of the Alcazar. Gas would have done it. Gas would enable General Franco to win Madrid without destroying the capital of his country. These are strong arguments. If on either side, or both sides, they have been overborne by a sense that the use of gas would throw world opinion against the user of it, then humanity has made a step in advance.

When the Oxford Press asked Mr. Yeats to form an Anthology of Modern English Verse they made at least an interesting choice and one for which there was a kind of precedent. **The Yeats Anthology** Tennyson, though not responsible, was constantly consulted by Palgrave in compiling the *Golden Treasury*: we saw the difference when, after Tennyson's death, Palgrave published another anthology. Mr. Yeats, like Tennyson, has been a fastidious craftsman, wide in his range of technique: not only a great, but a learned poet. There is, however, one distinction—Tennyson was steeped in Greek and Latin; I doubt if Mr. Yeats has read poetry in any language but English. One profit of this is that he has drawn upon the literature of translation. Not widely; there is nothing from the Russian; much, as was natural, from the Irish, and from Oriental languages. But I do not suppose that he has pushed his reading of translations beyond the literatures which make special appeal to him. Evidently he has never read Helen Waddell's renderings from medieval Latin, although she is an Associate (under his presidency) of the Irish Academy of Letters; for there is no comparison either in interest or in merit between her work and several of the renderings that he includes.

The limitation to his value as an anthologist is that he has been much less omnivorous as a reader—I would almost say, much less a reader—than most men of letters. He seems to me—speaking from an acquaintance of over fifty years, in which one of the chief interests of my life has been to observe the development of his genius—to have used books not for their own sake, but as a stimulus to his own thought. Great fields of enjoyment in which most of us revelled were uncongenial to him, and when he visits them now he chooses badly. Compare his selection from Kipling with that made in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*: "Q" picks the quintessential Kipling instinctively, Yeats gives what might be two imitations of Kipling's manner. Again, there is nothing from Moira O'Neill's *Songs of the Glens of Antrim* which are, I think, likely to last as long as *The Flowers of the Forest* or any other poem of that Scottish school to which this Irish poetess really belongs. Yet it would not surprise me to hear that they gave Mr. Yeats no pleasure—or that the same could be said of any one of Walter Scott's lyrics. These voices

of the hillside and of the running water find a deaf spot in his hearing, just as the mystics to whom he is so specially attuned make less appeal to me, for instance, than they should.

But he surely undervalues the natural singing voice when he leaves out Katharine Tynan, whom he cannot possibly have forgotten. William Watson is omitted, but not by choice; there is tribute to him in the Introduction—that curious document in which this poet of my generation declares himself completely a convert to the doctrines and discipline of the new. But there is another omission against which I take my stand. Not a word is said in the introductory survey about Stephen Phillips, not a line of him is quoted. Stephen Phillips, as all his contemporaries know, let himself down, and “wrote himself down,” to use Swift’s phrase. He might destroy his living reputation, but he could not destroy the work that he had done. It is all very well for Yeats to say “Victorianism had been defeated” by 1900; these literary defeats, like literary victories, are passing waves, and when they have subsided, things re-emerge. The poems which Phillips wrote in the Tennysonian manner will, I hold, find readers when the latest victory and the latest defeat are forgotten; they will survive by their noble craftsmanship and by the living impulse in them. Yet to have put into this book even the shortest of them, “Christ in Hades,” would have been a mistake; nor could the third act of *Herod* where Phillips is completely himself, have been given even in part; and his lyrics do not as a rule represent him. But there is one, “A Poet’s Prayer,” as to which no poet can mistake its weight and force, nor doubt that the man who wrote had known the possession it describes, as well as the terrible anticipation with which the last line is charged—“And men not measure from what height I fell.” It is worth a wilderness of dexterities by such masters of anæmic accomplishment as Arthur Symonds, to whom this selection seems over indulgent.

Yet in many cases I am grateful for the choice made; for instance, it almost makes me believe that I should like to read the whole of Gerard Hopkins, though instinct warns me. Bridges is admirably represented; so is Binyon, by one long poem

containing a passage that recalls by its intensity those germinal lines of “Maud” which Tennyson perhaps never equalled again. Masfield comes badly off, as was inevitable since his true distinction is to have been the one man in our days who really succeeded with narrative verse. Herbert Trench wrote one short poem (“When man was hounded from Eden”), which should be in every modern anthology; but all I find of him is a rendering from Jean Richepin’s ballad about the boy who bowled his mother’s heart before him. Anybody might have done it. On the other hand, one poet, who is of the younger generation but does not depart from the traditional models, suffers from over-appreciation. If the two, or at most three, choicest of Oliver Gogarty’s poems had been given, readers would not be in danger of taking him merely for a very clever fellow.

As to the new school—if, of three men who really know literature, two say that they have no use for a poem in which the third finds great pleasure, the one positive verdict is more important than the other two: I accept it as my defect that I cannot get pleasure from Mr. Elliot’s work: and I wish I could. All the same, one distrusts the zeal of sudden conversions, and Yeats offers exaggerated obeisance to his juniors. “I think,” he writes, “England has had more good poets from 1900 to the present day than during any period of the same length since the early seventeenth century”: 1800-1836 comprised Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Scott, and Byron, as everybody knows. In the effort to adjust himself to the new, this poet has lost his balance; and the proof to me is in his choice from his own work. What he has selected will, with perhaps one or two exceptions, I should say, be read in fifty years or a hundred years because they were written by the man who wrote a score of other poems which he now sets aside, as having “a too soft simplicity.” Flesh and blood are perishable, but they have been made immortal, by Yeats not least. I doubt if immortality will be achieved by what his Introduction regards as the characteristically modern method—celebration of the durable bone.

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ENGLAND'S PARLIAMENT

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT: BIOGRAPHIES OF MEMBERS OF THE COMMONS HOUSE 1439-1509, by Colonel the Right Honourable Josiah C. Wedgwood, D.S.O., M.P., in collaboration with Anne Holt, M.A. *H.M. Stationery Office.* £2.

THIS is the first of three volumes which are to deal with Parliament in the period 1439-1509, that is with that last lifetime of the English Middle Ages, during which seventy years the English Parliament took on its final form.

The dates are well suited for an examination of the institution and particularly of the Commons House because things had become sufficiently fixed for the study of them to be undertaken in detail.

The work consists essentially of a great number of short biographies arranged alphabetically and dealing with the members of the Lower House, to which is attached a preface by the chief editor and signed by him, which stands separate from the short biographies, and is indeed of quite a different nature. This preface or introduction is of fifty-three pages, the biographies cover nine hundred and eighty-four: whereby it will be seen that the biographies form by far the most of the matter and, one might say, constitute the book.

Colonel Wedgwood has written the introduction with sincerity and even with enthusiasm, but it suffers from a defect, less common now than it was

twenty or thirty years ago, of repeating the old Whig thesis upon parliament and English parliamentary institutions. This thesis was so unhistorical that the first serious examination of it destroyed it for good. For instance, the editor tells us that the prime object of a parliament (or rather a summoning of the Commons to a parliament) was the presentation of grievances. If this were true one would find in it the origin of what used to be called, very foolishly, "self government." But it is not true. The origin of parliaments all over Western Christendom did not spring from a desire to ventilate grievances or to get them redressed, but from the necessity medieval kingship found itself under of getting special grants for occasions of exceptional expenditure. Early medieval government, that is early medieval kingship, was based on the principle that "The King should live of his own." The king's personal revenue should supply all the public expenditure for the public good. It was the central principle of feudalism that private revenues were identical with political power, and the king, with his great number of private manors, the forest land under his control, the profits of justice and so on, was at the head of the system because he had the largest revenue; but out of that revenue he was supposed to do everything. When something extraordinary was undertaken, such as a

considerable war, the royal private revenue no longer met the exceptional expenses. Therefore the citizens had to subscribe and, by the social philosophy of the time, they could only subscribe voluntarily, they could not be compelled. They had to be consulted and to agree. Since you could not get all the free men into one place you collected representatives from the various classes who could afford to pay, and when you got the representatives together you went to work. The gathering was obviously suited for the presenting of grievances and that function necessarily arose; but it was not the original function nor the cause of the gathering. On the next page (xlvi) the old myth appears again "when parliament started in England similar institutions started also in other lands." As an historical fact, the first full parliament called in Europe was the parliament of Aragon; but the idea was running through the little states of the Pyrenees. This first parliament of Aragon was called earlier even than the Norman Conquest and two hundred years earlier than the first gathering that can be called a parliament in England. From the Pyrenees the idea spread northward, the elder Simon de Montfort was contemporary with and perhaps witnessed during his southern French campaign the parliament of Foix on the other side of the mountains.

The introduction, however, contains two very valuable truths which highly affect English history. The first is that popular risings and their accompanying atrocities were less violent and less effective in England than elsewhere; the second is that the Church during that last corrupt century before the Reformation, was less corrupt here than elsewhere. It was far less corrupt for instance than in Scotland, England's neighbour and enemy. The Church still conformed in England much more to the ideal of the Church from the earliest

times—an autonomous society only partly subject to the lay power. For instance, the practice of giving church revenues to laymen was less widespread here than in France or Scotland or perhaps any other European country at the time. These very virtues of the later Middle Ages in the Church were the causes of its disasters in the following century. Had the English Crown possessed the power of dealing with ecclesiastical revenues which the French crown possessed through the Concordat, there might have been no Dissolution of the monasteries nor destructive plunder of clerical wealth in general. The wealth would have been taken, but gradually and unobtrusively instead of in a revolutionary fashion.

As we have said, the essence of this book is the mass of small biographies giving the dates, names, places, and to some extent, occupations of the landed gentry. The Commons House was, of course, a committee of this class as it continued to be until quite recent times. There was a certain mixture of lawyers and merchants of the towns but the determining element was that of the squires, and of high interest it is, as one goes down the list, to note the recurrent names of men who were later to make the Commons House what it ultimately became—the chief governing power of the country and the supplanter of the Crown.

Take that very wealthy family the Hampdens, for instance. The name of Hampden, Oliver Cromwell's cousin, coming of a family almost as rich as the millionaire Cromwells themselves, is to-day a commonplace tag; everyone has heard and heard too much of the Hampden ship money case, and Buckinghamshire was of course his habitat, he sat for Buckinghamshire. Here two hundred years before, you will find a Hampden coming to Westminster from Buckinghamshire as did his descendant. There is a whole string of Harcourts

again, notably the Harcourts of Stanton Harcourt, members of Parliament for Oxfordshire. And men now elderly remember that courteous and dignified figure who was Father of the House some forty years ago. It was the same family, playing indeed a very different part, but playing it under the same name "Member of the House of Commons" as four hundred years before.

So true is it that England changes the thing but keeps the name. That keeping of the name is of high political value. Let it further be remembered that in no other country could such a combination as this be produced, for in no other country does there remain intact such a vast mass of record unviolated by invasion or serious civil war.

STATISTICAL YEAR-BOOK of the WORLD POWER CONFERENCE. No. 1. 1933 and 1934. 20s.

WE live in the power age, our economy based upon fuel. The amount of fuel that we consume and the use we make of it are a fair measure of our prosperity. The fear that supplies will soon be exhausted—that we are living recklessly on our capital—is sufficiently widespread that schemes for compelling us to conserve them are talked about even by people who are normally content that consumption shall be left uncontrolled save by the relation between present and future prices and the cost of holding.

In such a setting the first issue of an authoritative statistical year-book on power resources, production and consumption throughout the world is an important event. The central office of the World Power Conference has shown commendable enterprise in launching it, and the choice of Mr. Frederick Brown of the London School of Economics to

edit the volume is a guarantee of clarity of presentation and of the application of a statistician's skill and conscience to the task of deciding what figures are worthy of inclusion and what should not go in. A very firm hand is needed to wield the blue pencil in this field.

The editor's task had been lightened by ten years of preparation in the various countries which have collaborated in furnishing these statistics. Units and definitions differ throughout the world and have been standardised for this purpose, and national committees have had to arrange for the pooling of figures. This first issue covers solid fuels (the coals and lignite, peat and wood), liquid fuels (petroleum, benzoles and alcohols), natural gas, water power and electricity. That is, it attempts to cover them, country by country, with warnings where the information is known to be fragmentary and omissions where it is not to be trusted, and figures are given for annual production and for resources. Even for coal, these figures of resources are inevitably almost devoid of meaning. For instance, the "proved resources" of Europe are shown as 548,400 million tons and "probable total resources" at about three times that figure, while for Asia, with proved resources of only 10,900 million tons, the "probable" total is recorded as about one thousand times larger. Such figures mean nothing unless related to the prices which would be necessary to evoke various quantities of supply.

It has not been possible to include details of minor varieties, such as wind power and direct sun power, nor the more important figures relating to manufactured gas. If in subsequent years this latter omission could be rectified, and population figures added to the tables to facilitate *per capita* comparisons, our debt to the editor and publishers for their excellent year-book will be the greater.

ARNOLD PLANT.

THE LIFE OF GAUGUIN, by Robert Burnett. *Cobden Sanderson*. 15s.

A WELL-written life of Gauguin, in which the author conveys even the beauty of Tahiti without overloading his palette, should interest many readers. I for one can say that Mr. Burnett's book is one of the most absorbing new books which I have read.

Gauguin, who was partly Peruvian, began his adult life as a sailor in the French merchant service, acting at one time as a stoker. For twelve years from the age of twenty-three he was a successful Exchange broker, and it was during this time that he married "Mette," a Danish girl. When he was thirty-five he abandoned business and painted furiously—but with no success. He, his wife and their five children went to Copenhagen. Here, however, he again failed completely. He returned to Paris; fell to the starvation level; and in desperation took work as a bill-poster. We next find him living and working in the country with the mad and almost saintly Van Gogh: but Mr. Burnett is convinced that only malice suggested that Gauguin, with his taunts and his persiflage, was responsible for Van Gogh's breakdown. Nevertheless, it is impossible to read this book without feeling that Gauguin was a truculent unlovable man, and something of a sadist. For many years he continued to dream of assembling his family around him, but a just reader will not hastily condemn poor Mette for having preferred the comparative security of her life in Denmark.

His first effort to escape from civilization caused him to assist at the digging of the Panama Canal: then, after staying in the delightful bohemian hostelry of a Mlle. Henry, in the south of France, he contrived to transport himself to the South Sea Islands, remaining for years

in Tahiti and again for years in the Marquesas. During the whole of this period he shipped his pictures to Paris, but they were still either quite unmarketable or marketable only at such poor prices that, at the age of fifty, Gauguin, using arsenic, attempted to commit suicide.

Mr. Burnett's account of his life in the South Sea Islands, where he lived with various women, is so admirable that I can only advise any reader to enjoy it for himself. Gauguin found that the natives "suffered from diseases, missionaries, modesty, covered breasts and corrugated iron"; and, more than once, he imperilled his own status on the island by championing the rights of the islanders against the French authorities. "The civilizing efforts of the Church had not been able to make of marriage more than an amusing ceremony."

"Never having finished his studies, the Latins and the Greeks had remained incomprehensible to him, and he despised them for want of having studied them": but at least we have in this book his opinion of H. G. Wells, the Marquis de Sade, Renoir, Ingres, Burne-Jones and Cézanne. We have also Cézanne's opinion of Gauguin—and who will not care to hear what it was? At length, when he was fifty-five, Gauguin died, alone in his hut.

The story is the typical story of the artist, pursued by misfortune and incomprehension, and "successful" only after his death. Mr. Burnett has told it with clarity and restraint. His book is one of those books which make us resent the interruption of meals. Moreover, it is well produced and contains several reproductions of the artist's work; but these, being necessarily without colour, cannot do justice to his talent.

CLIFFORD BAX.

THE CROWN AND THE CABINET

BY G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

CABINET GOVERNMENT, by W. Ivor Jennings. *Cambridge University Press*. 21s.

It would probably be a great advantage if books on constitutional government were written, not by lawyers, but by the more modest literary persons who compose *The Complete Letter Writer* and other volumes on social etiquette. For so much of the British Constitution is far more a matter of good manners than sound law.

The fundamental fact about the British Constitution is that the House of Commons has complete control of the national revenue; and it has, consequently, complete control of the government of the nation. That is the real practice. However, in theory the Crown has been left at the head of the state and its ministers are servants of the sovereign. The Crown is therefore placed in a very false position, for its servants in theory are its masters in practice; and the ministers have to tell their master, as delicately as they can, that he must do exactly what they wish, as long as they have the support of a majority of the House of Commons.

Now such a position would be intolerable if it were not for common sense and good manners on both sides. The British Constitution will only work, in its present form, if those who administer it have the social polish considered proper for dukes and the courtesy and normal sanity usual among bus-conductors.

The balance of etiquette is so important in this case because the law on the matter is so vague. Dr. W. Ivor

Jennings tells us in his Preface that "The British Constitution is changing so rapidly that it is difficult to keep pace with it." He adds that he can only guarantee that he has stated the position (with the exception of "a few alterations in proof") as it stood at the end of 1935. Now the term "constitution" ought to suggest a considerable degree of stability; so if the British Constitution, as stated by a lawyer, in terms of strict law, cannot be guaranteed for a bare year, we must look elsewhere than to the lawyers for the key. For, as a matter of practical fact (as the last few years since the Great War have proved) the British Constitution is almost the only enduring political structure on this Earth.

Dr. Jennings has collected a great number of historical facts which are precedents for the relationship between Cabinet and the Crown, Parliament and Bureaucracy. The reader who is able to weigh all this evidence carefully may get his bearings more or less correctly. But the rather vague editorial comments of the author lack the grip of such constitutional masters as Dicey and Anson; who have so convincingly revealed the essentials of the constitution, and shown how the vaguer "conventions" can be enforced by very precise and real laws which are not conventions at all, but statutes of the realm.

We have recently passed through a constitutional crisis which will certainly be recorded as a leading case in the history of constitutional law. Those

who know political history will realize at once that behind all the manoeuvrings in the governing circles, the palpable courtesies and the veiled threats, lies the very solid fact that a majority of the House of Commons, represented by the Cabinet, can do what it pleases so long as it has sufficient confidence in its opinions to face the electors with them at the next general election. Most of the law of the British Constitution comes to that plain fact.

Dr. Jennings has scarcely the clarity of thought or the literary style to make the many details of his book form a complete whole. For example, on the first page of his preface he writes: "I have emphasized that the British Constitution has ceased to contemplate a mere division of administrative duties among homogeneous departments under responsible ministers." Doubtless a meaning for this statement can be discovered, after toil; but the result will hardly repay the research.

So many of the comments in this book are of insignificant value. Thus: "The problem of a Prime Minister in time of war is more difficult than that of an ordinary minister in time of peace." No one will dispute that statement!

The suggestion that "To give the example of Sir Robert Morant is, perhaps, rather like appealing to the practice of an archangel," will give much cynical amusement to those who know anything of the forceful career of that great dead bureaucrat.

Perhaps it is a difficult matter for the lawyer to fit his mind into the no-man's land which lies between the precise law and the fickle practices of the politicians. Dr. Jennings sometimes seems to take them too seriously. It is remarkable that his wide reading of political history—of which he gives such a useful statement in this volume—has left him just a little provincial when he finds himself in the circle of the metropolitan government.

CIRCUS PARADE, by John S. Clarke.
Batsford. 7s. 6d.

No circus performance seems complete nowadays without the lurking photographer, taking aim through the bars of the lions' den or ambushing trick-riders from the level of the "fence." He has significance in the modern show for he indicates how much our enjoyment of it consists of lovely, incredible visions glimpsed at strange angles. To help us he records some of these fleeting moments in the illustrations of a volume which has the veritable excitement of the circus about it.

With its many plates of hair-raising feats in the spotlight amid the darkness, of clowns in dressing-rooms and tents in the sunlight, *Circus Parade* reveals itself as a remarkable piece of book production the moment you pick it up. And when Mr. Clarke is observed under an elephant's foot, as well as hugging a tiger and surrounded by "white killers of the frozen North," it is clear that he is no ordinary author. Nor is he. Not even Carl Hagenbeck or Henry Thétard has a better understanding of captive wild beasts.

"Bear trainers never retire," quotes³ Mr. Clarke when describing Adolf Koss-meyer's death at Hastings five years ago. While washing a Polar bear, the trainer slipped on wet soap flakes and in falling struck its snout with his elbow. "Here was the first pain inflicted by a gentle master, but the wild beast cannot reason. All the cunning and ferocity hived in that shallow skull . . . sprang suddenly to activity."

In explaining the death of another trainer who fell on entering a cage, Mr. Clarke comments, "Unless an animal has been trained to regard a recumbent man as 'normal,' it will lose all respect for him." Again, "On several occasions the present writer has been very close to death from lions and tigers because they were in playful mood."

His chapter on horses is likewise full of the understanding you would expect from a writer who was "a rough-rider when only ten years of age." He points out how in the liberty horses the "marvellous natural arch of the hoof and its mechanism of resilience remain unspoilt" because they go unshod.

Without a doubt the literature of the sawdust ring is enriched by this, the latest evidence of rapidly increasing interest. If I can first put emphasis enough on my praises of the lively way it imparts information, perhaps I may safely quarrel with the author over minor matters, such as his statement, "Not even Rastelli was a greater juggler than Cinquevalli." That is like saying, "Not even Ritter was a greater conductor than Sousa."

But how can one author become expert in all things that can be labelled "circus"? Not until publishers and public have been educated to a proper appreciation of how many subjects come under this head, will its authors be able to do themselves justice. At present the demand is for single works that tell the reader "all about it." Obviously this cannot be done, no matter how deftly Mr. Clarke has disguised the fact.

His way of throwing off the burden of research is amusingly shrewd. Though his space for history is naturally limited, he describes the Roman circus (chariot course) and amphitheatre, while frankly admitting, "Neither institution, by the way, had the remotest connection with the circus of to-day." From some account of medieval performers, he passes to Astley, father of the modern circus, and then declares "A world of bohemianism, nomadism and genius offers enticement to the explorer, but if he looks for records he will be disappointed." More than one "explorer," mentally and financially exhausted from

grappling with records that are as vast as they are fascinating, will envy Mr. Clarke his casual unconcern.

On the other hand, if our author had once let himself roam into the past, he would probably, like so many of us, have found it difficult to come back to the present for a period long enough to complete a book. Fortunately, it is the present that has held his interest—fortunately, because he has caught particular moments of circus time and space almost as vividly as the photographers have. One of the most remarkable occurs during his comments on acrobats. There are, he says, "sensational" circus acts which are not genuinely so, although good entertainment. There are also dangerous performances which have all the appearance of safety and simplicity:

The head of the Allison troupe of Risley acrobats runs across the ring and throws a *double forward somersault from the ground*. He has been doing this for some time, but his body is putting on weight and it is becoming increasingly difficult. "When do you intend to abandon that trick?" I asked him. "When I break my neck," he replied. The public see this feat so rapidly that they do not comprehend either its wonder or its danger. Very few have succeeded in doing it more than once, and many have met their death while attempting it.

"The Angel of Death occupies a front seat at every performance, and the artiste knows it," says Mr. Clarke. That has always been true; yet it impresses us more deeply now, though we belong to an age when human life is held cheaply enough. It is not hard to understand why; that people should risk their lives for our amusement is unthinkable. But you cannot expect "chuckers-out" to jerk their thumbs at the Angel of Death in the circus while he has a free seat at every cross-road.

WILLSON DISHER.

MITHRAIC EMBLEMS, by Roy Campbell. *Boriswood*. 7s. 6d.

TWENTY-FIVE POEMS, by Dylan Thomas. *Dent*. 2s. 6d.

LOOK, STRANGER! by W. H. Auden. *Faber & Faber*. 5s.

MR. ROY CAMPBELL'S latest collection of poems comes to us with the impressive announcement that he has been working upon it for over five years. Nevertheless it contains nothing equal to "Tristan da Cunha" or "Choosing a Mast," or many another of the earlier poems. The satirical poems have a certain facility of expression and inner gaiety, but it is only necessary to set them by the side of, let us say, Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" to see how impermanent must be their appeal in the long run. There is also a group of poems which, his publishers declare, crystallise for all time the tragedy of Spain in Revolution. Of the passionate intensity of these poems there is little doubt, and they are shot through with memorable, if rather wordy, phrases, but they are too partisan to justify the high claim made for them. Mr. Campbell's latest output in fact must be mainly judged by that section which gives its title to the book. "Mithraic Emblems" consists of twenty-two sonnets seeking to substantiate the poet's claim that "Mithras became the vassal of Christ, his cowboy, in fact." But Mithraism, however it may have become elevated in the final struggle between Paganism and Christianity, was in origin a cult of sun-worship; and in celebrating Mithras as Christ's "cowboy" Mr. Campbell would seem to be inventing an unnecessary and redundant excuse. In those resounding phrases with which he has made us familiar—"the red veronicas of light," "the huge hosannahs of the plain"—he sings his colourful hymn, and at times, as in "Illumination," he achieves a certain splendour.

I halt and tremble at the height
To which you lift my dreaming gaze

Through curls of fire, upon the white
Abrupt sierras of my days;
O hyacinthal star! whose shining
Phasm to film, the flesh will glow
A rose against the dawn, designing
The skeleton, a frond of snow,
While on the rosy splendour drawn,
Like webs of frost against the dawn,
The nerves of joy and pain are spun
Fine as the thistled hair of fays
And myriad as the coloured rays
An eyelash fibres from the sun.

But the theme is too vague as a rule, and the expression too wordy, to carry much conviction.

Mr. Dylan Thomas, too, is wordy, drunk with words. Not that he cannot be "simple" enough at times, as in "This bread I break" or "The hand that signed the paper"; but usually he obtains his effect more by the hammer-blow of a fist in the face than by any clear-voiced argument. It is impossible to tell what many of his lines may mean:

And in the pincers of the boiling circle,
The sea and instrument, nicked in the
locks of time,
My great blood's iron single
In the pouring town,
I, in a wind on fire, from green Adam's
cradle.
No man more magical, clawed out the
crocodile.

The total effect is of a sort of revivalism, the same plangent rhythms, the same sounding phrases that go beyond meaning and convey, more by music than by sense, the apocalypse that has been the poet's undoubted inspiration. One day, maybe, he will descend from the mountain and translate his vision into comprehensible terms.

Meanwhile it is refreshing to turn to such a "strict and adult pen" as Mr. Auden uses. He is too concerned with the immediate pain and misery down on the plain to stay long listening to the cloud upon the mountain-top. "The poetry is in the pity," he quotes from Wilfrid Owen, and every page in this memorable book has been dictated by

the pity that purges. Since his last collection of poems, six years ago, Mr. Auden has clarified his writing, simplified his utterance (it is notable that he has written for certain experimental films, and there are here a couple of ballads), whilst we in turn have grown more used to his idiom and also to that social inspiration which he was one of the first to introduce. The result is a wider appeal and a finer poetry. His satire runs under the surface, like an informing humour; and if his scene is severely English and contemporary, the implication is seldom local.

Such poems as the Malvern ode, "Here on the cropped grass," and the birthday-letter to Christopher Isherwood, "August for the people," must rank among the finest poems of today. And if the appeal is perhaps more to the brain than to the heart, Mr. Auden himself supplies the reason why in his dedicatory question: "What can truth treasure, or heart bless, (today) but a narrow strictness?"

C. HENRY WARREN.

THE POLAND OF PILSUDSKI, by Robert Machray. *Allen & Unwin*. 15s.

THIS book is a monument of accuracy and industry. Mr. Machray must have spent many weary hours verifying, checking and dating, before he finally passed these pages for the printer. True, it is partly a condensed re-hash of an earlier work. But it brings that early work up to date, and it reduces the post-war history of Poland into a reasonable compass, so that I, at least, have no doubt whatsoever that this will be the standard text-book for the English-speaking world on the crucial years of Poland's renaissance.

Mr. Machray, like all historians who ever lived except Thucydides, writes from an angle, and his angle is the greatness of Marshal Pilsudski. The Marshal can do nothing wrong. And everything

right that is done in Poland, is done by the Marshal. The test case is the immortal battle of Warsaw. The French, and their attendant sycophants, ascribe the victory to Weygand, the colleague, disciple and inheritor of Foch. Mr. Machray totally denies this thesis. He gives all the glory of the great manoeuvre to Pilsudski. Which is right?

I was in Poland shortly after the battle, and I hold strong views on the subject. I am convinced that the credit goes to neither of them, but to the German-trained Posnan corps of cavalry which was thrown into the battle much later than it should have been, and which, professional, irresistibly rode down the Bolshevik amateurs. In the same way, Pilsudski's aggressive attack on Kiev is represented as an ordinary and rather clever piece of tactics, whereas it was, of course, pure idiocy. And I cannot help feeling that Mr. Machray has missed a moment of high drama in the advance of the famous "Seven" who crossed the Austrian frontier on the outbreak of the war, to rouse the Poles round Kielce. That heroic band was the "Cadre" of the Polish Legion, which, in turn, was the basis of Polish independence. Not for nothing did M. Sieroszewski, the famous old litterateur who served as a trooper in the Polish ranks at the age of 55, call his villa at Gdynia "Kadrowka," the house of the Cadre.

But these are details. Mr. Machray's main body of work is sound and accurate. But he is setting out on an uphill task. He wants to prove to the British—and I also have spent years trying to prove it—that Poland is two things: it is a Great Power; and it is the key to the European Arch. But the man in the street in Britain, and the politician in the House of Commons, do not care two straws about Poland. It is a tragic blunder. And, incidentally, Poland has a third claim to fame. It is one of the most beautiful countries in the world.

A. G. MACDONELL.

A DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY, by Victor Heiser. *Cape*. 15s.

THIS book has the character and quality of a series of long, descriptive letters, written to a colleague by an observant, capable, yet not very imaginative, traveller, engaged in a specialist task carrying him into many parts of the world. It should not be read, therefore, as a work of art; but as a book full of interest and of information gathered at first-hand. Dr. Heiser, on behalf of the Rockefeller Foundation, has visited "Polynesia, Hawaii, North Borneo, Labuan, Melbourne, Singapore, the myriad islands of the South Seas, Brunei, Sarawak, Java, Sumatra, Fiji, Ceylon, India, Palestine, Egypt and Ethiopia," as well as many countries of Europe and nearly every part of America. His job has been to inaugurate, in country after country, active preventive health movements; and the results of his work in reducing the incidence of many tropical diseases are of considerable importance.

Interesting is the account of the way in which John D. Rockefeller, one of the best hated—and with some reason best hated—of American plutocrats, was led to devote to beneficent purposes some of the millions which, by the exercise of sinister ingenuity, he had caused to drop into his capacious till from the pockets of nearly the whole of the civilized human race. In 1901, the Rev. Frederick Taylor Gates, who had previously induced Mr. Rockefeller to subscribe six hundred thousand dollars to the funds of the University of Chicago, read Osler's great text-book on medicine. "With unbounded admiration and enthusiasm he rushed to Mr. Rockefeller and said, 'I have the idea! The world isn't getting its full share of benefit from scientific discoveries. This knowledge must be distributed in a practical way to relieve the ills of the world.'" The Rockefeller Institute for

Medical Research was launched; and millions of dollars were made available for its work. Preventive schemes of all sorts were set going, and, later, the Rockefeller Foundation was capitalised at a hundred million dollars. A million dollars was released to develop methods for the control of hookworm, and similar sums were devoted to investigating and dealing with disease after disease, country after country. The difficulties encountered, the amusing, and sometimes tragic, contretemps, the temporary failures and the ultimate successes, are in these pages related with a light-hearted, undaunted enthusiasm. There is nothing freakish, or even idiosyncratic, about Dr. Heiser, other than his technical knowledge, his great practical common-sense, and his power of concentrating on the job immediately in front of him. He takes things and people as he finds them, as the sculptor takes his stone, or the painter his canvas. His book is a very mine of information, in many ways the more valuable in that the things observed are not sublimated by having passed through the mind of an artist or of an idealistic philosopher. We get many illuminating pictures of varying human attitudes and reactions.

To the reader whose time is limited, much of the narrative and autobiographical material will seem trivial and unworthy of the space allotted to it; and some over-elaborate popular accounts are given of the pathology and symptoms of the various diseases against which the campaigns in which Dr. Heiser played a part were undertaken. The book, however, is a real human document, recording the external manifestations of a simple, busy human life; at the same time revealing the æsthetic and spiritual limitations of the mind of average man, however usefully and efficiently it may be employed.

HARRY ROBERTS.

CALVIN AND THE REFORMATION, by James Mackinnon, Ph.D., D.D., D.Th., LL.D. *Longmans*. 16s.

HISTORY has record only of two personal theocracies, the rule of Savonarola in Florence, and Calvin in Geneva. Neither were places in which even the most Christian of modern people would care to live, but of the two, perhaps Calvin's Geneva was the more unpleasant. Possibly its excessive discomfort was partly due to the fact that Calvin's Geneva was more highly principled and less hysterical than Savonarola's Florence. Professor Mackinnon is a mine of clearly stated information on all matters connected with Calvin; but he is nowhere more interesting than in his description of Geneva under his sway.

His experiment was tried in a town which was a moral sewer of long standing. It was therefore inevitable that the new theocracy, born in the enthusiastic hey-day of reform should be strict to the point of tyranny, and meticulous to the point of humourlessness. Calvin's authority lay in the Scriptures. He regarded all parts of the Bible as being on the same level of inspiration, and was as content to hurl texts from the Psalms as from St. Paul at Servetus' head. As a result, in Geneva not only were such vices as drunkenness, or prostitution, strictly punished, but similar punishments awaited those who danced, prayed to the Virgin, bought and sold crosses, contracted marriages with Catholics, or knelt at the grave of a relation and prayed for his soul. To ridicule Calvin was to be put in prison, and this challenge was at once answered by the more spirited citizens of Geneva who promptly gave the name Calvin to their pet dogs. The taverns Calvin closed, and substituted for them puritanical and exceedingly chaste casinos. These, however, were so chaste that no one would go to them.

It is by such minor tyrannies, and the greater cruelty meted out to Servetus

and others of Calvin's opponents, that his régime in Geneva is remembered; while his career as a reformer is generally estimated by the stress that he laid upon Augustinian predestinarianism in its most rigid and severe form. But if this was all that could be told about Calvin, the outpourings of that icy but profound intellect would hardly have played so great a part in changing the life of men in many parts of Europe. Professor Mackinnon suggests that Calvin's extreme Protestantism is among the corner stones of all modern liberty.

To trace the course of political liberty among the modern nations is partly at least to write the history of Calvinism. . . . That terrible dogma of predestination was a dogma for strong men, a creed for stern fighters for God and the right against all the world, and to it we owe some of the most heroic chapters of human history.

No one would deny it, but, on the other hand, there is a great deal in Catholic

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theology, and many voices among the derided prophets of the Mediaeval Church, of which defiance to tyranny is the first implication. Calvin was by no means the first person to denounce political tyranny or princely despotism. Both John of Salisbury and Aquinas had founded rebellion in theology.

Professor Mackinnon is, of course, temperamentally disposed to make the best case that he can for Calvin, and the coolness of his moral judgment, and the resolute determination not to be led astray by the common error of supposing that a man's acts must of necessity be judged by the moral standards of his time, is the more creditable.

In this book is contained all that the ordinary student needs to know about Calvin and his share in the Reformation. It is a scholarly and thoroughly reliable work.

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THE OLIVE TREE, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus. 7s.

A HUNDRED ENGLISH ESSAYS. Edited by Rosalind Vallance. Nelson. 7s. 6d.

MISS ROSALIND VALLANCE, in her introduction to her anthology of English essays, defines an essay as a piece of writing in which "what counts supremely is not the thing written about, but the personality of the writer and his power to convey to his reader a sense of contact with that personality. . . . For the reader to be merely conscious of the personality of the essayist is not enough; to-day the true essayist goes further—he makes a friend, or at least a relation, of the reader in his first few sentences." Some of us may think that this tendency has now gone far enough. The whimsical, intimate essayist is never quite sincere. The reader to whom he addresses himself may, for all he knows, be an absconding financier, trying to while away the anxious hour before his train starts; or he may be a professional rival in the art of prattling gracefully about nothing; or he may be an American student writing a thesis on the evolution of the essay. To suppose that one can establish a genuine relation with this composite creature is absurd. Even Lamb, the most skilful of all intimate essayists, is often artificial in his approach to his readers. Sincerity is the first condition of good writing, and there is more literature in a page of Johnson or Hazlitt than in all the whimsies of the progeny of Elia. Hazlitt, it is true, is personal and intimate, but he seems to be thinking aloud, and never gives the impression that he is framing his sentences to tickle the ear of an eaves-dropper.

Miss Vallance has, however, made a very interesting and readable selection. But she does not give anything from Hilaire Belloc, the most poetic and original of modern essayists. This may

be because Mr. Belloc does not caress his readers. Nor does Aldous Huxley, who is also unrepresented in Miss Vallance's anthology.

The great attraction of Aldous Huxley's essays is their sincerity. There is no attitudinizing in his writing. He gives the impression of a man who has no other interest but to discover the truth of things. Unfortunately it is a bleak quest on which to accompany Mr. Huxley, for he seems divided between the feeling that truth is not discoverable and that when discovered it will be unpleasant. He has travelled widely, not in the competent masterful spirit of Thomas Huxley and Charles Darwin, who discovered reasons in the remotest recesses of the globe for believing the Victorian Englishman to be the finest growth of time, but in a dejected mood, finding himself everywhere under lowering friendless skies. "The weather," he says in "A Tunisian Oasis," "is always horrible when I travel."

The best essays in *The Olive Tree* are those in which Mr. Huxley analyses some form of stupidity or self-deception. In "Words and Behaviour" he shows how human nature makes war palatable by verbal falsifications.

In "Modern Fetishism" he analyses the bizarre statement of the Director of the British Museum that the Government was ministering to "the intellectual needs" of the nation by offering to pay half the cost of the Codex Sinaiticus.

Mr. Huxley's sole enthusiasm appears to be for D. H. Lawrence. In some pages which he devotes to a Victorian charlatan, called Laurence Oliphant, Mr. Huxley is sardonic about Oliphant's desire to get rid of the intellect, and let loose the powers of nature in men and women. One of these days he may see a resemblance between Oliphant's philosophy of sex and Lawrence's.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

JAMES I, KING OF SCOTS, by E. W. M. Balfour-Melville. Methuen. 15s.

JAMES I OF SCOTLAND, the reputed author of *The Kingis Quair*, has been comparatively neglected by historians and almost entirely shunned by biographers. Mrs. Agnes Mure Mackenzie has, however, recently published a colourful sketch of this astute ruler in *The Rise of the Stewarts*, and now Mr. Balfour-Melville presents the work of seventeen years of patient research. The early part of the fifteenth century was a period almost of anarchy in Scotland. Robert III was old and weary and incapable of controlling the Albanies, who dominated the kingdom and aspired to the crown. Afraid lest an attempt should be made to remove his son, the future James I, Robert sent him to France, but the ship was captured by the English and at the age of eleven James became the prisoner of Henry IV. Robert died of the shock of this catastrophe, and the Duke of Albany assumed the government of Scotland. It was not to Albany's interest to press for the release of the new king, and James remained a prisoner for eighteen years.

The time was not altogether wasted. James received a more liberal education than Scotland could have provided and had the opportunity to study the workings of parliamentary institutions in England. When he returned to his kingdom in March, 1424—released for a ransom of £40,000, most of which was never paid—he found a country demoralized by timid rule. The two Albanies had not dared to risk unpopularity by imposing reasonable taxation for the support of the State, the nobles were quarrelsome, and the people unruly. A kingdom which had been misguided by a succession of feeble kings and incompetent governors was bound to resent James's stern discipline, but though several of his most ambitious schemes failed dismally, he succeeded in

giving to Scotland a greater measure of domestic peace than at any other period of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries. His ruthlessness towards the arrogant nobility, a ruthlessness too often inspired by mere spite, was revenged by Atholl and his grandson, Sir Robert Graham, in 1437. Unlike Mrs. Mackenzie, who unquestioningly accepts the romantic tale that Katherine Douglas barred the door of the king's chamber until her arm broke, Mr. Balfour-Melville is satisfied that James was alone when the assassins made their attack.

The book is based to some extent on new material, and the author is able to throw fresh light on a number of perplexing problems, especially those relating to James's imprisonment in England. He has benefited from Dr. Cameron's researches at the Vatican into the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, but is perhaps inclined to over-emphasize James's attitude to the papacy and give him too much credit for his foreign policy. The prohibition of the export of gold and silver in order to cripple the Holy See as well as conserve the wealth of the kingdom was employed far more effectively by other kings, notably by Philip IV of France a century earlier in his contest with Pope Boniface VIII, and James lacked subtlety in his negotiations with some of the secular princes.

G. A. CAMPBELL.

THE ARYAN PATH

Vol. VIII. No. 2.

Principal February Contents:

SCIENCE YIELDS TO MYSTICISM.
WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT.
THE PALESTINIAN REVIVAL. CECIL ROTH.
HINDUISM AND UNTOUCHABILITY.
RADHAKUMUD MOOKERJEE.
A GARDEN FROM A JUNGLE. PHYLLIS KELWAY.
THE TESTIMONY OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY.
C. E. M. JOAD.
WHAT DO MEN WANT TO LEARN?
HUGH P. A. FAUSSET.
SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS. E. J. HOLMYARD.
Subscription 12/- Single copies 1/6.

London Office: 17, Great Cumberland Place, W.1.

PIE IN THE SKY, by Arthur Calder-Marshall. *Cape*. 8s. 6d.

FAMINE, by Liam O'Flaherty. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

THE EAST WIND OF LOVE, by Compton Mackenzie. *Rich & Cowan*. 8s. 6d.

HERE are good examples of three generations of novelists at work. It is interesting to compare their technique and their respective attitudes to their own disillusionments. Mr. Calder-Marshall, the youngest, shows that the post-war neurosis in social matters is giving place to a more determined state of mind. *Pie in the Sky* shows vigour without violence, humour without hysteria, and is not afraid of sentiment, that quality so abhorred by writers of the Twenties.

Mr. O'Flaherty, a generation ahead of Mr. Calder-Marshall, gives us grim realism, while Mr. Compton Mackenzie, a generation still further back, finds contemporary events (though he is still writing of the pre-war days) a strange, external drama, perhaps because the only immediate contacts we have with life are those we have in youth. His new work, therefore, is interpenetrated by an *arrière pensée*, an autumnal thoughtfulness that hangs a slight mist over incident, scene and character, but at the same time gives the book a homogeneity and uniform tone most agreeable to the reader who appreciates structure and chiaroscuro in a novel.

Every writer with any quality in his work sooner or later reveals his method in a phrase. Towards the end of his book, Mr. Calder-Marshall makes one of his people, a journalist, say to his mistress (a charming woman, really a living creature), "You know a wire cable is made of a lot of strands of wire twisted together. A novelist like Dickens picks out one strand and says, 'Here is this man's life.' What I want to do is to cut the cable and show all the threads interrelated." That is what Mr. Calder-Marshall does, and with great skill,

although in the present book there is not, for my taste at least, sufficient correlation between the several strands of life-story. He has in effect plaited about five novels together, and I am not sure what advantage there is in this process. He will answer, in the words of his journalist, "I'm not so interested in the pattern of single lives, but the pattern that many different lives and things make together." The answer is that mere juxtaposition does not necessarily make a pattern of any significance. And again, I am not sure that I want the art presented to me to attempt the bewilderment, the confusion and wastefulness of life. And in making that objection I do not plead for escapism.

One might say that Mr. Calder-Marshall's story is just about life to-day, with the moral that it is worth while because it is life, eternally new and various, and more valuable than the barmecide "pie-in-the-sky" promised us by religion. It is a bracing attitude, and it affects his prose style like a charge of electricity. His rhythm is that of a machine-gun, especially in the earlier chapters. His mental alertness, his close contact with the nervous vitality of the street, his unstrained consciousness of the pains and joys, the tastes and disgusts of the average person today, remind me of the work of Graham Greene. I believe these two young writers to be most fully representative of their generation.

Mr. O'Flaherty is also a sensitive artist, but he has always been pursued by furies. *Famine* shows that pursuit objectified, with all personal fear and grievance removed. The result is an impressive story of the hungry 'forties amongst the Irish peasantry. Sheer physical hunger is the main theme. It becomes such a dominant note that all the rest are silenced, cruel and shrill though some of them are. Man's inhumanity to man is the cause of that hunger, but it gets out of hand and becomes larger than the human cruelty

which evokes it; becomes a raging demon that almost obliterates the very semblance of human emotion from the story. Almost, but not quite, for through the tale runs the narration of a relationship between a young married couple, so full, so well-developed from the physical to the friendly, that the marriage survives the horrors, and the book ends on a note of hope.

Mr Mackenzie's *East Wind of Love* is the first of a tetralogy. We see most of the characters forming for that spacious activity to be carried through the four books. Here, they are mostly young people, between school and university, with personalities heightened by extra-mural education in the matters of love and sex. The *East Wind of Love* is that which sweeps through the soul of a cultured Jewess, a gracious and lovely woman, as a result of her contact with her elder son's school friend, a Scottish boy of charm and sensibility. She gives herself to him for one night, rather as a symbol of her faith in his future than as a self-indulgence. The result is not disastrous, because she has character and good taste, and so has the youngster, whom we shall doubtless meet in the three other quarters of the amatory compass.

RICHARD CHURCH.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

F. A. Voigt, who is well known as a broadcaster on foreign affairs, was the author of the article published in October last explaining the motives of the British policy of non-intervention in Spain.

Robert Bernays, who was elected to Parliament as an independent Liberal and is now a supporter of the Government, has gone to Uganda on a Commission with Lord De La Warr to study the educational training of the natives.

The author of such widely read books as *Juan in America* and *Magnus Merriman* should need little introduction. It may be noted that the novel of Compton Mackenzie, of which **Mr. Linklater** read over the proof-sheets with the author on this rough winter visit which he describes, has just appeared, and is reviewed in this issue.

George Eric Rowe Gedy has not written for the FORTNIGHTLY since the murder of Dollfuss in 1934, when he gave a moving picture of the dark outlook of Austria after that tragic event. He is one of the best informed commentators on Central European affairs, living in Vienna and visiting adjacent countries from that centre. He was formerly the *Times* correspondent there, and now acts in a similar capacity for the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Times*.

The story from the French of **Jean Glono** is that of an author little known in England but highly rated by those familiar with modern French fiction.

Another story of his was published here last March.

Stanley Casson is an archæologist with an unusual faculty for making that interesting science intelligible to the ordinary reader. He has done a good deal of excavation work in the Near East.

Robert Machray, one of the oldest living contributors to the FORTNIGHTLY, was in his early life Canon of St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, but has long devoted himself to the study of foreign affairs. His book, *The Poland of Pilsudski*, which appeared quite recently, is reviewed this month by A. G. Macdonell, who regards it as the standard text-book in English on the subject.

Dr. Walter Starkie and **George E. Taylor**—who was a Professor of History in Nanking until last spring—wrote in these pages comparatively recently, and **Ernest Barker** is Professor of Political Science at Cambridge, and the author of many works of philosophy and history.

Sir Francis Dyke Acland, who is a member of the Parliamentary Committee which is considering the Marriage Bill, has sat in Parliament with intervals since 1906. An Opposition Liberal, he held in former years when his party was in power many offices of state, including that of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MARCH, 1937

STALIN'S REVENGE

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

IN 1926, when all concerned with the Trotskyist Opposition movement were beginning to find themselves in a serious plight, Karl Radek was engaged upon a study of a certain pamphleteer whom he was wont to hail as the earliest Russian journalist. This man lived at the time of Ivan the Terrible, and, I remember, Radek took a special delight in quoting one of his aphorisms: "Playing politics never pays unless you risk your head." Now, Radek is pre-eminently a brilliant man of letters, not merely a fanatical politician. He takes a delight in dramatizing his own situation, he is not content simply to shape circumstances according to his purpose. Even though at that time he was being obliged to wrestle with his innermost feelings and was already verging on desperation, he saw clearly and with no little satisfaction that his position was one which would make a pretty good show in history.

So much for Radek, an unusual personality. But what I feel is that the attitude of mind of that precursor of his about whom he wrote—living in the bloody period of the ruthless Ivan—is actually that of all the Kremlin people. Their conception of politics is completely different from ours in the West. They are quite incapable of understanding the idea of politics as a "sport," they cannot imagine the private existence of a politician as something separate from his public role. In the Kremlin they have no use for the sporting spirit of Western democracy. For them politics is quite literally the struggle for existence. It is not easy to make out whether this was the case from the beginning. But the more one seeks to penetrate below the surface into Stalin's role since he became General Secretary of the Party at the time of the civil war—a title which he adopted off his own bat—the clearer it becomes that in political life there is for him only black

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and white : in other words, he knows only utterly devoted supporters or unmitigated adversaries ; and for the latter there can be nothing but destruction.

In his will, which was at first made known to the party in a spurious text, Lenin pronounced judgment on Stalin in devastating terms—"uncouth" and "limited." That testament was drafted when the friction between Stalin and Lenin, the latter stricken with his fatal illness, had already led to a break between the two men. When one considers the subsequent fate of the men round Lenin, his death on January 21st, 1924, would seem to have come just in time. The vehement words which Lenin found to describe the present ruler of the Soviet Union breathe utter contempt. If, however, Stalin bethought himself that his political adversary was risking his head—as he had always been prepared to risk his head throughout his political career—and consequently it behoved him to take that judgment in grim earnest ; if indeed he has waged a relentless struggle against others occupying positions of power in the Kremlin, he has never employed the ruthless methods which Lenin's will would have led us to expect. He has not gone for his opponents with a cudgel ; what he has done is slowly but surely to strangle them. The shootings in the Lubianka or Butirky prisons have merely dotted the i's and crossed the t's. Anyone who saw the faces of Kamenev or Zinoviev in 1928 when they peered out of the same building where Joffe, the former Ambassador of the Soviet Union in Berlin and Tokyo, had committed suicide, must have seen how they realized that they were "for it," eight years before they actually faced the firing-squad. The same awareness of what was coming to him was to be observed in the face of Sokolnikov six months before he was sentenced—so they say who saw him—and in the face of Rykov as he slunk through the streets in December last.

The trial of Kamenev and Zinoviev at the end of 1936, the charges against Sokolnikov, formerly Ambassador in London, against Radek, a world-famous publicist and closest adviser of Trotsky for many years, though his advice was rarely heeded, the case against Piatakov, who was with Sokolnikov one of the most important economic brains of Red Russia, against Serebriakov, formerly a highly-esteemed expert in transport questions—

these proceedings really began seventeen or eighteen years ago in the tortuous and ambitious mind of Stalin.

In 1917 there was that stand of Lenin and Bukharin against Trotsky in the internal struggle which arose in connection with the peace of Brest-Litowsk, a settlement which Lenin regarded as absolutely necessary. Then there were the acrimonious exchanges concerning the role of the trade unions. And there were any number of other battles going on inside the party. Were they life-issues ? Some of those who participated went down in the fight, but they remained alive in cold storage. The inner circle of men round Lenin continued to delude themselves. Stalin, however, was already at work on the assumption that heads were at stake. At that time he was scarcely visible, a quite secondary personage. During the civil wars, however, while he was biding his time in exposed positions down on the Volga, remote from fame or even due recognition, his hatred of Trotsky became a grim determination—Trotsky, who was getting monuments erected to himself, who at that time was always mentioned in the same breath as Lenin.

Inside the party itself Stalin's position was already then in 1921-22, an important one. He was making it his business to organize the party, quietly and unostentatiously. And he, Stalin, was doing it all on his own. The "others" were busy on high policy, or were thrashing out fundamental differences of principle. So it was that he appointed 40,000 party secretaries, all men after his own heart. "Tough guys." When Lenin died, the diplomats in Moscow were puzzling their brains as to who should be his successor. In the event the succession passed over from the Council of People's Commissars, over which Lenin used to preside, to the Politbureau of the Party, the body which Stalin through years of relentless effort had made his own peculiar instrument. In the Politbureau he proceeded to fight and defeat the Leninist section.

The foregoing is our picture, in European terms, of that ceaseless struggle which has now ended in these trials. But it is incomplete. If in the contest between the Stalin and Lenin groups it had been only a question of differences of opinion, the various trials and their results could never be adequately ex-

plained, if indeed at all. There is a whole substratum of deep-lying passions to be taken into account, and it is those passions which have endowed Stalin with such energy and drive as he has shown, both in his own actions and in the self-discipline he has exerted to achieve his ends.

The men round Lenin, and Lenin himself, were a constant humiliation of Stalin's pride in those early years of heroic gestures and demagogic glamour. Stalin was the barbarian, the ignoramus and untutored provincial. The men round Lenin had equipped themselves in the security of their different Western asylums for the day of revolution with the complete fit-out of European education and culture. They could speak to the world proletariat in several languages. They were men possessed of an intellectual resilience which often sprang from their race. Although Stalin, a Caucasian, cannot be called an anti-Semite on principle, he is in practice a foe of the Jews. He has never got over the witticisms at his expense which Radek used to delight in. He has not forgotten the superior attitude adopted towards him. And in the early years Lenin could not very well do without him; for Stalin accomplished a number of practical and unsavoury but very necessary tasks, and never lost his head in the clouds of ideology which exercised such a fascination over the other collaborators of Lenin.

During those years Stalin was accumulating in his soul hatred and scorn for those "chattering" Europeans who were really so ignorant of what was necessary to bring the good ship Revolution safely into harbour. He was co-operating closely all the time with the G.P.U. And Stalin realized that the tide of enthusiasm would ebb, that it would one day come down to a question of brute force and that he would then get his revenge. So he went on with his own particular business and let the "Europeans" rush on to their destruction. One day he would manage to get the best of them in the Party, one day they would be begging for mercy. Their names were too closely connected with the Revolution for anything to be accomplished swiftly. The blow that would strike them down must be prepared in the safety of obscurity. And, after all, revenge is all the sweeter for being savoured over a long period.

The long and lingering process of Stalin's revenge is a pheno-

menon of the first importance in history. When one considers the disposition of forces in the party after the civil wars, and indeed after Lenin's death; when one measures the prestige of the opponents of this man who has risen from the unfathomable depths of Russia, it appears to be one of the miracles of our time that the history of the Soviet Union should have been so utterly perverted, the revolution in its most significant features be virtually wiped out. Here is the non-European aspect of the trials which we can hardly grasp at all.

As to the particular circumstances that have determined Stalin to bring about this recent trial or the previous one, that is quite another question. Again, it is a long story. In 1929 Trotsky, who on January 28th had been banished to the borders of Sinkiang, procured a safe conduct to leave Russia. Between four and five thousand of his supporters were with him in exile, some of them living under fearful conditions and many of them dying before the year was out. That departure of Trotsky for the islands of Prinkipo was a wretched betrayal of them—for Trotsky had done nothing for them. The majority thereupon surrendered to Stalin. Anyone who saw them when they came back in August 1929, and heard their indignation and rage with Trotsky—Radek among them—must find it hard to imagine that in the land of the G.P.U. they should have started conspiring with him again. For them Trotsky had always been a great mind, but certainly not a great political tactician. On many occasions Radek had deliberately taken the blame in the struggles after 1924 in order to cover Trotsky's mistakes.

But Trotsky, even as a fugitive, was a perpetual thorn in the flesh of Moscow, an instrument of cleavage in Moscow's world revolutionary action. For Radek and Piatakov he was dead and finished with, but not for Stalin. His personality afforded a continual rallying-point for the younger generation in Russia. For years, and more and more patently, Stalin has been set up as a proper object for the devotion and admiration of Russian youth, for the affection, indeed, of the whole Russian nation—and the way in which it was done has sometimes been devoid of all decency and taste; yet Stalin knows only too well that there is no sort of magnetism about his arid and hard-cored personality. This very feeling has kept alive the flame of hatred against the

"orators." It is this lack of any personal charm, his awareness of it, which is the Achilles heel of Stalin. In the same way the consciousness of his deficiencies from the point of view of culture explains his dislike of all things "European." That again ensured his turning against all the brilliant men who stood near to Lenin, against the whole "European" orientation.

So it was that Trotsky was there all the time, invisible. And the enterprise must be carried out, as it has been carried out, until the last of them had been put out of the way; then there would be nothing more to remind him of Trotsky. Radek may now genuinely detest and repudiate Trotsky, all the same he stands forth as representing the spirit of Trotsky; in Stalin's mind and by the essence of his place in the revolutionary movement he forms for Stalin a single unity with Trotsky. For Stalin in political affairs everything is "absolute. He is the author and begetter of the monolithic State, the bitter foe of any deviation from the "party line." And here is Trotsky coming into the picture again with the catastrophic developments in Spain, though that must be Moscow's revolution and nothing to do with Oslo. The moment had arrived, then.

The course of the trial is the clearest evidence that the charges were trumped up; in his remarks to the chief accused as well as the State functionaries Radek talked of Piatakov's visit to Trotsky as of something which everyone knew about. And Piatakov made no bones about it. But Hr. Knudsen, a deputy of the Storting, has credibly informed us that no aeroplane ever came to Oslo in those critical months of November and December, 1935! This particular incident was the only one on which any evidence could be brought in the whole material brought together to make the charges. And the result was definitely negative. That doesn't worry Vyshinsky or Stalin, however. As far as the rest of the world is concerned—well, we have had any number of cases showing that Moscow swears by the *semper aliquid haeret* doctrine. The whole trial is to be explained by considerations of internal policy—in so far as it is explicable in rational terms, that is, apart from Stalin's emotional impulses.

As I have suggested above, Trotsky had been awkwardly brought into the foreground again by the events in Spain, and he was still in the imagination of Soviet youth a long-distance

competitor of Stalin. And that is not the complete story. The whole situation in the Soviet Union has shifted during the past year. The new constitution, with its democratic veneer, has conjured up new possibilities—at any rate in theory—for the life of the individual, has established on paper certain rights which actually, for all their unreality, are bound to have their consequences. We have no reason for regarding the modified constitution as anything but a final bow to the West, with which for years the Soviets have been so anxious to keep their connections. And it is also possible that the change is part and parcel of the obvious trend of the Soviet Government in recent years to relieve the strain on the mass of the population. The rulers' preoccupation with the danger of war was what originated this tendency. The men in the Kremlin said to themselves that if there were an emergency they could only rely upon a minimum of voluntary support among the population generally, and there was always the risk that a war might set free the forces against the Government that had been carefully repressed. Consequently the rights of the family have been restored, continuity with the old cultural traditions of Russia is being preached—and a great and potent tradition it was—and a constitution has been drafted which maintains the fiction at any rate that every citizen of the Soviet Union possesses a minimum of self-respect as befits a civilized person.

And then Stalin became appalled at the consequences of his own handiwork. There were straightway signs of freer speech and evidence of the expression of independent political opinion. An example had to be made. The striking-power and determination of the Government had to be demonstrated. And this fitted in admirably with Stalin's wish to eliminate completely and ostentatiously any focal points for a second political party within the Communist ranks, let alone his firm intention of smothering the slightest ambitions of a pretender to the seat of power. Stalin is as obsessed with suspicion as ever was Abdul Hamid. All these various factors combined together to make the set-up of forces in a country which, under Bolshevik rule, had invented the horrible system of "preventive punishment."

Now, it is quite possible, indeed it is probable, that many, if not all, of the accused had in their inmost hearts committed the

great crime against Stalin, and the further sin of talking about it in private. Radek, so facile of speech, has always been generous in his comment. He had confided his doubts in the presence of persons who could not be relied upon to hold their tongues, who thoughtlessly and incautiously passed on what he said. But was that really necessary for him to fall under suspicion? Did not the taciturn Sokolnikov follow the opposite course of being somewhat niggardly in express assurances of loyalty? Did he not keep too much in the background, though his eyes were everywhere? Was he not a lonely fellow, one who was never seen about with any particular group, but was just a solitary? And did not Piatakov behave in like manner, though he was less favourably regarded? Serebriakov, too: was he not noted for his impenetrable reserve? And the other accused, had they not, after all, shown a reserve and independence which was itself suspicious? Had they not one and all made themselves conspicuous by their criticism? Had they not got themselves tied up in intrigues and come near the knife in this Russia which still today thrives on the old habits of conspiracy-making? Long lists of other and fresh charges are produced. Everything must be eliminated which savours in the least of the Opposition, of the Trotskyist doctrine. . . .

But the present drive does not stop short even of the Red Army. And that is an enterprise not to be lightly undertaken. It is ten years ago since two cavalry regiments mutinied in Minsk because they had proofs that an attempt was being made to introduce the spy system of the G.P.U. in their ranks. At that time Marshal Tuchatchevsky, whose name came up in the recent trial but was hastily whitewashed, came out in favour of the two regiments and was promptly dealt with. The friction between G.P.U. and Army has always persisted. There was another attack, bound up with the whole process of "cleaning up," and Voroshilov, who openly parades that he is going to be the successor of Stalin, a sick man, has recently laid it down quite definitely that there must be no interference with the Army. Voroshilov is a good Communist, but he is under Army influence, and the soldiers are intent on the psychological necessities of war. It all makes the impression that the complete disgrace of Yagoda, after Dzerjinsky's death the life and soul

of the G.P.U., has given the new man of the State Police, Yechov, a free hand to "have a go" at the Army.

The old game begins again. Stalin once again takes refuge behind the G.P.U., without identifying himself with it. And yet it throws a vivid light on the utter callousness of his purging activities that he should send Yagoda to Turkestan. He is frightened of certain threads that bind the Lubianka, the headquarters of the G.P.U., with persons who continually boasted that they were old Bolsheviks or that they had some other particular merits which encouraged them to refuse blind support for Stalin—or even any enthusiasm for him. The way in which Yagoda has been put out of the way is characteristic of Stalin's quiet tactics. Ever since the G.P.U. turned against the collectivisation of the peasantry in 1929 and linked up with Rykov, Kalinin, Voroshilov, and the Army, Stalin has been snipping and snapping at this state within the state; and now, in the hour of reckoning with the Leninists—for that is really the description of the accused, present and future, not Trotskyists—he has also let rip against Yagoda and his group. The wheel is nearly full circle. How deeply the rut goes into the Russian earth, what kind of reaction there may be from the disillusioned who were hoping for a fresh dawn and regarded the oppressive system of Stalin as a perilous weakening of the country in an emergency—on that one can say nothing concrete at present. There may well be surprises on a big scale, for who will venture to assess the extent of the discontent in that land of despotism where men are condemned to keep their own counsel?

These spectacular trials, two of which we have now seen, have been viewed throughout the world as a sheer scandal. The specific question arises why Stalin has paid such scant heed to the feelings of the nations on whose good will he seemed since 1932 to lay so much store. For after the first trial he must have been fully conscious of the reaction. There was a speech by Litvinov, the Soviet Foreign Commissar, in November, 1936, in the presence of important, highly-placed persons, including Stalin, which gives the explanation. In that speech Litvinov was concerned to explain that the Great Powers of the West were busy buttering up Germany and Italy with flattery instead of establishing a "peace front" with the Soviet Union against

the "dictatorships." That was only a few days after the acceptance of the "liberal" constitution! And Litvinov went on to warn his hearers that the Soviet Union would have to start looking after itself, would withdraw into its shell, so to speak, the implication being that this would mean the ruin of all the collective peace efforts. The Moscow trial is an image of this utter indifference to Western Europe announced in such harsh terms by Litvinov. Russia is turning away from the West, and this is the beginning. Stalin proposes to concentrate on firmly securing the Soviets' power within the U.S.S.R., employing those means which he knows so well how to employ.

In short, these trials of the old Leninists reveal that whatever may change on the surface, Soviet Russia is still the same, it is what it has always been. The methods of the G.P.U. are the same under Yechov as under Yagoda. Have not the accused all come up to the scratch? Radek alone has managed to hint that he confessed under duress. Anybody in the Soviet Union charged with being involved in a political trial, where the verdict is decided upon beforehand, will be docile enough if he has friends and dependents. In such proceedings "humane" torture has always moulded their fate. And Stalin, today and in the future, will always place his purpose of holding down 175 million people above any concessions which he may make to the practical exigencies of life.

Let it be clearly stated—in this last trial the issue of the Comintern and the demands of foreign States was being fought out. That tragic spectacle in Moscow deserves to be examined and considered in Europe in all its implications. Stalin has therein undertaken a notable self-revelation of his character and of his objectives in every direction, and, as far as the latter are concerned, he has flung down the challenge to the civilized world's notions of law quite deliberately; in view of his ultimate purposes, doubtless, with perfect justice.

ROOSEVELT AND THE SPOILS SYSTEM

By H. B. ELLISTON

A GREAT innovator is seldom a great administrator. This has so far applied to President Roosevelt. In the hectic and hurried days of social reform which occupied the President's first term, the New Deal did not extend to administration; there never seemed time for it.

Ardent New Dealers, indeed, scarcely mentioned the subject. Seated in offices dedicated to the carrying out of laws involving vast problems of administration, they used to talk enthusiastically about the need for new laws. The quicker they were passed, the better. It used to be said that such dispatch was necessary to promote recovery. The fact is that there was a fear of recovery before the reforms had been enacted. New Dealers felt that any recovery without reform would make the task of the reformer hard; they were afraid of what Harding called "normalcy." Consequently Bills were rushed through Congress of a kind that in Britain would have been attended by a long incubating period at the hands of Royal Commissions.

This zeal for re-making America overnight extended to the White House. One of the gibes of the critics labelled the President "the Grand Improvisator." It was usually accompanied by an illustrative story. One deals with a verbose visitor to the White House who, to a nodding President, explained a method by which he could hasten some particular reform. Noticing the President's inattention, he broke in abruptly: "But Mr. President, this is something *new*; it's never been tried before." Mr. Roosevelt immediately became all ears. "Something *new*, eh?" he remarked, "of course we'll try it; make a draft of a Bill, and let me have it at once."

In time the reforms produced an emergency government existing side by side with the regular government. In the three years from June, 1933, to June, 1936, Federal employees in-

creased from 578,231 to 824,259, a 43 per cent. rise. Most of them worked in the emergency agencies. Occasionally there were efforts to co-ordinate their activities. They took the form of a Presidential announcement of the appointment of a co-ordinator. Never was there such a thankless job. In the rush of new legislation, it was equivalent to regulating an earthquake. Nothing more was heard of co-ordination till another appointment was made.

The result was that the emergency government simply "grewed." And it was stuck on regular government which had similiarly "grewed" before it. No co-ordination existed in the two governments, let alone between them; in policy or in administration.

Lack of co-ordination breeds conflict. The New Deal has pursued its course amid many such collisions, which, in accordance with the American custom, reverberated in public. Some of them, I dare say, could be traced to the rival zeal of dynamic personalities. But at bottom the absence of system was responsible.

This chaotic situation could be illustrated endlessly. We shall restrict ourselves to the agencies for which the New Deal is best known abroad. The A.A.A. (Agricultural Adjustment Administration), engaged in raising farm prices to "parity" with factory prices, clashed with the N.R.A. (National Recovery Administration), engaged in allowing industry to band itself into cartels, whose object in life, in the United States as elsewhere, is to obtain better prices. In such circumstances criticism flew back and forth between these agencies. To the A.A.A. the aim of "closing the price scissors" seemed to be lost on a merry-go-round. Similar inconsistencies and similar conflicts marked the lack of relations between emergency and regular government. The N.R.A., armed with a warrant to waive the anti-trust laws, was for ever tripping over the Federal Trade Commission, whose *raison d'être* was to enforce them; the Department of Agriculture placidly went on with its function of encouraging bigger and better crops, while the A.A.A. was engaged in crop reduction.

Inside the regular government co-ordination has long been a will-o'-the-wisp. For the past 150 years activities have been tacked on activities without regard for appropriateness. The

result is a crazy quilt instead of an administrative machine. Prohibition enforcement—if the word enforcement is permissible—was given to the Treasury, and that department still administers the public health service. And inside that service, if Senator Smoot's observation of a decade ago is still valid, there are 46 agencies doing exactly the same work. Agriculture, not the Department of Justice, enforces the Food and Drugs Act. The Philippines are under the War Department, but the Navy looks after Guam and Samoa, while the affairs of Puerto Rico and Alaska are controlled by the Department of the Interior. National parks are the responsibility of the Interior; the Department of Agriculture, however, watches over the national forests. Incidentally, this division of function accounts for the fact that the bears in the country are segregated into two classes for purposes of guardianship!

Even the great flood could be adduced as evidence of administrative ineptitude in this country of efficiency and "efficiency experts." It may be that such an irruption of nature could not have been averted by the puny hand of man. Undoubtedly, however, something could have been done, as it is now to be done. But partly the division of authority as between local and Federal government is to blame, though the Federal government is amply equipped with powers over America's great rivers, if not over the entire drainage basins. Partly the fault lies with the appropriating powers of Congress; waterway legislation, like the tariff, responds to local log-rolling, instead of national needs. But, when all these allowances are made, a substratum of responsibility rests upon administrative chaos. In the statement already quoted, Senator Smoot complained that there were 37 engineer organizations in the government, each receiving an appropriation in one way or another, where one would be enough. Mr. Roosevelt's Water Resources Committee, in a report issued just prior to the floods, remarked conservatively, "A closer co-ordination of the activities of Federal agencies dealing directly or indirectly with water problems is eminently desirable."

This is the system or rather, the lack of it, that is currently handling almost 16 per cent. of the national income. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Colombia University, a man not given to over-statement, says: "Government organiz-

ation represents incompetence gone mad." This incompetence he puts down to lack of organization.

But personnel has a lot to do with incompetence. What is the position of American government in this respect? I should be the last person to cast any blanket aspersions upon the quality of American government personnel. Men more disinterested, more high-minded, more capable could not be found in any government service. The miracle is that Washington is able to keep them. For they have to live and work in an atmosphere of spoils politics and alongside incompetent but favoured placemen.

For an indictment of the spoils system almost every issue of the daily newspapers could be cited. For instance, recently Dr. Arthur E. Morgan uttered some blunt remarks on the subject. An ornament of the New Deal, Dr. Morgan is head of the Tennessee Valley Administration (T.V.A.), rated by the Socialist candidate for the Presidency as "the only Socialistic feature of the New Deal." This is what Dr. Morgan says:

It is no secret that graft, incompetence, bureaucracy, red tape, and patronage have been realities in American government. Unless these can be brought well under control, they may devour more than does all the waste of exploration and abuse in private industry, serious as that is."

One has to go back to mid-Victorian England to appreciate the situation. The British people, except when they go to Gilbert and Sullivan operas, are apt to forget that less than seventy-five years ago their Civil Service, praised by John Gunther as "the incorruptible spinal column of England," was the prey of the spoilsman. In those days the Paymaster-General was the dispenser of patronage. He sold jobs to those who could influence votes. Corruption, inefficiency, and idleness became, in consequence, the characteristics of administrative England.

In the United States the fount of patronage is the Postmaster-General, who, in the Roosevelt administration, is the genial James A. Farley. No man has been more criticized by the purists. Recently at a dinner to Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell, one of the original "Brain Trusters," the Postmaster-General hailed him as "the second whipping boy of the administration." "I am the first," he added, beaming. Mr. Farley is the victim of a system, not the champion of it. If it were abolished, I have no

doubt that as Will Hays, former Republican Postmaster-General, forecasts, he would be the first to rejoice. There are always far more claims than can ever be satisfied. And nothing is more disagreeable in public life (unless you have the devotion to your chief that Mr. Farley has) than to be a "whipping boy."

In the old days the President was his own dispenser of patronage. There is no grimmer picture of Lincoln in the depths of the Civil War than his penned lament: "I seem like one sitting in a palace assigning apartments to importunate applicants while the structure is on fire and likely soon to perish in ashes." In leaving patronage to the Postmaster-General, Presidents may now say, as Mr. Roosevelt once said, that they do not know the political affiliations of Federal employees. The fact remains, however, that, as the result of the enormous enlargement of government, spoilsmanship under Mr. Farley has reached what in Wall Street would be called "an all-time high."

To the victors belong the spoils! The saying, wrongly credited to Andrew Jackson, was uttered by Marcy, afterwards Polk's Secretary of State, and it celebrated the invasion of Jacksonian Democracy into Washington. That was over a century ago. In 1933 "the second Jackson" arrived in Washington. He headed two armies, one of which was an adherent of the Jacksonian spoils tradition, the other being the idealistic remakers of America, enraptured by the opportunity to serve their sorely distressed country. A motley army!

Mr. Farley's duty in respect of patronage was constantly to enlarge the reservoir for the insatiable creditors. By some heads of departments his effort to find places for loyal henchmen were stonily repulsed. Others had to give way. An expert of my acquaintance once applied for a position to a Secretary of a government department, *anglicé*, Cabinet Minister. Obviously the Secretary wanted to enlist his services. But, at a social gathering later, the Secretary asked him whether he had had "political clearance," that is, a written endorsement from a party chieftain. He hadn't; and consequently there was no position for him.

The great sub-contractors of jobs are the members of Congress. For Mr. Farley has to sweeten their loyalty to the administration. In regard to New Deal jobs, the legislators had a quota. The

heads of the department had to have men with a certain training, it is true ; also they had their pick of the " expectant officials ; " but a typical greeting to a would-be applicant armed with a letter from Capitol Hill used to be : " Let me see. No, we cannot take on anyone from west of the Mississippi. The quota for your state is full."

I do not wish to imply that to spoils politics is attributable the inability of government to enlist the highest grade personnel. Inadequate remuneration also is to blame. Secretary Morgenthau, in the case of an Under Secretary who was advertised for, remarked, " I can pay only \$10,000 for a man who could earn \$100,000 elsewhere." One of the main excuses offered by " Brain Trusters " who are now leaving Washington is that they cannot " afford to stay on."

For a contrast between American and British conditions, let us glance at the highly-responsible Inland Revenue Department. The chairman of the British department receives £3,000 a year, his opposite number in the United States, called the Commissioner of Inland Revenue, receives only £2,000 a year. Even the Briton's deputy gets more than that, £2,200. There are many more Inland Revenue employees earning over £1,000 in Britain than in the United States, despite the bigger force in this country. Such a bare contrast fails to do justice to the relative inadequacy of the American officials' emoluments. It takes no account of differences in living standards. A rough estimate would, I suppose, make a £3,000 income in England go as far as £5,000 in the United States. Holidays, pensions, security of tenure—these are other factors that must be taken into consideration. They all favour the Briton. The average government employee in Washington thinks of the British Civil Service as operating in Utopia !

Over this huge and sprawling " organization " presides Mr. Roosevelt. In other countries Cabinets share the vast responsibilities of the Executive. Not so in the United States. Lincoln used to go through the form of inviting a vote on certain Presidential decisions. Whenever his own ideas were negatived, he would simply call over the roll and then add cheerfully, " The Ayes have it." To Mr. Roosevelt the Cabinet meetings seem to be relaxations from serious work. Some of the best stories told

of the insouciant President seep out of these intimate gatherings. The fact is that the Constitution intended the President personally to run the government of the United States. The Cabinet Ministers are his personal aides, responsible, strictly speaking, to him alone, not to Congress.

Then there are the chiefs of the emergency government. They are not united by a common faith in Democracy with a political D, but by a zeal to re-make America. However, the last say in how it shall be re-made, after the authority has been granted by Congress, lies with Mr. Roosevelt. He is the " boss " ; even, as the country ashamedly noted, in respect of the details of approving thousands of isolated and far-away relief projects. The responsibility for this latter task alone made his life " dangerous living," politically.

And, finally, Mr. Roosevelt is the one and only national officer representative of the entire nation. No President has recognized this function more zealously than has Mr. Roosevelt. He makes his reports twice weekly through the press conferences. On special occasions he conducts what the newspaper men call " seminars," intended to give the President an opportunity of explaining in detail the true inwardness of important legislation. Under Mr. Roosevelt the press conference has been called " the fourth branch of government."

Mr. Roosevelt himself has said that he has to close down the government for days at a time when he has to prepare important recommendations to Congress. Truly the President must be the busiest man in the entire world ; unnecessarily so, as he is also the most responsible.

As one of the main tasks of his second administration, consequently, Mr. Roosevelt has asked Congress for powers to make a sweeping reorganization of the administrative machinery. In brief, the plan provides for the absorption of the hundred or so alphabetical bureaus, corporations *et al.* into twelve Cabinet Departments ; the creation of new Cabinet posts of Social Welfare and Public Works, which would make the portfolios number 12 ; an all-inclusive Civil Service under an American Sir Warren Fisher, aided by a Civil Service Commission and a citizens' committee ; an expanded White House staff more or less after Mr. Lloyd George's war-time model of a Cabinet

Secretariat, with Sir Maurice Hankey's "passion for anonymity;" the expansion and re-naming of the Department of the Interior to embrace the whole and growingly important field of conservation; increased compensation for administrative officers. The proposal is based upon a Report which may take its place among state papers having to do with the problems of government alongside the Heathcote-Trevelyan Report which led to the establishment of the modern British Civil Service in 1870.

It is a breath-taking request that Mr. Roosevelt makes to Congress. For, as Walter Lippmann says, it seeks to cure "the organic political defects of Federal government." Much of the trouble in administration derives from the perennial conflict in American government between the separate branches of government: Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary. In theory each is independent; in practice there is not only constant strife as to which is *primus inter pares*, but a constant, and often unconscious, overlapping of function. Mr. Roosevelt would make the border line between Congress and President clear and distinct.

Much was said in Mr. Roosevelt's first term of the unconstitutional powers which he obtained ("usurped" was the word used by Republicans) from Congress. Not so much was said of the interference of Congress with plainly Executive functions. Regulatory laws have been passed in the administration of which commissions have been set up responsible to nobody; such commissions as the Inter-state Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commissions, the Securities and Exchange Commission. They have become a "headless fourth branch of Government." When President Roosevelt removed one of the commissioners, whom the President appoints "with the advice and consent of the Senate" for a term of years, the Supreme Court ruled that Mr. Roosevelt had exceeded his powers. Thus the Executive power has really been adulterated by the galaxy of commission government which Congress has authorized in furtherance of economic regulation.

In granting the Executive the funds with which to carry out government purposes, moreover, Congress seventeen years ago appointed an Accountant-General, who exercises a kind of pre-audit over Executive spending. In Mr. Roosevelt's regime he has been a little President. Congressional appropriations,

in spite of the Supreme Court's insistence upon the specific, can never be wholly specific. So the Accountant-General is endowed with a veto right over expenditure. On one occasion to my knowledge he allowed a committee to be set up in connection with a relief project, then, after the committee had assembled, he suddenly decided that it was irregular, and withdrew the appropriation. A special appropriation had to be rushed through Congress in order to regularize the situation. On another occasion his office objected to the word "planning" in a committee's title, and it had to be changed to "Resources"; otherwise it would have obtained no funds.

All this would be changed under the new proposals and the commissions would be brought under the President's roof. About this reform there is much controversy. It is urged that, while the President is asking for new tools, he is really asking for more powers; in this case judicial powers for the Commissions are the kind of administrative tribunals that Lord Hewart abhors wholeheartedly. On balance it would seem that as to their administrative functions the plan of putting them under the President's jurisdiction is preferable to keeping them headless.

The abolition of patronage is the reform that rivets popular attention. On reflection I do not think that Congress will balk at this reform as much as might be supposed. The traffic is prized because it is competitive. If everybody is denied patronage, everybody in the end will be satisfied, perhaps relieved. This, at any rate, was the experience in England after Mr. Gladstone's famous order of 1870 setting up the present Civil Service system in Britain. The Trollopes grumbled. But the cleansing of the Augean stables had a purifying effect which made the entire population grateful. And what a benefit to good government! It was Graham Wallas, I believe, who wrote that the change constituted England's solitary contribution to political theory in the nineteenth century.

The benefit to Federal government in the United States would be immeasurable. According to John Stuart Mill, "the spirit of locality is the bane of improvement." The spirit of locality runs rampant in the American Congress. A large part of its time is spent on patronage, "pork," and favours. Will Rogers

once asked : " Did you ever figure what constitutes our modern ' Representative ' ? " And he answered his own question :

The one that can bring home the new Federal post office, even if they wasn't using the old one ; Federal aid for roads that nobody may ever drive on ; and a government dam. The height of statesmanship is to come with a dam, even if you got nowhere to put it. Just raid the national Treasury enough and you will soon be referred to as a statesman.

Even serious writers like Walter Lippmann call Congress " a national bazaar." If these reforms are carried out *in toto* (and the danger is that some might be enacted and others shelved), Congress may well become a truly deliberative body devoted to a truly public policy.

Thus the reforms may provoke as much of a revolution on the legislative as on the administrative side of American Government.

With these recommendations the President takes on a new and unfamiliar role. The " grand improvisator " is bent upon becoming consolidator and administrator. It still remains to be proved how he will handle his new tools when he gets them. But, if this scheme goes through, he will have provided the tools for his successor, and without doubt the reform which will have begun under his administration will in itself entitle him to a great place among American Presidents.

HITLERISM AFTER FOUR YEARS

BY DR. R. W. SETON-WATSON

THE fourth anniversary of his accession to power provided Herr Hitler with an obvious occasion for stock-taking, and his example may be profitably followed by all close students of the European situation—the more so as his Reichstag speech of January 30th invites a comparison with recent pronouncements of Mr. Eden, M. Blum and M. Delbos. The first general impression which the speech created outside the borders of the Reich was undoubtedly one of great relief. For some time past Nazi foreign policy has relied for its successes upon sudden *coups de théâtre*, usually directed against the existing international order ; and the knowledge that by last autumn so much of the Treaty of Versailles had already been repudiated that the few remaining fragments hardly provided adequate material for a further *coup* had given rise to a nervous fear that the next attack might take an even more dangerous direction. Hence the announcement that " the period of so-called surprises " is over was genuinely welcomed, and the hope was expressed that perhaps at long last the Wilhelmstrasse had succeeded in convincing the Führer that shock tactics are less suited to diplomacy than to actual war, and certainly would not have commended themselves to Clausewitz. On close study, however, relief was outweighed by a sense of the negative and incoherent character of the speech : "*Aucun risque de guerre, mais aucun espoir de paix*"—this *mot* of a witty Frenchman, quoted by the Paris correspondent of *The Times*, seems to sum up very neatly the underlying realities.

While it is impossible to detect a clear and connected line of policy such as is to be found in an earlier Reichstag speech (May 21, 1935), there are certain positive features upon which in common fairness our first emphasis should be laid. On such phrases as " Peace is our dearest treasure " we need not dwell : they have been the stock-in-trade of all European statesmen

(except Mussolini, who has the courage of his opinions), and must be judged on the basis of acts, not words. That the Führer is genuine in his desire for peace, not war, may be freely admitted, just as today the same opinion is held of William II by almost all historians. The only question is whether their respective methods do, or do not, lead logically in the opposite direction from their innermost feelings.

Meanwhile the reaffirmation of the view that there exists "no humanly conceivable object of dispute whatsoever between Germany and France," and of "the ardent wish" for co-operation with Britain are, in the mouth of the absolute lord of 67 million human destinies, not lightly to be rejected by any friends of peace. On the other hand, it is necessary to set against them his complete failure to respond to the extremely cordial overtures made by the French Government at Lyons only a week earlier, and the sarcastic tone—very noticeable to wireless listeners, though less so to those who only read the press report—in which he dealt with the successive points of Mr. Eden's statement of policy in the House of Commons. It is very difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Führer believes he can ignore the Jewish Prime Minister of France and appeal over the heads of the Popular Front and the National Government to some as yet inarticulate public opinion in the two Western countries.

Other even more positive features are the offer to guarantee not only Belgium, but Holland "for all time," the strong repudiation of any desire for isolation, and the list of National Socialist agreements with other countries (notably Poland, Austria and Japan) cited in proof, and the hope of "similar good and hearty relations with all our neighbours." All this is very explicit and should open a path to further discussion (though the Dutch Government have already stated pointedly that they are not prepared to discuss the inviolability of Dutch territory with any other nation); and everyone will welcome the statement that the permanent isolation and *désintéressement* of a Power of 67 millions occupying a central strategical position is not a possibility in a world as small as Europe today. Moreover, the announcement that Germany has only economic interests in the Mediterranean and puts forward no colonial claims save against the countries which took colonies from her definitely narrows two

important fields of misunderstanding, and clears the issue, at any rate on paper.

Above all, the Führer, while again, as ever, insisting upon Germany's right to absolute equality of status, simultaneously proclaims that "complete sovereignty and equality have been restored" and that Germany "will never again sign a treaty incompatible with the honour of the nation and Government and with Germany's vital interests, and which, therefore, cannot in the long run be kept." It may be said that this outweighs the (presumably final) batch of repudiations relating to the Treaty of Versailles: the Rhine and Elbe waterways section had already been torn up in November, and now the liens established on the Railways and Reichsbank by the Dawes and Young Plans are also flung upon the ground, while Germany's signature to Article 231 (on War Responsibility) is expressly withdrawn, with the remark that this action puts an end to that part of the Treaty which was degrading to Germany. The mentality which this reveals is sufficiently depressing. Some arguments can be adduced for repudiating a dictated peace, lock, stock and barrel, whenever the possibility presents itself, but none for this arbitrary picking and choosing of clauses for piecemeal repudiation. It shows that Herr Hitler's whole conception of international law are those of the Cave Man.

But this must not affect our eagerness to seek an accord with him, for we of course accept his contention that nothing less than "the pacification of Europe" is at stake. If, however, we turn to the "eight ways" in which this pacification is to be achieved, we cannot avoid the conclusion that they are mere generalisations, far too obscurely and loosely worded to serve as the basis of a real *détente*. The need for "stable and orderly political and economic conditions" inside each country, or for "relations on a basis of mutual respect and equality," or for mutual recognition of "the vital interests of each," or the banality that "European problems can only be solved properly within possible limits"—such phrases really do not bring us any further. The eighth "way" seems to claim the right, in the name of national honour, to interfere in all questions of kindred minorities beyond the frontier. Here all depends on interpretation. If Germany wishes to remind all Europe that no other race save the

Ukrainian has so large a proportion of its co-nationals under foreign rule as the German, well and good : the facts cannot be denied. But if she wishes to apply "totalitarianism" and *Gleichschaltung* to her section of the minority problem, most dangerous and revolutionary possibilities emerge.

And, indeed, the speech has again brought out in their full crudity the Führer's ideas upon "race" and "racial purity." For, intermingled with the usual tirades against the Jew, we find the assertion that, just as the discovery that the earth turned round the sun led to a completely new conception of the universe, so the "blood and race doctrine of the National Socialist movement" is ushering in "a revolution of conceptions, and thus of the history of mankind past and future." In the Universities of Germany, once the home of academic freedom, of philosophic and religious criticism, of anthropological and ethnical studies, no voice can now be raised in protest (as it certainly would have been in Hohenzollern Prussia, to say nothing of the South German federal states) when the absolute ruler of Germany propounds doctrines which are the laughing stock of every university in the world. Little wonder if many Germans wince in silence at what is in effect an attempt to supersede Copernicus by the Jew-baiter Streicher.

Scarcely less crude were the economic theories which he put forward in his Four Year Plan (a catchword borrowed from the hated Bolsheviks). The economic experts and theorists from whom he so publicly dissociated himself, must in their turn remain silent while he announces that "today there can no longer be a free business life," but that the state must supervise all ; that economic salvation is not a problem of finance, but of "employment and guidance ;" that economic recovery would come "as soon as the permanence of the nation was believed in ;" that the German people would rely on "Work and Bread," not upon credit (this the answer to the bankers of the world, still nursing their burnt fingers) ; but that there could be no question of modifying the Plan. There is nothing to show that he realizes that the Plan's success, involving as it does Germany's complete "autarchy" or economic self-sufficiency, shuts her off from the whole field of economic co-operation and *ipso facto* produces that very isolation which he so vigorously disclaims.

What makes agreement with the Führer so difficult is not that he holds political views which are odious to this country : we have often in history, as a free people, had to make terms or co-operate with despots. Mr. Eden was only restating the views of many Foreign Secretaries before him when he declared that it is "not necessary nor desirable that our likes or dislikes for foreign forms of government should prejudice our international friendships or influence the course of our foreign policy." The real trouble is that in effect the Führer is trying to force his own prejudices upon the rest of Europe : not merely does he himself refuse all political dealing with Russia (it is not known as well as it should be that meanwhile profitable trade relations between Russia and Germany have increased, because Russia offers certain articles which the German General Staff regards as essential), but he denounces those who maintain such relations, declares Russia's presence at Geneva to be an obstacle to Germany's return, and treats the Pacts concluded with Russia by France and Czechoslovakia as treason to Europe and a menace to Germany in particular, though it is notorious that they are both purely defensive in character and so constructed as to facilitate the adhesion of other Powers, and in particular of Germany.

There is one passage in the speech on which I have noticed no press comments, but which illustrates the extent of his obsession about Russia. In thanking his party colleagues for their loyalty he referred to the "tragedy enacted in Moscow" that very day—the sentences on Radek and the rest—as showing "how the highest loyalty is to be valued." Was there no secret thrill of apprehension among his hearers ? Did it not occur to them that while Stalin has sent to their deaths so many of his former colleagues, but only after prolonged public trial (and this is true, whatever we may think of Soviet judicial methods), the Führer on his side removed many of *his* foremost colleagues in the National Socialist movement by sudden violence and in circumstances still unexplained, after publicly declaring that he himself was for 24 hours "the Supreme Court of the German people," from whom there was no appeal. Belief in his divine mission seems to blind him to the ominous analogy.

It was necessary to stress this analogy in view of the Führer's insistence upon "the conflict of ideologies" in Europe ; and

let no one object that it is pedantic to dwell upon so abstract a proposition, for it is he himself, his official press and his diplomatic representatives in London, who force it upon us at every turn. Indeed it is the very foundation of Nazi doctrine, the starting point of every detail of Nazi policy inside Europe or beyond it. There can be no shirking of this issue, and when Mr. Eden told the House of Commons that "we do not accept that the alternative for Europe lies between dictatorship of the Right and the Left," *The Times* was unquestionably right in endorsing this as "the policy of the whole British people." Here Socialist, Liberal, and Conservative opinion are one, and the two latter will follow *The Times* a stage further in "rejecting the doctrine of inevitable conflict between Fascism and Communism as decisively as it rejects the doctrine of inevitable class war."

Herr Hitler must be reminded at every turn that we reject his alternative, because there is a Middle Way, to which, apart from the three great dictatorships, most of the continental nations belong, or would fain return. This is the path of free representative institutions, which allows of infinite variety, but rests on the old principle of "no taxation without representation," freedom of religion, of speech, writing, assembly, association and press, none of which Russia, Germany, or Italy possesses today. To this third camp France, Britain and America, Scandinavia, Holland and Belgium, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia unhesitatingly belong, in the sense of still preserving free institutions, while the remainder of the Little and Balkan Ententes, the four small Baltic states and Poland have lost their full degree of freedom, though not the desire for it, but fear nothing so much as the necessity of such a choice. Thus Mr. Eden was fully entitled to "repudiate any division of Europe into the supporters of rival ideologies" as in no way "corresponding to realities."* Moreover, in demanding that we should make this choice, Herr Hitler is in effect seeking to dictate to other countries their internal form of government, for National Socialism, Fascism, and Communism alike tolerate no form of opposition or criticism, and to range ourselves on the side of one or other of them is to

* Before the Foreign Press Association. January 13

adopt those "totalitarian" principles which strike at the very root of our own system of government. Dr. Goebbels has followed the Führer's lead by affirming that the division of Europe into two camps is an actual fact, but this is a statement which could only be made in a country where no criticism of an official thesis is tolerated. In short, there is a very genuine "Peace Front" in Europe, which it is the vital interest of all the free countries to uphold, even though this involves co-operation with some that are "unfree."

There are two countries in which we can profitably study the implications of totalitarian policy—Spain and Czechoslovakia. In Spain we have a good object lesson of what happens when there is no *via media* between the two extremes of doctrine, and the general British view is that of Mr. Eden, that the rival interventionists of Moscow, Rome and Berlin, will in the long run pay dearly for their crime, and that a nationalist Spain, when once recovered from her grievous wounds, is little likely to show gratitude to those who used her as a rabbit on the vivisection table, on whom to test either tanks, or anti-aircraft guns, or totalitarian theories of government. She may prefer to associate with those Powers who have identified themselves with Spain's "political independence and territorial integrity." It may be worth quoting two illustrations from the history of earlier interventions in Spain. In 1820 the Duke of Wellington, who knew Spain better than any foreigner ever knew it, wrote to Castlereagh that there was no country where so little was to be gained from a policy of intervention as Spain. And in 1823 Castlereagh's successor, Canning, publicly warned Louis XVIII that by his intervention in Spain he was proclaiming "a principle which strikes at the root of the British constitution." Today we may restrict ourselves to the view that intervention is "not only bad humanity, but also bad politics," and that Spain is likely to evolve her own indigenous form of government and to bear a grudge against the foreign quacks who try to foist their nostrums upon her.

The case of Czechoslovakia is different. Here we see the only genuinely democratic state which still survives east of the Rhine made the object of a prolonged and persistent campaign of calumny by the German official press and wireless, and

denounced as completely Bolshevik in policy and outlook, and therefore as the spearhead of Bolshevism aimed at the heart of Europe.* The concrete allegation that the Red Army had erected numerous aerodromes in Czechoslovakia and supplied the Czechs with hundreds of pilots and instructors, is still being repeated in Germany, where no answer to official propagandists is tolerated: but everywhere else it has been exploded as an impudent invention. In a few words, Czechoslovakia is the only country in Central Europe where real parliamentary government, based on the ballot, universal suffrage, P.R., and free elections, still survives; its social legislation (insurance, inspection, working hours, etc.) is far ahead of its eastern and southern neighbours; it has a free press and freedom of association; its minority legislation, though not perfect, compares favourably with that of any other country whatsoever; its attitude to religion is shown by the terms of its Concordat with the Vatican, by the presence of Clericals in every Cabinet of recent years, and by the Clerical support given to Dr. Benesh at the presidential election. The fact that there is a Communist party with 30 deputies in a Parliament of 300, is a sign of stability and tolerance: most neighbour countries have thought it necessary to suppress their Communists, but Czechoslovakia prefers to use the safety valve, strong in the belief that the huge majority of her people are immune from Bolshevism.

The full details lie outside my present scope, but the Nazi campaign against Czechoslovakia provides a valuable clue to the present policy of the Führer. The motives are quite obvious. Firstly, Czechoslovakia, as a last stronghold of democracy, is a thorn in the flesh of Nazi Germany: in M. Carton de Wiart's phrase, "*Tout régime de force souffre du voisinage des régimes de liberté.*" Second, Germany pursues the same tactics as in 1905 when she tried to force France and Britain apart after the new found Entente Cordiale. Czechoslovakia is threatened with dire results unless she abandons her purely defensive treaty with Soviet Russia: yet this would mean the loss of the only two allies—Russia and France—who could give her effective military

* Lord Rothermere in a signed article in the *Daily Mail* of 12 February goes a stage further and maintains that Czechoslovakia should never have been created and should not be allowed to exist any longer.

protection against German aggression, and as a logical result, her own, and perhaps the whole Little Entente's entry within the sphere of German political influence, and this is the real aim. Thirdly, it is clear that if Czechoslovakia could be made a Russian spearhead aimed at Germany, she could no less easily be made a German spearhead directed at the coveted black earth of Ukraine and the rich oilfields of Rumania. The crux of the situation, however, lies in the fact that Czechoslovakia asks for nothing better than to live and let live, has no conceivable motive for adventure, and is probably more immune from Bolshevism than any other country of Central Europe. It is high time that the Governments of the West should indicate quite clearly to Germany, that while the campaign is naturally of no direct concern to us, it none the less serves as a serious discouragement to negotiation in the major questions of the day, since persistence in such patently false statements can only be ascribed either to bad faith or to basic ignorance.

In this matter of ideologies, then, the deadlock is absolute, and the speech was negative in other no less fundamental directions. It is true that the Führer's references to the League, though belittling, do not close the door to discussion. For all adherents of Geneva are at one as to the need for its reform, and do not challenge his view that it cannot be allowed to become a mere instrument for upholding the *status quo*. But in respect of armaments there is absolutely no response to Mr. Eden's offer of co-operation; and there is an absolute refusal to consider limitation as part of a general European settlement, or to admit that the Four Year Plan could under any circumstances be modified. No one, of course, denies that every nation must keep in its own hands the final decision as to what constitutes its necessary defence. But the inspired comments of the German press make it abundantly clear that Germany's attitude to rearmament is identical with the *Noli me tangere* adopted by William II whenever the crucial question of naval limitation cropped up before the War. M. Blum had been careful to point out that France accepted "perfect equality and mutual confidence" as the basis of negotiations with Germany, and had no desire to bargain, and this was certainly said with the full approval of the British Government. But no one in his senses

in either France or Britain will challenge his further assertion that there is "an absolute and inevitable interdependence between economic and political co-operation." "Could any nation be expected to help another with money, raw materials, colonial outlets, etc., unless it were certain that this increased power would not one day be turned against it?"

Here we reach bedrock. It is simply inconceivable that any government in France or Britain, of the Right, Centre, or Left, would ever consent to a loan or to colonial concessions without absolute guarantees in favour of armament limitation and an Air Convention, of an abandonment of unilateral action and of a frank return to international co-operation. What dominates the present European situation is the fantastic armament expenditure of Germany. Mr. Churchill's original estimate of £1,500,000,000 expended in three years has been challenged in some quarters; but if we deduct 20 per cent. for possible exaggeration, the balance (confirmed equally from the official and from Socialist sources and tacitly admitted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer) is sufficiently alarming. Indeed, it cannot be denied that there is literally no precedent in the history of the world, and that the absolute monarchs and militarist cliques of pre-war days were tied hand and foot as compared with the happy War Lords of Hitler's Germany, who are free from all parliamentary, budgetary, and press control, and can spend all the resources of the nation if once they have obtained the sanction of a single man. In the first days of the new regime it was possible to make out a certain case for Germany's refusal to wait indefinitely in a disarmed state, and her insistence upon defensive armament. But no such case can be made out for the later measures of unrestricted conscription and rearmament on a scale so vast as to be meaningless save on the theory of a bid for military predominance in Europe.

The British and French Governments continue to desire most ardently a triangular agreement with Germany, supplemented by an extension of the "non-aggression" principle to all Europe, west and east. But none the less public opinion must face the brutal fact that at present there is a complete deadlock between the Nazi regime and the two Western Powers, based upon profound differences of mentality, policy, and aims.

'WARE RABBIT

BY SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS

WE are proud in England of the nice balance of nature belonging to our temperate clime. Things that grow and creatures that breathe consent to a mutual relation. The mild extremes of our climate correspond with the freedom from excessive production of weed or fungus or insect or larger animal. We are rather fond of the word plague, but our plagues seldom deserve the word as it is understood in "less happy lands." This nice balance of nature has not lost its equipoise; but there are certain threats which may make us uneasy. We conquered in double quick time the threat of the alien musk rat which had wrought scarcely credible havoc on canal banks in Austria and Hungary. The threatened Severn was soon freed; but the escape of these tunneling rodents bred an uneasiness and a fear of unauthorized imports. Two of these are established, are here for good, as they say, though the phrase may mean for evil. They have become almost as truly English as the grey rat which drove out the old English black rat, though this has begun within the last few years to turn on his evicter.

The danger of such naturalization must be faced; but at the moment the popular "plague" is a native or semi-native, the engaging but destructive rabbit. Farm economists with one voice have been declaiming against the ruin of its multiplication; and with such force that a new law is likely to be introduced compelling landowners and their tenants to keep their lands reasonably free. Of the immense increase in the population of rabbits there is no doubt at all. Even motorists (who see less than most people of the country they speed through) are aware of the increase, which often is particularly apparent in roadside hedges. One of the reasons for this multiplication is both

economic and biological. Rabbit trapping in the West country had grown into a very considerable industry, many a small Western farmer paid his rent, or a good part of it, by letting the right to trap on his farm to a professional. The rabbits were almost always caught in steel-toothed traps, which are very efficient to the purpose. They are brutal but sure; and caught many other animals than rabbits. In parts of Devon and Pembrokeshire, for example, foxes were altogether exterminated. They have ceased to exist. The traps caught dogs, cats, stoats and incidentally both pheasants and partridges. The trapped rabbits fetched an astonishingly high price for a long succession of years; and the profits of the industry kept it more and more active. Then came a sudden slump; and the trappers ceased work. The stock of rabbits was big in spite of the numbers killed, because the trappers killed more bucks than does; and this stock proceeded to multiply beyond all precedent. The farmers had given up rabbiting. Even poachers were few; and the natural enemies of the rabbit had ceased to exist. Now it is a well-established fact, that is common knowledge in Australia though not here, that the rabbit breeds proportionately to its sense of security. If land is cleared and the rabbit must exercise continual watchfulness it breeds sparingly. Everything conspired to promote over-population and, surprisingly, no disease followed.

The reasons for its multiplication in the East were rather different or perhaps more numerous. Farming was depressed; and the first result of letting land go out of cultivation is to provide rabbits with a warren. The higher the cultivation, the fewer the rabbits. They appeared in myriads almost miraculously on some of the rubbish dumps near London. The owners were forced by public opinion to gas the rats which find such places equally congenial, but they do not waste good gas on rabbits. Conversely afforestation has completely cured the plague. On the sandy warrens about the Norfolk-Suffolk boundary, hundreds of thousands were destroyed by the Forestry Commission, who in one respect builded better (or in the opinion of some neighbours worse) than they knew; for the surrounding districts became infested by stoats which had fled from the rabbit-free areas.

Rabbits, of course, are deadly enemies to young trees, but they are hardly less destructive of corn and grass and indeed most farm crops. Some grass fields alongside dumps or woods and hedgerows where rabbits are encouraged are too bare to feed one horse to ten acres. Such bared fields are given up in despair by farmers, with the result that they become complete warrens and the plague is further increased: things go from bad to worse. The direct losses are very heavy indeed; and in rural districts the rabbit does more harm than the rat. It is worse to eat the corn before it comes into ear than after it is in stack.

Rabbits have been virtually exterminated in districts, such as South Lincolnshire, where farming is intensive. Elsewhere there is no question of extermination. It may not be even desirable. The rabbit has a coat and flesh that are useful to man. It is a rather engaging creature that most countrymen would miss, and it has provided many a poor household with food that is appreciated. But almost all animals, even birds, are harmful if their members are abnormal. The rook, for example, as a Hungarian farmer proved, is of benefit to the farmer till it multiplies greatly, then it quite changes its feeding habits. So the rabbit. Close observation within the last few years has brought out the facts that rabbits have taken to local migrations quite outside their usual habit. They will certainly feed three-quarters of a mile from their burrows. There is some evidence also that they begin to learn to climb, almost like a fox or a stoat. A twelve-foot wire with a bent top was not enough to keep the foxes out of the Whipsnade Zoo. They climbed freely both in and out.

So rabbit wire has proved vain in some places where the pressure of population was great. I have seen a precious young tree in a park bitten off, not at the bottom, but at the top. The rabbits used the circle of so-called protective wire as a convenient ladder and stand from which to reach the more succulent shoots. Rabbits, like other animals, are adaptable, and find in necessity the mother of both invention and new habits. They will not only climb, they will scrape through a mesh of absurdly small gauge and burrow under any wire not sunk deeply. A curiosity of the genus is that the young rabbit is more destructive than

the old, at any rate in gardens. While the parents are content to gnaw the bark off felled twigs, the young, needing tender food, will pick off the young shoots of rose or carnation or what not; and these babies see no obstruction in a two-inch wire mesh.

Such points as these are chiefly interesting to the gardener or amateur afforester: the essential offence of the rabbit is to farm crops. In wide districts of Australia the value of land depends wholly on its wire fence. If it is not wired against rabbits it is valueless, and our own Forestry Commission has found nearly the same thing. Some of our general farmers begin to be in like case: fields alongside rabbit-ridden plantations or dumps or wastes are valueless, are, indeed, a minus quantity: they do not produce the value of either the rent or the labour, much less of both.

What is to be done to protect the producer? And he is the important person. An increase in the price of the dead rabbit is already doing something to reduce the tally; doubtless the price might be enhanced if the import of rabbits was forbidden. They come to us in tens of thousands and are a popular form of food with the poor. Chiefly for this reason governments of any colour do not care to put a heavy tariff on the imports. We must find, then, more direct methods. There are several, and I would urge one of which little or nothing has been said. It is a custom on some large farms as on many estates to employ a warden whose business it is to keep destructive animals in check. A good man at the job will pay dividends, especially if he is wise enough to leave foxes, stoats, and weasels alone, and regard them as allies in his campaign for the reduction of rats and rabbits. Such a warden might very well be permanently employed by every county council. He would not only advise would-be agents in the campaign for saving crops: he would inspect and warn; and in the last resort recommend prosecution of those who from laziness, incapacity, or choice allowed their land to bear an excessive population of any specified enemies of the producers. Such a man would very soon become aware of the centres of pollution, so to say, without the need of any special and distasteful visits of inspection.

Rabbits, of course, are notoriously prolific; and the doe (whose

chief enemy is the buck) has greater skill perhaps than any known animal in hiding her nesting hole. I have known a tame rabbit rear a family within a wire enclosure of a few square yards without anyone suspecting the presence of a nursery, so carefully was the hole blocked each morning and opened each night. Nevertheless the rabbit is not difficult to destroy. Its hole is obvious. "They love not poison who do poison need," but it may be necessary in extreme cases to use such gases or poisons as the I.C.I. have lately perfected. It may not perhaps be generally known that a rag or bit of paper soaked in paraffin with a dash of Jeyes fluid will expel rabbits from the hole in which it is inserted for three or four days. I have seen over a hundred rabbits so expelled shot in a field or two of long grass at the edge of a covert. Systematic ferreting is a better method still. In a few places the long net, as once used by bands of poachers, is a quick and wholesale method; but it is a very difficult art—*experto crede*.

A good many game preservers actually like to maintain a fair head of rabbits; but perhaps they pay for them in ways not always appreciated. It has been found in general that they do not consort comfortably with winged game, though there is no direct hostility; and there are a few very striking examples on record of the rapid increase of partridges following the clearing of rabbits and of the hedge-rows—"the better the farming the more the partridges," used to be an Eastern Counties maxim. The result is due perhaps not only to a plentiful supply of barley and other grains. It follows the extinction of the rabbit.

One other plague, so-called, should be much more easy to abolish than, for example, the musk rat, but it continues to spread. Grey squirrels are now almost as widely dispersed as little owls; and we do not want them, though they are very engaging animals in their way. They were introduced by several people, but the centre of dispersal was Woburn; and the first person to realize that they were dangerous as well as pretty was a Duke of Bedford. He preferred his birds to the squirrels, and the two were not found to agree. Those who introduced them had not, it seems, read their Buffon, who has a remarkable reference to the havoc they wrought among the corn, or maize, crops in South America, and even Buffon did not know how omnivorous

they can be where various foods are procurable. They will eat—in England at any rate—young birds, eggs, fruit, nuts, bark, green shoots, and most grains; and they proceed to the work with singular persistence and ingenuity.

One little wooden hut, familiar to me, was used for storing grain for the feeding of game birds; and the grey squirrels, discovering this, bit a sizable hole in the woodwork and ate their fill. The hole was then boarded up; but within a day or two a second hole was cut. This obstinacy was the squirrels' undoing. Thereafter the hole in the hut was used as the entrance to a trap, and sixteen squirrels were taken in quick succession. The incident well illustrates their psychology, if the word may be used. They are observant, bold and insistent beyond most animals; and, unlike most species of squirrel, range widely. They spread over England at a speed that wholly astonished many naturalists. There were scores, for example, in gardens near Stratford-on-Avon soon after the alarm was first raised. Happily they are still rare in the West and North, where our own red squirrel is numerous. You will hardly miss seeing these either in the gardens of Galloway or the groves of Denbighshire—to quote particular experiences—and in neither region has the grey squirrel become common.

There is little doubt that the grey is an enemy of the red, though evidence that it attacks the red directly is meagre. Definite accounts of the method of its attack have, it is true, been spread abroad, but they lack authentication. They are probably no truer than another fable that the two species cross, a fable due to the fact that the winter coat of the grey differs considerably from its summer coat. Our own red squirrel is a species whose coat differs according to its habitat, and it is one of the more widely distributed of all mammals, with some special preference for the North. In Siberia it is said to be almost grey in colour.

The grey does not kill the red so far as we know; but there is little doubt that it drives it away. The two are not common in the same place; and the red has become very rare in the East and the Midlands. It has become indeed so rare and is so much admired that within the last two years a brisk trade has come into being in imported red squirrels. They are procured

from the Balkan States, and so far have flourished in their new homes—in Newcastle, for example, in North Devon and, not least, in the Whipsnade Zoo where several pairs were "enlarged." Whipsnade is close to the place from which the grey animal spread and where it is still most abundant. There are gardens near Whipsnade where no good fruit is safe and where many of the native birds' nests are harried by the "tree rat." The number of rabbits in the country depends a good deal on the price of their flesh and fur. So with grey squirrels in parts of America, the numbers are almost automatically reduced by the food value of the animal. I have seen butchers' shops that appeared to be dressed wholly with squirrels.

This preventive influence does not operate in England. The animal, which has a large litter, has multiplied without let or hindrance in many quarters. Like the sparrow it finds sanctuary in towns and suburbs where its engaging habits and brave friendliness make it very popular. The trees of Regent's Park were at one time generously decorated with its dreys; and it is astonishing how their great nests can escape observation. Not long since a tree was felled in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park Zoo, and the woodmen were amazed to see a family of little squirrels emerge from the fallen wreck: the drey in which they were nursed had passed quite unobserved.

Are we to accept the grey squirrel as a permanent addition to our island mammals? Some municipalities have condemned it, under strong representation of its destructive habits. It is the enemy of every gamekeeper; and they are joined by a good many gardeners. On the other hand, it has friends. In some woodland gardens its merry ways endear it, and its presence is actively encouraged. Over wide areas, where game-preserving is not in any degree intensive, its theoretic enemies are wholly inactive. What numbers are to be found in Huntingdonshire, for example, not so far from Lilford, notorious as the chief source of the little owl. That imported bird and that imported mammal are almost the most obvious animals of the district. Both breed freely, and both have a wide taste in foods.

Extermination is next door to the impossible in regard to rabbit, rat, grey squirrel, or little owl, even if we are united in a desire for such a consummation. What matters to most of us

is an upset of the natural balance in our well-balanced island. Most animals are harmful if their numbers become very great. The rook becomes a carrion crow, the pigeon and the gull harpies, the fox a costly luxury to every poultry keeper, the mole a destroyer of fields and the rabbit of that which grows in them. The superfluous rat costs millions and does more harm in town than country. The sparrows of Birmingham have learnt to migrate in thousands to Warwickshire harvest fields. The moral is one of the oldest classical tags whether in Greek or Latin: *ne quid nimis*—nothing in excess; and in regard to rabbit and grey squirrel, as to the rat, there is a strong obligation on the community to allow none to multiply beyond a very modest quota. We need a regulating authority, such as a special county warden who shall have an eye to regulation of noxious weeds, biological as well as botanical.

BRITISH RACIAL DECLINE

The Menace of Depopulation

BY DR. G. F. MCCLEARY

THE British Commonwealth is not the result of a planned scheme of *Weltpolitik*. It has come about mainly, as Burke said, by accident—by the gradual and unsystematic grouping of individual adventurous spirits seeking to better themselves overseas. The new colonies were long regarded as liabilities rather than assets by the politicians of the Mother Country, who were slow to appreciate the significance of the movement described by Seeley in 1883 as “the expansion of England.” But it would be a mistake to assume that what has come into being by haphazard, and not without a good deal of our traditional muddle, can so be maintained and developed. A famous millionaire has said that it is easier to make money than to keep it; and there are signs that the keeping of the Commonwealth as a unified and effective influence on world affairs will require all the statesmanship that can be devoted to it.

Foremost among the problems that now confront Commonwealth statesmen are those created by the rapid decline in the birth-rate in the Mother Country and in the Dominions. By many the decline is welcomed. It tends, we are told, to remove the menace of over-population arising from the enormous multiplication of our people during the last 160 years. But that was due not to an increase in fertility, but to a decrease in mortality. When that fact and its implications have been grasped, the population question presents a new aspect. Until the secret of earthly immortality has been discovered, any movement proceeding from reductions in mortality must, sooner or later, come up against a natural barrier. Death cannot be

prevented; it can only be postponed. But postponement gradually increases the proportion of old people in the population, and the death-rate of old people is high. Ninety years ago the mean expectation of life at birth in this country was 41 years; in 1933 it was 61 years. But, during the same period, the mean expectation of life at age 60 rose only from 13.9 to 15.4 years. Among the younger people many lives have been saved, but it is still broadly true that the days of our age are three score years and ten.

In England and Wales last year the number of deaths per 1,000 population—the crude death-rate—was 12.1, and if that were a true index of mortality the mean expectation of life at birth would be 82.6 years; actually it is 61 years. If New Zealand's death-rate in 1934—8.48 per 1,000—were a true index of mortality, it would imply a mean expectation of life at birth of 117.9 years; actually it was 66.4 years. Nowhere are life insurance policies issued for premiums based on an expectation of life at birth of 117.9 years, or 82.6 years.

It is clear, then, that the crude death-rate is a misleading index of mortality.

Similarly, the crude birth-rate, which was 14.8 per 1,000 in England and Wales last year, varies not only with fertility, *i.e.*, the rate at which children are being born, but with the proportion of persons capable of bearing children—the women of child-bearing age. The proportion of these women is now high, and therefore their low fertility is to some extent masked in the birth-rate. As they grow older their places will not all be taken by grown-up girls; for the decline in fertility has diminished the supply of girls. Thus the death-rate and the birth-rate convey a fallacious view of the position. Both are too good to be true. The death-rate tends to rise and the birth-rate to fall. If fertility and mortality remain constant, both rates will reach 13.8 per 1,000 in 1943, and from then onward there will be an annual excess of deaths over births.

There are methods of standardizing death-rates and birth-rates, but they are too complicated to appeal to the layman. Fortunately, however, a series of important books by Dr. R. R. Kuczynski has brought into use simple methods of measuring

population growth, the results of which can be stated in a way that all can understand. By these methods the combined effect of fertility and mortality is expressed in a single index, the net reproduction rate, which tells how many future mothers will on average be borne by a mother of today. If the number is less than one, fertility has fallen below mortality. In England and Wales the net reproduction rate is 0.734, which means that in the next generation 1,000 mothers of today will be represented not by another 1,000, but by 734. Our reproduction rate has fallen over 25 per cent. below replacement rate, which is unity, and if it remains below unity we shall die out.

Yet our population continues to increase, though at a greatly reduced rate. That is because fertility may decline for a long time before it results in a decrease of the population. When tuberculosis of the lungs has reached the stage at which it can readily be diagnosed by the ordinary methods of physical examination, the patient's condition has become serious; and when declining fertility has reached the stage at which the deaths exceed the births, the position has become one not of theoretical interest only, but of urgent practical necessity.

Many may think that a diminution in the number of people now occupying this country would, if it could be stopped at the right level, be no bad thing. Those of us who can remember the English countryside fifty years ago have seen a lamentable destruction of scenic beauty of a kind not to be matched in any other part of the world. Those dreary wastes of unlovely dwellings that sprawl over the exquisite Surrey hills and valleys I knew as a boy—are they to extend indefinitely? And for what purpose?

But the problem we have to face here and now is not how to secure a stationary, optimum population, but how to prevent an imminent decrease in population that will, if not prevented, become catastrophic within the next thirty years. And we must bear in mind that this country has for many years been an important source of population for the Dominions, where, incredible as it may seem, the fertility of the British stock has fallen as rapidly as in the Mother Country.

As long ago as 1903 the decline in the birth-rate of New South Wales caused so much concern that a Royal Commission

was appointed to consider the subject, and the Commission expressed their main conclusion in the following statement :

In recent years, public men . . . have referred hopefully to the day when Australia with her teeming millions will hold a commanding place among the peoples of the world. The patriotic ardour inspired by this hopeful anticipation is, however, destined to be cooled in the contemplation of the fact that, while Russia and Japan, prospective rivals of Australia for supremacy in the Western Pacific, are already seeking outlets beyond their own borders for the energies of their ever-growing people, it will be forty-six and a half years before Australia, with her three and three-quarter millions of inhabitants, and dependent alone on her natural increase (if this even be maintained at its present rate), will have doubled her population ; 113 years before she will have twenty millions of people ; and 168 years before her numbers will have reached the present population of Japan. In whatever way the waning birth-rate of New South Wales is viewed . . . it is seen as a grave disorder, sapping the vitals of a new people, dispelling its hopes, blighting its prospects, and threatening its continuance.

When these words were written the birth-rate was 27 per 1,000, having fallen from 38.4 in 1884 ; in 1934 it was 16.5 per 1,000. A similar decline has occurred in the other Australian States and in New Zealand ; in both Dominions the net reproduction rate has fallen below unity, *i.e.*, below replacement rate. In Canada and South Africa the birth-rate, though it has gone down considerably, is still relatively high because of the high fertility of the French and Dutch elements respectively ; the reproduction of the British stock has fallen to much the same level as in Australia and New Zealand, where the population is almost exclusively of British origin. All over the world the present generation of our people is failing to reproduce its numbers.

What will be the consequences ? Take emigration. In the ten years immediately preceding the war, the annual number of migrants from the United Kingdom to other parts of the Empire was over 148,000 ; in the ten years 1919-1928 the number was over 132,000 ; in the same period there was a large emigration to the United States. The Inter-Departmental Committee on Migration Policy, reporting in 1934, expressed the opinion that, if unnecessary obstacles were removed, there was "no reason why the number of migrants from the United Kingdom to the overseas parts of the Empire should not reach a figure of from 150,000 to 250,000 a year, at comparatively small expense, to the Governments concerned."

Can we spare them ? For some years to come we can. Our

population is increasing by over 120,000 persons annually, and England is one of the most densely populated countries in the world. With 265 persons to the square kilometre, our density among European nations is exceeded only by that of Belgium, which has 269 persons per square kilometre. Our population would be better distributed if during the next ten years the emigrants to the Dominions reached or even exceeded the number contemplated by the Inter-Departmental Committee. During that period, at all events, we can with advantage make a substantial contribution to the peopling of what Kingsley Fairbridge—genius and hero—called the "man-hungry corners of the Empire," the vast unoccupied spaces of the Dominions. A slight diminution of our population by the transference of men, women, and children of the right kind to parts of the Commonwealth where there is much more need of population increase than there is at home, is a very different thing from a diminution caused by a large and increasing excess of deaths over births. The Commonwealth as a whole would be strengthened by the transference. It is important, therefore, that a vigorous emigration policy should now be pursued.

There are difficulties, some real, some imaginary. We are told that large parts of the "vast unoccupied spaces" are unfitted for white settlement. But when all due allowance is made for such considerations, it remains true that in the Dominions there are enormous unpeopled areas, rich in mineral resources and fertile land, in which the white man can thrive and multiply. Canada, which is nearly as extensive as the whole of Europe, has a population of only eleven millions ; Australia, with an area nearly equal to that of the United States, has a population of six millions and three-quarters ; New Zealand is rather more extensive than Great Britain, South Africa is five times as extensive ; and the white populations of the two Dominions are about 1,500,000 and 1,850,000 respectively. And whatever the difficulties of a vigorous emigration policy may be, there are other countries that would gladly take over from us the task of dealing with them !

A much more important and difficult problem confronting the Dominions is that of increasing the output of the native-born. Nothing that we in this country can do to re-distribute

our population to the best advantage of the Commonwealth as a whole will prevent the threatened depopulation of the Dominions unless there is a substantial increase in the fertility of our people overseas.

The grave warning of the New South Wales Royal Commission in 1904 has been reinforced by the experience of the 32 years that have since elapsed. If the population trend in those years continues, the population of the Mother Country will about 30 years hence begin a catastrophic decline, and a little later the Dominions will follow us with varying rapidity—the British stock leading. At that time, and for some time before, we shall have no people to spare for overseas settlement.

Some results of declining fertility are now plainly to be seen in this country. The number of children attending public elementary schools has fallen from 6,082,858 in 1910 to 5,402,052 in 1935, in spite of an increase of 367,000 school children over 13, due to the Act of 1918, which abolished half-time attendance and exemptions under the age of 14; and there has been a diminution in the need for school places, school books, and other educational requisites.

There will be many other consequences of the downward movement. The coming decrease in population will increase the amount per head levied to meet national debt charges, and, without a general disarming of which there is no indication, to provide for national defence. Similar considerations apply to the expenditure of the local authorities. Apart from the charges for long-time loans, the cost of such services as water-supply, main drainage, sewage and refuse disposal, the maintenance of street pavements, parks and public buildings cannot be reduced *pari passu* with reductions in the number of people for whom the services are required.

In many industries the consequences of the movement will sooner or later be felt with growing intensity. In the building trade, and in the numerous industries the prosperity of which depends upon the activity of the building trade, the decrease in population will take effect long before the beginning of the rapid decline that may be expected some 30 years hence. But the need for dwellings fit for human beings to live in is so great, despite the remarkable progress made since the war, that we

have time to plan for the new position that looms ahead, even if no attempt is made to approximate to the standard of domestic comfort attained in America, where only a small minority of hotel bedrooms are without a separate bathroom, and indoor shivering is regarded as a peculiarly European experience. In industries in which mass production is an important factor, the diminution of the number of consumers in the home market and in the Dominions may necessitate much readjustment of methods and a new commercial outlook, which may be reflected in price changes. The population trend may also influence the conditions of issue of long-term loans, and the periods fixed for amortization.

The decline in fertility has already exercised an influence on the ageing of the population that will steadily become more important. It is already reflected in the increased annual cost of old-age pensions, which for persons of 70 years and over rose from £18,326,000 in 1920 to £33,347,000 in 1930, and to £37,837,000 in 1934. The cost of old-age pensions for persons aged 65-70 rose from £12,234,000 in 1929 to £17,463,000 in 1935. The expenditure under these heads will continue to rise, even if it does not become necessary to make increasing provision for old age, because of the decreasing number of young people available as contributors to the cost of maintaining aged relatives.

The ageing of the community will be reflected in its outlook on life, and in its ways of thinking and feeling. It will be a more experienced and, possibly, a wiser community. There are, however, disadvantages as well as advantages in growing old. "We have experience," said Mr. Dooley, "but we'd rather have hair. We have wisdom, but we'd trade it all for youth and hope."

If the present population trend continues, important social and economic readjustments will be inevitable, and if the situation is taken in hand at once it may be possible to avert the painful consequences that will certainly follow a policy of inactivity based on the belief that the menace of depopulation is imaginary, or that something will eventually turn up to deal with it. In some European countries, especially in Belgium, France, Germany, and Italy, declining fertility is considered a national danger, and strenuous attempts are being made to arrest it.

During the last ten years the governments of Belgium, France, and Italy have pursued a vigorous population policy, the main feature of which is the provision of economic inducements for the production of large families. The results are not encouraging. Since 1926, when, after a remarkable speech by Signor Mussolini, the Italian population policy was adopted, the birth-rate has fallen from 27 to 23.1 per 1,000. The same tendency, quite as marked, is shown in Belgium and France. More success has been achieved in Germany, where the birth-rate rose from 14.7 per 1,000 in 1933 to 18.9 in 1935. The National Socialists have employed special methods, and, though it is too soon to form a confident opinion on the question, their population policy seems to have made an effective appeal to the patriotic spirit of the German people.

It should be borne in mind that the indications of the future given in this article rest on the assumption that the present population trend will continue. But it may not continue. It is due to the practice of birth control, and is therefore dependent on human volition. The recent experience of other countries shows, however, that it is not easy to bring about the drastic changes in social habits necessary to check or regulate the practice of birth control—to substitute a national planning for an individual planning of the size of the family. We find that it is not easy to increase population by Act of Parliament. If babies are not to be had for love, they are not likely to be had for money.

Can anyone point to a single influence making, or likely to make, effectively for a substantial increase in fertility? On the other hand, there are many working effectively for a substantial decrease in fertility. Two may specially be mentioned. First, birth control is spreading to sections of the community hitherto untouched by it. It is advocated by highly-placed and influential personages as a national need. Second, the technique of birth control is becoming more and more efficient. Scientific research is hard at work to discover a contraceptive that shall be 100 per cent. efficient, cheap, convenient, and free from aesthetic objection. When it is placed on the market not only will the commercial interests concerned make large sums of money, but the unwanted babies, of whom there are now many, will cease to make a substantial addition to our annual number of births.

The problem is urgent, and requires for its solution a searching examination of the present position and its implications. It must be studied in co-operation with the Dominions, and with a sympathetic appreciation of their needs and difficulties. It is a pity that so few people in the Mother Country have any first-hand acquaintance with life as it is lived by our kinsmen overseas. How many of the men and women who seek to escape the rigours of an English winter by exposing themselves to the icy winds of the Riviera know that the health-giving qualities of South Africa's climate are unexcelled anywhere, and that a winter trip to Australia and New Zealand is one of the most beneficial and delightful of human experiences? To those who care for the splendid heritage our forefathers have committed to our charge, the great Australian cities, their surroundings, and the "outback" are full of interest; while of New Zealand it may safely be said that she has more varied magnificence of scenic beauty to the square mile than any other country in the world.

"This King Shakespeare," said Carlyle, ". . . We can fancy him radiant aloft over all the Nations of English men and women a thousand years hence. From Parramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another: 'Yes, this Shakespeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him.'"

But unless there are drastic changes in the social habits of the English-speaking peoples, the language of Shakespeare will, some 150 years hence, be read, if it is read at all, as the countrymen of Shakespeare now read the language of Sophocles.

PESTERING BY THE PRESS

BY HAMILTON FYFE

"I am directed by the Home Secretary to say that his attention from time to time has been drawn to the distress and trouble to which people are subjected when after some tragedy representatives of newspapers intrude upon the privacy of relatives or other persons concerned. . . . The suggestion has been made that some restrictions ought to be imposed on the licence thus exercised to collect news by methods which offend against civility and humanity."

Letter from Sir John Simon to Newspaper Societies.

WHEN Lord Chief Justice Hewart said last year that "personal journalism is an infamous abyss in which a sadly large section of the British Press wallows," he intended to denounce the itch for prying into the personal aspects of the lives and characters of men and women in the news.

At one period "personal journalism" meant fashionable gossip, the sort of chatter that *Truth* and *The World* printed in the days of Labouchere and Edmund Yates. In another sense personal journalism might be described as one of the merits of newspapers in a not very distant past, as the writing in which men expressed their personal opinions of men and things—men like A. G. Gardiner, Massingham, Leo Maxse and J. L. Garvin, who carries on with it still. The evil attacked by the Lord Chief Justice and brought into ugly prominence lately is a growth of less than twenty years. I have heard it called a result of the importation of a certain editor from Canada. But that is too narrow a view. Upon no single person can the blame be laid. It was bound to happen when newspapers, following theatres and cinemas, came under the control of men who regarded them simply as businesses, organs of profit, sources of income—not of income for the controllers alone, but for armies of shareholders with no interest in newspapers as

such, certainly without any sense of responsibility for them; eager only for large regular dividends.

When theatres were owned and managed by members of "the profession" they were at no high level of excellence, and their standards were not those of the finest art. But they had standards; they would not descend below certain levels for the sake of filling their seats. Irving, Alexander, Tree, were not intellectually distinguished, but they respected their calling. They would not, even for riches, have descended to the Dutch auction methods we now see employed, when speculators compete for public support by each in turn going one lower in smut and lewd silliness. The only reason I ever heard suggested for the long-continued success of a recent play was that in it was spoken a word which by dirty minds is considered dirty. When critics spoke of bedroom scenes being indispensable (this stupid craze has now passed) it became plain that suggestiveness, provoking sniggers from the immature, was considered the winning trick.

The speculators who control the cinema have from its beginnings sought for the lowest common denominator of sentimentality and clowning. Happily, performers of genius have from time to time thwarted them, directors with ideas above raking in the largest possible returns have given us films of charm and interest. But the drag downwards is ever apparent. Any art, any product of the imagination intended to stir other imaginations, which is subject to purely commercial aims, must suffer—must be degraded to the level of a trade.

Not that I have anything to say against trades, if they keep their place. No; what I have urged, and shall urge always, is that any human activity which has influence on minds, imaginations, public judgment, mass emotion, becomes a peril when money-making is made its sole or principal object. A politician speaking falsely for a bribe is not half so likely to do harm as a play that smirches decent feelings, or a newspaper that lowers the standard of popular intelligence by crude sensationalism.

The reply which many will make is: "The theatre, the cinema, above all the newspaper, *are* trades. Why deny it? Why attempt to blinker yourself against realities?"

To which my rejoinder is that I do admit the domination of

the trade element and so greatly deplore it, so sincerely consider it dangerous, that I am here protesting against it, and trying to suggest methods by which a check may be put upon some, at any rate, of its most repellent features.

The Press has gone through the same process of commercialization as the theatre. Newspapers, when I began my career as a journalist, were not looked on as profitable investments. The family which then owned the *Daily Telegraph* made a fortune out of it later on (by methods which were brought to light in a celebrated trial by Henry Labouchere); but no millionaire on the make would at that time have put money into newspapers. They were expected to pay their way; some did not even do that. That they would become one of the country's main industries occurred to nobody. They were organs of opinion, their circulations were small, they made no appeal to the crowd mind; they were, indeed, very dull. But their editors had a sense of responsibility, a sense of honour. Their dislike of sensationalism they carried too far—so far that, instead of securing for the Press a smooth evolution into popularity, they provoked a revolution in which they saw violently destroyed everything they cared for.

Yet the New Journalism born at the end of the century differed from the Old at first only in recognizing that a new reading public had grown up, a public produced by the universal schooling of Gladstone's 1870 Act. For the newspaper as organ of opinion this public had no use. Northcliffe was the first to see clearly that a New Journalism was called for. Stead and T. P. O'Connor had glimpses of it, but each was politically-minded. Northcliffe was not. His idea was that the new public wanted very little politics and a great deal more news of general interest. He widened the appeal of the newspaper; he made it touch life at many more points. So began the era of big circulations. Soon all the competitors for these were adopting the same methods. Soon it was discovered that advertisers would pay for big circulations at rates before undreamed of. Now came into view the spectre of a bundle of advertisements with a certain amount of reading matter thrown in to carry the reader's eye towards them.

It was a spectre to Northcliffe. He had started his *Daily*

Mail in 1896 as a paper of eight small pages; he made its size one of its merits. It could be read through quickly, it was easy to carry, it was "the Busy Man's Newspaper." As it enlarged its daily output, so it increased the number of its pages. Its proprietor rejoiced in that; he spurred on advertisement managers of a new type to widen the advertising field. But before he died he was at open war with them. He saw that he had created a monster which was sprawling its vast bulk over the popular Press, giving it an appearance and subjecting it to conditions which, as a journalist, he resented. He saw that newspapers had become organs of profit, that they were passing under the control of millionaires who had none but a financial interest in them. He knew this was for journalists a bad change. He had, in the judgment of the old editors, lowered Press standards; now he foresaw that his successors' little fingers would be thicker than his loins. Finance capital was taking hold of newspapers, removing them from the control of newspaper men, making editors of small account, subordinating all else to the increase of advertisement revenue.

Since then the struggle for circulation has become frenzied. Upon the number of copies sold depend, not only the amounts of advertising which can be attracted, but the rates which can be charged. Hence the "bribery" of which Lord Camrose, chief proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, complained in a public speech, using that word. People of poor intelligence are bribed to sign promises to take this or that newspaper for twelve or sixteen weeks, the inducements ranging from dinner services and washing machines to men's trousers and women's underwear. This method of increasing circulation Lord Camrose condemned; he did not believe, he said, that purchasers so allured read the papers for which they paid. In that opinion Lord Austin, the motor manufacturer, has concurred, saying that, as an advertiser, he "would rather see reading matter improved than all these offers of insurances and gifts."

There Lord Austin spoke as an advertiser, not as a business man. All who advertise in the Press want their insertions to be looked at; if a large section of buyers have no interest beyond their "bribes" and throw away papers unread, the advertiser is throwing away his money. But, as a business man, Lord

Austin should have known that it is far easier to attract purchasers by bribery and ballyhoo than by improving the product for sale. Even Lord Camrose is obliged to recognize that, for shortly after he had made the speech from which I have quoted, one of his papers issued a contents bill bearing the offer of a more glaring bribe than any before or since: "You want money," it said, "We give it."

Buying purchasers is not, however, sufficient to keep circulations steady at a high figure. Some other bait must be used to catch those who want neither an electric iron nor the works of H. G. Wells, neither a washing-machine nor an encyclopædia. Big money prizes (running into thousands) for the winners of what are mere guessing competitions, though the law pretends not to notice it, have some value; but the chief attraction relied on by the millionaire controllers is the whipping-up of flabby nerves, the stirring into transient activity of sluggish brains, by the spurious excitement of "sensational news."

What a sensation is in the usual sense we all know. In journalese it means something that makes people turn to one another and exclaim "my God" or "oh lor." "Sensation in Court" describes exactly such a scene as that. On the contents bills of London evening papers the word is very often used—generally to hint at more than you will find if you buy a copy. A Stock Exchange firm fails—"City Sensation." Mr. Baldwin makes a speech—"Baldwin Sensation." An English batsman in Australia catches cold—"Cricket Sensation." The most skilful contents bill of this kind that I remember was not put out by an evening journal, however, but by the *Daily Express*. It consisted of four words:

WIDOW
MURDER
ARREST
SENSATION

That was an inspiration. It had feminine interest, crime interest, fugitive criminal interest—everything that Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere suppose the bulk of their readers to be passionately interested in.

Are they right or wrong? Who can say? Where are the tests? How gauge the liking for such stuff? The only available

measure of the attractiveness of a newspaper's contents is circulation. But what do we find? Both *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express* put their faith in sensations. Both purvey them with equal shamelessness. The "full story" of the Moscow executions printed by the one before they were carried out was balanced by the other's "unconfirmed report" of disaster to Colonel Lindbergh and his aeroplane. If Mr. Beverley Nichols was forced by the ghoulish tasks laid on him to resign from the *Mail*, an *Express* woman reporter sleuthing the Duchess of Marlborough after the Duke's death and refusing to go away had a jug of water thrown over her and described the episode as if it did her and the paper credit.

The belief of the Press Peers in the commercial value of what the Lord Chief Justice called "personal journalism" remains unshaken. If they were not convinced that it is essential to their prosperity, they would give orders for it to be dropped. Far from doing that, they seem to have instructed their staffs in the opposite sense. The *Daily Mirror* looks lately as if it were modelled on the New York tabloids. Although Lord Rothermere was a champion of King Edward VIII and was shouting in the *Mail* that "he must not go," the *Mirror* was printing pages of ill-natured gossip about him and Mrs. Simpson, which, whatever his own desire had been, would have made it impossible for him to stay.

In this case it could be pleaded that gossip was akin to news. The unwise hushing-up of the affair for so long had sharpened appetite for any information about it. No such excuse can be made for interference with private lives, for the pestering of people who have the misfortune to be in some way connected with suicides or criminals or victims of crime, or even persons wrongly supposed by News Editors to have been concerned in a mystery of some kind. To the last category belongs the incident that caused the Home Secretary to write his letter to the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. An old man of distinction died. A baseless rumour ran round that there was something to be "found out." His wife, old and grief-stricken, was disturbed during the night by reporters asking for information. Another old lady in weak health was, as her son-in-law put it in a letter to the Press, "reduced to a state of nervous exhaustion

by the relentless attentions of reporters both on the telephone and at her front door." This was the mother of the Mrs. Allen who paid a visit to a phrenologist with the Duke of Kent.

Even more disgraceful was the shadowing and pestering of the mother and sister of a girl who had died suddenly and into the cause of whose death an inquest was to be held. When they went to the house where the body lay, they were met on the doorstep by a number of reporters greedy for "news." They came out after their visit and had to undergo the ordeal anew. Then, taking a taxi, they were so rash as to give the driver the address of their hotel in a voice loud enough to be heard. The reporters raced them to it, mobbed them again when they arrived. They were followed into the hotel, for hours their persecutors prowled about the corridors. Their room telephone was kept going. A photograph was pushed under their door with a note asking if it was like the dead girl. One reporter engaged a room close by so that he could (in the words of an indignant relative) "pounce upon the ladies the moment they appeared in the morning."

Compared with episodes like those the complaint of the author of a best-selling American novel that she was upset by stories in London newspapers that she wrote under great difficulty, as her body and limbs had been for three years enclosed in plaster-of-Paris, the consequence of an accident, and that she was going blind, or would have gone blind but for an operation, sounds merely comic. One can smile, too, at the persistence of a reporter and photographer who gate-crashed into a hospital and persuaded one of the invalids to let them take a flash-light photograph of him (though it might have had alarming effects on his health). Such attempts to create small sensations ought to be severely discouraged, but the worrying of those who are unluckily mixed up in news stories, and the violent efforts made to buy the memoirs of murderers, the last statements of suicides, or "exclusives" from time-expired notorious prisoners, are matters graver by far.

The editor of one of Lord Rothermere's papers has proclaimed his readiness to refrain from "pestering and intruding on grief" (his own phrases) if the same self-restraint were shown by others! Should that self-restraint not be shown, the law

will step in, and newspaper work will be made more difficult, since the law will, as usual, leave its intentions vague and will make journalists dubious about a good many other things than those which are complained of, and which all the decent ones would gladly see suppressed. But they would far rather see it suppressed from within than by outside interference. They know who favour it; they know that newspaper men, even those who have to do such dirty work, dislike it, jeer at it. "Faking" and wangling and twisting news to suit the controller are now jested about in newspaper offices as they never were under Northcliffe and Arthur Pearson, Robert Donald and E. T. Cook. Newspaper men deplore this, even though they gibe at the Press lords. Can they do enough to stop it?

Well, the Institute of Journalists talked about doing something three years ago. The National Union of Journalists is now prepared to back any reporter who refuses to do such disgusting work, even to the length of calling a strike against the offending proprietor. But is it necessary either to fight it out thus, or to have Parliament called on to intervene? If Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere let it be known that they disapproved of reporters being used for such purposes (which most of them dislike as much as anybody) the other papers, which merely try to keep up with them, would be glad enough to fall into line. They are the chief offenders. Is the game worth while?

WORLD TRADE AND PEACE

BY D. GRAHAM HUTTON

IT is ten years since the delegates of the nations unanimously decided at the World Economic Conference of 1927 that the time had come to arrest the rise in tariffs, and to move in an opposite direction. Since then, the trading world has encountered the worst economic depression in its history; a depression which, to a very large degree, was itself the postponed reckoning of the economic distortions and towering indebtedness amassed by the greatest war in history. This depression has made hay of the aspirations expressed so unanimously at Geneva ten years ago; for it has acted as a final, potent stimulus to all those post-war tendencies which reversed the pre-war trends of trade and political relations. The post-war era became one of national sovereignties in acute conflict more on the economic plane than upon the political. While national sovereignties were apotheosized, and some Empires grew larger on the spoils of Empires that had disappeared, "trade's proud empire" could not be properly put together again; in consequence, after a decade of ill-assorted national expedients—most of them of a protectionist kind—the world depression hastened it to a swift decay. By 1929, fifteen years after the outbreak of the war, the volume of world trade had only just passed the 1914 mark, despite a growth in population and technique of production. Between 1929 and 1932, it fell by one-third of its 1929 volume. From 1932 till 1936 it rose to four-fifths of its magnitude in 1929. There it remains.

Now the economic depression of 1929-35 might have been construed as a warning to the world's statesmen. In the event, the self-same politico-economic devices which had landed the nations in the depression of 1929-35 were intensified a hundredfold in order to lift the nations out of it. Far from coming down, tariffs went much higher; the strangling cord

of the import quota was put about the neck of international commerce; the post-war currency standard, so laboriously erected, was jettisoned; foreign lending by France and the Anglo-Saxon Powers, which had alone kept that standard intact, suddenly ceased; with its cessation went the structure of international indebtedness and the reparations and war debts which formed so large a share of it; and, finally, those countries which had till then maintained a broadly free-trading system—for example, the Netherlands, Belgium, Scandinavia, and Great Britain—were constrained to enlist themselves in the army of protectionists. Devaluations, *plus* the new protective systems, engendered purely national recoveries. These domestic revivals of business gathered way in all countries which began to combat the depression by monetary measures; for they created "cheap money" at home, lowered the real burden of debts, and—in conjunction with all the devices isolating domestic markets from those of the world—led to quick increases in the *tempo* of domestic business.

In this country we have just decided to wipe out the repayment of National Debt between 1924 and 1936 by financing re-armament, i.e., unproductive expenditure out of borrowed money. Behind our insulating mechanisms domestic "booms" are beginning to get under way; and, if States continue to manipulate money markets so that money remains technically "cheap," the combination of all these stimuli must result in headlong national business "booms." The danger is that these "booms" will in future be national affairs, unco-ordinated by any international standards of currency-value or of commerce.

At this point we must pause to consider the position of world trade as it was in 1930, and as it is today. In 1930, even despite the post-war tariffs, the nations still traded with each other on broad general principles. The most-favoured-nation clause, incorporated in most commercial treaties, ensured a broad equality of treatment for traders in all countries. If tariffs were raised or lowered, the burden or benefit was felt by all traders in that particular market. Geographically contiguous States, like Spain and Portugal, or France and Switzerland, were allowed to derogate from the strictest application of the clause; and so were the Empires and dependencies of States. The French or

British imperial preferences were always excluded from the scope of the clause.

Today, world trade is a mere sum of so many bilateral transactions, conducted on conflicting and disparate principles. Clearing agreements, payment and exchange agreements, bilateral trade treaties excluding the M.F.N. clause, barter (compensation) agreements, trilateral and multilateral compensation agreements (e.g., those of the Rome *bloc*, Italy, Austria, and Hungary)—all these innovations in commerce have destroyed the last vestiges of the pre-war unity of world trading relations.

Thus, "trade, which like blood should circularly flow," is now merely filling up so many stagnant pools. It is flowing in a little greater volume than in the depression; and its value has risen much more with the recent rise in prices. But the total of world trade today is the sum of that commerce which takes place in so many different, and segregated, portions of the earth's surface. The first question—crucial as much for world peace as for world prosperity—is: Can the trading nations buttress the pillars of their purely domestic recovery by broadening its base, world trade? That is a theoretical question. The second question is political; the answer to it will be as decisive for world peace as for national prosperities. It is this: *will they?*

In recent weeks it has seemed that the answer to this second, political question might be in the affirmative—at least as far as certain States are concerned. The President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Runciman, has been visiting the United States; and during what was termed a purely informal visit he managed to exchange views with President Roosevelt and the Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, on the feasibility of an Anglo-American commercial agreement. Again, only a few weeks ago the Swedish Foreign Minister, Hr. Sandler, voiced the opinion that the Scandinavian Powers, already united in what is known as the neutral Northern *bloc*, should do all in their power to expand their mutual commerce, together with any other States who, animated by the same objects, would join with them. This appeal fell on ready ears; for the Prime Minister of the Netherlands, Dr. Colijn, whose passionate belief in the political appeasement caused by freer trade has been expressed throughout the

Great Depression, quickly responded; and the Prime Minister of Belgium, M. Van Zeeland, whose belief in freer trade is that of a far-sighted economist, similarly welcomed the Scandinavian initiative. The King of Sweden visited Brussels with his Foreign Minister at the beginning of February, and Hr. Sandler then went to exchange views with Dr. Colijn at The Hague.

Before examining the chances of success behind these moves, let us consider why the initiatives came from Britain and Scandinavia. These countries were the first countries to cut the Gordian knot of deflation by the expedient of devaluation in 1931. Since then, they have enjoyed a long and fruitful period of purely domestic recovery, based on very cheap money rates; and, since last summer, the rapidity of the rise in commodity prices has been immediately reflected in sharp rises in their respective bills for necessary imports of raw materials. Both in Sweden and Britain, economists have been recently pointing to the danger of a runaway boom, engendered by continuing cheap money, at the same time as the costs of industry and the cost of living—and therefore wages—rapidly rise. Such a boom, from gradual beginnings, might attain the dimensions of a real credit inflation. In both the Scandinavian countries and Britain, the domestic prosperity, born of the stimulus to investment which cheap money applies, has not been paralleled by an equivalent recovery in foreign trade. There is this difference: that in Britain the areas so "depressed" are industrial, and in Denmark, Sweden, and also Holland, these areas are agricultural; yet both sets of areas are dependent on foreign trade in their respective products.

Now as far back as 1930, the Scandinavian countries, in the Oslo Convention of that year, agreed to call a tariff truce for one year; not to raise tariffs, and to concert action for the reduction of tariffs in the future. The time was not auspicious; it was at the outset of depression, and tariffs were rising everywhere, while the new device of the import quota was also being applied. Moreover, with their eyes on their dwindling foreign trade, other Powers, notably Great Britain, viewed this tendency to create a freer trading *bloc* as the very reverse from its intention, as an attempt to create a self-sufficient *bloc*. As with M. Briand's proposition for a European Union, and as, in 1932, with the ill-

fated Ouchy Convention between the Netherlands and Belgium-Luxemburg, British Governments tended to see in these initiatives threats to the general principle of the M.F.N. clause. At Geneva, and on other occasions, the British Governments insisted that no derogation from the scope and practice of that clause should be allowed.

There was some excuse for the adoption of this attitude before the depression was well under way. The British wanted to keep their foreign trade as high as possible. But at the end of 1932, when the British Government refused to forgo their M.F.N. rights in order to permit the conclusion of the Belgo-Dutch Ouchy Convention of that year, they themselves had agreed to turn their Empire into a closed economic preserve, which was a far more serious blow to the world at large than the conclusion of the Ouchy or Oslo Conventions could ever have been. Indeed, these Conventions could have provided a much-needed buffer of freer trade to damp the shock of depression; but the Ottawa agreements foisted more depression on to the world as a whole.

The Oslo Convention was a mere stop-gap measure to call a halt in the tariffs race. The Ouchy Convention was far more important, and far more promising; and it is to the principles of Ouchy that the Scandinavian and Belgo-Dutch blocs have returned during the last few weeks. The Belgo-Dutch initiative at Ouchy proposed annual 10 per cent. reductions in the two States' mutual tariff duties over a wide range of commonly traded commodities, which reductions were to continue at that rate for five years, when the original duties would have been halved. The Ouchy Convention was expressly stated to be open for adherence by all comers who would also agree to reciprocate such tariff concessions. Unfortunately, as has been described, Great Britain—the principal customer and chief trading nation of the world—refused to allow the derogations from the strict M.F.N. clause which, *at the outset*, such a reciprocal concession of tariff advantages between two or three States would undoubtedly have constituted. It was this British attitude which prevented the Oslo Powers from adhering to the Ouchy Convention, and from extending its possible range. It is important to note that if the British, Scandinavian, Swiss, and other States

had simultaneously put the principles of Ouchy into work, *reciprocally*, a freer-trading area would have come into being in 1932 or 1933; Holland and Belgium would have been forced to abandon their gold parities earlier than they did (Belgium in 1935, Holland last September, with France); and the very principles of reciprocal tariff reductions contained in the Ouchy Convention would have quickly forced other States to enter the ring. Of course, the Ouchy group of nations would have had to denounce the M.F.N. clause against States which did not enter their ring, either explicitly or implicitly, by not extending to such Powers the reciprocal tariff reductions accorded each other by the Ouchy group of States. As we have seen, Ottawa killed the Ouchy initiative. The great question today, after four years of crisis-prohibitions, crisis-quotas, and compensation agreements—all of which effectively derogate from the M.F.N. clause, as the League's Economic Committee has repeatedly pointed out—is: how will the British crisis-tariff, crisis-quotas, and Ottawa agreements affect the new proposals to free world trade of its crisis-fetters?

Britain during the 1933-36 recovery period concluded—"drove" would be a more precise term—commercial treaties of a bilateral kind with most of the Oslo-Ouchy group of States, who all depend to a decisive extent upon the British market. Most of these bilateral agreements describe *quantities* of British imports or exports, from or to these States respectively, which must be maintained, on both sides, within a given year. In the case of Denmark, for example, British imports of bacon and dairy produce are subjected to an effective quota system; in the case of Belgium, only so much Belgian steel can come into Britain under the (private but binding) arrangement with the British Iron and Steel Federation, which obtained a monopoly of the protection afforded the British steel industry in the depression. With Holland and other Scandinavian and Baltic States, the same broad principle has been followed, in order that the new British agricultural protection shall be carried out unimpaired by more than a certain amount of imports from abroad. Clearly, the Scandinavian States and Holland—Belgium supplies us mainly with semi-manufactures—cannot make freer trade simply by exchanging the same products, i.e., by taking in each other's

washing. And, if Poland and the Baltic States join in a freer-trading *bloc*, the same difficulty at once arises, for Britain has concluded bilateral trade agreements of the same order with them, too; and they export to Britain commodities of much the same kind. It is, therefore, not enough to say: "Britain should join the new Scandinavian-Low Countries' freer-trade club." How is Britain to do it?

Happily, there are now several considerations which render it both possible, and profitable, to this country to assist the new movement for freer trade. It is not for nothing that Mr. Runciman initiated the preliminary conversations with President Roosevelt and Mr. Secretary Cordell Hull for an Anglo-American trade agreement. Mr. Cordell Hull, and the President too, for that matter, has repeatedly urged the wisdom of freeing trade in the cause of world peace. In the message of the Secretary of State to the American Senate on February 10th, requesting them to renew the American Trade Agreements Act which gives the President power to conclude trade agreements on a strictly reciprocal basis, he said: "In the years that lie immediately ahead an adequate revival of international trade will be the most powerful single force for easing political tension and averting the danger of war." When he said this, Mr. Cordell Hull was assuredly not thinking of any war danger in the American Continent.

Later this year, the Imperial Conference will convene in London, and the Ottawa Agreements come up for renewal. Those agreements have not given British exporters the results they anticipated; they have not expanded British exports to anything like the extent that British exports to *foreign* countries fell off after 1932. They account today for one-half of all our exports. The other half is now showing signs of expanding more rapidly than the purely British half. The re-alignment of the erstwhile gold *bloc* currencies and the accompanying Franco-American-British tripartite currency agreement of last September, have coincided with the rapid upward spurt of world prices and a rise in the volume of world trade; and the international debtor-creditor nexus, so long frozen, is quickly thawing. The national economy of Great Britain, itself at the stage of an incipient domestic boom, stands—as it has always stood—to gain far more

from a *general* expansion of world trade, world purchasing power, and world shipping and finance, than from another dose of Ottawa, with its partial, deadening effects. If, on the threshold of purely national booms, and purely national price-rises, all the trading nations are once more to act as they did in the trough of depression; if, once more, they are to devise local, narrow expedients in local, narrow markets, then local, narrow booms, and consequent local, narrow depressions, seem inevitable. What, then, can be done; and what part can Britain play?

There are three things which this country can now do; and all are overdue. First, we should settle, by agreement, the British war debt to the United States, even if only for a certain period ahead and if only by a series of token payments. The consequent accession of American good will to this country would be enormous. This done, we should ourselves take the initiative in attempting to marry the principles of the new American tariff reciprocity agreements with those of the Ouchy Convention. We should instruct our own Ministry of Agriculture to concentrate on agricultural *marketing*—the designation of the original schemes under which agricultural protection was imposed on this country—and, henceforward, we should abolish most of the import quotas on foodstuffs entering this country. It would pay us rather to subsidise, out of the Budget, those branches of home agriculture which have still proved uneconomic after drastic marketing reorganization, and to revert to free trade in foodstuffs. And it might not be unwise to organize special shipping facilities for importation of foodstuffs, together with special storage facilities in view of a threat of war. The third line of advance emerges from the two former. It is the way in which the new Ottawa agreements are to be worked out. The disastrous mistake in 1932 was to use these agreements as a door which could be banged to, with the rest of the world outside. Since 1932, the world outside has gone from bad to worse politically; Empires are now coveted by totalitarian States; and the principle of economic trusteeship wears a tarnished appearance, as General Smuts has suggested. If the British Government this year want to make a bold step forward towards freer trade, they can set about it by co-operating with the United States, the Oslo and Ouchy group of States, and the British Dominions.

They can proceed on two conditions : first, that in future the M.F.N. clause is not to be unconditional, but to be confined to States that reciprocally accord each other special concessions ; and, secondly, that trade between these trading nations—which comprise the Empires of the world, and the world's remaining democracies—*must* be freed from the hindrances imposed during a depression which has well-nigh disappeared. After the devaluations last September, Britain, the United States, France, Holland and Switzerland can dispose of the monetary resources required to manage the exchange relationships of this freer-trading club of nations. Only a small beginning in tariff reductions, coupled with abolition of import quotas, would work immediate benefits to all participants. And once the club was really founded and made a going concern, it would spread—as it should—over a wide area. Its membership would be open to all comers who would observe its fiscal articles. Very soon, scarcely any nation could afford to remain outside it, just as very few could afford to remain at the old gold parities.

The initiatives of British, American, French, Belgian, Dutch and Scandinavian statesmen during the first two months of 1937 for the expansion of international trade are abundant evidence that the democratic Governments of the world recognize the causal connection between commerce and peace. Maybe the Sibyl who offered us a little wisdom at Oslo in 1930 and again at Ouchy in 1932 has called for a third time in 1937. The trading democracies of the world—among whom we are chief—should beware of sending her away again. They have not builded upon wisdom, either in politics or in economics, since the depression began. And they have most to lose.

THE JURY

By V. S. PRITCHETT

“THIS is a tedious business,” I said, turning to the elderly Jew who was sitting behind me. His eyes closed up in two curved clownish slits and creases came over his forehead and scalp as if he were squeezing the humour out of his head.

“Vot a business !” he said. “Vot a business. No competition.” He twinkled at the court, at the judge who had a face like one of those little joints of meat already tied up and priced in the cheap butchers’ shops, and then over the laundered bibs of the even meatier Counsel, to the empty dock. If you have been to an elementary school there is nothing unfamiliar about Quarter Sessions ; there is the same smell of varnish, new wood and polish, there is the same inescapable odour of the tutelary State, the same voice, not even decently lowered : privacy and understanding must be paid for, if you haven’t got the money you’ve got to be public. Sitting there, waiting for the next prisoner to come into the dock, was like being in the fourth standard again and waiting for the health inspector to come in with his tooth comb and bowl of water and call out the dirtier boys from the class. There you had it : the authority on one side, well-fed, indulgent, amused and clean—Oh, God, they looked so clean and polished !—and on the other side were us, the scum.

Being jurymen we were not quite scum ; the real scum, I suppose, was in the dock. There were twenty-four of us, but ours was the second dozen who simply had to listen and do nothing, waiting for the first dozen to disagree. If we were not scum we were a nasty lot and we knew it.

Most of us were either senile or half-witted. Some of the older ones slept ; there was an Italian who kept going out to the lavatory by the wrong door and the usher always had to rush

to bring him back. But our chief figure was a wheezing old man of seventy with a bad cold, who sneezed with a noise that echoed all over the court, and then spat into a red handkerchief which he held at arm's length. We edged away from him, publicly to dissociate ourselves from such behaviour; but our move of refinement made no impression. A look of disgust came to the face of the clerk of the Court, a look of contempt not only for this red-lidded old wheezer, but for the lot of us.

We were waiting for the next case. The superior dozen had worked well. They had risen singly before the usher and rattled off the oath; they had also chanted it in choir. They had dealt with a footman who had stolen rod. from the A.B.C., with a cheque-forging dipsomaniac, a trim young burglar who specialised in gold-handled umbrellas—once he had taken eighty-five, stripped off the gold and had buried them in a wood—and a handful of garage-breaking youths who were out of work. They had all come back to the elementary school: justice is the same for all in this country, but it smells differently to different people. There was an old woman who had to be declared insane. She had been continuously undressing in custody, an embarrassment to wardresses. She peered under the dock rail, for she was short and crouching, like a fanatical monkey and picked very far up her nose. She wanted them to shoot her, she said, and get it over.

Then the doors opened and two men sprang up the stairs into the dock, pale and quick-eyed like all the prisoners, taking a look all round to see what they were up against. They were like a pair of step dancers. One was lank and lean, with weak protruding eyes full of unwillingness; the other was square and defiant, broken-nosed, the sullen sparring partner.

Well, Counsel said, looking over his glasses at the dock and turning away as if he had had a shock. Well, Counsel said, this was a case in which two prisoners were charged with conspiring to steal a race ticket out of the breast pocket of a young man on a well-known greyhound track. . . .

Of course, Counsel was not as brief as that. Only slowly out of a labyrinth did the details ooze their way. We looked at the clock. The time was eleven twenty. At eleven fifty, like an

ecclesiast astray in the prayer and the collect, Counsel was still going on and the judge said:

"I understand, Mr . . . , that the ticket which you say was protruding from the gentleman's pocket, was not actually taken?"

"The theft was attempted and not successful, that is so," replied Counsel.

We were disappointed. We saw that the case threatened to become metaphysical. What we wanted was action. We looked at the clock again.

Thin Man, it appeared, was standing near young man just before the third race began, when Sparring Partner appeared. Thereupon Thin Man was observed to signal to Sparring Partner indicating possibilities of protruding ticket. . . .

"How far was the ticket protruding, Mr . . . ?"

"About an inch, in the breast pocket."

—indicating possibilities of protruding ticket, then to close upon young man and under cover of a raised race card, with a quick motion of the fingers, he attempted to nip the ticket out.

"And failed?" observed the judge, turning with disparagement to us, and we passed on the disparagement of such incompetence to the dock.

Detective Sergeant Scotland Yard had seen the act, and his hand had come down hard on Thin Man's shoulder.

The man we wanted to see was the victim and he was called. Oh, *qu'il était bleu le ciel et grand l'espoir!* He was young. He came in his best grey suit, shyly smirking in the pastures of innocence, always ready to oblige, the soft-voiced shoe-shop assistant asking for the next pleasure. On the soft-downed threshold of manhood he was, a bit of a hero in an unassuming way about this public unveiling of his secret passion for the dogs.

Did he see the attempt?

Oh no! (Smile, half bow.)

What race was the ticket for?

It was for the first. (Further smile and bow.)

And this was the third race?

Yes. (The same smile continued, very soft, very obliging.)

"We have it also in light tan, dark tan, glacé and navy."

"And did the dog win?" asked the judge.

Then the smile turned to this new customer for questions.

"Oh, no," the young man said.

Moreover, he had backed other dogs and they also had lost. He became modestly aware of an obscure greatness in being the sucker who always loses at the dogs.

"One never hears of anyone winning at the dogs," said the judge. "Have you ever heard of anyone winning, Mr. . . . ?"

"I have not, my lord," said Counsel.

The eyes of the prisoners blazed for a moment in outraged protest.

It had long gone twelve. Two more men in our dozen were asleep. My neighbour was reading a novel. Across the questions came the sounds of rain and municipal trams, and the thick monotonous clearances of our old man. But although we were scum, there was a love of action in us, and when the judge told the young man to put the ticket in his pocket to let us see how much was showing, we were grateful.

This episode excited even the masters. First of all the young man did the trick with his handkerchief, and there was some dispute about whether a handkerchief was a fair test. The young man, whose smile was always like a pale shop light on his face, looked as though he would have liked a mirror. At last the Court decided on realism. The ticket was brought. Gingerly the young man took it, the smile went as he felt for his breast pocket and inserted the ticket and then—"Look at me, this is what I was like before, all unknowing and owing solely to the surprising skill of Detective Sergeant Scotland Yard, I find myself in the vortex, a doggy Old Boy returning to the school"—the smile lit up. It was a mild and disarming effulgence. All eyes went to his pocket. The judge looked, the detectives looked, counsel looked, the prisoners sat up straight and stared, and there was a grin of perfect pleasure on our faces.

Not an inch, not a millimetre, not a glint of the ticket was showing.

It was well after twelve now. We began to have that restless feeling of a class kept in. The judge did what he could for us. The detective was called. He stepped up with the air of a man who has come out of a barber's after a fortnight by the sea. He looked the judge in the eye, and the judge turned away and

pretended to be very silly and looked over to us—and how proud we were!—smiling over his glasses as much as to say "Listen to the School Captain. . . ."

Apparently the detective had seen Thin Man make a gesture. That was very important.

"What do you mean by a gesture?" said the judge.

"A signal," said Scotland Yard. "With his hands."

"I was standing a couple of yards behind him and I saw him make this gesture."

Then the judge, remembering how we enjoyed action, asked softly:

"Could you do it for us here?"

"Certainly," said the detective.

The court turned for the performance. It was remarkable. The detective straightened himself, raised his right arm and, then flew into a semaphore of jerked thumb movements which came to rest in symbolical indication of a ticket in a breast pocket.

The judge took off his glasses and rubbed them. Then he put them on and gazed at the detective.

"Do you think," said the judge in a childish voice full of innocent pleasure. "Do you think you could do that for us again?"

If we had been grateful the first time, you can imagine our delight the second time, with the captain standing out there in the front of the class. But the judge had better still for us after the gesture had been repeated. What, he asked, did the detective take that gesture to mean?

"I took it to mean that he was pointing out the ticket to the other man coming up so that he could steal it."

We were surprised at the judge. Then we saw him shake his head sadly.

"What a suspicious man you are!" he said, wagging his head miserably. And we thought, sympathetically, "Yes, detectives are suspicious men. Even the backs of their necks, where the hair is so close cut and shaven into hundreds of sharp short hair, look suspicious!"

"Because," said the judge, still very sadly, "If you were behind him you wouldn't see his breast pocket, would you? Because it was in front?"

But a case cannot remain on this high level ; soon it sags and drags and meanders, evidence nibbles away at its climaxes, yawns smother its course. There are periods in which it seems not to go forward to an end, but backwards into decomposition and unthought of fog.

Thin Man gave evidence, in one of those voices which are like shuffling, grumbling feet ; Counsel, like the health inspector with his tooth comb and bowl of water, went over and over him and got what he could for the bowl. There was not much. A quarter to one and where were we ? The mystery of the Trinity—Thin Man, Sparring Partner and victim—is insoluble. The only real progress made by anything in the court was the cold and catarrh of our old man ; some of his clearances awoke even our sleeping members.

They called Sparring Partner to redeem the plot. He was less pale and beerier than his fellow. Thin Man mouthed moral grievance, but there was no moral concern about Sparring Partner. He did not mind being in the dock. What he objected to was the affront to personal dignity. You fight it, but it gets you again and again, the school smell, the state smell, the varnish of compulsory education. You have to take it because they've got you, disarmed you, just when you want to give them a swipe in the jaw.

He was tough and terse. Yes ! No ! That's not true ! (Meaning " bloody twister.") He's wrong. I wasn't. I didn't. Never seen him before.

It could not be said that he stuck out his jaw because his jaw stuck out in the course of nature. You could not say he had got defiant and was about to offer to take on any ten men in the court, because he was always in this state. It was normal and passive with him. Counsel potted, but he caught the shot in his hand and sent it back. Scotland Yard was flicked off easily. Sparring Partner was like a man training on a punch ball. Pleasing at first, the performance became monotonous. We looked appealingly at the judge and the judge looked thoughtfully at us, wanting in his sympathy to do something for us. And now all Sparring Partner's opponents had been efficiently floored. There was silence.

The judge moved in his skirts.

" You say," said the judge, " you were standing in the crowd at this time. What were you doing ? "

The Sparring Partner stared, hesitated, and then we saw a change in him. Ah ! Had we surprised him !

" What was I doing ? When ? "

" When you were in the crowd."

" When I was in the crowd ? "

His muscles relaxed, his hands moved uncomfortably along the box, his lips softened uneasily, he shifted his stance. This was crisis. We could see it.

" Tell us what you were doing," said the judge. Sparring Partner gave him an appealing look. There was the appeal in his eyes, the half-smile on the face of one who has received a knock-out. The eyelids lowered, the body drooped.

The smile became a drooping simper. He wriggled to his collapse.

" Milord," he said. " I was 'avin' an ice cornet."

Farewell the Lonsdale belt, alas the Bombardier !

Then our old man leaned back in his seat, pulled out his handkerchief, extended his arm and sent out three of the largest spits he had yet achieved and sneezed with them. I have never seen the like. It was a noise and an effect that went far beyond us, falling upon the court like a sharp shower of nails. The clerk looked up from his book and his lips were curled with outrage and a disgust that even he could not surpass. As before, it swept over the lot of us. He whispered to the usher and nodded at our twelve with an indication that we were beyond the contemplation of decent men.

" Second jury discharged," said the usher, coming over to us.

" Clear out and don't come back."

Rejected by the State, unworthy any more to smell the municipal polishes, we scattered like fleas to the tube ; we never knew what happened to Thin Man and Sparring Partner. The case may be going on still.

THE EMERGENCE OF TURKEY

BY KENNETH WILLIAMS

OF all the instances of national regeneration or reformation offered in the post-War years, none is more astonishing than that of Turkey, which, under the leadership of the Atatürk, has risen from the dust of defeat to a shining place in the counsels of the world. This is no rhetorical boast by Kemalists. It is a demonstrable fact. Turkey, moreover, has gained this place not by threat and bluster, nor by so re-arming as to make her neighbours quake or unable to resist her. On the contrary. In contradistinction to certain other wholly or semi-totalitarian States, Turkey has scrupulously fulfilled her international obligations and has honoured all her pledges. When she has wanted international sanction for a vital change affecting her future, she has asked for and obtained it in a constitutional manner. She has pursued her internal reforms without arousing suspicion anywhere of warlike intentions.

The world has become so accustomed to the notion of a modernized Turkey that it is necessary, in order to obtain correct perspective, to recall that it is not long since that she was attempting to extend her moral and material influence in three Continents: in Asia, in Africa, and in Europe. In this effort the Turkish people themselves, the inhabitants, that is, of Asia Minor, were the spearhead. Today, they have renounced the effort. But they have not renounced their inner capacity, nor their endurance. Rather have they turned those qualities inwards, to develop them for the building up of a strong, progressive State, as opposed to the propping up of an effete Imperial domination over non-Turkish peoples. It is this transformation of ideal, more than any particular detail of the Turkish revolution, which is, in the historical sense, the most notable aspect of modern Turkey. Through renunciation the Turkish nation, who could not and do not desire to carry the burden of administering

distant lands, has become free. Through deliberate abnegation Turkey has found, or is in process of finding, its own soul. At a time when irredentism or territorial ambition is one of the world's issues, a strong country unaffected by this urge is surely one worth cultivating.

These, however, are generalities. Let us test them in the light of facts. It will not be contested that, in the last year or two, Turkey has come more and more into the limelight of international affairs. Many there were who, when the dispute between the Ottoman Caliph-Sultan and the Nationalists of Ankara was raging, profoundly misread the signs of the times. The late Lord Balfour, for example, in 1920 called Mustafa Kemal a "bandit who stood for everything that was opposed to the League of Nations." This "bandit" is today one of the most admired of dictators, and there is no more staunch supporter of the League of Nations than his country. Others, casting their minds over the centuries of Ottoman stagnation and misrule, believed that the primitive virtue of the Turk—the Seljuk and early Ottoman Turk of the pre-harem period—had for ever departed, and that renaissance was impossible to him. Talk of reform they had heard before—it meant nothing, they thought, but that a new oppression would ensue. As the old-fashioned Turks used to say when some ebullient Turk proclaimed that he was bringing to Anatolia a new heaven and a new earth: *eski hamam eski tas*—"it's the same old bath and the same old bath-bowl!"

But such doubts are behind us, dead, almost forgotten. A new generation has arisen in Turkey, with an impetus which, if deriving originally from the Atatürk, will surely survive his decease. No "one-man show" is the Kemalist State. The enthusiasm in Turkey for progress, mental, physical, and material, is terrific. At the beginning, doubtless, stringent examples had to be made of the reactionaries, to whom little tenderness was officially shown; and today there is still only one party in the State. It is the young and the middle-aged who have now forged to the front and hold the reins of the future in their hands. The development of Turkey, their country's strength and self-sufficiency, appeals to them almost with the force of a religion, and although they pay what to older lands may seem an hysterical

homage to their leader, there is in fact very little that is hysterical or artificial in Turkey's resolve to march forward.

The constancy and consistency of the Turkish reformation are very impressive. It is true that the reformers had ground cultivated eighty years ago (when the changes known as the *Tanzimat* were first mooted) on which to sow anew. There were wise, progressive Turks before the Atatürk was born. This, indeed, is recognized in Turkey today. Yet the title of pioneers will not be withheld from the Kemalists, who at the close of the Great War found their nation in ruins, perplexed and panting, and yet evoked from it the spirit of virility and patient courage. This pioneering aspect is reflected vividly in their choice of capital, Ankara, the remote provincial town which, under the influence of the latest European style of architecture, is fast becoming a modern city.

But how many people, young or old, can come into their own without causing violent antagonisms? How many in Europe, for instance, have so regenerated themselves and attracted no fearful or envious looks? How many have been constantly faithful to their pledged word? Turkey, however, has in the process of her reformation made few if any enemies. Rather the reverse. Even of wartime and post-wartime foes she has made friends. In Asia she is on the closest terms, not only with "neutrals" such as Iran and Afghanistan, but also with all the Arab countries previously her subjects (with the temporary exception of Syria, of which more presently). With Soviet Russia she has the longest standing friendship of all. In Europe she has won—and it was a conquest—the friendship of the Greeks, the very people who, backed by a short-sighted policy, were sent after the War to dismember a Turkey at the lowest stage of its fortunes. But the list of Turkey's friends is by no means confined to the smaller Powers or her immediate neighbours. She can claim to be on the best of terms with practically every country in the world with whom she has dealings. Until the beginning of February, Italy might have been held to be an exception, clouding this rosy outlook, but the conversations then between the Turkish Foreign Minister and the Italian Foreign Minister have succeeded in smoothing away at any rate some of the sources of irritation.

This is a remarkable achievement, sufficient to give the observer pause. A Turkish newspaper claimed recently, in speaking of the *blocs* into which some politicians would divide the world, that Turkey knew only one *bloc*—the *bloc* of peace. It was a just diagnosis. Being under a dictatorship (though it is not called by that name in Turkey itself), yet being possessed of little ideological nonsense, the Ankara Government knows well how to keep her relations sweet with Bolshevik Russia on the one hand, and with parliamentary Britain and France on the other. To Turkey it matters not whether a land is under a constitutional or an autocratic regime: sentiment plays no visible part in the composition of the Atatürk.

Take, as an example of Turkish clear-headedness, the relations of Ankara with London. For some years after the War these were cold, very cold indeed. Nothing was too malevolent to be ascribed to the British. If anything went amiss in Turkey, whether it were purely local dissatisfaction with reforms or organised Kurdish rebellion, British agents were commonly held to be responsible. The late T. E. Lawrence was frequently regarded as the "nigger in the wood-pile." Several times Turco-British relations were severely strained. Not even yet is it realized how near England and Iraq were to war with Turkey at the time of the Mosul crisis. But that crisis passed. The 1926 treaty between Turkey and Iraq sealed its passing. And from that date to this relations between the three countries have steadily improved, if with no undue haste, until at last public feeling goes hand in hand with common interest. Even to the man-in-the-street in Istanbul and London it was apparent during the sanctions crisis that British interests and Turkish interests were largely identical. Prepared some years earlier by skilful diploma the moment was ripe for this proof of common regard. How general that sentiment was was shown during the visit last year of ex-King Edward VIII to Istanbul, an event that spontaneously served to crystallize the lively feeling of regard for Great Britain.

The bonds between the two countries have been growing tighter every year during the past decade. This movement has, as already said, been fostered by clever diplomatists on either side, but there is nothing Machiavellian about it. Turkey has

behaved with the utmost correctness in all her international dealings, yet that record, refreshing as it may be in these modern times, would not alone have enabled her to obtain the permission to re-fortify the Straits which she got at the Montreux Conference last July. England, like other European Powers, was relieved at the constitutional way in which Turkey raised this particular issue, and was only too glad for her part to congratulate Turkey on her attitude, but her relief might have been well concealed had she not previously convinced herself of the *bona fides* of the Turkish Government. A strong Turkey is essential to stability in the Eastern Mediterranean, and that stability would be difficult to attain without virtual Turkish control of the Straits.

What may strike the average Briton even more forcibly than moves on the diplomatic chequer-board is the recent decision by the Turkish Government to utilize the services of a British firm in the capacity of consulting engineer and technical adviser. That the Ankara Government, in face of fiercest competition by a host of people, German, Dutch, Swedish, Swiss, and others, should have chosen to confide this very responsible task to Sir Alexander Gibb is indeed an evidence of Turkish faith in the integrity and disinterestedness of Great Britain which it is impossible to overlook. In the old Ottoman days there would have been protracted negotiations before such a decision was made and a plentiful distribution of "baksheesh." I happen to know that at the outset the Turkish Minister of Development, who was primarily responsible for the decision, said that the slightest hint of "baksheesh" would disqualify a claimant. In the event, the contract between the Turkish Government and the British firm was signed in the shortest possible space of time. Those who know the record of Sir Alexander Gibb, who has done notable work all over the world, from China to Colombia, cannot but congratulate the Turkish Administration on their perspicacity. The modern Turk is a shrewd, penetrating observer. The industrialization and the defence of his country are what he has most set his heart on, and assuredly it was no unconsidered thought that made him contract with Sir Alexander Gibb.

A more political example of the conviction of the Turks that Great Britain is disinterestedly concerned for their welfare was provided by the dispute over the *sanjaq* of Alexandretta, which

threatened a storm towards the end of last year. Turkey had in that matter as poor a juridical case as in the dispute, more than a decade earlier, over the Mosul vilayet. None supported her juridical case. Neither her figures giving the numbers of Turks within the *sanjaq* nor her stories concerning the ill-treatment of those Turks were accepted. Despite that, however, she pitched her claims resolutely, and for a time a very ominous feeling appeared to overtake the Turkish nation. The Kemalists, there is no doubt, were in grim earnest, and seemed prepared even to sacrifice their friendship with the French, a friendship of longer standing than that with the British. (Turco-French relations had been cordial ever since the Treaty of Ankara of 1921). For a short while, in fact, the Turkish publicists showed signs of belligerency, and some foreign observers feared lest the dictator should outshine the statesman. Yet the Turkish Government, aided notably by the British Government and by the counsel of other neutral advisers, remained firm to League principles; it scaled down its demands, and the League's decision was ultimately adopted last January. The attitude of the Syrians themselves was over-ruled—but that is a matter outside the scope of the present essay.

A word about the Turkish attitude towards the Arab sections of the old Ottoman Empire. The so-called "godlessness" of the new Turkey may be deplored by the older-fashioned Arab, especially in the freedom accorded by the Ankara Government to women, but it is unquestionable that by the so-called progressively-minded Arabs the modernizing lead of the Atatürk is much admired. The new Arab Nationalism, whether in Syria or Iraq, has much in common with the ideals of Turkish Nationalism, even if there be obvious points of difference. But Turkey appears to be sublimely indifferent to the criticisms of the Arab Nationalists, who have indubitably been vexed by the insistence of Ankara on the question of the Alexandretta *sanjaq*. The Syrians have pointed out that there are in Turkey proper numerous communities of Arabs who are as fully entitled to autonomy as are the Turks of the disputed *sanjaq*. In vain. They have offered, on the lines of the historic exchange of Greek and Turkish populations, to exchange the Turks of Alexandretta for the Arabs of Anatolia. Again in vain. This Turkish hardness

shocked and surprised the Arabs, who even imagined that England must be behind the Turks in their demands on Alexandria. But the Syrians have always been inclined to doubt the *bona fides* of Great Britain, believing that this country consistently opposed the ending of the mandatory regime in Syria, for fear of possible repercussions in the mandated territory of Palestine.

The truth is that Turkey turns her eyes westwards, alike for inspiration and for possible complications. From her neighbours to the north, east, and south, she has little to fear.

Thus secure in her rear and flanks, she can look to the west with some confidence. Already her position there is comfortably buttressed. In the formation, in 1934, of the Balkan Pact, consisting of Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, and Turkey, she took a leading part, and visits of Balkan statesmen to Ankara since that time have become increasingly frequent. It is not too much to say indeed that she is the mentor of the Balkan countries, consulted by them on every possible occasion. To her they look, generally profitably, as to an impartial adviser, one who is of them yet outside them, whose interests are sufficiently bound up with theirs to make realist and beneficial advice incumbent. Nor have the Balkan States been disappointed. Turkey has had to play her cards skilfully, particularly as Bulgaria is not a member of the Balkan Entente, and some may attribute a measure of casuistry to her. But she has shown remarkable adeptness.

No: if Turkey has had recent apprehensions, these derive from west of the Balkans. The Turks have never forgotten the plans of Allied statesmen, who wished to divide up Anatolia into French, British, and Italian spheres of influence. They have not forgotten the abortive Treaty of Sèvres. But they are now convinced that neither France nor Great Britain has any designs on the territory which they have sworn to defend. The relations which they have cultivated with both Paris and London are not the kind of relations which could possibly be preserved were there present the slightest element of suspicion or ill-will. An incompletely developed country like Turkey gives large contracts only to those who are its friends or to those from whom no hurt is conceivable. And so, while Germany continues to possess the bulk of the export trade of Turkey, it is mainly Russia and

Britain who are being called in to help her in her vast schemes of internal exploitation and development.

But Turkey's position *vis-à-vis* Italy badly needed regularizing. The Italians never forgave themselves for allowing the unfortunate Greeks to enter Anatolia after the War, and certain indiscreet speeches in Rome tended to confirm the Turks' suspicions that the Capitol still sighed over the lost opportunity of Italian peasants tending the vines on the fair hills of Asia Minor and tilling the land in its wide plains. Tension between the two States was furthered by the part taken by Turkey in conformity with her League obligations in the matter of the invasion of Ethiopia. The whole Mediterranean position became menacing. However, the British having regulated their relations with Italy in respect of the Middle Sea, it followed as a natural consequence that Turkey should similarly regulate hers. This aim was accomplished early in February at a meeting between Dr. Rustu Aras, Turkish Foreign Minister, and Count Ciano, Italian Foreign Minister. Both men are eminent realists, though there is in Dr. Aras a genuine passion for the League, and since both chose to say that accord had been reached, the respective peoples of their countries should be satisfied. It is not easy to prevent the tideless waters of the Mediterranean from being lashed into occasional fury, but the statesmen concerned have certainly done their best to forestall a storm therein.

That Turkey, given no war, will increase her stature and capacity is not open to doubt. She has finished one Five-Year-Plan, and is now grappling enthusiastically with another. In her aim of self-sufficiency much has already been accomplished. In due course she will herself produce all the cotton textiles she needs, an enterprise in which she is being enormously benefited by the advice of the U.S.S.R. She has taken considerable quantities of agricultural and industrial machinery from Russia. Nor does she any longer have to import such things as coal, cement, or sugar. The development of her communications, whether by road, rail, or air, is probably too well known to mention here. Suffice it to say that the Turks are resolved to command the best brains that their money can attract, irrespective of the countries from which they come, in their determination to equip themselves as a wholly modern country. Nor are they, despite

the immense impetus given to industrialization, committing the fault, common enough with industrial or semi-industrial nations, of neglecting agriculture, which, as they realize, must ever be the bedrock of their national economy.

Man cannot, however, live by machinery alone. Like other nations in the process of reformation, the Turks have demanded a "myth," or inspiration under which to work. This they have discovered in a theory that from the Turks derived the world's first civilization. Turkish historians assert—and the doctrine is now being officially taught in Turkey—that civilization began in Central Asia, peopled then by Turks. These Turks, for various reasons, mainly climatic, were forced to emigrate, and it was they who carried the torch of civilization to Europe, Africa, America, and Oceania. This claim the modern Turks attempt to prove by means of what is known as the "Sun Language" theory, a theory that is far too technical to be touched on here. Through it, the Turks trace all Indo-European languages back to a Turkish origin—which makes the original Turks mighty men indeed.

The claim is virtually made that the Turks are Europeans. Certainly they wish so to be regarded. Gone is their formal connection with the Semitic religion of Islam. If a Turk wishes to be a Muslim, or a Christian or anything else—well, that is his affair, not the concern of the State. The one thing that he must be is a Turk, alike in race and speech. The Turks have cast aside all extraneous words from their vocabulary, which is now pure Turkish, written in a special Latin alphabet.

To sum up. Turkey today presents the spectacle of a determined, well-knit, trustworthy people. Lacking irredentist claims, the state is a factor for stability and peace. It is true that it has still far to go, alike in the education of the people and in the exploitation of natural resources. It is also true that under an authoritative regime those people could be roused to passion on a false issue—witness the excitement engendered over inaccurate reports concerning the population of the Alexandretta *sanjaq* and their ill-treatment. But, taken by and large, the emergence of a homogeneous, progressive Turkey is a thing for which to be grateful in this all too unstable world.

WE WELSH

BY CARADOC EVANS

WELSH Nonconformity is the most profitable industry in Wales. It enfolds Methodists, Congregationalists, and Baptists. Which way it walks, Wales walks. Today it is walking towards England and its track is thick with chips of its conscience.

From its head rose the Nationalist Party and from its mouth came the nationalist cry "Wales for the Welsh," and it placed at the service of the Party its chapels for storehouses of public appointments. The Party honoured its trust and was watchful that the best jobs were given to the best chapellers. Then someone said the cry was corrupt and found another in "Dominion status for Wales."

Sincerity is no handmaid to religious politics. Nonconformity cut off the Nationalists. Some time last year the Government built an aerodrome in the Lley Peninsula, partly with the intent of easing unemployment. Nationalists told the Government plain and straight that Welsh land is holy land and their prophets warned the people of bombs which kill women and children and of roaring engines which frighten ewes and cows into sterility. None heeded them.

The aerodrome was built and on a day three Nationalist leaders set it on fire. They confessed their guilt. They stood their trial before a Welsh jury and the jury disagreed. Their second trial was removed to the Old Bailey and they were sent to prison. Until then Wales knew nothing of her demand for Dominion status.

The business stirred no ecstatic poet into rebellious frenzy. The talk was: You insure your haystacks and if there is a little fire, well-well, the gainings are more than the losings. There was no riot or sermon to glorify the only three Welshmen who have ever sacrificed their liberty for an opinion. The trials revealed

that the Party's funds were low. A cashless cause freezes Welsh feet. Already many nationalist feet are toasting at the fires of the Georgians, the Simonites, the Samuelites, and the Labourites, and in the glowing flames they seek golden rewards.

Wales is unmoved, despite the warning of the faithful that soon the English will prohibit the Welsh language and Welsh trials for Welsh people. Only one in three of us can speak Welsh and Welsh-speaking justices have made us hate justice. Welsh choirs are threatening to strike against this year's National Eisteddfod for the reason that all the adjudicators are Welsh.

Wales is in the fantastic throes of a nation that is losing its culture. We do not want Dominion status and anybody can have our language for nothing to pay. Gladstone inflamed us with his phrase "Gallant little Principality." He was the first big Englishman to address us in English, and his flattery excited in us a desire to jump out of our skin. For this we have canonized him. There is scarce a house without his portrait, and there are thousands of people who say that the portrait fell at the moment of his death.

With Gladstone's phrase we begin to anglicize ourselves. We cast aside the fairies who enchant milk from dry cows and turn pale cream into yellow butter, who at fairs shoot hearts with love-charms, and who make a halfpennyworth of barm go as far as a pennyworth; we cast aside the witches who throw a blight upon an enemy's cattle and crops and who give an old horse new teeth for to cheat a horse-dealer, the robin who goes down into hell with water for some beloved sinner, and the wizard who eats the sins of a dead man that his spirit shall lightly ascend. A nation that loses its fairies and witches loses its soul.

Our Grade A men are impatient and off they go to England, and if they make their mark on nothing, they are contented in that they are in the country of the blessed. In his Anglicizing process there are two things a Welshman never loses. These are his Welsh bible and his Welsh hymn-book, for in his heart he knows there is no other god than chapel god.

The Welsh who stay in Wales are not unprepared for the day that Wales shall be a part of England. Our language is bespattered with English words. You will hear "Mae'r clock

wedi streiko twelve," meaning "The clock has struck twelve," or "Faint o gash am a vote?" meaning "How much cash for the vote?" Preachers are familiarizing themselves with English. One, discoursing on Bible English, said that "Jesus wept" should be "Jesus made a weep."

Nonconformity has become an intricate art. In the beginning its conscience was free of politics and clearly marked; and though today that conscience is a tangled maze of twisted ruts, it is seldom that any artist takes a way that ends in jail. Envious bunglers say we are thieves. We answer: Catch us if you can. Some say we are hypocrites. In prayer we pray loud enough for all the gods to hear. We observe the Sabbath. If on the Sabbath we have to knock a few nails into something, we do so where none can hear us.

After religion our greatest art is oratory. The most inspired orators become preacher-shepherds and professors of all the religious joints. They can preach for an hour and say nothing, and they can bury a husband with a prayer as deep and wide as his widow's purse. They are our Sabbath actors. In their pulpit they are Moses and Jacob and Abraham, the Widow of Nain and the lost sheep, and Matthew and Mark and Luke and John, but their favourite part is Peter the doorkeeper of Heaven.

The chapel slogan is "Up with chapels and down with beer." A beerless stomach is a surer passport into heaven than a humble heart. Fifty years ago the theatre and beer were twin sisters begotten of the devil. Beer still is, though many a Methodist chapel has been built by beer money. But the drama has been forgiven and cleansed; and it has been made into a cash-box of the chapel. In bygone days when a chapel wanted new walls or pews or a harmonium or a clock or a Bible cushion, the big heads hit your nose with a plate collection until you brought forth your purse. Now, when money is needed, playactors are summoned to perform a drama. Bills are printed by a chapel printer, and the most wheedling chapel brothers hawk admission tickets from door to door.

The newest chapel sideline is the B.B.C. I am perhaps the only living Welshman who has not prayed to broadcast or to fill some post at Broadcasting House in Cardiff. I never felt myself capable of providing the pots of white paint the authorities seem

to imagine the Welsh require. We know that God never made any people as good as broadcast talks make us to be, but I do not think that we are as low mentally as programme directors imagine we are. I have heard politicians and preachers of many faiths, I have heard Sunday-school and public-house and Hyde Park debates, and I have heard quacks and auctioneers, but I have heard nothing so dreary as a B.B.C. Welsh programme; it is a thing that shows the world our inferiority. The stuff is common and trifling and the speakers come through as lachrymose, unctuous humbugs. The Welsh people do not want Welsh broadcasts. Are we not all trying to run away from our language and forget it? Broadcasting House needs men and women who have been trained in newspaper offices and in the show business.

Though the Nationalist Party is stricken, "Wales for the Welsh" remains our cry.

THE ROADS OF TOMORROW

BY JOHN PRIOLEAU

IN attempting any sort of a forecast of what the roads of Great Britain will or should be like within any reasonable number of years, the prophet is faced with a number of peculiar difficulties. Ever since the question of the reorganization of the British highways has been seriously considered by the public as well as by the Government, comparisons have been constantly drawn between our admittedly ineffective system and the famous systems in Germany, Italy and, before the civil war, Spain. These special roads, if not yet perfect according to modern ideas and in respect of present traffic conditions, are so far ahead of anything we ourselves possess, and have, incidentally, been so well advertised that most people to whom the solution of this extremely pressing problem is a matter of real concern are apt to regard them as universally ideal and as perfect models for our own builders at home.

From a purely idealistic standpoint I suppose a system of English *autostrade* or *Reichsautobahnen* running north, south, east, and west, linking up seaports with industrial areas, London with the principal provincial cities and all of these with the various pleasure resorts on the coast, would satisfy most people. Such highways are an unquestioned success at present in their own countries, and while the British general public have no access to accident figures abroad and no standards by which to estimate any that may come under their notice, judging by conditions at home it is fair to conclude that such a system of roads here would mean a decrease in the number of fatal accidents.

In this connection one should not lose sight of the fact that in the view of a good many experienced people permitted and safeguarded high speeds do not necessarily mean greater safety, which is another way of saying that the personal factor is still

as strong as ever, whatever sort of roads you build. There are and will always be large numbers of people who have no business whatever to be in charge of cars that can be driven really fast. We have as yet no statistics to show what is really the mentality of every person found guilty of driving in a dangerous manner at the moment of the offence, but those of us who pass our lives in the company of experienced fellow motorists are well aware that in many cases of what appears to be downright wilful road-hoggery, the offender is, for all practical purposes, perfectly unconscious of his offence. Speed still goes to the heads of a certain type of driver, and unfortunately no sure way has yet been discovered of teaching people how to judge distances and pace. In many instances the cases of cutting-in which appear to the onlooker to be so utterly criminal are due to the lack of this essential sense. These people, and unfortunately they are fairly numerous, should keep off high speed arterial roads, but for the rest of the road-using public there is at first sight everything to be said for the building of such modern highways.

From a purely practical point of view, however, we lack the one essential that has made possible the construction of the new special roads of Germany and Italy—a Signor Mussolini or a Herr Hitler. These gentlemen are in the happy position of being able to order the perfect highway by the mile or by the "piece" of one hundred miles, and their soaring plans are not handicapped by such depressing considerations as cost, which includes the formidable item of compensation. Mr. Hore-Belisha has certainly scored heavily with his nationalization scheme and his Five-Year one hundred million pounds plan, but it is far beyond the realms of any possibility that he or any of his successors for a very long time will find themselves in a position in the very least resembling that of dictators.

In course of time we or our descendants may possess roads planned on the imperial scale set up across the Channel, but before then there will have to be such changes in the constitution and the life and outlook of the citizen as are at present beyond speculation.

The principal obstacle to the real arterial road system in England, that is to say to the building of entirely new special roads, is the size of the country, the density of the population and

the maze-like network of byways that are and will always be necessary so long as rural life continues. The real reason for the leading difficulties that face every Minister of Transport is that there is not enough room on the island for its inhabitants to enjoy constant, swift, and safe travel by road.

Even if the Ministry's powers were sufficiently wide to buy up the necessary land, even if the money was there to pay for it, and even if the appropriation of centuries-old properties, involving the destruction of countless ancient rights, did not lead to an English, but none the less effective, form of revolution, it is questionable whether a system of highways on the Roman plan would not leave the country at the end in a worse state than it is now.

What is quite certain is that unless the scheme provided, as does the existing German arrangement, for the preservation of scenery, the English countryside would cease to exist for the traveller by road. Ribbon building, whatever the limits set to it, however far back from the road houses had to be built, and whatever was done to localize and restrict, would inevitably follow, bringing streets into the fields, planting steel and concrete, glass and slates, where oak, ash, and thorn grow now. England is much too small.

It is not very certain that there is much reassurance to be found in Mr. Hore-Belisha's statement to the House of Commons last December that he would "endeavour to ensure that the road would enhance and not detract from the natural character of the countryside," even though the news came the next day that a committee of experts had been set up by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England to see that that promise is kept. One has no doubt that the Minister was speaking in all sincerity, and that if he had his way, without its necessarily being as wide a way as that of Messrs. Mussolini and Hitler, the highway of his dreams would be as far as possible a thing of beauty. Yet the mischief that can be done by residential estates, and the incredibly short time in which the harm is sometimes done are plain to anyone whose unfortunate lot it is to use any single one of the new or reconstructed arterial roads of London and most of those serving the larger provincial towns.

The English main road of the future, as one would hope to

see it, is that essentially English thing, a working compromise. Should the present plan of the Government be carried out, the principal arterial roads will have most of the essential advantages of the special continental roads, but will at the same time retain something of their own character. The fusing of all the road-building authorities under one ministerial body cannot but have the happiest results from the point of view of construction, and in that sense there may be some resemblance between our re-made roads and the best of the national roads of France, where a definite standard of road maintenance is enforced—or was when money was not so tight. Repairs and necessary reconstructions were carried out under local supervision, but the quality of the road had to be the same throughout its length, whether of fifty or five hundred miles.

Wherever it is possible the new British road must, as incidentally has been promised, have the uniform straightness of the foreign road; uniform width which, where necessary, must give a double track; its agreeable trees standing sentinel beside it, and down its centre (our grandsons may learn to look for a road by those long regiments of poplars, as on the continent), its safety-first devices; but I do not believe it will ever be a real *autostrada*, or that we can be sure one would ever be useful.

The growing congestion is, as has been said, the root of the trouble, and when one considers that last year it was officially estimated that five hundred new cars a day were loosed upon the roads, that output is increasing steadily month by month and at the same proportionate rate more and more people, as prosperity increases, are able to buy and drive cars, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the speed track road would fairly soon become as dangerous as its out-of-date predecessor. Much was made of a statement in the daily papers some weeks ago that owing to the law now compelling the fitting of safety-glass screens to every car, a quarter of a million cars with plain screens will be at once put on the scrap heap. I have no figures to prove this or to disprove the contrary, but as the cost of fitting non-splintering glass averages about between £3 and £5, it seems to be assuming a great deal that 250,000 owners are prepared to throw away otherwise reliable machines with possibly years more work before them, rather than make this

modest expenditure. One does not see at present any likelihood of a slow-down in the swelling numbers of cars of all ages on the roads.

The new British road, whether it takes on a true continental character or not, will have as a first essential a perfectly non-skid surface. Hitherto there have been very real difficulties to be faced by engineers attempting to solve this problem, difficulties caused by the qualities of soil such as that to be found in chalky districts and where there is much lime. We have now, it appears, discovered a really non-skid surface on which side- or wheel-slip will be impossible even with worn tyres. That essential may be taken as a certainty. There will be no level crossings, and it is very likely that what is known as the fly-over junction or possibly the American clover-leaf system will be widely adopted on the principal roads. The system of road signs will not only be uniform, but the number of them will be very much reduced. At present they are far too numerous, and so long as we permit advertisements which compete with danger signals in distracting the attention of the driver, it will remain practically hopeless to devise a simple and unmistakable code.

My own preference would be for the general adoption of the lighted beacon system. These beacons, which are as constantly visible as anything can be by day and night, would in nearly every case take the place of particular signs. Their message would be a simple warning, of railway character, that it is necessary to slow down and keep a sharp look-out for unforeseen or invisible dangers.

Direction posts would, of course, be completely reorganized and brought down to the level of a motor-car driver's eyes from the ridiculous height at which most of the country ones now stand. Good work has been done in this direction in various parts of the country, but so far there is nothing like uniformity. In addition to the low direction posts and the warning beacons, I would like to see special warnings inlaid in the surface of the road itself, and, where it would be helpful, the name of a town or towns ahead, as well as the classification number of the road. (By that time we may be able to buy at any post office a Government booklet to take the place of the map, a sort of table by which we shall be able to drive from Chester to Bury St. Edmunds

by numbers alone. It will indeed be a sorry business, for a road map is one of the most romantic things in the world, but it will be a natural development of an efficiently reorganized transport system.) On approaching cross roads, the driver would read the name of a town or village to the right and to the left, as well as the name of a town straight ahead.

The new roads will have a light coloured surface wherever that is possible. Experienced motorists will remember how very much better they could see to drive at night with the old acetylene lamps before tar was put down, and there should be no reason why the new roads should not have the same advantage. The system of indirect light would in the end be extended round urban districts throughout the whole length of the arterial ways, a scheme which might be said to be the only known cure for the dazzling headlight.

The new main roads will, as I see them, no longer directly connect the chief cities, but will pass them, access to the cities themselves being provided through the ring of by-passes surrounding them. In certain instances where by-passes are being constructed now to relieve the smaller towns of the heavier stream of traffic, the tradesmen complain that business is being taken from them. It is to be supposed that they know best, but in places like Maidenhead, Oxford, Leicester and half a dozen others, it does not seem likely that more than a very small proportion of those who go through them on their way elsewhere would normally bring them any measurable profit. This does not, of course, apply to the big cities, and it is reasonably certain that the main roads of the future will be, if they can be so called, country roads. They will pass through villages and some of the smaller country towns, but they will lose the right to call themselves the Norwich Road, the Oxford Road, the Bath Road, and so on.

If that happens, our newest roads will have retained their chief English characteristic, and whether they are made of concrete or some undreamed of material, floodlit from end to end, proof against all kinds of weather, modern to the last minute, they will in essence remain English country roads.

GERMAN INFLUENCE IN THE BALKANS

BY RAYMOND JACKSON

ON January 24th there was signed in Belgrade a Pact of Friendship and Non-Aggression between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. It marks, we are told, the end of post-war rivalries in the Balkans, but the published text tells us little or nothing that might shed light on these officially inspired assurances. It is indeed an unusually brief and meagre document, and it may perhaps be profitable to seek our own explanation of this sudden and happy termination of the bitter animosities between the two Slav states.

Ever since the second Balkan War relations between Servia and Bulgaria, and later between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, have been very strained. Even when the two states were not actually at war, more or less serious diplomatic and military "incidents" were constantly occurring, and the frontier districts were in a state of continuous semi-mobilization. The unending Macedonian disputes became proverbial for their complexity and their bloodthirstiness. Reconciliation of the natural demands of the two states seemed impossible. Ethnographical data were far too complicated, indecisive and controversial to form the basis for a just or acceptable frontier decision. Historical claims were absolutely incompatible. As long as the Serbs demanded the frontiers of the thirteenth century Empire of King Dushan, and the Bulgars demanded the frontiers of the Great Bulgaria of the twelfth century, then no solution was possible. Bulgaro-Yugoslav enmity was a constant menace to the peace of the whole Balkan peninsula.

And yet these two states have now signed a Treaty of Friendship. It is even suggested that Bulgaria may join the Balkan Entente, an alliance which she has hitherto regarded with undisguised hostility, and which was founded with the express intention of countering her claims for treaty revision.

When originally founded, the Balkan Entente was merely an extension of the method and spirit of the Little Entente. Yugoslavia and Rumania were members of both *blocs*. The main task of the Little Entente was to combat Hungarian revisionism; and the main task of the Balkan Entente was to combat Bulgarian revisionism. Both alliances had been built up under French inspiration, and both were directed against Italy as the main spokesman of both Hungarian and Bulgarian claims. Though the Francophil tendency was more marked in the Little Entente, the Italophobe tendency was stronger in the Balkan Entente—and with justification.

All the four members—Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, and Turkey—felt endangered by Italy, either directly or else through the Italian influence in Bulgaria. This menace was felt most strongly by Yugoslavia. Not only was she threatened from the North by Mussolini's support for Hungarian territorial claims, but to the South Italy had gained virtual control over Albania, and thus could blockade Yugoslavia's Adriatic ports at a moment's notice, and could use Albania as a stepping-off ground for an invasion of Serbian Macedonia.

Turkey also was frightened. She had never reconciled herself to the Italian occupation of the Dodecanese Islands, and remembered Mussolini's open threats to invade and dismember Anatolia.

Rumania regarded Italy with hostility, as the real driving force behind the Hungarian irredentist claims to Transylvania, and the Bulgarian irredentist claims to the Dobrudza.

Similarly Greece suspected Italy's support of Bulgaria's claim to an outlet on the Aegean. Thus these four Powers were united principally by their fear of Italy.

The launching of the Abyssinian campaign increased this fear, and gave striking evidence of its strength. Rumania and Yugoslavia both applied sanctions with exemplary speed, despite the fact that no states had more to lose commercially by such action. Greece asked for and obtained support from British naval units which used her ports, and Turkey prepared to demand the right to remilitarize the Dardanelles. The promptness with which Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey all agreed to exchange assurances with Great Britain regarding the position in the Eastern

Mediterranean showed the same fear of Italian designs. Thus, even as late as the beginning of 1936, the hostility of the Balkan Entente towards Italy was, if anything, even stronger than before.

But the very remarkable changes that have taken place since then, and that have made possible the Yugoslav-Bulgarian Pact, cannot be explained solely in terms of Italo-Balkan relations.

French influence played a big part in the founding of the Balkan Entente; in the case of Yugoslavia and Rumania it was probably decisive. In so far as it was founded to guarantee the maintenance of the territorial provisions of the Treaty of Neuilly it fell naturally under the ægis of France, the main defender of the Versailles settlement. It is certainly true that if the Abyssinian war had occurred three years ago, then the Balkan states in their fear of Italy would automatically have turned to France for support. But in the years since 1934 French influence has declined so rapidly in South-Eastern Europe that, when the campaign actually started in 1935, a very different process set in.

Already in 1934 it was clear that French prestige in Yugoslavia was on the decline. The Yugoslavs could not forget that their King was murdered on French soil, and, as they believed, as a result of the incompetence of the French police. The sharp reaction against France that followed this outrage was greatly increased by the signing of the Franco-Soviet Pact. White Russian elements—principally refugees from General Wrangel's army—are still very numerous in Belgrade, and still have considerable influence in government circles. Despite the cordial relations between Russia and Yugoslavia's Little Entente allies, Belgrade has so far refused even to recognize the Soviet.

And when the new-found friendship of France for the Bolsheviks was followed by the Franco-Italian *rapprochement* negotiated by M. Laval in January 1935, then Yugoslavia's anxiety hardened into definite distrust. It was felt that by this act France had abandoned all interest in the security of her old ally, and that the strongest barrier against Italian aggression had been destroyed.

The Germans were quick, as in Poland, to take advantage of the decline in French influence—and with remarkable success. After a period of uncertainty, when Yugoslav governing opinion seemed to vacillate between a British and a German orientation, it

became clear by the summer of 1936 that the definitely pro-German (though not anti-British) school of thought had won the day.

The reasons for this have been several. In the first place, German economic pressure on Yugoslavia has been very great, and is steadily increasing. Dr. Schacht's peculiar technique of economic bargaining is now well-known. As was made clear in a recent article in the *FORTNIGHTLY**, he has shown how all the advantages lie today with the consistent and unrepentant debtor. In Belgrade he has been in an especially strong position, for at the end of 1935 it was computed that Germany owed Yugoslavia about 420 million dinars (£2,000,000) on trade debts alone. Holding this trump card, Dr. Schacht has been able to bid high, for in order to melt this huge body of frozen debt the Yugoslav government has been forced to place very large orders for German goods. So open has been the commercial discrimination in favour of Germany that, shortly after this visit, 300 English firms operating in Yugoslavia submitted a protest to the Belgrade government. There can be no question that by this persistent pressure Germany has established for herself a privileged position in Yugoslavia's commercial relations. In comparison with her dominating position, the participation of France is practically negligible—her share in Yugoslavia's export trade for 1936 being only 1.26 per cent. as against the German 19.86 per cent. But such aggregate figures do not reflect the real measure of German influence, for in the case of certain products Germany has a virtual monopoly control—and these products are armament products.

It is, in general, almost inevitable that such economic domination should lead to a growth of political influence. At all events, in the case of Germany an elaborate apparatus of propaganda ensures that this shall be so.

But it is not upon this economic pressure alone that Germany relies. Much money has been spent on the building-up of "cultural-contacts" between the two countries. Lecture tours on the "New Germany," special facilities for Yugoslav students at Munich University, and subsidized trips by the Hitler Youth

* "The Trail of Dr. Schacht," by George Glasgow, *The FORTNIGHTLY* October, 1936.

to the health resorts of the Dalmatian coast have all played their part. Nazi films hold a practical monopoly in the cinemas of Yugoslavia, and in the northern provinces, where German is still understood by a high percentage of the population, they have had a considerable effect. An even more powerful propaganda force is the control of Yugoslav news-agencies, for the official agency has practically become a Belgrade branch of the Berlin Deutsche Nachrichtenbüro. It is perhaps symptomatic that the majority of Yugoslavs believe that Germany gained an easy victory over all other countries at last year's Olympic Games. The achievements of the American Negro runners are practically unknown.

The object of all this propaganda—ably co-ordinated by Dr. Neuhauser of the Deutsche Verkehrsbüro—has been the glorification of National-Socialist Germany. Complementing this is a systematic propaganda depreciating the achievements of democratic France. A basis for this already existed in the anti-democratic principles of all government opinion in Belgrade; and this basis has been considerably broadened as a result of the victory of the People's Front in France.

The leader of this anti-French and pro-German movement in the Belgrade government is Dr. Anton Koroshetz, the leader of the Slovenian Clerical Party, and Minister of the Interior. During the last two years, Dr. Koroshetz, under the influence of his personal friends and co-religionists, Herr von Papen and Cardinal Innitzer of Vienna, has become a strong supporter of totalitarian Germany, and an even more determined opponent of Soviet Russia and of the "semi-Bolshevik" government of M. Blum. These convictions Dr. Koroshetz expresses with equal force in his pastoral letters to his flock, in editorials in his influential paper *Slovenec*, and in his ministerial instructions to the Press Censor and the Political Police.

Exactly how far Dr. Koroshetz' pro-German standpoint is decisive for the direction of Yugoslav foreign policy, it is as yet hard to say; but it certainly has strong, if not majority, support in the Cabinet. In the Army it is represented by General Zivkovitch, who was King Alexander's right-hand man during his personal dictatorship. It is also rumoured that Prince Paul's two co-regents are favourable to this tendency. At all events the trend towards a pro-German direction of Yugoslav policy has

been very obvious during the last twelve months, and shows no signs of being abandoned.

Only when it is seen in the light of this reorientation of Yugoslav policy does the new Pact with Bulgaria become intelligible; for a parallel process has also been operating in Bulgaria ever since 1933.

The forces drawing Bulgaria into the German orbit have been very similar to those at work at Belgrade, and their effect has been even stronger. German domination over the foreign trade of Bulgaria has reached almost incredible proportions. There is probably no other case in the world—not even in South America—where one country has gained such an extensive monopoly over the commerce of another. By 1935 Germany accounted for 48 per cent. of all Bulgarian exports and no less than 53.5 per cent. of her imports. In the first months of 1936 the figure for exports rose to 64 per cent. Influential publicists even in Bulgaria itself have pointed out the serious political consequences of such a position. They rightly emphasize that it is now possible for Germany, with insignificant loss to herself, to dislocate at a stroke the whole foreign trade of the country. That this gives Germany an overwhelmingly strong weapon for political bargaining is obvious.

The natural political ties linking Bulgaria to Nazi Germany are also very strong. Both regard themselves as victims of an unjust post-war settlement, both territorially and as regards restrictions on national sovereignty. Moreover, Bulgaria was the first state to imitate Nazi totalitarianism. In theory, at least, the *coup d'état* of May, 1934, abolished all political parties and established 100 per cent. totalitarianism. Bulgarian governments are more likely than most to fall in with the anti-Communist campaign of the Nazis, for despite continual and severe repression since the counter-revolution of 1923, Communism has remained stronger in Bulgaria than in any other of the authoritarian countries, and the government is not likely to forget that the Comintern itself is now led by the Bulgarian Dimitrov, of Reichstag Fire fame.

One section of Bulgarian government opinion, led by the ex-Prime Minister Alexander Tsankov, has now come out in favour of complete acceptance of the entire Nazi "ideology," including

anti-Semitism, racialism, etc. They demand even closer relations with the "New Germany." The importance of the Tsankovists for the significance of the Yugoslav-Bulgarian Pact is paramount. Ever since it has been clear that Yugoslavia was moving away from French influence into the German orbit, the Tsankovists have been demanding a *rapprochement* between the two states. It is amusing to see how in their propaganda they carefully bury the antagonisms of the past thirty years and endeavour to show that the two Slav nations of the Balkans have in the past always lived in the closest friendship. Their common Slav origin, their common struggle against the Turks, and later against the Phanariote Greeks, the similarity of language, even the similarity of Church Liturgy, are all emphasized. The difficulties of the twentieth century are explained away as being due to the unjustified intrusion of other powers—especially Russia (a happy coincidence)—in the domestic affairs of the Balkans.

This parallel movement of both Yugoslavia and Bulgaria towards the German camp can alone explain the smoothness with which the negotiations for the final signing of the Pact have proceeded. As long as the old Italian support for Bulgarian revisionism remained decisive for the direction of foreign policy in Sofia, there could be little hope of any reconciliation with the Balkan Entente. On the other hand, so long as the Balkan Entente remained under French hegemony and retained its sole original function as an anti-revisionist *bloc*, no movement of *rapprochement* with Bulgaria was likely from this side.

But as a result of the growth of German influence on both sides, the sharpness of this antagonism has been greatly reduced—and not only in relation to Yugoslavia. The fall of M. Titulesco in Rumania has everywhere been accepted as indicating a more pro-German and a less pro-French policy in Bucharest. And in Greece the *coup d'état* of General Metaxas—who served on the German General Staff during the War—and the visits to Athens of Dr. Schacht and Dr. Goebbels, has had a similar effect. Thus Yugoslavia has been able to pursue her policy of reconciliation with Bulgaria in the knowledge that the disapproval of her two Balkan partners—Rumania and Greece—would not now be anything like as strong as would have been the case two or three years ago. In fact it is possible to regard the new Pact as the

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first stage in a far-reaching process by which Germany hopes to establish a unified Balkan *bloc*, seeking its political inspiration in Berlin. Yugoslavia and Bulgaria would form the nucleus of such a *bloc*, to which Rumania and Greece would adhere. The support of Turkey and Albania would be more doubtful, and would depend principally on extra-Balkan considerations.

An important proviso to the success of German diplomacy in the Balkans depends on the attitude of Italy. It is clear that Yugoslavia's readiness for a reconciliation with Bulgaria must have been conditioned by the belief that Italian influence at Sofia was now unimportant, or at least by the hope that Abyssinian preoccupations would keep Mussolini's attention away from the Balkans for some time to come. Moreover, it can be assumed that Yugoslavia has received assurances from Germany that within the framework of the recent German-Italian alliance it is Germany's voice that will be decisive, and that Italy can be expected to play a subordinate, and thus a less dangerous, role. And it is certainly here that the main difficulty for the future lies. If this relation of forces should change and Italy's Balkan policy should become more "positive," then Yugoslavia will certainly regret her latest move, and feel that her German counsellors have betrayed her. At the moment, it must be admitted, no such change seems likely. For the present there can be no doubt that the new Pact must be accepted as yet another success for the resourcefulness and audacity of German diplomacy; and judgment as to its ultimate effects must be suspended.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

ON the same day, February 6th, there were published two notable utterances concerning the enlargement of national power. One was the speech of Dr. Goebbels at Hamburg, in which he said that Europe was now safe from the danger of war because under Nazi rule Germany had "torn up Versailles. Conflict will not arise because no one dares to attack us. Later, we shall be even stronger than we are today." The other was President Roosevelt's message to Congress which announced his purpose of freeing government action from delay by appealing to Courts already overcharged with business. These announcements have a very different significance for mankind. One is a message of hope: the other of alarm—if not of despair.

The Supreme Court

The obstacles which President Roosevelt has to fear are obstacles of law, laid down in defence of freedom. The Supreme Court has powers designed to protect the rights of the States against the Union—which has come to be the nation. Since the constitution was framed, the ideal of the nation has grown powerful, and the President represents the nation. In a national emergency, he strained the rights of his office; according to the Courts, he strained them illegally. The nation at his second presidential candidature gave an overwhelming vote of support to the man who was fighting "predatory wealth." His answer to that verdict was to salute the return of prosperity, which opens a new era of money making. This prosperity, however, would not spread itself fairly; unless government intervened, the conditions of life for masses of workers would remain ignominious. The national government must have power to force the econom-

ically strong into conceding more than a bare margin of subsistence to the economically weak.

That is the drift of the President's message. When the American constitution was framed, when American institutions took shape, no one doubted but that a man who became a millionaire was a benefactor to the nation. A free country was a country where everyone was free to become a millionaire, and any obstacles in the way of this achievement were regarded as obstacles to freedom. Today the nation for which President Roosevelt stands is more concerned to ensure that American citizens in pursuit of wealth shall not inflict servile conditions on other citizens. Steps which he has taken to that end on behalf of the nation are challenged before the Courts by men with long purses on the ground that they interfere with State rights of regulating such matters as hours of labour. Appeals from Court to Court create in any case long delay. President Roosevelt does not speak of "tearing up" anything. But, faced with an over-worked Supreme Court of nine, whose average ages are over seventy, he proposes to add to its number, distributing the work, and presumably rejuvenating its outlook. By such measures the American people can modify for themselves the home-made constitution which they have in some ways outgrown.

Germany has been hampered not by its own growth, but by terms dictated by outside authority, and naturally enough it is a proud thought for Germans that these have been "torn up." Yet any conditions imposed by the Treaty of Versailles which did something to redress the damage caused to other peoples by German activities in the war were mitigated one after another by the victors while Germany was still disarmed. What she did tear up was the system of clauses barring her from becoming too strong to be attacked. This tearing up was allowed to continue simply because other European powers, France no less than England, had a genuine detestation of war. Germany could have been forced at moderate risk to submit to the terms of the Treaty which she was violating. Today war with Germany would mean, as in 1914, war to the death. Yet, is the peace of Europe more secure today than when Germany was disarmed? One

Versailles Repudiated

may freely agree with Dr. Goebbels that Czechoslovakia is unlikely to attack Germany. But is it sure that Germany will not attack Czechoslovakia? German power is kept almost on the footing of mobilization; every utterance of Herr Hitler's has reinforced the certainty that the urgency of preparation, the race for military ascendancy, will not slacken; and while that lasts, there can be no assurance from month to month. Money has come to mean no more than in war time. "Spend that you may not be crushed," is the gospel. Some day something will crack, but meanwhile the race goes on.

It is easy to distinguish between the aggressive governments and those which desire peace. Turkey regulates its contentions with other powers in a strife-avoiding spirit. Italy has certainly taken grave risks in Spain, and has joined in Germany's denunciations of Russia; but Mussolini does not beat the big drum with enervating persistency. He at least gives the impression of a man guiding forces that he can control. In Germany all is whipped up to the edge of hysteria. What is it but hysteria when Dr. Goebbels tells the world that "Czechoslovakia's military alliance with Moscow is a great danger for Western Europe"?

No one who knows anything about the country of Masaryk and Benesh can believe that the alliance in question is the result of anything but fear of Germany. All that passed at Moscow in these last weeks must increase the repugnance felt in any civilized democratic community for any alliance with Moscow. But if the "trials," the confessions and the sentences of Lenin's old associates point to anything, it is that propagandist Bolshevism is on the wane. Russia means to be strong, Stalin means to be paramount, as Germany meant, as Herr Hitler meant; and the methods of consolidating power are essentially the same as those employed by Herr Hitler in June, 1934. Germany's dictator has no title to pose as the champion of European civilization. Doubtless Germany is more civilized today than Russia. But the Nazis have working for them all the virtues of the old Germany, where a man had at least some right to call his soul his own; the Soviets have to contend with all the old Russia's vices, all the corruption and inefficiency.

Ideologies in Alignment

Compare the Germany of today with the Germany of 1914, the Russia of today with the Russia of 1914, and in which country has there been more gain or more loss? If the question were left to a Japanese, for the sake of detachment, the answer would certainly be given from a soldier's standpoint; and I do not feel sure that Russia is not more formidable, because more efficient, in a military sense, than before the war. Yet one can hardly call the modern Russia militarist by choice. Japan and Germany have come openly to an understanding that was always tacit; for Japan's interest in seeing Russia threatened from the West is obvious, as is Germany's in seeing the counterthrust from the East. Between the two exclusively military powers alike distinguished for military zeal and efficiency, Russia has no choice but to arm. And, to judge by reports from the Spanish trial ground she has armed to some purpose.

It begins to be clear now that from the first there was Russian interference in Spain, but solely of a propagandist nature, possibly backed by some money. When rumours of a revolutionary plot, confirmed in the killing of the Opposition leader by Government police, led to the army's revolt, most of the existing air force took the Government side. Germany and Italy then stepped in, supplying the insurgents with fighting machines, which were greatly superior to those on the Government side. Then Russia also supplied aircraft; and it seems to be agreed that their fighters have been better and faster than those sent by Germany or by Italy. On the other hand, the German tanks are said to have completely outclassed the Russian.

It is probably a fair conclusion that the German air-arm has not so large a superiority over the English (or possibly over the French) as its numerical strength indicates. But, in France there is a grave fear of Germany's armoured ground forces—formidable by the protection which they enjoy as well as by the weapons they will dispose of. The weapons are said to include a very effective anti-tank gun. No doubt all the General Staffs in Europe (and out of Europe) are carefully watching the field of experiment, which Spain has become, to see what conclusions are to be drawn from the try-out of war material provided by

**Trial of
Arms**

various nations so that Spanish combatants may destroy each other more efficiently.

For Germany the problem is strictly military. In her semi-mobilized state she has vast numbers of soldiers, but not as yet corresponding strength in men to train and to lead. How many Germans are in Spain cannot be known, but so far as is known, they are employed for training and organization of Franco's forces. It is certainly not all gain for Germany to have some thousands of such men out of Germany in a critical time. For these reasons, both Germany and Italy may well be seriously considering a recall of their contingents and a shutting down of supply in material. But both are determined that there shall not be what they will consider a Russian victory in Spain. And both have made it a condition that other powers shall also stop the inflow of foreign aid. In effect, both insist that not only Russian aeroplanes shall be kept out; they want to exclude Russian propaganda. That is impossible. Yet it is only a fraction of what Herr Hitler is asking. He wants to shut Russia out of Europe; and one must admit that his desire appears to be shared by some highly respectable people, who are neither German nor Fascist, but who believe in a quarantine against ideas.

For instance, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of January 15th there was a long interview with M. Motta, the Swiss statesman who has from the first been a leading personage at Geneva: a typical advocate of the League of Nations. Yet when it was proposed to bring Russia into the League, M. Motta threw his country's vote and voice strongly against it; and apparently he is still of the same mind. The infection is too dangerous for him to risk it. Yet all over Europe, wherever there is a centre of civilization, Russian literature and Russian art penetrate the whole of European culture.

How can you shut out Russia? Herr Hitler indeed believes that frontiers can be made idea-proof and we have had a curious illustration of his faith. The Nobel prize was awarded to a German, von Ossietzky—at that time under moral restraint in a German concentration camp. This recalcitrant actually refused

**Idea-Proof
Frontiers**

the award, and as a consequence an edict has been issued that in future no German is to accept any of the Nobel prizes. German prizes for good German ideas, of clear racial pedigree, are to be instituted. That is how Russia is to be kept out.

A French pamphlet which reaches me gives the true name to this way of thinking and of acting—this “ideology,” as the cant phrase goes. It is the philosophy of Babel.

“Anti-Babel” The pamphlet called “Anti-Babel” comes from Pontigny, the famous Cistercian Abbey on the border between Burgundy and Champagne, where M. Paul Desjardins presides every spring and summer at a market for the exchange of ideas. This old Frenchman, friend of Ruskin, of Brandès, of Tolstoy, no less than of Anatole France and of André Gide, for the past fifty years has known everybody of intellectual note in Europe; and he holds by the central idea of the French Revolution. There are Nations, which have each their national character; but first, there is Man: and Man is One. Man, not very long lived, but very strong of body, is formidable by his power of co-operation; so formidable that, according to the Hebrew myth, he was about to scale the sky when Jahve, to bar this arrogance, imposed the confusion of tongues. Nevertheless, *invito Jahve*, men contrived to pool their ideas and energies for the advancement and benefit of Man. But then come along the Duce and the Führer to say No: every idea must be inspected at the frontier. At the German customs all ideas that come from Jahve’s chosen people are to be confiscated, put under lock and key. They would be burnt, if only ideas that so easily make a fire could themselves be incinerated.

Well, Pontigny speaking the mind of France sets up its anti-Babel and invites students of all nations to free discussions of all the fundamental problems with which Man is concerned—demonstrating meanwhile incidentally how France solves with simple elegance the problems that have to do with food, drink, and lodging. Undoubtedly at Pontigny one may meet a Jew or a Russian; one will certainly find men conversant with Jewish and with Russian thought. This would not do for Herr Hitler. And ideas may be expressed there which in Italy would be followed by administration of castor oil. Those who go there may not be

preparing themselves for the work of war; but they may, however, get good help towards the task of avoiding it.

One has to admit in the last resort, that the whole discipline and ordering of life at Pontigny, or at Oxford—in France or in England—is less conducive to military efficiency than that of Germany. But men will die for Pontigny, or for Oxford, as gallantly as for any barrack, though they may be less efficient at killing. The general business of Man as Man is to reduce the degree of importance which must be attached to efficiency in killing; and I cannot think that this business is forwarded by letting Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini impose as a condition of peace that Europe shall exclude Russia from its council.

The New Year Honours List had one announcement which gave widespread pleasure: Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, was added to that very select company, the Order of Merit. Like everybody else who is not a specialist, I read his *Universal*

History with delight; every specialist, of course, thinks that his own special period should have had more attention. But this historian has been much more than a writer: he was that rare thing, a successful Minister for Education. My own gratitude to him has not to do with a success, but he was one of the few who really tried to extricate Irish affairs from the bedevilment into which they fell at the end of the War. He was never given the chance to display more than sincere and intelligent good will; and perhaps one should be glad, for his sake, that he was not made Chief Secretary. Another man who did fill that office figures elsewhere in the same list: Lord Greenwood becomes a viscount. Certainly few other men could or would have done all that he did in the House of Commons during the Black and Tan period. An Irish name that was much looked for—not only by Irishmen—did not appear; there was hope of some amends to Sir Hubert Gough. He not only received much less reward than went to other soldiers of comparable merit, but incurred most undeserved unpopularity. I know that the 16th Irish Division held him responsible for prolonging the attack on Passchendaele; and probably the Ulster Division, their neighbours in the line, felt the same. Shortly after the war I said to a former brother officer

that General Gough had had less than fair play. "After Passchendaale, we do not care if he was crucified," was the answer. All soldiers know better now, and would be glad to see compensation for the hard thoughts that they, in their ignorance of the facts, formed of him. If reward is to be given separately and specially, so much the better; if not, soldiers will feel that those in authority have failed to remedy injustice inflicted on a very gallant and distinguished soldier.

A most curious and interesting book about *The Islands of Ireland* has been published by Mr. T. M. Mason who is, by his main business, a Dublin optician—as four generations of his family were before him, going back to the times when Dublin had high repute for skilled craftsmanship. His predecessor must have worked time and again for Oscar Wilde's father, the famous oculist. But like Sir William Wilde, who was not less an authority on Irish antiquities than on the eye, Mr. Mason has almost a second profession in the art of photography, and he uses it to record ways of life that go back to times before Dublin was a city. He is not content with the camera: wherever he goes in those places which cannot be visited without difficulty, and sometimes not without danger, he inquires about customs and sets down his shrewd observations in the simplest language. I have seldom met so many good stories told with so little fuss; and the illustrations really illustrate; for instance, one of the little old churches on Aran is shown beside another also built of unmortared stones at Dalkey, not ten miles from Dublin. Yet what interested me specially was the study of a past which is still present, primitive invention still holding its own; not only that, but still developing. The quern for grinding corn by hand was still in use on some islands within this century; but imported flour is now everywhere. On the other hand, rowboats of timber, made to the most modern design and supplied to the islanders, are being discarded for the old canvas-covered canoes. Mr. Mason's book will be a *locus classicus* on the "curragh."

The most rudimentary type of all, roughly circular and worked with one paddle, is still used by net men on the Boyne; it represents the primitive notion of a cowhide stretched over wicker

rods fastened to a large hoop; and no doubt it was invented for inland work. But doubtless men who had learned to use the round curragh skilfully on a river ventured out beyond the entrances, and found that the thing could be done. It is still being done every day at Tory, off the Donegal coast, where men face the full Atlantic swell in a keel-less canoe which has no seat, and is worked kneeling with a paddle from the blunt prow.

Side by side with this exists in Tory the more developed type with pointed bow, and two or more seats from which it is rowed by long narrow-bladed oars fixed on thole pins. It was a skilled job to make the wooden frames and keel for these: any fisherman could fit in the rods or laths and stretch the canvas over them. Probably the more primitive type can be made without skilled assistance. But, according to Mr. Mason, a new development has been added. When the curragh is beached, any shell or pebble sticking out of the sand may tear the canvas. Within the last fifteen years, some one has thought of nailing wooden runners parallel to the keel to keep the canvas from contact.

Along the west, in Aran and the Blaskets, canoes are as long as twenty-eight feet: a Donegal curragh can be carried by one man on his shoulder. In a heavy sea such craft are wonderful. The curragh is on the water rather than in it, and can be turned head-on to meet a wave with a quickness impossible in an ordinary rowboat. But the movements have to be as accurate and instinctive in their balance as a bird's on the wing. Marvellous boatmen they are; Mr. Mason tells of a mule ferried from Tory to the mainland—seven miles of deep Atlantic—in one of the keel-less curraghs.

Boatmen, but not navigators: he says that the Aran fishers think fog their worst enemy; yet the idea of carrying a compass would never occur to them. Unfortunately the West of Ireland has never risen beyond longshore fishing. A determined effort to make them seagoing in strong sailing boats succeeded just at the close of last century, and then it was swept into limbo by the advent of steam. Fishing was the last industry that steam revolutionized; but today big steam drifters meet the herring and mackerel far out at sea and break up the shoals that used to come into the creeks and bays; big steam trawlers scrape every-

thing they can outside the three mile limit, and, as Mr. Mason laments, very often inside it.

Even the special longshoreman's province of lobster catching along the rocky shores has been invaded; it is an odd history. Crayfish, which most of us know better by the French name of *langoustes*, were caught sometimes off the Irish coast, and were regarded as little better than vermin. A Breton owner of fishing boats from Camaret, near Brest, heard of this and offered people in the west of Ireland the special traps used for *langoustes*, which cannot get into the ordinary lobster pots. He would take all the *langoustes* and, of course, also all the lobsters he could get, and he established floating depots. Now his boats go along that coast, not only to collect but to fish—setting their own traps—and it is said not always leaving other lobster pots unvisited. On the other hand, equipped as they are, they fish many places on that savage coast which the local men with their curraghs could only reach in the finest weather. These things cannot be helped. The local men who could not replace timber-built boats, when they had them are driven back more and more by the advance of mechanical progress to the cheapest and most primitive craft, which is also in many ways the handiest for those who can use it; while all the extensive fishing is done more and more by machinery—even with aeroplanes assisting to locate the shoals.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A BAD YEAR FOR THE LEAGUE

BY SIR ALFRED ZIMMERN

THE SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS: 1935, 2 vols., by Arnold J. Toynbee, assisted by V. M. Boulter. Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs: vol. i 18s., vol. ii 21s.

THE Annual Chatham House Survey, of which this is the thirteenth annual instalment, has by now become a recognized institution, comparable to the *Annual Register*. In the hands of anyone but Professor Toynbee it might easily have degenerated into a lifeless chronicle, pieced together from press-cuttings and official documents. It is a great tribute to the Director of Studies in the Royal Institute of International Affairs that no one can possibly think of him and the staff working under him as hacks or drudges, carrying through an appointed task with mechanical efficiency. So immune are they from the spirit of routine that this year they have almost doubled their own labours. Two substantial volumes, amounting to over a thousand pages, take the place of the usual single volume. Indeed, such criticism as Professor Toynbee is exposed to—and it has not been entirely lacking—is that he has not de-humanized himself enough, that he has thrown too much of himself into his writing, that, in the jargon of the day, he has been too "subjective."

This, of course, is nonsense, as applied to an historian: it is just a misleading analogy from the domain of natural science. If Einstein or Rutherford or

Eddington put their personality into their scientific researches their work might suffer. But in the human studies, of which history is one of the chief, a man cannot help putting himself into his work, unless he wants to be a mere helot, collecting materials for someone else who, in his turn, will put himself into his work. In this sense all history is "subjective" if one must use that word. The whole question is as to what kind of a personality it is that one encounters in the historian's pages. Is he a man who has learnt to "see life steadily and see it whole," including among life's values an unflinching allegiance to truth and to intellectual integrity? In that case, whether one agrees with his opinions or not, one will be the wiser and the better for his book. It will not be the last book on the subject: for the last book on any human subject will not be written till the last trump. But it will be a real book.

Professor Toynbee's second volume, entitled *Italy and Abyssinia*, is emphatically a real book. It can (and should) be read from cover to cover, even though, in the reading of it, one passes a little abruptly from the style of the main author to that of his collaborators: no very profound training in literary criticism is required to detect the transitions. Professor Toynbee has come to certain definite conclusions, which he states in his preface, and these are not favourable

to the British Government or to the British people. He believes that the honour and vital interests of this country required that she should "carry out her obligations under the Covenant completely, whatever the consequences" and that, in the failure to do this, there was a lack both of courage and of sincerity. In his narrative, which is straightforward and full—if anything too full—the reasons for this conclusion became apparent.

His criticism is concentrated on two main points. The first is as to the interpretation of Article XVI of the Covenant. When the Covenant was drafted it was understood to embody the principle of Mutual Insurance. Every member of the League was bound to use his best efforts to protect every other member. This was, for President Wilson, the "heart of the Covenant." This was its great attraction for the smaller states. The safety of one was the safety of all; danger to one was danger to all; membership of the League was membership of an organic society. In legal language, the obligation to afford protection was both "joint" and "several." No one could justifiably contract out of it; but if any one did, this would not affect the obligations of the other members. Any other interpretation would make the strength of the League depend upon its weakest link and would moreover give a disloyal member a power of veto over the whole action of the League.

When Sir Samuel Hoare, in words that rang round the world from Geneva, declared that "the League stands, and my country stands with it,"—the use of "with" instead of "in," sounded a little strange at the time—"for the collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety and particularly for steady and collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression," what exactly did he mean by "collective?" "Each word in that sentence," he said later, "must have its full value." The "full

value," as became clear later on, was that the collective obligation was not "joint and several," but merely "joint." This, argues Professor Toynbee, was not only a distortion of the Covenant and therefore lacking in sincerity: it was also an abdication of British leadership, and therefore lacking in courage. It was, in fact, to go back behind Salisbury, Palmerston and Canning. Perhaps such discretion was, under the circumstances—circumstances for which the Foreign Secretary was not responsible—the better part of valour. But why clothe it in the language of the Covenant?

Professor Toynbee's second main criticism relates to the conversation between M. Laval and Sir Samuel Hoare at Geneva on the day before his speech in the Assembly. M. Laval told the French Chamber in December that on that occasion the two statesmen found themselves "instantaneously in agreement upon ruling out military sanctions" and "everything that might lead to war." Professor Toynbee contends that this private agreement between the two principal members of the League was, in effect, an act of *sabotage*. It turned the Foreign Secretary's speech of next day into what on "the most charitable account" can be described as bluff and it gave a control over the whole subsequent proceedings to Signor Mussolini, who was no doubt informed by M. Laval of what had taken place. It is true that a parliamentary answer in the following March by implication denied that Sir Samuel Hoare bound himself so completely as M. Laval asserted in December. But Professor Toynbee argues that Sir Samuel Hoare acted, and that M. Laval and Signor Mussolini concluded that he would act, exactly as if he had given such a pledge.

Nothing is more disagreeable, for a nation as for an individual, than to read a plain account of an unfortunate transaction affecting oneself. But it is sometimes a duty to do so.

THE LAST "PLAIN TALE"

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

"SOMETHING OF MYSELF," by Rudyard Kipling. *Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.

A ROMAN Emperor was called happy in the opportunity of his death, but Rudyard Kipling was happy in the opportunity of his birth. He was born at exactly the right time and place for him, and from exactly the right parents. As an official in India, his father possessed intimate knowledge of the animals, peoples and literatures of India. He was also an excellent critic, a fine draughtsman, and a worker in low-relief. His mother was a sister of Burne-Jones, "wholly Celtic, and three parts fire." As a child in Bombay he learnt Indian habits and the "vernacular," which was more intelligible to him than English, and when, still a child, he was sent to England, he spent six miserable years in a "House of Desolation" (we remember *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep*), but even there he learnt a good deal about shipping in Southsea and Portsmouth, and every day he learnt the Collects and bits of the Bible by heart. We feel the influence of those lessons in almost every page he wrote.

His school days at Westward Ho! were the foundation of his *Stalky & Co.* in later life, not an edifying picture of English schools or English boys. At seventeen he returned to Lahore, and there, on the *Civil and Military Gazette*, he found the real guide and stimulus to his genius. He himself traces his inspiration to Walter Besant, but Besant could never have given him what he learnt from the seven years of hard labour on the newspaper, daily brought out in the heat and turmoil of a complex and dangerous city. Much

later in this book he speaks of the service gained from this stern period of journalism:—

I have told what my early surroundings were, and how richly they furnished me with material. Also, how rigorously newspaper spaces limited my canvases and, for the reader's sake, prescribed that within these limits must be some sort of beginning, middle, and end. My ordinary reporting, leader- and note-writing carried the same lesson, which took me an impatient while to learn.

Kipling was in fact a supreme journalist, with imagination added. He saw in every scene the essential, and, beneath the essential of accurate fact, he perceived the something more that only the poetic and imaginative mind can see. With those powers of sight and sympathy when he was twenty he produced the *Plain Tales from the Hills* in the *Weekly of the Pioneer*, then the leading paper of English-speaking India. In the next year came *Departmental Ditties*, soon to be followed by *The Story of the Gadsbys* and *Soldiers Three*.

In 1889 he returned to England, and found himself famous. It was the freshness of his subject and the directness of his journalistic style that gave him his amazing success when he was only twenty-four. Stevenson and Henley were writing, and *Called Back* with them seemed to have slammed the door upon the disquisitions of *Robert Elsmere* and the later works of George Eliot. But Kipling brought with him new scenes, a new sense of active reality, and a new kind of behaviour and habit, foreign to most of us. We greeted his books with a kind of rapture, as a revelation for which we were waiting.

He was welcomed among the best literary circles, whom he often made to look rather starchy and old-fashioned. His sales were so good that he soon found himself rich enough to marry and set off upon his travels, first to the States where for three or four years he dwelt in a timber cabin constructed by himself, and then in a house built for him by neighbours on the edge of Canada. As a resident he became closely acquainted with all that north-eastern district, with the Boston quays and the fishing coast (*Captains Courageous*), and this book tells us of his further travels—to South Africa, New Zealand and Australia, of which he says, rather unkindly "a hard land it seemed to me, and made harder for themselves by the action of its inhabitants, who—it may have been the climate—always seemed a bit on edge." So the Turks found them at Anzac.

At intervals he paid flying visits to England, where his parents had settled on the Sussex coast, which was afterwards to become his own home. During the South African War he was mainly in Bloemfontein, the plague house of typhoid, where he helped in bringing out the *Bloemfontein Friend*, aided by H. A. Gwynne, chief of correspondents, now editor of the *Morning Post*. It was there that I saw him for the only time, in a passing train. When at last the army

reached Pretoria, I heard his "Recessional" sung in a religious celebration upon the great Square. It was composed just after the old Queen's Jubilee of a few years earlier, and it became the most popular, though, in my opinion, the worst of his poems, perhaps rivalled by the "Absent-Minded Beggar," equally well-known in those distant years.

Kipling has in this book told the whole of his outward life with great simplicity. It is a "plain tale" from all over the world. Few names are mentioned, and only those of distinguished friends—Lord Roberts, Lord Dufferin, Cecil Rhodes, Charles Eliot Norton, Henley, H. A. Gwynne, and Percival Landon. He follows his own rule of not criticizing or caring about criticism. Very seldom he expresses his personal dislikes, as of the Boers, the Irish, the Jews, the *Manchester Guardian*, and Emily Hobhouse. From his likes and dislikes his temper and general views can be judged; and the worst of them can be judged from the worst of his poems in his rather blatant eulogy of "the Blood" in such outcries as "Truly ye come of The Blood," "Judge are we men of The Blood?" and so on.

If I may judge of so powerful and influential a mind, I should say his weakest side was this tendency to racial pride. But he will always be recognized as one of the most distinct and widely appreciated figures in our literature. He was at his best when he was recalling India and the scenes of his youth. To his association with India we owe about a dozen of the best short stories in our language, and four or five poems that seem to bear the mark of "immortality." His wise mother, who created for him one of his best-known lines, "What do they know of England who only England know," once said to him "You couldn't make a plot to save your soul." But, though they have no plot, his longer books like *Kim* and the *Jungle Books* are likely to be read for generations.

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AUTOCRACIES TODAY AND YESTERDAY

BY J. A. R. MARRIOTT

DICTATORS, by Jacques Bainville.
Translated by J. Lewis May. *Jonathan Cape*. 10s. 6d.

M. JACQUES BAINVILLE's book is undeniably opportune. Little as we may like Dictatorship as a form of government we are all interested in Dictators. Unexpectedly. If there was one confident prediction made during the Great War, it was that it would "make the world safe for Democracy." It did bring to the ground three great Empires, and gave the final kick to a fourth, which had long been decadent. The three great autocracies the world would be glad to see back again today. Nobody can pretend that Germany is less menacing to Europe today, or internally more free, than it was under the Hohenzollerns. Most people can now perceive that the Hapsburg Empire, with all its faults, was a rock of stability as compared with the small States which have arisen from its ruins. As for Russia, tens of millions of obscure graves bear witness to the wickedness and inefficiency of the régime which has supplanted the cruel and inefficient government of the Czars. The Great War, then, instead of making the world safe for Democracy, has opened the doors to Autocracy. Any book which helps us to understand this perplexing phenomenon is welcome.

Nevertheless, M. Bainville's book is disappointing. I opened it with keen anticipation. The French original I purchased, but my copy mysteriously disappeared before I had done more than glance at it. The glance, however,

sufficed to make me wish to read it carefully. The appearance of an English version brought me to the point. But I was greatly disappointed. That a French book—especially an impressionist sketch—should lose its sparkle in an English translation is almost inevitable. Mr. May has done his best to preserve it, and it is a skilful and courageous best; but the blunt truth is that this is a singularly unequal book.

M. Bainville is, naturally, at his best when he is on his native soil. Even there the treatment is somewhat slapdash, but it is undoubtedly brilliant. Yet this is not a book to put into the hands of anyone who does not possess a fairly detailed knowledge of modern history. Without it the reader is bound to be constantly confused, if not occasionally misled. Take, for instance, this passage from the chapter on Napoleon III:

"he . . . intrigued, none too adroitly, in Germany, and, together with Bismarck, who played the part of Simple Simon, pursued the said *politique de pourboires*. . . . Finally, he engaged in the disastrous Mexican adventure. . . . To his credit it must be recorded that in 1860 . . ."

Who would guess that the Mexican adventure was in 1863-1865, and preceded the intrigue with Bismarck which really began with the interview at Biarritz in 1865, and ended with the neutralization of Luxemburg in 1867. M. Bainville regards Napoleon I as "the most transcendently impressive of all dictators that have ever been," and the chapter devoted to him is interesting,

but it is surely a slip to describe Napoleon as "the son-in-law of the Cæsars." The last remnant of a "Cæsarian" Empire had been abolished by Napoleon himself four years before his marriage with the Arch-duchess Marie Louise. It is something worse than a slip to say of General Bonaparte: "In 1799, he returned again to France [from Egypt] and, to his surprise, was hailed as a hero. He did not know that the game was up there and that he was their (*sic*) sole resource." This is an astonishing statement. Bonaparte had been carefully watching the ripening of the pear in Paris: in 1799 he was sure that it was ripe, and he returned, with all haste, to pluck it.

The most valuable chapters in the book are those devoted to Richelieu and Louis XIV respectively. They should dispel many illusions.

For Louis XIV the author had evidently a great admiration, but it is surely an excessive extension of the idea of Dictatorship to include Louis XIV in the ranks of dictators. M. Bainville had, seemingly, some doubt about the matter himself since he begins his chapter with a half-apology. But if you include Louis XIV, what successful autocratic king are you going to exclude? If Louis XIV, why not Peter the Great and Frederick II of Prussia, and, perhaps, Henry VIII?

Oliver Cromwell is, indeed, most properly included: but unfortunately to no good purpose, for the chapter on his Protectorate, though one of the longest, is one of the least satisfactory in the book. What, I wonder, would Sir Charles Firth or S. R. Gardiner have said to the statement (p. 63) that "For three years, both at Westminster and with the Army, he [Cromwell] strove unceasingly to stir up hatred against Charles. It was his constant endeavour to kindle

anew the flames of civil war . . . ?" That is not the lesson I learnt from the two great historians just named. Nor can I accept the statement that "the Ironsides became the 'Levellers.'" Some of them, of course, did: and more would have done, but for the sternly-repressive measures of Cromwell—but this statement as it stands at best needs qualification.

The chapters on Greece and Rome are terribly thin and, even so, are not too satisfactory. I find it difficult, for instance, to regard Pisistratus and Pericles, Marius and Julius Cæsar as belonging equally to the dictatorial class.

A third division of the book deals with the "History, Brief but Astonishing, of the South-American Republics." My knowledge of Latin America is too slight to enable me to criticize this section, but it is certainly an astonishing feat to deal in forty-two pages with Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela (for which M. Bainville has, seemingly, considerable admiration), Ecuador, Bolivia, the Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Paraguay, Peru, Chile, and Brazil, from the fifteenth century to the twentieth!

There remain the modern dictators—Russian, Turkish, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and German. This (apart from Louis XIV) is the most satisfactory part of the book: and is well worth reading. Especially good is M. Bainville on the Atatürk, on the origins of Fascism, and hardly less good on "France's most formidable antagonist," Herr Hitler.

There is much less generalization and philosophy in the book than we should expect from a French writer whose words are addressed primarily to Frenchmen (see p. 7). One of the few, but not very profound, generalizations is: "Dictatorships can be the best, or the worst, form of government." Most Englishmen question the first half of this proposition.

THE MUSE IN CHAINS, by Stephen Potter. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a book written more in anger than in sorrow, but Mr. Potter immensely enjoys his anger, and everyone with a taste for literary blood-sports will share his enjoyment. It is an exposition and an exposure of what he calls Eng. Lit., or Lit., or, more compactly and phonetically, Inglit; a ruthless, entertaining, and most salutary document, which should be studied with care by all who are attempting—in schools, universities, and elsewhere—to "teach" English Literature. Mr. Potter is not the discoverer of Inglit: others (notably Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch) were making devastating fun of it in the days when Mr. Potter was learning to decline *mensa*. But he is the first to devote a whole book to it, the first to give it a name and by so doing to endow it with a kind of monstrous personality. Inglit, he tells us, after leading us round the monster and showing us some of its fantastic habits, is "the study of the externals of English Literature, from plots to punctuation, in which the educative function of literature, its unique power of expressing, with every degree of directness, absolute difference in men, and the subtle processes by which these differences are achieved, is lost sight of." It is the spirit that delights to collate facts about literature, but disdains to inquire what literature is about. But this disdain is merely the unconscious camouflage of timidity and self-mistrust, a disinclination to exchange the safety of solid facts for the deep waters of the imagination. Mr. Potter was himself cradled in Inglit, and his book, with its footnotes and its innumerable literary allusions, might be fairly described as "a fully documented history" of the subject. If he were to submit it as an academic thesis to either Oxford (his own University) or Cambridge, he would almost certainly be given a Ph.D. or its equivalent.

Inglit's standards of value, says Mr. Potter, are based on an absolute distinction between geniuses and non-geniuses. The geniuses are the Great Writers, and the non-geniuses are the rest of us. The fact that we are non-geniuses excuses us from listening to what the Great Writers say, and justifies our concentrating exclusively on the way they say it, on their use of the comma and colon, on their style, on their "period." We cannot, since they are geniuses, share their vision; but we can, any of us, be critics, says Inglit, and criticism consists in awarding marks to the Great and in arranging their illustrious names in order of merit. In a passage of high satirical nonsense Mr. Potter declares this order of merit to be "unalterable":

Shakespeare, No. 1 . . . Long pause, then *Milton* and *Wordsworth* bracketed second closely followed by *Chaucer* (4), *Keats* (5), *Spenser* (6). Then first "prose" writers, because "poetry" always, of course, ranks before "prose": Bacon and Swift. Then Shelley. Then if and only if it is agreed that they have been dead long enough . . . place here Carlyle and Browning. Or place them, at any rate, next after Pope and Cowley. And then—why not?—a novelist. But the dead-decency test is rather more rigid for novelists. At any rate the thirteenth place has always been reserved for Fielding. After 13 the order is a little less rigid. But right up to number 65 (Crabbe) the absolute hierarchy is maintained.

I think "number 65 (Crabbe)" is the most delicious thing in the book. It has the perfection of pure poetry.

Satire is apt to be as indiscriminating a weapon as the bomb. The innocent are slaughtered with the guilty. No one, least of all (I hope) Mr. Potter, will contend that Mr. Potter is quite fair. He is unnecessarily severe, I think, on the subject of literary gossip. To enjoy thinking about Johnson and Lamb as characters in history is not to enjoy literature. But it is surely an innocent

pleasure. Mr. Potter makes merciless play with the cant-phrases beloved of Inglit. When Inglit is dead and gone, he says,

it will be Good-bye to Lit, farewell "Lamb's sly rejoinder," farewell "strong lyrical vein," adieu "middle period of the novel of passion,"

and his dust-cover is most amusingly plastered with similar tags. Thus we get "sweetness and light," "that *sæva indignatio* which burns," "ink-horn terms," and "killed in a tavern brawl." If this ridicule of Mr. Potter's succeeds in terrifying dull teachers into silence, much will have been gained. Its more probable effect, however, will be the establishment of a new snobbery. Certain phrases will be henceforth taboo. Perhaps certain facts will become unmentionable. I wish I could get a ruling from Mr. Potter on this point.

GERALD BULLETT

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THE DU MAURIERS, by Daphne du Maurier. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

IN drawing-rooms where the late Victorian age lingers in a final sedate accumulation of relics and of sentiment, we are often called on to admire those foggy or fading images of the past: grave, brown images, posturing with so much dignity by curtains or balustrades, and so reverently preserved in pictorial anthologies of modes and of manners—the family photograph albums. These little exhibitions, accompanied by the notes and observations of the exhibitor, are sometimes of a rare and unexpected beauty. There may be a converging of interest, a sense of tributary movement, in the direction of an eminent or remembered character. In such a case (and this applies very obviously to Miss du Maurier's book) the distant figures are coloured and invigorated by the fact of their contribution, their value in the ancestral perspective.

Miss du Maurier turns over the pages of her own family album; and a very odd one it is. Her comments are prettily modulated by knowledge and affection, but they are frequently shrewd and enlivening. As she reveals the ancestral perspective with a delicate and easy precision, turning the pages with no unseemly haste, we realise that we are being introduced to a group of remarkable people. Here is no ordinary procession of military uncles and of growling schoolmasters, of prosperous colonial cousins and of dim, voluminously futile spinsterhood; but a line of romantics and adventurers who pose or saunter with grace and occasional flamboyance; the family and forerunners of that strange, lovable genius, the author of *Tribby*.

Miss du Maurier's book is in every way admirable. Written in easy and harmonious prose—a book for intelligent readers of every type—it is a fine piece of imaginative biography, well founded in fact, and illuminated by a penetrating,

vigilant sense of character. Apart from its value and interest as a chronicle, this book should amply confirm Miss du Maurier's reputation as a writer of uncommon merit.

It is entertaining to find, at the head of this family procession, the flashing and exuberantly amorous figure of Mrs. Clarke—Mary Anne Clarke of the army scandals of 1809, the grandmother of George du Maurier! This woman, great in the annals of prostitution, was the mistress of the Duke of York; and she was the origin, the instigator, of one of the most shocking cases in which a Royal Duke was ever involved. The Duke was the Commander-in-Chief of the army, and he awarded commissions or promotions to the nominees of Mrs. Clarke. The basis of these transactions, as far as the lady was concerned, was purely commercial, and she had a definite scale of the charges to be extorted from each applicant. After the case there was a compromise, and Mrs. Clarke and her daughter Ellen went to Paris. Then came the handsome, theatrical Louis-Mathurin du Maurier, who wanted to bite very large pieces out of a very material world; the father of Peter Ibbetson, for he became the husband of Ellen Clarke. Ellen, it seems, always believed that she was the daughter of the Duke of York; but her mother, when questioned, is alleged to have murmured in saucy vagueness: "So many people at Brighton . . . such a poor memory for faces!" The second half of the book is taken up with an account of the early life of George du Maurier—one who was to know all the good fortune and all the misery of being born an artist in a world of Philistines. In this account there are passages of a touching, decorous beauty (the scene at the death-bed of Louis-Mathurin, for example), and there is humour, and a great deal of remarkably fine drawing. Indeed, the whole book is eminently readable and enjoyable.

C. E. VULLIAMY

LORD BOTHWELL, by Robert Gore-Browne. *Collins*. 15s.

THE Earl of Bothwell has been much vilified since his death, but apparently never studied. This volume may be taken as the first serious attempt to understand him. Though occasionally exasperating in its tricks of presentation, it is of the utmost interest: first, because it makes Bothwell a credible character instead of a mere villain; secondly, because it construes the Casket Letters in a new way; and thirdly, because it strengthens considerably Major-General Mahon's contention that the tragedy of Kirk o' Field was due to a Catholic plot whose aim was to get rid of Mary Stuart, but which was thwarted at the last moment by a counter-plot led by the Douglasses. On all these subjects Mr. Gore-Browne writes with knowledge, or such knowledge as can be retrieved from the ecstasy of lying that they gave rise to, and he employs his knowledge with judgment and ingenuity. His reconstruction of the Kirk o' Field crime is particularly neat and takes account of all the facts or presumable facts, though it certainly depends on a coincidence, the fact that Bothwell appeared at one side of Kirk o' Field just when the Douglasses were waiting to murder Darnley at the other. Mr. Gore-Browne's theory is that Bothwell, unwilling to believe that the vaults of the house were mined to blow up the Queen, insisted on being shown them, and thereupon in a burst of anger fired the fuse to destroy Darnley himself, the head of the plot. Darnley, smelling the smoke, and knowing what it signified, rushed out into the garden in his night-dress and was there despatched by the Douglasses. This solution implies that Bothwell and Darnley's murderers were both in the house on different errands at the same time, without knowing of each other's presence. But it is clear in the other hand that Darnley was murdered in the garden, and that the explosion had nothing to do with his

death. Also the fuse, according to witnesses, burned for a quarter of an hour before it reached the powder. Thus there was time for the murder before the explosion. And if Bothwell actually fired the fuse, which seems to be established, that at least supplies him with an alibi, as Mr. Gore-Browne contends. Indeed he was less likely to be the murderer than anyone else, and less likely to know about the murder than anyone else.

As for Bothwell, Mr. Gore-Browne has surprisingly little difficulty in showing him to be an honest man than most of his contemporaries in Scotland. However, it could not have been difficult to be more virtuous than Moray, who betrayed his sister and took bribes from England, or than Maitland, who seemed to have a love of villainy for its own sake, or than Ruthven, who had to be helped from his sick-bed to commit murder. Bothwell never took a bribe from England, although he was always in need of money; he does not seem to have been cruel, as Moray certainly was, or treacherous like Maitland, or an unscrupulous liar like Buchanan. Yet simply because these men were on the Protestant side, they have come down through history, which has been largely Protestant history, as respectable figures. It seems that Bothwell was hated by them partly because of his honesty, partly because of his unique position, for he was a Protestant who remained faithful to his Queen and his country. Mr. Gore-Browne establishes Bothwell's honesty in a corrupt age; but he does not make him a significant historical figure. Bothwell was certainly an excellent man of action within limits, but in the actual technique of achieving power he remained an amateur. He belonged, as Mr. Gore-Browne says, to an earlier and simpler age. Even the part which he played in the affair of Kirk o' Field seems to have been characteristic of him: he made a noise off stage. He acted directly but missed the mark,

while the crookedness of Moray and Maitland hit it and changed Scottish history.

This biography is admirable so long as it sticks to its subject. Bothwell cannot be shown again as a stage villain. But it is a pity that Mr. Gore-Browne should interlard authentic conversations with such absurd directions as "Slender eyebrows forced themselves into severity," and "A sidelong glance flickered under heavy lids," and refer pathetically to "the little Queen" when the evidence goes to show that Mary was unusually tall. But these faults do not seriously invalidate the worth of this book, which gives the first trustworthy account of a famous figure. EDWIN MUIR

GREAT TRADE ROUTE, by Ford Madox Ford. Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

A SENTIMENTAL journey Mr. Ford calls this and he certainly belongs to that romantic and apostrophic school of writers who find "these things" ordered better in France. Not in northern France, not anywhere indeed north of Dijon, but in the south and in all those countries which lie within an oval traced through the sunlight from Peking, Samarkand, Constantinople, Provence—and the tip of Cornwall, for patriotism's sake—and back by way of Washington. And the rim of that oval is the Great Trade route from the East; all civilisation is within it, it is the reserve of the small producers, there are no factory chimneys (This is a gorgeous lie). And beyond the rim is all that is Nordic, mass produced, full of aggression and barbarity. We, the degraded who live in the north, are a destructive and acquisitive people who hate the good life perhaps because we do not see the sun often enough but certainly because our natural juices are impoverished and our minds insidiously poisoned by a diet of preserved vegetables and frozen meat.

Well, it is refreshing since the slump drove the virtues and vices of the

Mediterranean out of fashion with our writers, to come upon the genial and genuine article again. And it is only just to commend an author so devoted to the growing of fresh vegetables in small holdings, for being full of beans. Then there is the Sterne touch, with the difference that Mr. Ford is considerably more distracted by thoughts of his dinner than by glimpses of petticoat. Otherwise, he jumps about in time, geography and snatches of the French tongue, in the Sterne manner, except that he is too downright and effusive a fellow to attempt the lighter passages of innuendo. He skids rather than glides away, you hear him laughing rather too festively at jokes which are, alas, private; see him becoming rather too conscientiously oblique. So it is not Sterne after all, but something more brilliant, hard and vehement in its way of entertainment. You get used to him at last and when, after many false starts, he does finally get on his journey from France to the United States, from north to south and back to France by Malaga again—everyone so *gay* in Malaga before the Nordic barbarians began plotting—you begin to find he has good stories as well as hobby horses.

To say exactly what the book is about defeats me. It is about the modern (northern) world intent on mass destruction after mass production, the nasty draughts that blow into Geneva and the building contractor called Babel who was working on the League buildings. It is about Cardiff miners who come down to Cardiff to forget the Welsh hills, growing mustard and cress (as a nature cult rite) in a cracked tureen in New York, and a Dr. Barnes who said he would sooner burn his collection of pictures than let Mr. Ford see them. I hesitate to repeat it in a review, but One of the Great Names of France gave Mr. Ford tinned peas for lunch, and he did not get any sleep for two nights in Pennsylvania. Also the

hotel charged him for the use of an electric fan which blew the sheets off the bed. There is a good deal of history. Columbus appears as the harbinger of destruction; but against him there is the gorgeous, the truly civilized extravagance of Jefferson. Climate is all. In the places where men slacken off life is worth living and once he gets down to Washington he begins to feel alive again. There was the trial of Hauptmann to make him angry—and he is good when he is angry. It was like a bull-fight. There was a ferocious determination in everyone present to put Hauptmann to death. It was a kind of treason to suggest he was innocent or that political careers as well as a man's life were at stake. But the real theme of Mr. Ford is the plight of the modern world in face of the threat of international civil wars.

"Now every individual of those crowds is not by nature a Sadist religious lunatic. It is crowd suggestion that makes them so—and the larger the crowd the more impetuously does the suggestion run through them—till every individual becomes a Sadist religious lunatic.

What, then, is the obvious cure?

The cure is to reduce your crowds and stop the suggestion being injected into those reduced crowds. . . .

To-day the whole world talks of nothing else but setting up everyone else but their own class up against walls."

And so he goes back to Provence to plant his peas. By September 13th, he notes, if the war comes, he will be self-supporting. The green shoots will be above the soil. "There is no greater joy. Money for nothing. Think about it, Nordics."

He got the land and the house free, I suppose. Some enlightened southern peasant just gave it him, eh? What Mr. Ford has really demonstrated is that artists are the irrepressible outcasts from society. V. S. PRITCHETT

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SOCIALISM, by John Strachey. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.
FORWARD FROM LIBERALISM, by Stephen Spender. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

IN *The Nature of Capitalist Crisis*, Mr. Strachey wrote the first intelligible and comprehensive account of the world of frustration in which we live. The economists were suitably shocked. But they could not parry his challenge. Here he necessarily goes over some of the same ground. He is looking through the other end of the telescope, however, and is therefore at pains to answer the questions which many of us—who accept *on the plane of thought* his critique of capitalism—are eager to put to the hot-gospellers of the Left. Part I, "The Economic System," does not come up to the level of the earlier book, and his re-statement of Marxism—"The Science of Social Change"—in the fourth and final section may be thought a shade too deferential. But throughout the book the argument is admirably lucid and the prose a model of incisiveness. What makes Mr. Strachey the foremost exponent of Socialism writing in English is surely his continual awareness that the majority of his readers are still in the outer darkness and do not know their Marx. Consequently he goes to immense trouble to define his terms. Socialism is

"a system of planned production for use in which the products are distributed in accordance with the quantity and quality of the work done."

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who sought to kid us that Socialism meant equality of income, comes in for a severe trouncing. Communism, on the other hand, signifies

"a social system which is also based on planned production for use, but in which the products are distributed according to need, and work is done according to ability."

If, indeed, people only appreciated the distinction established here between "the

working class" and "the Rest" Mr. Strachey and his friends would not so frequently be preaching to deaf ears.

The author makes a bull point, in my judgment, when he frankly recognizes that for a particular historical period, when the need of mankind was to open up the untapped resources of the globe, capitalism was a huge success. As a technique, it has outlived its usefulness: hence the general revolt against "poverty in plenty." But it is only now, in this day and age, when the increasing *disproportion* between the available means of production and the available purchasing power is plain for all the world to see, that mental projection of an alternative social system has come to have meaning for the ordinary man.

"The whole fatal dichotomy of modern society" originates really at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The division of owners and earners, however only became clear after the eighteenth century when the self-appointed owners of the means of production discovered and exploited the wonders of science. It is useful to have this delineation of the working class, to which you and I belong, as a historical product. The capitalist society, naturally, evolves a self-acting mechanism of regulation—profitability. Today it is "seized," and any so-called planning under capitalism is not going to help. Such measures, as Mr. Strachey observes, are nothing better than "a sort of economic contraception."

There must be a substitute mechanism of regulation, and it can only be "the deliberate decisions of some central body as to what goods and how many of each of them shall be produced." The thing is seen in operation in Soviet Russia. But it was also demonstrated, inadvertently, by the body appointed by the U.S.A. Government to make a survey of Potential Product Capacity. The U.S.S.R. furnishes an object-lesson, too, in the type of democratic structure

appropriate to a Socialist economic system. That, in Mr. Strachey's view, our Parliamentary system does not deserve the name of democracy goes without saying. Its origin in property franchise, now conveniently forgotten, of course, gives the whole game away.

Mr. Stephen Spender, apparently, has only just discovered this. His portrait in a mirror of the Liberal born out of time is rather a flaccid affair. By virtue of his preternatural background of liberalism and his rebellion against it which has found expression in poetry, he is quite untypical; and therefore one cannot quite understand why he should want to undress, mentally, in the full light of the public gaze. He would have us accompany him along the road to communism. But it would be a good idea if he first mastered the elements of socialism so cogently portrayed by John Strachey.

W. HORSFALL CARTER

LETTERS OF FANNY BRAWNE TO FANNY KEATS. Edited by Fred Edgumbe. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

LETTERS OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Edited by G. E. and E. L. Griggs. Oxford University Press. 15s.

OUR crackling age of machinery, having provided itself with miraculous means of communicating with its contemporaries all the world over, has lost touch with the only sure means of communicating with posterity. The art of letter-writing has been killed by the telephone and the wireless. This platitudinous reflection is emphasized by the discovery of the letters of Fanny Brawne and Hartley Coleridge, now after an interval of a hundred years first given to the world under the charge of efficient and sympathetic editors, who are able to claim, not without justice, that in both cases a new and revealing searchlight is turned upon the well-remembered and

often misjudged characters of their writers. It is safe to say that, "whatever record leap to light," a hundred years on, no popular writer of today will be found to have left such a fund of self-revelation to confound the critics; for an honest and intimate letter, written in the flush of emotion, tells more than a chapter of autobiography, "remembered in tranquillity." It is the sentiment of the moment that lets loose the secrets of the heart.

Fanny Brawne's letters to Fanny Keats make up a modest sheaf; only about thirty in all, and none of them very long; but they thrill like harp-strings, and leave a tender, haunting music in the memory. When Keats set out on his last journey to Rome, he begged his sweetheart to keep his little sister closely acquainted with all news of him, and it thus became Fanny Brawne's painful task to convey to the younger Fanny the story of her brother's last illness and death. Fanny Brawne carried on the correspondence intermittently for another three years; and the packet of letters, after many travels and vicissitudes, is now safely stored in the Keats Memorial House at Hampstead, whose Curator, Mr. Fred Edgumbe, has prepared them for press, with an efficient and illuminating apparatus of notes and commentary.

There is no disputing the claim that these letters, natural, unsophisticated, and intimate, show up Fanny Brawne in a fresh and very attractive light. Addressed from one woman's heart to another's, they are naturally innocent of those airs and coquetties which have given Fanny Brawne the reputation of a minx, but which may well have been little more than protective armoury in the duel of sex. At any rate, in her confidences with her lover's girlish sister, the capricious mistress is transformed into a practical, sensible, and sensitive woman, cultured in taste, well-versed in feminine interests of books and plays,

dress and pet-birds, and, what is much more to the point, wrung with grief at the loss of her lover, and profoundly stirred by every fond remembrance of him. No one reading these letters can doubt that Fanny Brawne was really in love with John Keats; and to know that is to forgive all.

The letters of Hartley Coleridge are a larger affair altogether, and the task of editing them has implied a much greater labour. They fill a closely packed volume, bubble with names and references demanding explanation, and had moreover to be collected from various and scattered sources. Their revelation also is of a very different order. Fanny Brawne reveals herself, sub-consciously and by implication, but Hartley Coleridge inherited from his father a positive passion for the confessional, and cleared his conscience by emptying his heart to his correspondents. Coleridge's faithful biographer, Dykes Campbell, sums Hartley up in a phrase as "a gentle, simple, humble-minded man, whose life was marred and broken by intemperance"; his present editors complete the picture by calling him "a misfit, a dreamer set in a world of reality," whose "personality is delightful, as it emerges from the chronicle of comedy and tragedy which gradually dethroned him from a position of honour and security to one of wandering and dependence."

It is a melancholy story; but, as it takes shape in the fabric of Hartley's voluminous correspondence, it is redeemed and humanized by his abundant fund of good humour, by the patience with which he recovers from his manifold shortcomings, and by his companionable sympathy with the many friends whose interests rival his own for possession of his heart of hearts. Such is the perfection of intimate correspondence, a memorial more lasting than all the acclamation of contemporary criticism.

ARTHUR WAUGH

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, by John Milton Baker. *Allen & Unwin*. 8s. 6d.

If some men are born great, some achieve greatness from the men they know. Such was Henry Crabb Robinson, who, born in the same year as Jane Austen and Charles Lamb, lived on until ninety-two into the year of Arnold Bennett's birth. For all his adult years he had an intense interest in other people: "I am in the habit of talking with people about their own affairs," he notes after an account of a chance travelling companion. For half a century he knew all the leading figures: Goethe welcomed him ("Mr. Robinson, you have been, as I hear, a long time in our neighbourhood and never once paid me a visit"); Madame de Staël seems genuinely to have enjoyed his company; Wordsworth was his intimate, and so was Coleridge; the Lambs were his constant friends. Crabb Robinson not only knew—he recorded. If taking pains be a part of genius, then that part Crabb Robinson possessed. His journals, letters, and reminiscences fill numerous volumes, and fortunately they are preserved in Dr. Williams's Library in Gordon Square. "If you were to print all that you find," he wrote to his executors, "you would show great want of judgment; and I should think the same of you if you came to the conclusion that there is nothing worth preserving."

Early interest in Crabb Robinson came inevitably from the great ones he had known. Mr. Baker's purpose, as I see it, is to give a separate portrait of Crabb Robinson for his own sake. He would remove the innumerable 'Johnsons' who obscure this patient if somewhat pedestrian Boswell. The notion was admirable. Crabb Robinson had a full life; he was the first foreign correspondent of *The Times*, and for a short time its editor; he was a barrister of competence; he took an active part in the development of the University of London, and, as Bagehot has shown, he was an example

of that unhappily lost entity the "character," individual, distinctive, and, in old age, odd without being eccentric. Unfortunately, Mr. Baker's purpose has not been fulfilled, for his work belongs to that strange, pathological and foetal type known as "thesis." It lacks perspective, balance, and proportion. True, Mr. Baker has found new material, and has studied Crabb Robinson's own published works, but his volume leaves us with no firm impression of the man. Partly Mr. Baker's limitations may arise from modesty. In 1935 Miss Edith Morley, after a number of learned, preliminary studies, published a delightful volume entitled *The Life and Times of H. Crabb Robinson*. Mr. Baker seems most anxious to avoid dealing with the matters which Miss Morley explored, but inevitably Miss Morley dealt with all the most entertaining incidents. It is as if I were to write a life of Lloyd George and say that I would pass over the War as Mr. Lloyd George had said enough about that himself.

Crabb Robinson's published work, though it appears bulky after Mr. Baker's researches, is not of any marked quality. Even his contributions on Goethe are notable only as pioneering, and though he wrote about Kant, his understanding of metaphysics or of any type of abstract thought was negligible. His own judgment was perhaps severe but just in the main:

It was the failure of my attempt to gain distinction by writing that made me willing to devote myself honestly to the law, and so saved me the mortification that follows a *little* literary success by which many men of inferior faculties like myself, have been betrayed into an unwise adoption of literature as a profession.

If only every aspirant to letters had followed such an honest course, how unencumbered our literature would be!

Crabb Robinson endures only as a sociable personality who had talent and character enough to make him a com-

panion and not a mere "hanger-on" of the men he admired. This human side Mr. Baker never fully discovers. In his concluding paragraph he calls in Rousseau, Johnson, Goethe and Emerson as comparisons to make his final estimate. Bagehot's picture, though touched with caricature, of an aged man full of fun, movement, and good sense, entertaining undergraduates to breakfast out of an unfilled teapot, is nearer the truth, though of course not the whole truth.

B. IFOR EVANS

LIFE IN A NOBLE HOUSEHOLD, by Gladys Scott Thomson. *Cape*. 12s. 6d.

THIS book sets an example—and a standard—which should be followed. It heralds the death, one hopes, of those vague "social histories" which, sprawling untidily over long periods of years, manage to impart the picture of a period which would do no discredit to a costume film scenario. Miss Scott Thomson limits herself in a lengthy book to the lifetime of a single family—from 1641 to 1700—and examines the background of its existence in scholarly detail. The family is that of the fifth Earl of Bedford, and the book is based upon his household papers—account books, bills and letters.

Every facet of life is dealt with—residence in the country at Woburn and in London at Bedford House in the Strand; travel, sickness, dress; the kitchen, the stables, the wine-cellar, the picture-gallery, the gardens. Entries from the account books reveal not only the change in prices but the change in fashions; and the background of great events throws everything into sharper relief. (How appropriate, for example, that champagne should come in with the Restoration!)

The years from the death of his father in 1641 till 1658, the Earl spent quietly, extricating himself from debt and superintending the family estates.

But at the return of the King, he spent liberally as befitted his station on taking his proper place in the Coronation procession—over £500 on his own clothes and nearly £1,000 on his servants' and his equipage. Unfortunately the *pièce de résistance* was lacking. He had ordered from Paris a new and splendid coach with the latest modern fad of glass windows; it cost him £170; but, to his annoyance, it was held up at the Customs till after the Coronation.

After the Restoration the Bedford estates expanded, for they were the Earl's real love and on them he spent time and care which merited a return; but, fascinating as Miss Scott Thomson makes the story, it is impossible in a short review to expatiate on the process. There are, however, revealing sidelights, which may be quoted.

There is the matter, for instance, of the Earl's library. In 1700, he owned in all less than three hundred printed books, and of these he was left at least forty by his father. Among them was no dramatist and no poet, no book, among those being published at the time, on philosophy, mathematics or architecture. There was a goodly sprinkling of Richard Baxter (though not, oddly enough, the *Saints' Everlasting Rest*) and the works of a popular Presbyterian writer.

But to match this Puritanic restraint in one matter, it must be mentioned that in another—his wine-cellar—his taste was by no means ascetic.

And he did not forget his charitable duties. Every few months he instructed his gentleman of the privy purse to give money for the prisoners in London and Bedford gaols. Also he was interested in the conversion of the Jews and subscribed ten shillings for the support of one who had seen the light.

Life in a Noble Household is a book which every historian will, in any case, get and which others should not miss.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

ENGLISH VILLAGE HOMES, by Sydney R. Jones. *Batsford*. 7s. 6d.

THE OLD TOWNS OF ENGLAND, by Clive Rouse. *Batsford*. 7s. 6d.

ENGLAND'S CHARACTER, by S. P. B. Mais. *Hutchinson*. 7s. 6d.

It seems to be almost a form of wish-fulfilment that has inspired the production of the first two books under review. Here is the England of our dreams, the halt of time, the elimination of the jerry-built. Here are ducking stools and tilting yards, wattle and daub, Flemish plaster work, Moot Halls and packhorse bridges. A veritable Korda close-up. No one could wish to belittle the efforts of Messrs. Jones and Rouse, who conduct us pleasantly through towns and villages with historical gossip and literary quips; still less to underrate the beauty of the accompanying photographs. It is just that the mind rebels at being hypnotised into believing that this is the England that we recognise today.

For this reason I prefer Mr. Mais's straightforward narrative of journeys up and down the country by train, motor coach and private car. Mr. Mais is not afraid to look his England in the face, warts and all, and for this we are grateful. He chats with all and sundry, has some pleasant things to say about village cricket and a day with the beagles and, while on the roads, manfully tackles successive meals of eggs and tea—all that our wayside "cafés" can offer to sustain the robust appetite of England's coaching public. Mr. Mais might have satisfied us better had he not been quite so easily pleased; had he occasionally, for example, cried his wrongs to heaven, battered on the faces of self-satisfied hotel-keepers and viciously dealt with the sulky fires of station waiting-rooms. But, as Mr. Mais might reasonably answer, that is not England's Character.

M. M.

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The Porch tells the story of two ambitious youths, one already a poet and the other anxious to become a doctor, who struggle to escape from the secure blind alley of Custom House clerkship by secretly studying for Matriculation. Mouncer, strangely gifted product of the slums, is doomed from the start by tuberculosis to lose his tense battle. He and his friend John Quickshott, less magically endowed yet remarkable for the sensitive maturity given him at eighteen by early experience of loneliness and loss, both fall in love with Dorothy Sinnier, a farmer's daughter from Devonshire who is also destined for the Service. I found Dorothy's love for Mouncer, diseased and bitterly heroic in his vain struggle against insuperable handicaps, the only unconvincing part of the story. It is otherwise a beautiful, sensitive revelation of the struggles, woes, generousities and spiritual victories which dignify and enhance those insignificant human atoms who hurry to their mechanical occupations in the London "rush hour." Mr. Church writes in tender half-tones, illustrated by his own phrase "the amber twilight of memory." His narrative is embellished with delicate jewelled sentences which catch the eye like the flash of diamonds in pale urban sunshine.

He is equally happy in describing the streets of the City, the suburban

serenity of Denmark Hill or the summer light upon the Thames, "edging everything with a passionate hardness, so that the warehouses, factories, church spires and vessels on the stream shone as clear and immortal as though they were reduced once more through the filtration of two centuries and set on a canvas by Canaletto."

It is a violent contrast to turn to Miss Storm Jameson. It is also a relief, for the quiet sustained balance of Mr. Church's art occasionally makes the reader long to see him succumb to spasmodic passion or tumble into irrational prejudice. *Delicate Monster* is not one of Miss Jameson's more ambitious books, but in its own category of long-short story it is a miniature masterpiece written with uncompromising indignation—and nobody can be more indignant than Miss Jameson when she lets herself go.

A woman novelist, Fanny, relates the history from childhood to middle age of her spectacular friend and enemy Victoria, a self-dramatising, lavishly promiscuous actress whose mother is the village dressmaker at Fanny's birthplace. Although Victoria's "conquests" include Fanny's own weakling husband, the early association between the two women triumphs over their fundamental incompatibility, and the paroxysm of laughter which restores them to each other after years of strain is one of the best incidents in a flawless little book. While telling her tale, Fanny produces unflattering opinions—likely to be particularly congenial to publishers, editors and literary agents—of authors and especially of novelists. She also subconsciously reveals her own embittered, critical, grudging disposition, as well as its conscientious reliability which offers a secure refuge to Victoria's normal, unambitious young daughter and her commonplace but adored husband.

This brilliant and merciless little study is presented in a tense, economical style,

ruthlessly shorn of every superfluity, which puts the sprawling verbosity of less scrupulous writers to shame.

No Escape is a first novel by another poet, strange and elusive. The preoccupation of both authors with contemporary poetry perhaps explains a certain family likeness between this book and *The Porch*, though Mr. Swingler is not yet comparable to Mr. Church in maturity of outlook or strength of design. The sudden introduction of the War into the final pages confuses the pattern; a challenging political problem does not fit the preliminary representation of sombre, sequestered lives. Nevertheless, Mr. Swingler has a power of creating atmosphere which raises his novel above the average. He succeeds in giving credibility to super-sensitive characters and over-significant incidents, and his flexible, distinguished prose makes him a novelist to be watched with attention.

VERA BRITAIN

THE GREAT AND THE GOODS, by Ivor Brown. *Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.*

THE VIRGIN KING, by Francis Watson. *Appleton Century. 7s. 6d.*

SATIRE is tempting and difficult, a snare for the unwary. Nearly everyone sometime or other feels an urge to express himself satirically, since no one is without dislikes. Even President Coolidge, according to his Autobiography, introduced a note of satire into a speech he made as an undergraduate. The speech did not go down well, and he took a resolution never to be satirical again. This resolution he kept, becoming in due course President of the United States.

Of the many who attempt satire, few succeed at it. How many have unproductively gnashed their teeth to one Swift! To succeed, satire must be comprehensive. There's a great diffi-

culty, since most of us make reservations in our indictment of Man and his activities. We laugh, say, at the *Daily Express*, but are solemn about *The Times*; we see the joke, say, of the Four-Square Gospel Mission, but not of the Archbishop of Canterbury; Rotary we easily mock, but a five-pound note has our awed respect. These reservations are fatal. The satirist must, as Flaubert brutally put it, want to drown all humanity in his vomit.

Mr. Ivor Brown is an incomplete satirist. In *The Great and the Goods* he makes excellent fun of a certain kind of graft. There is Mr. Edgar Strongith-arm Chirrup with his Technique of Triumphant Living, and his institution for enabling ambitious clergymen to become bishops, ignoramuses to become dramatic critics, Cabinet Ministers who have lost their seats to become mighty in the City. A great variety of pretentious log-rolling and rascality is amusingly exposed. Yet the doubt remains—supposing C. P. Chirrup, high-minded editor of a high-minded daily newspaper; supposing Noel Chirrup, author of *Cavalcade*; supposing Sir J. M. Chirrup, O.M., and the Rev. "Dick" Chirrup, and Professor Gilbert Chirrup. How would Mr. Brown react to these Chirrups?

The Virgin King is a satirical novel of the surrabelaisian school. It is about the son of a business peer who becomes Leader-King in a Central European State. His followers wear yellow shirts, despite which there is a praiseworthy absence of idealizing, of dividing Fascist sheep from Communist goats or *vice versa*. Mr. Watson is erudite and amusing, and sometimes profound. His most entertaining character is Major Pike, a Court tailor with a weakness for drink. Florian, the Wandering Ancient, is rather a bore, and Paula deserves to wait in vain for King Stephen between her black sheets; but Major Pike is always delightful.

M. MUGGERIDGE

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Paul Scheffer wrote his article on the Moscow trial just before leaving Berlin to take up a new post as his paper's American correspondent. Till then he had been the *Berliner Tageblatt's* Editor-in-Chief, a difficult task for any journalist in the era of Dr. Goebbels, and by no means so congenial, one imagines, as the years he spent in Russia. So faithful and realistic was he in recording the doings and motives of the Soviets that he was eventually asked to leave the country. He brought back the reputation of being a most penetrating critic of the Soviet regime, and his impressions are to be found in his book *Seven Years in Soviet Russia*.

A year ago it was the common dictum about the Presidential election that Roosevelt was heading for defeat. Writing in these pages last June **H. B. Elliston** foretold that he would reassert his supremacy. He has indeed; and in the space of less than a month he has launched three bold and vast conceptions—the flood control scheme, the Supreme Court reform, and the great constitutional change which is Mr. Elliston's theme. The author, though first of all a financial journalist—he is Financial Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*—is in close touch with Washington.

Dr. Robert William Seton-Watson, who is a foremost authority on the Balkans and Central Europe, last wrote for the FORTNIGHTLY on the occasion of Germany's repudiation of Locarno.

It is a far cry to the days when **Sir William Beach Thomas** was a war correspondent and one of Northcliffe's men on the *Daily Mail*, and now his ripper years are spent in writing articles

and books, of unvarying charm and intimate knowledge, about the countryside. His work appears mostly in the *Spectator* and the *Observer*.

Dr. George Frederick McCleary was, until 1933, Deputy Senior Medical Officer at the Ministry of Health. His interest in what has become a most serious problem of the day is shown by the publication of *The Menace of British Depopulation*, due to appear this month.

Hamilton Fyfe is too familiar a Fleet Street name to require any words of introduction, and **Raymond Jackson** is an unprofessional observer of politics in the Balkan countries, where in yearly visits he maintains contacts with officials and politicians.

Of **D. Graham Hutton**, a newcomer to our pages, who examines recent developments in international trade in the light of free trade orthodoxy, it is pertinent to mention that he has been for some years Assistant Editor of *The Economist*. He is a former lecturer at the London School of Economics. Mr. Graham Hutton's study of British policy since 1918 *Is it Peace?* was recently published by Duckworths.

Kenneth Williams specializes on the Near East and edits *Great Britain and the East*.

Caradoc Evans' role as the candid friend of his people recently led him into a brush with the B.B.C., who apparently found his manuscript of a broadcast talk too pungent for Welsh listeners.

No name among motoring journalists is better known than that of **John Prioleau**, who has been writing on the subject from very early years. One of his many books, *The Motorists' Companion*, has just been published.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

APRIL, 1937

A CERTAIN MODERATION

BY J. A. SPENDER

TO commend moderation in these days is to write oneself down an incurable antique. Youth has no use for moderation; it is all or nothing for our advanced young men. Not for them the golden mean so foolishly belauded by the Greeks. *Mediocritas* is mediocrity, and that is all there is to it.

There is a certain confusion here between thought and action. The thinker may, indeed must, go the whole way with his thought; he can shock or scare, wander at large in the free world of his imagination, and be hailed as seer and prophet. Now and again "the live coal behind the thought bursts into flame" and "the war of tongue and pen learns with what deadly import it was fraught." Or it suddenly becomes dynamite and blasts away obstructions that have defeated the pick and shovel of the patient worker. But these have been very rare incidents in the history of the world. As a rule the minor prophets, who are the great majority, can go all lengths and do no more than provide a benevolent corrective to conventional thought. If they are in advance of their times, that is their *métier*.

But these, being of a literary disposition, generally keep within their territory—the territory in which opposition can be removed with a wave of the pen and the perfect state inaugurated with a blare of assenting trumpets. Thus conducted, the criticism of practical politics from the point of view of the higher thought is an excellent thing, and the more we have of it the better. But if the higher thinker descends into the arena and puts a veto on the give and take, the compromises, the adjustments to opposing facts, the consideration for minorities, which must be practised by politicians who desire peaceful government,

he very soon becomes a public nuisance. All my life I have delighted in the brilliant raillery which Shaw and Wells have brought to bear on practical politics, while feeling warmly grateful to them for keeping out of the actual business of governing or trying to govern the country. Their relations with me and the likes of me who are engaged in the humdrum business of practical politics are just what they ought to be. They think me a very dull dog ; I am grateful to them for any crumbs that fall from their table which I can use in my plain cookery. The last thing I desire is to moderate their thoughts, but I have to remember that there is a difference between the things which they can say and I can say. Shaw can say that Mrs. Simpson is a suitable match for King Edward and be thought very bright and clever, but if I say it, who am supposed to know something about the practical conditions of the constitutional monarchy, I shall be thought rather absurd.

I

If anything has been brought home to the watcher on the political scene since the beginning of the century, it is that a certain moderation in the sphere of practical politics is the condition of keeping liberty and democracy alive. Parliament, through which alone democracy functions, is the instrument of suasion and reason. It rests ultimately on the willingness of minorities to submit for the term of the Parliament while they endeavour to persuade the electors to return them to power in the next Parliament. It is, and must be, persuasion all the way ; the moment a party dreams of using force against its opponents it throws a challenge to the entire system. We learnt that earlier than most people over the Ulster business in 1913 and 1914, when what would now be called a Fascist movement all but landed us in civil war. That experience so burnt into the memory of the British people that it has, I believe, greatly helped to save them from toying with any similar experiments in the years after the War. It was an inoculation which has so far rendered them comparatively immune from Fascism, Nazism and Sovietism.

We learnt also in those years that blind reliance on the sovereignty of Parliament would not save us if we passed the

boundary between the things that can and the things that cannot be settled by argument and reason. To keep within this boundary is undoubtedly a delicate and difficult art, but it is the whole art of parliamentary government, and those who fail in it pass rapidly to dictatorship, however much they may profess to respect liberty. There are certain spheres in which the parliamentary writ will not run. It is generally powerless against raging nationalist passions and deeply felt religious convictions ; it cannot make revolutionary upheavals in the customary life of family and property ; the inevitability of gradualness is its first law. At each step minorities have to be persuaded to submit and wait. If the state of Denmark has become too rotten, or its controversies are too fierce for this treatment, it will not be mended by Parliament ; it will fall into the hands of absolutists and terrorists who will extinguish its liberties.

II

At the back of all democratic theory is one fundamental assumption—that government is an art and not a science, an art of infinite variety and fallibility going forward by trial and error to conclusions which are never concluded and can only be dimly apprehended by the living generation. If we depart from this and begin to think of government as a science, of which the laws have been discovered by experts or revealed to prophets—a science directed to the building of a society of which they have the perfect plan—we have turned our faces away from democracy and are on the high road to dictatorship. If there is such a science and its laws have been discovered, it is absurd that they should be debated by inexpert parliamentarians. If there is such a society, it is criminal to permit it to be thwarted by a selfish or ignorant minority. The Stalins, Hitlers and Mussolinis who are in possession of this science do not argue with us, they tell us, and necessarily and rightly from their point of view. Dissent from them is not a difference of opinion : it is heresy, wickedness, malevolence, which must be stamped out.

I frankly own to a strong prejudice against men of science who bring ideas from their laboratories into politics. They take a cool interest in experiments on humanity which I think

horrible. Their ideas are those of theologians turned upside down ; they are as certain that they hold the keys to the terrestrial heaven or hell fore-ordained for humanity as the Church was that it controlled the gates of the celestial heaven or hell. This certitude about the uncertain and the unknowable has the same effect in both spheres. The modern dictators behave exactly like the medieval Popes, employing their secret police, as the Church did the Holy Inquisition, to scent out heretics and deliver them over to the scaffold and the stake. I have taken some pains in recent years to follow the disputes between different schools of revolutionaries, and have been struck by the atmosphere of medieval ecclesiasticism which pervades them. Each is persuaded that something called the truth has been revealed exclusively to itself ; none of them can bear that the shade of a shadow of doubt should be cast on their interpretations ; they are as merciless to those who stray an inch from the path, which they think to be the one and only right one, as to the heathen who dwell in the outer darkness of capitalism. Stalin treats the Trotskyists as Calvin treated Servetus. The claim to infallibility is even a little more drastic in the political than in the ecclesiastical sphere, since the infallible Church could afford to let you go your own way when you had made submission to it, whereas the infallible dictator claims your allegiance in the whole of your activities.

History is full of warning that there is no ferocity comparable to that of the dogmatist let loose upon his fellow beings. He kills without scruple and seems to revel in practising what other people call "atrocities" upon those who oppose him. The most hard-bitten militarist would shrink in war from the wholesale slaughter which the Bolshevik inflicts upon the kulaks in his determination to "collectivize" them, or which marks the progress of Fascist, anarchist, and syndicalist in their conflicts in Spain. The most violent of professional criminals would think himself disgraced if he were convicted of the disgusting Sadism which the German race-theorist practises upon the Jews. There is nothing in the world of military conflict to compare with the remorseless passions of the intellect and the tigerish zeal with which it will both inflict and court death when on the war-path.

III

The idea of politics as a science and the corresponding belief that human life can be laid out with the exactitude and precision of engineers and quantity-surveyors planning a railway or a reservoir, find their most benevolent expression in the Webbs' book on Soviet Russia, and it is interesting to see where they lead. Where, asked the Webbs of their Russian friends, may freedom of discussion be permitted in a State organized on this assumption ? The answer was, not at all among the "mass of unthinking men," and only up to a certain point among "intellectual colleagues and equals." These may debate among themselves and even be allowed to express their opinions in the form of "proceedings" or "transactions" of a learned society, provided they are not circulated to the vulgar or expressed in language which the vulgar will understand. But when once a decision is arrived at, even this discussion must cease.

It is held that the success of the enterprise will be jeopardized, and may easily be brought to naught, if all those concerned in the work from the manual labourers and the skilled mechanics, the foremen and the assistant managers, up to the highest technicians and the director himself, do not wholeheartedly co-operate with complete assurance and entire devotion in the execution of the particular plan that has been decided upon. Whilst the work is in progress, any public expression of doubt, or even of fear that the plan will not be successful, is an act of disloyalty, and even of treachery, because of its possible effect on the wills and on the efforts of the rest of the staff. A grumbling sceptic or public "grouser," however able and conscientious he may be, may by his creation of a "defeatist" atmosphere, actually bring about the fulfilment of his own prophecies of failure. . . . In any corporate action, a loyal unity of thought is so important that, if anything is to be achieved, public discussion must be suspended between the promulgation of the decision and the accomplishment of the task.—(*Soviet Communism*, II, 1038-9.)

So exactly did the infallible Church proceed in promulgating its doctrines. The dogmatic experts assembled in Ecumenical Council might speak freely among themselves up to the point when the decision was taken, but after that the dissentient must submit, or ever after be silent. No shadow of doubt must be thrown upon infallibility lest the multitude should be shaken in the faith. The analogy is curiously exact even on small points. The "transactions" of the experts in the political community are to be circulated only to the few, and to be in scientific language

which the vulgar will not understand. Latin served the same purpose in the ecclesiastical community.

But in neither the one sphere nor the other was this, or could it be, the end of the matter. The dissentients, being wilful men, were perhaps not silent, or if they were, the ruling infallible feared that they might not be. He had them followed up with his spies and informers, and presently had evidence that they were conspiring against him and his Church or State. Then he "purged" them, or brought them to trial in his own court according to his own rules, and presently had them making abject confessions on which he shot them or sent them to the stake. These are mediæval memories in the case of the Church, but they are modern instances in the case of the totalitarian States. In pursuance of the method described by the Webbs—the method which regards criticism or opposition as "defeatism"—the Communist experts have slaughtered each other so ruthlessly in Russia that very few of the Old Guard survive. In Germany the would-be critic walks in memory of the purge of June 30th, 1934, and in Italy of other red-letter days.

IV

Every country, it has been said, deserves the Government that it has, and it may be that the subjects of the totalitarian States have both deserved and will profit by the discipline imposed on them by their dictators. History will judge. But let us in the meantime be clear that if any party believes government to be a science of which it possesses the secret it is set on the road which these countries have followed. On that hypothesis opposition is treason, and the despotism of experts is the scientific way of life to which we must submit in mind, body, and estate. Plato may be quoted for that idea, but he presumed the existence of a highly trained and deeply bred caste of supermen, whose superiority would be so evident to their fellow-beings that the latter would gladly give over to them the difficult business of government, and remain cheerfully within the stations and pursue the occupations to which they were born and bred. And Plato, in the end, said that this pattern was more likely to be laid up in heaven than realized upon earth. Upon earth it leads to obscurantism and terrorism; the obscurantism which forbids

thinking to the mass of men and women; the terrorism which compels their submission to a few self-appointed rulers. It means also in practice that the mass, being precluded from thinking, must be kept in a perpetual state of ferment by propaganda, which more and more tends to take blatant and militarist forms.

In this way millions of young people have been swept off their feet in Russia, Germany, and Italy. It is difficult to believe that this phase can last. A few nations seem to take a mystical pleasure in bowing low before monarch or dictator, but for the majority of reasonably educated people, this is a passing phase of disillusion or despondency. It may be great arrogance to say so, but I cannot think of myself making the submissions required by the dictators without a total loss of self-respect. Is it possible that those crowds photographed with outstretched arms and rapt faces as they listen to Hitler or Mussolini could be composed of Englishmen? Could the average kindly, tolerant English yield to this intoxication? Can you see them shouting with the Moscow crowd when Stalin puts his enemies against the wall, returning thanks for Hitler's "purge," joining in the Jew-hunt, taking their daily dope from the censored press, reduced to whispers when politics are mentioned, picking their way between the traps laid by spies and informers, disbanding their trade unions, accepting any wages or conditions that authority prescribes for them and going obediently to labour camps, if it so determines?

I like to think it impossible, and I do not believe that either Fascism or Communism would take exactly these forms if it got established in England, but Englishmen, too, need to be on their guard against the fanaticism which has ruined politics and extinguished freedom in so many countries. If eternal vigilance is, as Burke said, the price of liberty, a certain moderation is its essential condition. Parliamentarians must equally forswear revolution and counter-revolution and be content with the changes that can be grafted on to the existing parent stems. Those spread over a period of time may be so radical as completely to alter the character of the tree and its fruit, but those who want a new tree by the middle of next week must not talk about liberty or democracy or pretend to be Parliamentarians. They must be ready to stamp out opposition and kill their opponents.

V

Our advanced thinkers, then, must make up their minds, when they profess their adhesion to liberty and democracy, whether they are ready to conform to the rules by which alone liberty and democracy can be maintained. The first of these is that political differences must be kept within the boundaries of argument and reason. These are all the time shifting boundaries, but to determine them at any given moment is the test of what may be called the Parliamentary sense. The British people, so far, have seemed to possess this sense to a higher degree than any other. It is part of the general moderation, good humour, and kindness of their national character.

This by no means precludes radical politics, but it does preclude revolutionary politics. Parliament cannot be made the instrument of a revolution. Our left-wing theorists seem unable to understand this simple proposition. They imagine that they have the benefit of both worlds: the world of liberty and democracy and the world in which the class that they favour holds in submission the class or classes that they consider the enemy. This is a delusion. Waged by whatever class, the class-war is fatal to liberty and democracy, and in Western countries is almost certain to end in a Fascist dictatorship. By pursuing radical politics within Parliamentary boundaries the British people have won a standard of life, which, however low it may be in comparison with hopes and ideals, is at least in advance of that enjoyed by any other European country. At the same time they have preserved liberties, the value of which is being daily brought home to them by the practice of the States in which they have been extinguished.

I believe freedom from arbitrary arrest and forced labour, liberty of thought and expression to be ingredients of civilization for which there is no compensation in any material prosperity or mechanical efficiency. It may be that the European dictators are right in thinking that the peoples who accept, or upon whom they have imposed, their rule have not reached the stage at which they can safely be entrusted with this liberty. Herein they throw a challenge to democracy which it must take seriously. A minimum of competence in the art of administration is the first condition of any system whatsoever. Men and women will rush to any shelter if they are threatened with disorder. If

we look to the States in which Parliaments have been superseded by dictatorships we find that, generally speaking, they are States in which democratic Governments have failed to solve elementary problems of law and order. And the reason why they have failed to solve them is, again generally speaking, because the left-wing parties scoff at moderation in dealing with opponents and refuse even to sink their differences with one another in the interests of this minimum of administrative good government.

Socialists, Communists, Syndicalists, Anarchists, wage an incessant war with each other about their theories and continue to wage it in the unsuitable arena of public administration. A very small infusion of Marxian theory in the British Labour Party was sufficient to prevent the co-operation with Liberals and Radicals which was essential to ensure its competence as an alternative Government, and might well have saved it from such catastrophes as befell it in 1924 and 1931. The British in such circumstances save their Parliamentary system by reverting to Conservative or "National Government;" other countries in which Parliamentarism has much shallower roots chase the democrats off the scene and call a dictator to their aid. In both the moral is the same. It is useless to have plans for the regeneration of human society unless the regenerators understand the elementary business of holding it together in a framework of law and order, and will compose their differences sufficiently for that purpose. If liberty and democracy are to be safe, business must be carried on as usual, while the structure is being repaired.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE AND DEFENCE

By H. V. HODSON

THE Prime Minister's announcement that the main subjects for discussion at the Imperial Conference next month would be foreign affairs and defence, constitutional questions, and trade, shipping and air communications, finally scotched the suggestion made by the South African Government, and expressed in the membership of its delegation to London, that the Conference was to be merely an economic one, a successor of the Ottawa meeting. That suggestion, which was no doubt made in the Union for political reasons, found no echo in other Dominions, and was manifestly contrary to common sense. It had been tacitly repudiated by Mr. Eden in his speech on March 9, in which he declared that foreign affairs would be one of the major subjects for discussion at the Conference. The Government, he added, intended to lay the facts as they saw them fully and frankly before the Conference, and to try to reach, in consultation, agreement on lines of policy that would contribute both towards the prosperity of the members of the Commonwealth and towards the peace of the world.

This is as it should be. The central fact about the Imperial Conference of 1937 is that it is the first Imperial Conference for seven years, or five years even if Ottawa is included, and that during that interval the political as well as the economic face of the world has changed almost out of recognition. The primary task of the Conference must be to take account of these changed circumstances and to apply what conclusions must be drawn from them in the field of Commonwealth co-operation.

The most vital change, of course, has been the breakdown of collective security under the League of Nations. This has had serious consequences for the relations of the British Commonwealth countries among themselves. Jealous of their newly-won independence in foreign policy, the Dominions in greater or

less degree have resented and repudiated any allegation that in matters of policy they were still effectively tied to the apron-strings of Whitehall. Their policy, they insisted, was their own, and they would not be bound without their express consent—never given in the key case of Locarno—by the consequences of British policy. This partition of British Commonwealth foreign policy into six separate policies might have had much more serious consequences, both internationally and in the home politics of the Dominions, had there not been an invaluable unifying factor, namely, common adherence to League principles. The value of that factor was clearly seen at the time of the Abyssinian crisis, when it saved the Commonwealth nations from taking different lines of policy according to their different geographical positions and their different direct interests in the war. The Italian victory and the retreat of the League, on the other hand, exposed the underlying dangers of Commonwealth disunity when the League formula no longer served as a decisive index of policy; for two Dominions voted in the minority against the ending of sanctions, and the subsequent views of the British countries on the reform of the League varied from extreme to extreme. New Zealand demanded automatic sanctions and an international force; Canada wanted the coercive elements removed from the League Covenant altogether.

Hence one of the necessary duties of the Imperial Conference is to face these dangers and to discover what community of outlook and action in foreign affairs can be secured in the new circumstances, lest in a crisis the Empire should split. Inevitably the hard core of this question is how far the small Powers of the Commonwealth are prepared to go with the great Power of the Commonwealth, that is to say, the United Kingdom, in commitment abroad; or conversely how far their reluctance to commit themselves compels a certain retraction of the United Kingdom's foreign policy. Mr. Eden's Bradford speech, which has been re-endorsed by Mr. Chamberlain recently, may serve as a starting point for discussion. Are the Dominions prepared, for their part, to render more precise Mr. Eden's non-committal statement of Britain's general obligations to fight for others, by supporting a revived system of world collective security? Apart from the Labour Government in New Zealand, that seems

extremely doubtful. On the other hand, are the Dominions prepared even to put their names to the definite and particular obligations that Mr. Eden cited—the guarantee against unprovoked aggression to France and Belgium, and to Germany if she should come into a revised Western Pact, and the defensive alliances with Egypt and Iraq? Again, the answer seems to be “No.” There are, it is true, large sections of opinion in the Dominions—majorities in some, minorities in others—which appreciate both the essential community of Commonwealth interests and the need for some sort of British intervention in Europe, for the sake of stability and peace, as well as the regional security of Great Britain herself. Yet even such people are reluctant openly and permanently to pledge their countries to warlike obligations of a precise and automatic kind. The Chanak incident was the first warning, and again in 1926 the British Government was compelled to recognize, as it has to recognize still, that one of the risks of United Kingdom foreign policy is necessarily the risk that in a crisis some of her fellow-members will not be prepared to follow her in carrying out her international obligations in Europe or the Near East.

Hence the problem of foreign policy for the Commonwealth must be put in an entirely different form if we are to make any progress. What policy should its member nations pursue in order to minimize the chance of there arising such a dangerous crisis? The practical issue is, not whether the Dominions will follow the United Kingdom into war, for that must wait on the event; but how are wars into which Great Britain may inevitably be drawn to be avoided? The Dominions always regarded the League in this light, as a preventer of world wars, rather than an obligation to go to war to defend others. What are to be the preventive principles today? Isolationism? Liability limited to the West of Europe? Or to the West and the North of Europe, and to the Mediterranean zone? A neutral bloc, from Finland to the Americas? A League of Nations denuded of automatic coercive sanctions and designed to include the Powers now absent? Regional pacts in which the Dominions themselves would directly take part according to their regional interests? Non-intervention in international as well as civil wars? These are some of the possibilities that will have to be

reviewed against the background of *Realpolitik*, which can be expounded only behind closed doors.

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These considerations of foreign policy are themselves the background of problems of Commonwealth defence. Armaments exist to support foreign policy, even if it is a policy only of isolationism and self-defence. Conversely, the character of the foreign policy to be pursued depends on the strength and character of the armed forces available (including the likelihood of having friends and allies), since to run diplomatic risks on a bluff is to court humiliation at the hands of a stronger player or a bolder bluffer. In the relations between defence and foreign policy in the Commonwealth, considered as a group of independent nations, the vital factor is the determination of the Dominions to decide for themselves whether and to what extent they will participate in a war in which fellow-members of the Commonwealth are involved. This rules out from the start all possibility of a unified Commonwealth defence service—land, sea, or air—under a single command. To approach the problem from this direction would be to cause an instant recoil of Dominion opinion, which has been made highly sensitive to the danger of being “dragged into Britain’s wars.” The retort that Britain is ready to run the risk of being dragged into the Dominions’ wars is liable to reduce the argument to a plane on which no practical progress is possible. A dialectical success for ourselves would be no compensation for failure to secure the desired agreement with others.

As a matter of fact, even from the United Kingdom point of view it is not a sensible line of approach. For if, let us say, Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand had a joint navy to which each contributed a quota of men and of money for ships and material, it would be reasonable for the oversea partners in it to insist on an equal voice with Great Britain in deciding where, when and how it was to be used, particularly at times of war or imminent danger of war. They might even, with some logic, demand a *liberum veto* on its use. Such a system would paralyse the Navy and to an equal extent paralyse the policy that the Navy existed to uphold. It would be practicable only if it were preceded by the establishment of a combined

executive government for the members of the Commonwealth concerned, which in turn would almost certainly imply a super-Parliament to which the super-Government would be responsible. With all its community of race interests and institutions, the British Commonwealth is no exception to the truth that an international force presupposes an international government.

The principles of imperial defence accepted by the Imperial Conferences of 1923 and 1926 contain no suggestion of a need for unified forces under a single supreme command. The key elements in them are, first, the primary responsibility of each self-governing country of the Commonwealth for its own local defence, and, secondly, the desirability of uniform training and equipment throughout the Commonwealth—the implied purpose being to ensure easy co-operation or unification in the event of a war in which two or more Commonwealth countries might be engaged. For the rest, the “principles” were vague. They endorsed the maintenance of a one-Power naval standard, of a standard of home air strength by Great Britain “sufficient to give adequate protection against air attack by the strongest air force within striking distance of her shores,” and of a chain of naval and air bases and fuelling stations to ensure strategic mobility and the security of communications. The defence resolutions referred particularly to the deep interest of Australia, New Zealand and India in the provision of a naval base at Singapore, “as essential for ensuring the mobility necessary to provide for the security of the territories and trade of the Empire in Eastern waters,” and to “the necessity for the maintenance of safe passage along the great route to the East through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.”

These special references indicate the right approach to the problem of Commonwealth co-operation in defence. We must start from the responsibility of each Dominion and of the United Kingdom for its own local defence. But where does local defence end? The Imperial Conference agreed that Australia, New Zealand and India were deeply interested in the Singapore naval base, not as defending *local* territory and trade in the narrow sense, but as defending “the territories and trade of the Empire in Eastern waters,” which manifestly include the Java, Celebes and Arafura seas, indeed the whole imperial

defensive line that runs roughly along the volcanic fault from Malaya to New Zealand. The resolution was an acknowledgment that in a reasonably broad sense the local defence of Australia, New Zealand and India extended at least as far afield as Singapore—an acknowledgment given practical form by New Zealand through a cash contribution to the cost of the new base.

This enlargement of the idea of local defence applies in other parts of the Commonwealth too. Thus the defence of the Suez Canal, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf is in a broad sense part of the local defence of India, Ceylon and East Africa. Again, the national defensive problem of the Union of South Africa does not stop short at the Limpopo; South African statesmen have more than once voiced the notion that it extends over the whole of Southern Africa. The sentiment of solidarity among all the African countries south of the equator is manifestly growing. Indeed, the Union's reactions to the Abyssinian war almost justify the conclusion that aggression anywhere on the African continent, or any action likely to disturb the relations between black and white races, is to be reckoned a matter of immediate vital concern to the South African Union, and as such within the sphere of its national defence, on a wide interpretation of the term.

We can go further than that. The Abyssinian crisis, and the consequent Anglo-Italian tension, revealed the effect of the new state of affairs in the Mediterranean upon South African defence. Even on that occasion an appreciable volume of merchant shipping was diverted round the Cape from the Mediterranean route. It was brought home to South African opinion that a war or threat of war in the Mediterranean involving the security of the great British-defended route to the Far East and Australia via the Suez Canal would instantly make the Cape a strategic key-point of supreme importance. Hence in a secondary sense the Mediterranean itself comes within the scope of national defence for South Africa. If Mr. Baldwin may say that Britain's frontier is on the Rhine, Mr. Pirow may by a similar metaphor say that South Africa's frontier is on the waters of the Mediterranean.

It may perhaps be an exaggeration to project the idea of local defence so far, but the argument serves as a link with another

consideration that makes a narrow view of local defence impossible—or at least very short-sighted—for the Dominions. The defence problem of every country that has a seaboard and any large volume of overseas trade is divisible into its territorial and extra-territorial aspects, and it is generally true that the weaker the extra-territorial defence the greater is the burden of territorial defence. The extra-territorial defence of the countries of the Commonwealth—a term that covers defence of their communications by sea and air, the holding of political enemies at a distance from their shores, and the ability, if provoked, to take the initiative by counter-attack at a distance—depends essentially on a world-wide system of which the British Navy is the mainstay. It is difficult to say where the extra-territorial system stops. It merges into the defensive system of the United States, and in a large measure it depends on Anglo-American friendship. It certainly includes the liabilities and assets implied in common defensive interests with the Eastern empire of the Netherlands and the African empire of Portugal. Any weakening of that system instantly renders graver the problem of territorial defence for every one of the Dominions, that is to say, its local defence in the narrower sense. Hence, for a Dominion to ignore the extra-territorial defensive system of the Commonwealth, or to treat it as if it were no concern of its own, is worse than myopic. Conversely, of course, every properly conceived addition to the local defence provisions of the Dominions eases the burden of extra-territorial defence for the Commonwealth and its friends.

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In comparison with the potential dangers of the surrounding world, the extra-territorial system of imperial defence is undoubtedly weaker than it was before the War, or even than it was at the time of the last Imperial Conference. In the Far East, the pre-war Anglo-Japanese alliance was regarded as such a complete insurance that the British Navy virtually evacuated the Pacific, leaving only a few minor vessels to guard the trade and territories of the Empire. The alliance was replaced by the Washington Treaty system, the strategic intention of which was to give each of the three great naval Powers decisive

superiority in its own quarter of the Pacific, while rendering impossible or highly hazardous any aggressive operation beyond that zone. The Washington treaties have in turn been repudiated by Japan, and even the Singapore base would not be sufficient counter-weight to Japan's establishment in the Marshall and Caroline islands, if she chose to confront us at a time when our battle fleet was concentrated in other waters, as it was before 1914. If the United States were eventually to relinquish her responsibility for the defence of the Philippines, and to draw into her continental shell, the situation would be even worse.

In the Mediterranean, moreover, we are now concerned with a victorious, highly armed and bellicose Italy, in league with Germany. We may be faced with growing anxieties at the western end of that sea, if German and Italian influence spreads in Spain, the Balearics and Morocco. The Red Sea, formerly a British lake in a strategic sense, is now flanked by an Italian empire; Abyssinia may be for Italy a precarious hostage to fortune, but it has the power to distract a serious proportion of British and Egyptian military strength, in the event of a general war in which Italy and Great Britain were on opposite sides. Finally, the advent of air power has presented a new threat to the security of territory and communications everywhere, especially communications through narrow channels. Even the £1,500 million programme of the United Kingdom will not do more than redress the balance upset by the violent rearmament already accomplished or afoot in other countries, and will not undo the adverse strategic factors that have been cited.

This relative weakening of the British extra-territorial defence system intensifies, as we have seen, the local defence problems of the Dominions. What are they doing in response? In general, their reactions have been in accordance with the degree and character of their reliance on the extra-territorial system. Thus Australia, dependent for economic life on a long, precarious sea route, and for national security on the defence of a strategic frontier a thousand miles from her ports, and aware that her wealth and the smallness of her present population are likely to excite the envy of less fortunate countries, has made relatively the greatest provision for her own defence, and has

projected it far into the extra-territorial system itself. Canada, on the other hand, conscious of her separation by thousands of miles of ocean both from Europe and from Asia, of the indefensibility of her land frontier, and of the certainty that the United States as well as Great Britain would stand to assist her if she were attacked from any other quarter, has made very little provision even for her purely local defence, and practically none for extra-territorial defence. But every one of the Dominions,* including Canada, has within the last year added appreciably to its defence expenditure.

Australia's latest annual defence estimates (including expenditure from certain capital funds) total £8,809,000. The air force is being expanded, and the Royal Australian Navy now includes four modern cruisers as well as minor vessels. Canada is to spend this year some £6,800,000 on defence services, mainly on coastal defence and an expanded air force. South Africa, which also concentrates on air defence after providing for the landward security of her coasts (she has virtually no navy), has provided £1,666,000 for defence in her 1937 budget. She has a plan for air force expansion which will raise her to the status of a second-rank Power in the air. New Zealand is spending in the current year some £1,250,000 on defence, over half of which goes to coastal defence and the upkeep of the New Zealand Division (two small cruisers and a training ship) of the Royal Navy.

India is in a class by herself. Alone among the great countries of the Commonwealth, she has an unruly land frontier. She also has a peculiar problem of internal security. The heavy weight of defence expenditure in her central budget has long been one of the grievances of nationalist agitation, and has brought nearer an overdue review of the whole Cardwell system,

* The Irish Free State has been omitted from this discussion, not because it is unimportant—on the contrary—but because its defensive problem is peculiar and is, at the present moment, subordinate to political factors. There is no point in discussing it along with the problems of the other Dominions so long as the Free State's attitude is radically different from theirs. Nevertheless, one of the first reasons why an Anglo-Irish political settlement is vital for the future of the British Commonwealth is that without it there cannot be a settlement of the strategic relations between the two countries, which are a matter almost of life and death for each of them.

whereby the British Army is maintained on a basis of sister-units at home and abroad—mostly in India. Financial and political circumstances have compelled India to go against the world tide by cutting down defence estimates this year from £33,640,000 to £32,900,000. But in other respects Indian defence policy is showing the same tendencies as the defence policies of the Dominions: towards greater use of air power, towards greater self-sufficiency in war material and machinery, and towards greater interest in the extra-territorial system—in India's case through the building of a navy of her own.

These tendencies will undoubtedly help to determine the course of the defence discussions at the Imperial Conference. They are inter-connected; for the expansion of air power in the Dominions, and the protection and co-ordination of material supplies, offer special opportunities for the development of a co-operative system of extra-territorial defence. The concentration of the air forces of the members of the Commonwealth for the purpose of a war in which they or some of them may be engaged is a comparatively simple task given two conditions: the will to co-operate, and the existence of a sufficient chain of air bases, emergency landing grounds and fuelling stations, themselves adequately defended from attack by sea, air or land. It is possible that Commonwealth co-operation in defence may proceed more rapidly by way of co-operation in the establishment, maintenance and protection of such a chain of air bases than in any other manner. Such a plan would involve no commitment on the part of the Dominions to take active part in the wars of other nations of the Commonwealth that does not at present exist. If they could be neutral or non-belligerent now, they could still be neutral or non-belligerent after sharing in such passive and precautionary co-operation for all-Commonwealth defence. At the same time, they would be more securely defended.

Eventually the chain of air bases would have to encircle the globe, and an important link in it would be the ground organization for the trans-Canada route, which is already being built up for Canadian defence as well as civil purposes. But it would have to be specifically recognized, in virtue of Dominion independence and equality of status, that the use of that link by non-

Canadian forces would be dependent on the decision of Canada herself. Similar conditions would naturally apply in other Dominions—though they are more likely to be terminals than intermediate links.

That leads us to the final consideration. It becomes more and more necessary, in the interests both of the United Kingdom and of the Dominions, India and the Colonies, that understandings for mutual co-operation in defence, in peace and war, should be in definite terms allotting specific functions to each partner. This is necessary, not only to reassure Dominion opinion jealous of national freedom, but also to enable statesmen and service chiefs to draft their policies and lay their plans on an assured basis. It is significant that one of the most important examples of practical defence co-operation in the Commonwealth concerns the most republican and independent of the oversea Dominions—the Simonstown agreement between the United Kingdom and the Union of South Africa. This agreement, whereby the United Kingdom maintains on South African territory a naval base one of whose purposes is to defend the coasts of South Africa, has endured since 1921 and was reviewed and strengthened only last year. This pact might be imitated in the future elsewhere in the Commonwealth.

The details of Commonwealth co-operation for defence need not be hard to determine once the principles are agreed. And the principles can only emerge from that frank and full discussion of the great issues of world policy which the Foreign Secretary has promised.

MALAGA AND AFTER

BY CHARLES DUFF

FROM the beginning of the military rebellion, it was obvious that the city of Malaga was a point of great strategic importance. It is an excellent port, situated on a road which leads from Algeciras, and Algeciras is the nearest landing-place to Ceuta in Spanish Morocco. The military revolt had started in Morocco, and its leader, General Franco, had decided that the purely Spanish element in his army would be insufficient to deal with resistance on the part of the civil population, therefore the Foreign Legion (stationed in Morocco) and Moors would be necessary as a stiffening for his troops.

In the first month of the rebellion, however, his plans did not work out as he and his supporters had hoped. He had on his side eighty per cent. of the regular army, and almost ninety-five per cent. of its officers. He was partly successful because he was able in a short time to occupy the most important arsenals in the Western half of Spain. With such initial advantages, he ought quickly to have overcome opposition, but in Barcelona, Madrid, Valencia, Oviedo, Bilbao, Murcia, Almeria, and Malaga, those sections of the army or Civil Guards on which he had relied were either defeated or remained on the side of the constitutionally elected government. The authorities in Madrid decided to arm the people, and with this improvised force a desperate resistance was offered to the rebels. And so, for the first time in Spanish history, a really well organized military rebellion was held in check.

With his Moors and Foreign Legionaries decimated and exhausted in the first assault on the capital and his other troops unreliable, and every day the government forces growing stronger, General Franco's military position was so difficult that unless he received assistance from some source or sources outside Spain he must admit defeat. There was no necessity for him to despair,

as subsequent events showed. On December 1st broadcasting stations in various European capitals announced that a force of 3,000 Germans, fully equipped, had landed at Cadiz. A distinguished German General had arrived at Burgos as Herr Hitler's *Chargé d'Affaires*, and was studying the military position, with the aid of Spanish and German officers. It was reliably reported that he had informed Berlin that at least 30,000 well trained and fully equipped troops must be added to those of the rebels outside the city if Madrid was to be taken; and that if the rebels were to win the war completely, at least as many more would be required.

After this report the first landing of Germans at Cadiz was announced. That landing was soon followed by others. It should be noted that the German troops came via Morocco. By this time it must have been clear to Signor Mussolini that, if landings of German troops were to continue on this scale, Germany would have a first right to favours from the Spanish rebels if the latter should win. Before the end of December Italians were landing in Spain in numbers which far exceeded those of the Germans. While the Non-Intervention Committee was sitting in London, listening patiently to Italian, German, and Portuguese technical objections against every attempt at progress, thereby proving itself to be an ally of procrastination, Germany and Italy were engaged in a competition as to which of them could land in Spain the largest numbers of the best equipped troops before the Committee could act. Madrid continued to defend itself, and the Government forces held their ground elsewhere. By this time it was fairly clear to those who had followed events that Malaga would be a first objective of the fresh new troops which had come to the assistance of the depressed General Franco.

In the country districts between Cadiz and Seville, amidst the olive groves of western Andalusia, in the Sierras, and along the roads, blonde young Germans and tough-looking Italians could be seen keeping themselves fit, or practising manoeuvres and "open order drill" in collaboration with tanks. In the first week of January definite operations on a considerable scale began against Malaga. Landings of Moors, Italians, and Germans continued, but the Italians differed from the others in one

respect which was a little surprising to those unacquainted with Italian policy in the Mediterranean: the Italians landed in Spain were not small groups of idealistic or mercenary volunteers, but proper military units, well trained and disciplined, and fully equipped on landing. The German troops that were to fight for Franco, as stated above, had come from Morocco, and had been formed into units there. The Italians came directly from Italy!

On January 14th a rebel force (reported by Reuters to consist of 10,000 Moors, 5,000 Italians and 5,000 Spaniards) entered Estepona, and from that town the advance on Malaga became rapid. Between that date and the 18th, aeroplanes and naval units had come to the assistance of the rebel forces, and from that moment onwards the retreat of the Government militia on Malaga in this sector developed into a rout. The same story could be told of the advance on the city from the West, the North-West, and even the North-East. From all these directions Government forces and refugees retreated rapidly on Malaga. Everywhere the tactics and organization of the rebels were clearly of a much higher order than they had shown hitherto on any front. A Government agency announced that the assault had taken place "under the direction of a German staff on board the German battleship 'Graf Spee.'" It should be noted that this battleship from the beginning of the operations had remained as close as possible to the shore, patrolling the sea along the coast where the rebel columns were marching towards Malaga. An Italian aircraft carrier appeared mysteriously from time to time; and disappeared again. The advance along the coast halted from time to time in order to allow attackers in other directions to get closer to the city. It was begun again vigorously early in February, and on the 8th of that month Franco's mixed force entered the city: Italians and Moors and Spaniards—in that order.

The normal population of the city of Malaga is about 136,000, and to this had been added at least 100,000 refugees from the surrounding country. When it became known that General Franco's troops were almost outside the city, a widespread panic began. From time to time, as towns in various parts of Spain had capitulated to the rebels, General Franco and other leaders

announced that the civil population welcomed his troops as "liberators" from the "Red Terror." What happened in the case of Malaga is now well known to the outside world: about 150,000 of its inhabitants indicated their appreciation of the rebels as liberators by fleeing the moment they realized that the city could not be held by Government troops. A voluntary and completely disorganized exodus began, and the only road outwards (leading towards Almeria) became congested with men, women, and children of all ages, amongst whom were remnants of the militia which had been unable to put up an effective defence.

This exodus from Malaga and the trek to Almeria is one of the most tragic episodes in the history of a great people. The fleeing citizens of Malaga thought to save their very lives, but in this many were disappointed. German and Italian aeroplanes in massed formation swept down on the road, dropped bombs and fired machine-guns on the escaping crowd. Rebel warships bombarded them from the sea. The road to Almeria became littered with dead. As if these horrors were not enough, a rebel force appeared near Motril and cut off those refugees who had not moved fast enough: old men and women and children. It is not yet known how many of them survived. From Motril onwards the flight became one of utter despair. Most of that terrified column consisted of members of the working classes—artizans, farm-labourers, peasants, factory-workers, and clerks, etc.—and for foot-wear they had what is called in Spanish *alpargatas* (canvas shoes with hemp soles) or merely carpet slippers. Before many of the hundred miles march to Almeria had been covered, half of the refugees could hardly walk because of their wretched footwear, and many fell on their knees and crawled, leaving a trail of blood behind them. An overwhelming desire came upon them all: to escape from the "liberators," who by this time were known to be not Spaniards but Moors, Italians, and Germans.

This coast road from Malaga to Almeria curves along the cliff-tops and then dips down to sea level; in parts the cliffs are behind the sections of the road at sea level. For the rebel ships, the target provided by a column of refugees moving along the cliff-top was not a good one, but down at sea level there was

another and easier solution of the gunners' problem: to fire at the cliffs above the column of refugees, and the exploding shells would loosen masses of rocks which brought death or disablement to many.

There is no need to dwell upon this terrible story. A human deluge consisting of nearly 150,000 persons inundated Almeria, a town with a population of about 50,000. The people of Spain are by nature hospitable—to refugees they offer all they have. Although the Almerians threw open their doors, saturation point was soon reached and there was room only in the open. The town became a human ant-hill, consisting of people worn out by a trek of perhaps 100 miles and mostly starving. The liberating General Franco now sent aeroplanes to bomb Almeria—at a moment when at least three-quarters of the population consisted of exhausted refugees and four-fifths of the remainder peaceful civilians.

In Malaga itself, courts-martial began to function. A definite policy of terrorization had been introduced by General Franco in the autumn in the bombardment of the civil population of Madrid. It has been followed up by the ruthless treatment of the fleeing refugees on the road to Almeria. One example will suffice to indicate the manner in which the policy was applied in Malaga. Encarnacion Jimenez was an old woman who earned a living by washing clothes in the river Guadalmedina. She knew as much about politics as the average English charwoman, probably less. In recent months she had added to her minute earnings by "taking in washing" from wounded militiamen in the local hospital. On February 8th, she was arrested, and a court-martial accused her of "giving assistance to the Reds." She protested that she had never mixed in politics, and then she was informed that she had washed the clothing of wounded militiamen. She inquired if that were a crime. A sentence of death was pronounced, and carried out by a rebel shooting-squad the same evening. . . .

The fall of Malaga meant to General Franco not only that he had now an excellent port on the Mediterranean, but also that he could quickly liberate large numbers of troops hitherto held up in that neighbourhood. They could now be sent to Madrid. New moves there indicated that the rebel general was about to

make an energetic effort to isolate the city. Methods of direct assault were for the moment abandoned and the rebel leader tried to encircle the city from the South ; to cut, or at least render useless, the Madrid-Valencia road ; and to capture Guadalajara, a town of great strategic importance to the North-East. By the end of February great numbers of reinforcements had arrived from the South to support him. They duly moved into position and, as these lines are written, the fate of Guadalajara has not been decided.

It may be interesting to consider the forces on each side as estimated on March 12th. On the Government's side there were about 20,000 officers and men of the original regular Spanish army. There were also about 150,000 militia—an improvised people's army—trained as well as they could be trained in the short period available. In addition there are 150,000 men rendered immediately available by the recent conscription levy. (These men have to be trained and equipped.) Fighting for the Government was the International Brigade, consisting of 15,000 foreign volunteers, with a possible reserve of not more than 4,000 men who rushed into Spain at the last moment before the Non-Intervention Pact came into force.

It is more difficult to estimate the forces at the disposal of General Franco. He has not yet announced their numbers. Foreign observers who have visited his side have attempted without great success to arrive at approximate figures. *The Times* has also attempted to do so. From these sources and also from official circles the following statement may be offered :

- 130,000 Falangistas (Fascists).
- 100,000 Requetés (Carlist Monarchists).
- 40,000 Regular Spanish army.
- 70,000 Italians (in units on arrival).
- 30,000 Germans (Volunteers, via Morocco).
- 25,000 Moors (Mercenaries).

The Moors, those old and detested enemies of the Spaniards, were re-introduced to Spain in 1934 by the Catholic Minister of War and Fascist leader, Señor Gil Robles, to subdue revolting miners in the province of Asturias. They are good soldiers, so long as they are promptly paid and have occasional oppor-

tunities for fun and plunder. They have been employed by the rebel generals chiefly for heavy fighting and to terrorize the civil population. Until the Italians arrived, Moors and Foreign Legionaries were always the first to enter a newly-captured town, and General Varela announced that the Moors, for purposes of terrorism, would be first of Franco's troops to enter Madrid. In addition to pay and plunder, they have been promised land in Morocco, and their Caïd (ruler) has been promised a measure of self-government. It would be interesting to know what the great Catholic monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabela (*"La Católica"*) would say if they could contemplate a Spain ravaged by Moors introduced by a later generation of Christians. And the Cid Campeador who was born in Burgos and whose prowess against those same 'enemies of God' has been sung throughout centuries of Spanish history : what would he think of General Franco, whose Headquarters is now guarded by Moors ?

It may well be asked why Germany and Italy are so interested in Spain as to have sent their sons to fight there. The answer may be too simple to be true, but it is the one given by every intelligent Spaniard with whom I raised the subject while in Spain recently. Germany believes that a European war is inevitable. She wishes to prepare for it to the best of her ability. Spain provides certain raw materials, amongst them copper, tungsten and mercury. Morocco provides other minerals essential in the manufacture of armaments and munitions, and is in every way a rich and convenient field for German exploitation. Spain, Morocco and the Balearics provide admirable submarine bases against British sea power. Italy's openly declared policy is to dominate the Mediterranean and, as an ally of Germany, she wishes to be in a position to cut England's communications with the Near and Far East, with West and South Africa ; and possibly also with South America. For these purposes Spain is a most valuable territory. As these lines are written, Gibraltar is surrounded on the land side by Germans and Italians. If General Franco and the other rebel generals, assisted by their German and Italian allies, should win a military victory, it will mean not only that the finishing touches will have been given to Italo-German power in the Mediterranean,

but France will have a considerable frontier to defend in the Pyrenees. The balance of power in Europe will have been changed.

Thus, the fall of Malaga was a serious blow to British interests. The fall of Madrid may be a fatal one, which no bargain with General Franco could offset. Bargains or treaties with Dictators are useless—they act first and argue afterwards.

Yet, even the fall of Madrid and a military victory over the rest of the territory occupied by the legitimate Government will merely be the beginning of General Franco's real problems. He will then have to govern Spain! How he is to do this, with a hostile population of embittered millions, not even the most optimistic of his supporters attempt to explain. Beginning as a very ordinary type of military leader of a *pronunciamiento*, and failing utterly, he had either to abandon the effort or become a puppet for Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini. A military victory for Franco is not an impossibility, but it will merely be the prelude to a revolution—next time from the Left. After the bitterness engendered by the civil war, and the indisputable fact that the Government at Valencia representing the masses would have defeated General Franco in November or December last but for German and Italian intervention, the pride of the average Spaniard will remain. The civil war has educated him politically. He will rise again in the face of any odds in an effort to share in the many good things which his country can provide.

INDIA'S DECISION

BY LORD MESTON

A NEW world opens for India in this month of April, 1937. After more than seven years of preparation—searching enquiry, sharp controversy, patient consultation, ending in Sir Otto Niemeyer's certificate of solvency a twelvemonth ago—the momentous step has been taken of giving the provinces autonomy. The elections have been held for the new legislative chambers, and the wheels of that huge machine, the Constitution Act of 1935, will soon begin to revolve. It is not inappropriate to cast our eyes over what India is leaving behind, and the course which is being set for her future.

Historically, we have no precedent for the Constitution which is now starting to operate. It is a structure of two storeys. On the ground floor are some eleven provinces, the chief of which are as large and as populous as Great Britain, enjoying a very substantial measure of self-government, and each with a complete parliamentary system of its own. The upper storey, not yet finished, will be a federation, comprising not only the self-governing provinces but also a congeries of States which have always been ruled more or less autocratically and which range in size from small squirearchies to important kingdoms. Until the upper storey is ready, the federal authority occupies a sort of mezzanine floor, where the Governor-General lives on tolerance and carries on his duties with a makeshift staff and provisional powers. In our British Commonwealth we have no experience of such a polity; nor has India. Provincial autonomy there has often been under Hindu monarchs or the later Moguls; but only in the sense that the satraps of outlying provinces, at a safe distance from the central power, have set themselves up as independent rulers. Autonomy on the model of Victoria or the Transvaal is an absolute novelty. Still more so is the coming federation.

The preparations for occupying this formidable new building have thus been largely on paper. When its plans were before

Parliament its dangers were made clear enough—the inexperience of Indians in the delicate art of self-government, their racial dissensions, the incongruity between the different elements in the federation. To insure against these and many minor anxieties, a rigid constitution is ill adapted, and a network of safeguards and provisos had to be devised by Parliament. The resulting complexity is great, and a terribly heavy burden rests on the British officials who have to fit India into its new administrative home. To that aspect of the matter public opinion in England is singularly indifferent; interest in this gigantic experiment seems to have evaporated when the Round Tables were deserted and Mr. Winston Churchill had discharged the last of his philippics against their handiwork. And yet the next few months may well be more fateful for India than even the last seven years have been.

In India itself there is no lack of interest in what is coming. The tale of the elections, by those who have been witnessing them, would be amusing if the stakes were not so grave. In the larger towns, all ordinary business was held up for weeks, while canvassing, intrigue, and not infrequently corruption were in full blast. In the country at large, the vast total of thirty million voters were eligible; and millions of them had to be provided with polling cards bearing symbols to assist them with names which they could not read: they were enjoined to put their mark where a rude picture of an elephant or a bicycle adorned the card so as to ensure that the vote counted for Pandit Ram Chandra or Maulvi Khuda Bakhsh as the case might be. The issues on which the elections were fought were confused in the extreme, and for the most part personal. Racial or religious differences are fortunately evaded so long as communal representation is in force. Otherwise party divisions showed few signs of definition, and the only political group with any sort of party appeal romped easily to victory in the provincial Assemblies.

This, of course, was the Congress Party, which has swept the board in six out of the eleven provinces. Its triumph is even more complete than these figures indicate, for in each of the other five provinces the seats reserved for special interests, and thus not ordinarily open to be contested on the Congress ticket, exceeded one half of the total strength of the Assembly. No

impartial observer can deny that the Congress leaders, and perhaps even more so the rank-and-file, have earned their success. We may deplore and condemn their methods; but they have built up their party from its small beginnings in 1885 in preparation for the battle which they have now won, and they have mastered the technique of political agitation and organization. They represent also the most virile element in the public life of India. The bulk of the professional and literate classes belong to them; and they have a powerful hold on the younger generation, as well as on that inscrutable force which is now emerging—the women of India. No indigenous government can ever hope to function unless it succeeds in harnessing the energies and enthusiasms of the Congress followers to the administrative machine.

Whether they will consent to be so harnessed is the burning question of the moment. The Congress has consistently declared its unbending opposition to the new Constitution, root and branch: nothing will satisfy India, it asserts, short of giving her complete equality of status with the self-governing British Dominions. At times it goes further and clamours for cutting the British connection and letting India go her own way. That claim is in abeyance at present: the immediate objective is to smash the new Constitution. Some earlier suggestions for boycotting the elections were thus abandoned. It was decided to fight them and, after securing admission to the Assemblies, to come to a decision as regards future action. This could take one of two forms. The Congress members might form an implacable opposition in the Legislature and make the work of government impossible, or they might accept office and ride the government for a fall. Which of these methods should be adopted was discussed by the caucus as soon as the elections were over. This body recommended the acceptance of Ministerial Office in Provinces where Congress commands a majority, provided "the leader of the party is satisfied and is able to state publicly that as long as he and his Cabinet act within the Constitution the Governor will not use his special powers of interference or set aside the advice of his Ministers."

Whether Congressmen, when Ministers, will deliberately set about wrecking the new machinery of government is the next

question which is exercising the friends of India. The only answer that can be ventured at this stage is that much will depend on the personal influence of the Provincial Governors. If they ride on the snaffle, there is much that they can do ; on the curb, disaster is certain. Under the Act they have many and diverse powers for dealing with sabotage. Immense ingenuity was devoted to the devising of these safeguards ; but the plain truth, as anyone who knows the Indian temperament must acknowledge, is that no conceivable safeguard, short of force, will be effective if it is directly attacked by Ministers with the Legislature behind them. The Governor will be in a solitary and difficult position : the Ministers will hold all the weapons of popular outcry, agitation, personal boycott, and the like.

There is no advantage, however, in dwelling on the worst that may happen. Personal influence still counts for much in India, and a Governor who knows both how to walk warily and to speak straight will gain the confidence even of Congressmen. There is apparent a growing feeling, in all but the most extreme circles, in favour of giving the new Constitution a fair trial. And one prediction is certain. If the Indian Minister will put his hand to the plough, he will find an immense and engrossing field for his husbandry : it will leave him, if he is an honest man, little time or desire to cry out for further responsibilities. In the nation-building services alone, which the British administrator is so freely accused of having neglected, he will have his fill of trouble and of toil. He will learn to appreciate how easy political emancipation has been made for him. In less than two centuries we have carried India, with little of the pains or struggles of growth, to the enjoyment of free institutions which it took the British themselves quite four times as long to achieve. In the fields of economic advancement and social reform, there can be no corresponding skipping over the centuries : the paths of progress will be slow and laborious. Nevertheless, the task is one which may well appeal to the imagination and patriotism of the best of the Indian leaders. If it does, there could not be a more powerful stimulus to an acceptance of the work and, with all its imperfections, of the machinery now provided for its execution.

From the ground floor of the Constitution structure, let us

move to the mezzanine, where Lord Linlithgow will now be carrying on such functions of the central government (for British India only) as are left to it by the autonomy of the provinces, until such time as the federation storey is ready. This period of transition is not without its own special dangers. It will be remembered that Sir John Simon's Commission, seeing no early prospect of federation, advised the retention of a strong central authority, more or less on the existing model. This recommendation was vehemently attacked, and not by the Congress alone, as an insidious plot to keep a strangle-hold on India's national aspirations, and to neutralize the freedom ostensibly given to the provinces. The criticism was blatantly overdone. There must be some form of central government to look after the defence of the country and its foreign relations, as well as all-India services like the railways, customs, and post offices. Until the Princes came in to share its responsibilities, there would have been little point in changing the present system. That argument, however, carried no weight with the nationalist. "Let us have at once," he cried, "a national federal government for British India alone, without waiting on the good pleasure of the Princes." The cry is going to grow in shrillness if there is any marked delay in getting the full federal principle established : and we shall be accused of conspiring with the Princes to evade our promise of responsible government at the centre.

That the present Viceroy is alive to the danger is evident from the vigorous steps he has been taking to induce the Princes to speed up their decision on whether they are coming into the federation or not. The fine initial fervour with which they hailed the federal theory in November, 1930, has long since cooled into a mood of greater caution. Infinite discussion and negotiation has been going on behind the scenes ; but the Chamber of Princes had not met for two years until a few weeks ago, and the attitude of many of its members is still uncertain. No unconditional pledge to join the federation has so far been given ; and yet it cannot come into being until, speaking broadly, States with an aggregate population of 40 millions have contracted to enter it. The estimate that has recently been current to the effect that federation will follow provincial autonomy within a year seems highly optimistic.

The hesitation of the Princes is perfectly understandable. The warmth of their dramatic declaration at St. James's Palace was due, in the main, to two causes. One was unquestionably a high sense of patriotism, a new pride in the ideal of a united India. But the other was a long-cherished discontent with the control which the central government had from time to time asserted the right to exercise; let them only get a hand in the supreme government, we can imagine their saying, and there would soon be an end to all the irritating interference by Viceroy and their underlings in the name of the Paramount Power. From such mixed motives came the zeal for the theory. With calmer reflection came its implications in practice. A supreme federal government must enjoy certain sovereign powers at the expense of its constituent units. The Princes are not coming into the federation in order to share in the governing of British India alone, but of the whole of India including their own and each others' individual States; and they must give up some of their sovereign powers, just as the provinces will be doing. This is the obvious price which they must pay for their liberation from the leading-strings of the old central government.

The princely order, by its traditions and training, is bound to be conservative and tenacious of its privileges. The neolithic type of ruler, represented by the late Maharaja of Jaipur, is disappearing; but the younger generation is equally suspicious of change and equally averse from letting any outside authority intervene between themselves and their subjects. It is no light matter for them to abandon the "divine right" which neither their forefathers nor their people have ever questioned, in order to take on the role of more or less constitutional rulers. Here again history is galloping in India; some of the old mediæval Rajput chiefs are being asked to go through, in a few months, a process which took our English monarchs as many centuries. Time and patience will thus be needed to persuade the requisite number of Princes to set their hands to the Instruments which will in each case recite the powers to be given up to the federal authority. Of the ultimate result, however, there can be little doubt. Some of the most progressive States are deeply committed to making the federation a success: Hyderabad, for example, through its distinguished minister, Sir Akbar Hydari,

has laboured untiringly to perfect the scheme. In Rajputana, the Maharaja of Bikaner gives an unequivocal lead; and the Maharaja of Patiala has done valuable work in allaying the suspicions of the smaller States. The example of these illustrious rulers will spread, but it would be rash to force the pace of the movement.

Apart from the other considerations which weighed with the Princes in their original declaration for a federal system, they have a third, and even more powerful, stimulus in the same direction. There may not be much real democracy behind the nationalist movement, especially among its Hindu supporters; but there is just enough to perturb a ruling class which has been accustomed to a very subservient *demos*. To be attacked by plebeian agitators is a new experience to them, and they view with apprehension the spread into their territories of the abuse and disloyalty which the government has had to put up with in British India. Their old-fashioned methods of dealing with malcontents are no longer safe. Other measures must be tried; and so the more far-seeing of the Princes have been starting mildly representative institutions of their own, as a sort of insurance against the threatening tide of democracy. Representative institutions, however, have an uncomfortable habit of enlarging their pretensions—witness the experience of British India—and rather than risk such developments, the Princes might well feel their safer course to be a direct investment in democracy by taking a share in the general government of the country through a parliamentary system. As members of a central federal government, they can hope to exercise some control over an extreme nationalism which is already blustering about curbing their powers. Herein lies the most cogent argument for a reasonably early acceptance of the new regime by a majority of the Princes.

To recapitulate, it is difficult to prophesy while the situation is changing hourly, and any forecast may be upset before these pages are in print. The probabilities, however, at the moment are that the triumphant Congressmen will consent, in most of the provinces but not all, to form a ministry or to enter a coalition ministry. If they do, the Governors will have to embark at once on the delicate task of inducing the new Ministers to realize

their opportunities for patriotic constructive work. If the Governors fail either in forming ministries or in dissuading Ministers from deliberate sabotage, then India will pay the penalty, in another period of anarchy, for her long orgy of lawlessness during Mr. Gandhi's reign. The best that can be said is that there is no strong reason to fear such a catastrophe. Meanwhile the Governor-General will have to keep a provisional form of central government afloat while the Princes are making up their minds about coming into a federal system. Here again there seems little doubt that they will consent, though only in their own good time. It may take two years, it may take more, for the new Constitution to shake down into working order. During that time the strain on Lord Linlithgow, the Provincial Governors, and the much depleted British element in their staff, will be such as to entitle them to the sympathy of all who wish India well.

Nor should our sympathies be withheld from the Indian leaders who take up, and intend to discharge, the responsibilities which the Constitution offers them. They will, it is true, be building upon the solid foundations laid for them by the British administration; but they will inherit, and perhaps begin at last to appreciate, some of the difficulties which we in our time had to face. Of these, apart from social and communal problems, by far the worst is finance. Instead of being the handmaid of administration, which is its proverbial role, finance in India is an exacting mistress, and administration has to be adapted to its limitations. This painful fact the Indian leader has never acknowledged, and trouble is inevitable. Indeed, it has already started. Sir Otto Niemeyer certified that India is paying its way, and is capable of continuing to do so. Yet, in the very year in which he reported, the central government closes its accounts with a deficit; and a further deficit for the coming year is averted only by raising the taxation on sugar and silver, the former a prime necessity for the poorer classes, and the latter the only medium for their savings. The omen is unfortunate.

The plain truth is that the new regime is going to be substantially more expensive than the old. The actual machinery will cost more, but that is a small matter compared with the financing of the "nation-building" services, to the rapid extension of

which the nationalist leaders are deeply committed—education in particular, sanitation, housing, agriculture and what not. The money that can be spent, and profitably spent, by the Provincial Governments on these departments is unlimited; where is it to come from? Each province, following a well-established practice, is already crying out that it is being starved under the Niemeyer award. There is nothing more to be got out of the central exchequer, except by cutting down the expenditure on defence and internal safety. The provincial revenues tell an equally woeful tale. None of the experts yet imported—and there has been no lack of them in the last seven years—has yet discovered fresh sources of taxation, and the tax on incomes is already overdone and badly distributed. The traditional wealth of the provinces used to be the land revenue, which grew steadily with the growing prosperity of the country and with the increasing exports of raw material. The latter are now seriously checked by the glut in the world's markets and by the severe Protectionist system in which India is indulging; but an equally grave danger lies in the agrarian policy which the Congress has adopted as one of the chief planks in its platform. An anti-landlord "no rent" campaign is a popular enough election cry; but what if it makes the landlords incapable of contributing their all-important quota to the exchequer? And what if another plank in the same platform is the extinction of the excise revenue as a social evil? The provinces may soon be poorer than they are today, and the new ministers will find that political ambition and an empty treasury go ill together.

Finance, although the hardest, is only one of the many heavy burdens which the new governments are taking over from us this month. Fortunately for their peace of mind and for ours, and fortunately for the people they govern, they are getting, with the work, a highly efficient administrative staff for its execution. If the Indian Civil Service and the other public services in India had done nothing else, they would have earned the gratitude of the world by rendering this revolution possible without catastrophe.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH SIMON?

BY FLORA C. TWORT

SOME of our friends we make for ourselves, but some are thrust upon us. Simon came to me literally "out of the blue" for he fell out of his mother's very badly made nest one Sunday afternoon, and came fluttering down from the top of the old mill tower. Mrs. Jordan's Jacky picked him up, and Jacky, who is a bicycle errand boy, after struggling for two days to look after Simon and also do his duty by his employer, brought him round and presented him to me, thinking, for no reason that I know of, that I would like him and would have plenty of time.

Well, I kept Simon and devoted myself to that bird. Every hour and a half I fed him, for every hour and a half he shouted at me till I did. I fed him on Soft-Billo which sounds like something nautical and soothing, but is really a sort of mushy biscuit meal, in which I believe they put squashed earwigs to provide the necessary vitamins for unweaned jackdaws. When he had had enough he shut his beak like a vice, and so I knew when to stop.

I got fond of him, as of course one does if one has a heart, and found myself justifying all the things they say about spinsters and their starved maternal instincts. He was an extraordinarily ugly baby, with large black mackintosh legs, plumage that was a poor mixture of down and lustreless black feathers, an enormous yellow-fringed mouth and cold bright blue eyes. He was very attractive all the same, and it was a thrill when he first fluttered up on to my shoulder and settled there for a nap.

He grew very fast after that and flew from the table on to my hand, and then across the room, and then took to alighting on people's heads. This he liked because he found hair good stuff to hold on to and dig his beak into, and nice and warm to sit on. The owners didn't always like it though. Some of them

didn't feel safe, and from that time onwards my troubles began. I wouldn't have minded not being able to call my soul my own, but there wasn't anything else I could call my own; neither could any other person with property within Simon's reach. I had brought him up in love and tenderness, so he was entirely without fear. He grew very handsome, with lovely grey fluff on his head and glossy blue black feathers, and was now about eleven inches long.

At first he did not want to fly far, and would come with me everywhere, either perched on my shoulder or flying a little way ahead and waiting for me. He had the most engaging way of shivering his wings just a little up and down, up and down, when he was pleased to see you, and he was always extra pleased in the morning or if you had just come back from anywhere. Then he would walk very quickly sideways along your arm and strop his beak on your neck to make it nice and shiny (his beak I mean).

I had a lot of trouble finding a cage suitable for Simon to travel in and keep him safe from cats. Simon did not mind it at first, but after a bit I could only get him in it backwards, talking to him all the time to take his attention. As for the cats, they were all terrified of him. He was such a tease. He would wait till they were nearly asleep or engaged in a nice wrestling game, and then walk round them in a circle till he could get hold of a tail and give it a tweak. Then he would hurry away pretending to be very busy. The dog hated him even more, for Simon would try and nestle in his woolly coat whenever he wanted to dry or warm his feet.

One day when I had him down at the mill, he disappeared. I searched and called for him all the morning with no result. In the afternoon I tried again, this time in the field behind the cottages in the village street. Through the barking of a dog I heard his answering squawk. I went on calling him and he answered me, each time more outraged and anxious; at last I traced him to one garden, and then to an ivy-covered shed, and finally to a little wooden box nailed on the wall. A dirty man with a dirty bandage on his head came shambling out of the cottage and loosed him for me grumpily. "Was just agoin' to bring 'un round," he said, "I know'd where he belonged." But I knew that wasn't true and that he'd had Simon for hours

and was going to put him in a cage and sell him. Simon knew too, and all the way back he wiped his beak on my face with little pecks and twitters of joy and walked quickly sideways up and down my arm. How could I put him in a cage after that, even though he was such a trouble?

I couldn't keep him at the mill, because he used to go and unpeg the washing in the cottage gardens, and wet sheets and shirts would fall in the mud and have to be washed again by enraged housewives. I tried him at the studio, but he would take my pencil out of my hand and fly round waving it in his beak, and inviting me to chase him. Then he would fly down into the bookshop, settle on a customer's hat and pull the trimming off it; and if there was a bowl of flowers about and he felt a bit hot, he would pull out all the flowers, fling them on the floor, and get in and have a bath. No one knew better how to enjoy a bath. After that, if the dog was out, he would try and dry himself on my head. If you gave him grapes or raspberries he would eat one or two with relish and put the next one down your neck till he should want it; then he would go to sleep on your shoulder with the smirking satisfaction of one who has provided for the future.

After Simon had been banished from the mill, and from the studio and bookshop, I tried keeping him all the time at the doctor's house where I live. Here in the country I hoped he would make friends with other birds and not come into the house much. I hung his cage in a sheltered place outside the door, and thought if I put nice food in it he would come and sleep in it at night and not be a nuisance. None of this happened, and everyone thought I was a fool to think it, so I suppose I was.

Simon didn't want any bird friends. He wanted to come in and tease the cats. He loved the doctor's house, which was a jackdaw's paradise. He uncorked bottles and laid aspirins and other deadlier drugs in symmetrical rows. He learnt the value of human food and would fly on the table, seize a beakful of butter and be off like a flash. In two minutes he would be back, wiping his beak on your neck. He could open almost any biscuit tin. At last he was forbidden the house, and only allowed in under strict supervision. I couldn't take him with me to the studio because he was what is known as "one person's

work," and when I left him for whole days together he got annoyed and flew across the valley and made friends with a little girl called Annie who lived in a carter's cottage.

He went to school with her every day for some time. At first he waited outside for her till she came out again, but soon followed her in to see what she was up to in there for so long. I believe the teacher liked Simon and made a nature lesson out of him, and didn't fuss when he tore up an exercise book, and flew round the room with a bottle of ink in his mouth. It was amazing how much he could carry. Also the school inspector came that day and was so attracted by Simon's pretty ways that he quite forgot to inspect. But the boys soon became unmanageable and Simon was given notice.

Soon after this I heard from one of our neighbours that she had met Simon at a jumble sale. Then the hoppers came to the village and Simon was off to the hop-fields to investigate. I went to retrieve him, for I felt sure he would be caught and sold for profit. But not so. When I got down to the camp, the hoppers were all back from the fields, about seventy of them, including babies and women about to have babies and husbands and boys all enjoying the leisure hour after a meat tea. Simon was walking up and down in his complacent way on the tiled roof of a shed. They had all been trying to catch him, but Simon had developed an instinct for choosing his own company, and would only snatch the food held out to him and go. I walked up to him and stretched out my hand and he stepped daintily on to it. "You see," they said, nodding to each other, "he knows his ma." It was a proud moment for me.

But, though I could catch him, I couldn't keep him, and he was soon off again. I will say this for Simon, nearly everyone likes him, and he never does anything bad enough to get himself shot. The other day he was sent back to me in disgrace, brought by Annie in a fish-basket. He had been seen flying out of Mrs. Martin's window with a necklace that she had treasured since she was eleven. Simon emerged from the fish-basket unkempt and furious, but was so delighted to see everyone that he forgot his rage at once. That was one of his charms; he never could harbour a grievance, but then neither could he remember where he put the necklace. It is strange to have such

an instinct for storing, combined with such a sad lack of concentration.

I wrote to Mrs. Martin apologizing for Simon and explaining that he had no bird friends of his own, and that I hoped he would acquire some in time and learn to love nature more and make fewer demands on human beings. Meanwhile it would be better not to open the bedroom window too wide. I posted this, feeling like a mother nourishing secret hopes of Eton and forced to watch her precious boy rapidly qualifying for Borstal.

What I want to know is, am I responsible for this bird or not? Morally, I think I am. If so, what can I do about it? He is more trouble than any child or puppy, but he has a thousand pretty ways and is quite unaware of his deficiencies. I can't put him in a cage. I couldn't chloroform him. I can't teach him to love trees and birds.

The last I heard was that he'd gone off with the ice-cream man on one of his bi-weekly visits. Simon likes ice-cream and I'm sure he'd be an asset; it would be a lovely career for him, but where does the ice-cream man go in winter, and what *shall* I do with Simon if he comes back?

THE PROSPECT OF A UNITED IRELAND

BY W. A. NEWMAN

"I HAD made it clear," Mr. de Valera told Dail Eireann on February 24th, in reply to a question on the Coronation Oath, "that our attitude towards the whole Coronation ceremony must be one of detachment and protest while our country was partitioned, and while the Coronation service implied discrimination, as it still does, against the religion to which the majority of our people belong."

Strangely little attention has been paid in Ireland to this pronouncement. The fact is a tribute to Mr. de Valera's hold upon the public, which, after many storm-tossed years, is so content to have reached the comparative tranquillity of a fixed constitutional status that it is indisposed to question any of his actions. For that matter, if there is any serious dissatisfaction among those people who would prefer to see the Free State make a full and frank acknowledgment of her attachment to the Commonwealth by attendance at the Coronation, it is allayed by the persistent whisper that Mr. de Valera's hint of a "boycott" is not to be taken at its face value. Rumour says that the Free State will be represented. Mr. de Valera himself, for obvious reasons, would not dare to attend, but it is more than possible that at least one of his Ministers will reinforce Mr. John Dulanty, the High Commissioner in London, at the celebrations.

The reply is interesting chiefly because it gives voice to the last political grievance that the Free State retains in her once extensive armoury of grievances against Great Britain. She bears no grudge against Mr. Baldwin for his determined prosecution of the economic war, and would be contemptuous, rather than otherwise, if Great Britain should "surrender." One by one she has discarded the trappings of "imperialism" and the symbols of British dominance. The King's head had vanished

from stamps and coins, and the right of appeal to the Privy Council had been deleted from the Constitution, long before Mr. de Valera took office five years ago. They have been followed by the Oath of Allegiance, and, within the last few months, by the Governor-Generalship. Parliament, which once consisted of King, Senate, and Dail, now consists of the Dail alone. Since last December the Crown has had no function, so far as the Irish Free State is concerned, except to conclude international treaties on her behalf, and to sign letters of credence for her diplomatic representatives. Inside the Free State it means nothing. Mr. de Valera has kept faithfully his promise to "eliminate the King from the Constitution." "If"—in his own words—"there is any nook or cranny of which the disembodied spirit can possibly take possession, it will be filled."

Having done so much, Mr. de Valera has fulfilled his last pledge to his followers. The Free State has reached the goal whither he has been directing her for five years. Her position in the political framework of the British Commonwealth and of the world is fixed and, so far as depends on herself, immutable. She remains in association with the Commonwealth, but has shed the last symbol that might seem to cast even faint doubt upon her sovereignty. There are people who hold that the Free State's present relation to the other members of the Commonwealth foreshadows the final relation of all its States to one another. Be that as it may, she has reached the limit of her "leftward" progress. And she is still a member-State of the British Commonwealth.

There is no reason to suppose that she will deviate from this position. The people's sentiment would permit no return to the franker and more conventional "imperialism" of Mr. Cosgrave's days; and, while Mr. de Valera remains the dominant influence in Irish politics, the question of a final rupture with the Commonwealth will not arise. He has made it clear, times without number, that he has no interest in a 26-county Republic; his Republic must be an all-Ireland Republic or none. Nor is there any likelihood that his work will be undone by a successful challenge from any party within the Free State. He is, and probably will remain for many years, the acknowledged leader. Mr. Cosgrave's party has ceased to be a formidable Opposition.

One of his former Ministers has left it to follow a business career—ironically enough, in a concern which has sprung into new life as a result of Mr. de Valera's industrial policy. Internal dissension has robbed the party of some of its most useful members. Worse still, it has discredited itself throughout the country by its campaign of indiscriminating, and often ill-judged, opposition to the Government. Only a few weeks ago Mr. Frank MacDermot, the Independent member for Roscommon, and the Free State's most ardent advocate of the Commonwealth connection, was moved to wonder if the Opposition was "good for anything but mischief." By another stroke of irony, the particular antics which provoked Mr. MacDermot's comment were the hostility displayed by the Opposition towards Mr. de Valera's policy in regard to the Italo-Abyssinian war and to the Pact of Non-Intervention in Spain. In both cases his policy accorded with that of Great Britain.

Nor need he fear challenge from a Communist Left. Communism scarcely exists in the Free State, and has little hope of taking root in a nation of fiercely individualistic peasant proprietors—unless, indeed, it derives a perverse glamour from persecution. Most of its thunder has been stolen already by Mr. de Valera's own programme of mild socialism. Possible, but likewise extremely improbable, is the emergence of a Fascist or semi-Fascist movement, centring around the "veterans" of General O'Duffy's Irish Brigade in Spain. Their return, doubtless, will give rise to a mild outbreak of hero-worship; but Mr. de Valera's position as chief hero will require a deal of shaking before he is removed from his pedestal.

Let us turn from the Free State to the six counties of Northern Ireland. Politically, the position of Northern Ireland is as unstable to-day as that of the Free State was during the five years leading up to last December. It is a common Northern charge against Mr. de Valera that he wishes to "have things both ways"—to possess the advantages of the Commonwealth connection, with none of its obligations, material or symbolic. The charge might be directed with equal justice against Northern Ireland herself. She will not abandon her Parliament, on the ground that—as Viscount Craigavon explains whenever the cry of "Back to Westminster" is raised—an unsympathetic

British Government could thrust her at any moment into the Free State's arms. On the other hand, she sees no reason why, while maintaining the expensive institutions of self-government, she should not enjoy the same financial and commercial treatment as any region of England, Scotland, or Wales. In fact, to serve her political ends she demands full control of her own destinies; for economic purposes she wants full association with Great Britain. Which is exactly what Mr. de Valera is alleged to want.

The last remark is in parenthesis. Yet, on examination, the illogicality of Northern Ireland's position does seem to have created trouble already, and to be on the point of creating more. In the economic sphere, Mr. W. J. Stewart's repeated cry for a financial "new deal" with Britain has begun to attract attention—and converts. Against the view of those critics, from the Free State and elsewhere, who maintain that the upkeep of Viscount Craigavon's Government demands a heavy subsidy from the Imperial Exchequer, it is argued that Northern Ireland "holds the dirty end of the stick." To repeat the arguments for this point of view would require a lengthy article in itself; suffice it to say that they are highly convincing. And the net effect is that, when Viscount Craigavon is attacked on financial grounds, he is assailed not as the villain of the piece, but as the dupe.

The chief trouble, however, is neither economic nor financial. The worst result of Northern Ireland's illogical position is that it has created a condition of affairs which exists nowhere else within the British Commonwealth. Northern Ireland is the one region of the Commonwealth in which effective criticism of the Government is impossible, and the maintenance of democracy thereby imperilled. It would be too easy to lay the blame upon Viscount Craigavon and his lieutenants for the readiness with which they first abolished proportional representation, and then carved up the constituencies so cunningly that the Unionists enjoy a representation both in Parliament and on the local bodies to which their numbers certainly do not entitle them. They have—or so they conceive—a duty to preserve the six counties intact. A really strong Nationalist minority in the Lower House could make things hot for Northern Ireland. In combination with Labour and with, perhaps, a few discontented Independents, it could even "vote into" the Free State. This is the danger

which Lord Craigavon can plead as justification for his concept of "a Protestant Parliament for a Protestant people." It excuses him—but does it justify his doubtful democracy?

But the Nationalists are not the only sufferers. An increasing number of Unionists have found to their cost that they also are denied liberty of criticism. The Government's reply is always the same: "Criticize as much as you please, but you dare not throw us out, or you will let the Nationalists in"—and this although, under present conditions, the Nationalists could not possibly get in. Complacency of such a kind is too dangerous. There have been ominous rumblings already; for example, when the Government forced its very unpopular Revaluation Bill and its equally unpopular education levy upon the people. On those occasions the people accepted the inevitable excuse; but it may happen that on another issue they will prefer to damn the consequences and force the Government either to give in or to get out. And in the latter event the undemocratic quality of Northern Ireland's institutions would be amply displayed. It would be extremely difficult to find a new Government which would be anything better than a younger replica of its predecessor, fortifying itself against criticism by the same catch-cry: "We are saving you from the Free State."

An Englishman or foreigner, knowing something about the Free State, but, as a rule, very little about Northern Ireland, is often tempted to answer the catch-cry with the question: "Why?" As to that, the fact is simply that the Northern Protestant has no wish for a united Ireland. Partly, no doubt, it is because he would be looked at askance by his fellow-Unionists if he ventured to suggest that there might be advantages in unity. But his attitude is based also on certain real fears, which it may be worth while to set in order, beginning with the least important.

In the first place, he fears that the abolition of a separate administration in Northern Ireland would throw so many civil servants and other officials out of work as to cause considerable distress.

In the second place, he is afraid that the unity of Ireland would mean "Home rule."

In the third place, he has watched the progress of the economic

conflict between Great Britain and the Free State, and fears that the industries of the North, in a united Ireland, would be sundered from their English markets. In the last place, he possesses a sentimental attachment to the Empire which is not commonly shared in the Free State, and fears that his loyalty would be prejudiced.

These arguments demand examination. As for the Ulsterman's first fear—that jobs would be lost through the assimilation of Parliaments and civil services—the possibility cannot be denied. But would not the corresponding reduction in expenditure be a fair set-off? His terror of Roman Catholic "persecution," I believe, is, to a very large extent, illusory. The best evidence of that is the Free State's history during the past fifteen years. If the right to be divorced and to use contraceptive appliances is fundamental to Protestantism, then the Protestants of Southern Ireland may fairly complain of discrimination against their faith. But of persecution, in any ordinary sense of the term, there never has been a sign. It is hard to believe that the tolerance which has been extended to a Free State minority of seven per cent. would not be extended in even greater measure to the thirty per cent. minority of Protestants in a united Ireland. Symbols, admittedly, mean so much to the average Irishman, both Southern and Northern, that their use or misuse might create occasional difference. The Ulsterman would not readily retain his membership of a county council which insisted on hanging a crucifix in the council chamber or on urging the claim of Blessed Oliver Plunkett to canonization by the Church. But his feelings would seldom be offended in this respect. Even in a united Ireland there would still be predominantly Catholic and predominantly Protestant counties, and the presence of an Ulster member on the county council of Mayo or Kerry would be most unlikely.

For that matter, it is not unfair to argue that Irish Protestantism stands a better chance of survival in a united than in a partitioned country. Almost precisely half of the total membership of the formerly established Church of Ireland is concentrated in the Northern diocese of Down and Connor and Dromore, and the primatial see—that of Armagh—is situated in Viscount Craigavon's territory. If, as time goes on, the two States continue

to follow divergent policies, the Church of Ireland may be hard put to it to retain its unity. There is excellent reason, indeed, to believe that the Church has already appreciated its danger, and has taken at least one step to counteract it.

The Ulsterman's most powerful arguments against unity, however, are his fear of economic and political separation from Great Britain; and the best way to test these arguments is to imagine a united Ireland in being, and to see what really would happen. Mr. de Valera professes to have no interest in any Irish Republic short of an all-Ireland Republic. He has not yet acknowledged—though he certainly has realized—that a united Ireland and an Irish Republic are a contradiction in terms. Few words are needed to describe what would happen if the North should "come in." Even if Viscount Craigavon could be persuaded to "come in" without an assurance that Ireland would remain within the Commonwealth—which is almost unbelievable—the voting power of the Ulster Imperialists would be more than sufficient to ensure the *status quo*. Acting in concert with the ex-Unionists of the South and with the followers of Mr. Cosgrave, they would more than suffice to decide any election on the Republic *versus* Dominion issue in favour of the Imperial connection. And it is most improbable that the issue would be challenged; for the great bulk of Mr. de Valera's supporters are content with what he has done so far, and he, being the astutest man in Ireland, is well aware of the fact. Indeed, the result of Northern Ireland's coalescence with the Free State might well be not merely a territorially, but a spiritually, united nation, satisfied to bear the same relation to the British Commonwealth that the Free State bears to-day.

Would Mr. de Valera accept unity on these terms? And, if he should accept it, what position would he occupy in the new Ireland? The one certainty is that he would not repeat his conduct of 1922, when he carried fire and sword through Ireland in defiance of the people's will. Fifteen years have made him a democrat—as some people say, too good a democrat. It is possible that he might place himself at the head of a constitutional party with a programme of out-and-out republicanism; but the odds are against it. Not only would the attempt be hopeless, but it would be inconsistent with Mr. de Valera's own ideas.

For all his monotonous repetition of the word "Republic," he never has envisaged his Republic as totally divorced from the British Commonwealth: in his mind it has always been "externally associated" therewith, to a greater or less degree. He has established already such a "Republic within the Commonwealth" for twenty-six counties. To have reunited the whole of Ireland on the same basis would surely be a fulfilment of his dreams, and a life's work. There is, in fact, little reason to doubt that Mr. de Valera would be the first Premier of Ireland under the new dispensation.

Such a united Ireland would make short work of the Ulsterman's fear of commercial isolation from Great Britain. Before the economic war commerce between Great Britain and the Free State was virtually as free as between Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Why should it not be as free again? England could hardly refuse to an Ireland securely within the Commonwealth the same privileges which she once conceded to a Free State of defiantly separatist tendencies. Minor restrictions on trade, of course, would be necessary; for the new Ireland would be unlikely to sacrifice the small industries which the Free State has built up within her tariff walls during the past few years—or such of those industries as should survive the irruption of the far more highly industrialised North. But England needs to buy Irish cattle quite as badly as Ireland needs to sell them, and the products of Northern Ireland's great factories would be none the worse because they bore the identification-stamp of a united country. And simultaneously a new market would be opened for Northern manufactures in the South of Ireland. Internal airways must come, and with them a demand for aircraft—which can be supplied from Belfast. One of Mr. de Valera's dreams is a mercantile marine flying the Irish flag; does not Belfast build some of the world's finest ships? It may not be beside the point to mention that the directors of the new Dublin oil refinery (some of whom are Irish and some English) have recently laid a contract for seven oil tankers, worth £1,500,000, with German yards. They would not dare to do so in a united Ireland. To some small extent British trade might suffer from the new Ireland's closer approach to self-sufficiency. But Britain would have small

right to complain; for she and the Commonwealth at large would be the greatest gainers of all.

The Free State is conscious already that her military destiny is linked irrevocably with Great Britain's. When Mr. de Valera promised Mr. Baldwin's Government, *via* Dail Eireann, that he would not allow the twenty-six counties to be used by any foreign Power as a base for hostile operations against the United Kingdom, he still left a great deal unsaid. He might have added that, so long as the ports of Southern Ireland are a vital element in the defence of the Western approaches, there can be no question of Ireland's neutrality in any war that may be waged against the United Kingdom—a point of which the Free State Army's General Staff is amply aware. Though no direct evidence is forthcoming, it is hard to believe that there has not been some contact between the chiefs of the Free State Army and Sir Thomas Inskip's Ministry of Defence.

A smaller person than Mr. de Valera might have tried to make a bargain with Great Britain. He might have urged that, even if the presence of half a dozen British destroyers could control the vital ports of the Free State in time of war, the problem would still be simplified by the assurance that Ireland would create no difficulties for Great Britain; and, in return for that assurance, he might have demanded many things. It is an index to the man's stature that he has refrained; and it is a tribute to his statesmanship that the goodwill of the British people has more than compensated him for the loss of a magnificent bargaining-point.

Nevertheless, while partition remains, a grievance remains; and it is worth while for the United Kingdom—which includes Northern Ireland—to consider whether the security of the British Isles would not be better guaranteed by the existence of a united and contented Ireland. The trouble is not merely that a divided nation involves a divided programme for its defence; it is, chiefly, that a Free State suffering from a grievance is more likely to be a complacent than an enthusiastic ally to Great Britain. As Mr. de Valera observed during one of the December debates on the Crown, really friendly relations between the two countries can only be established on the basis of a united Ireland. Furthermore, a grudging Free State, painfully working

out her programme of economic self-sufficiency, can hardly prove as useful a source of food supplies to Great Britain in the event of war as a united Ireland, amply furnished with industries in the North, and once again free to concentrate on the intensive production of meat and dairy produce.

Nor would the Commonwealth suffer from the caging of its wild bird. For fifteen years its theory, not to mention its political stability, has been threatened by the centrifugal tendency of the Irish Free State. Is it not desirable that the tendency which sets so perilous an example should be checked by the removal of the Free State's last grievance? Is it not desirable that the whole of Ireland should be stabilised, as its greater part has been stabilised, in relation to Great Britain and the Commonwealth? And is it not desirable that the germ of autocracy should be purged from its stronghold in one tiny corner of the huge, democratic body of the British Commonwealth? The present writer has no doubts about it. But any effective answer lies with the Governments of Great Britain and of Northern Ireland.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL

BY GEORGE GLASGOW

THERE would be no sense in regarding as a "problem" the prevailing extent to which human life in nearly all its aspects is dominated by the politicians. The thing has become irresistible and inevitable. The World War of 1914-18 by its magnitude and overwhelming importance to nearly every organized civilized community had the effect of general nationalization or socialization, that is, of placing most things under the thumb of governments. Labour, property, money, life itself were commandeered for national political purposes. There is no going back from such circumstance. The descent is easy; *sed revocare gradus* . . .

At the present time it is impossible for commerce to be conducted in any country without a greater or smaller measure of political control or supervision. Money in monstrous quantity is annually extorted by governments and spent upon an ever widening range of objects: some good, most of them mischievous. In the democratic countries each election virtually degenerates into a competitive appeal to the electorate on the ground of what the rival parties are prepared to spend. Conservative parties vie with Socialist parties in their extravagant promises. In the dictatorship countries the government more crudely confiscates private property and settles exactly what its subjects may do and may not do. Liberty and security alike are gone, in the so-called democratic as in the so-called dictatorship states.

Of the bare fact, at any rate, there can be no doubt. The spectacle we see around us is of governments the world over extending an ever greater moral and material control over peoples. The exchanges, normally the automatic register of trade balances, are artificially controlled by such modern devices as Exchange Equalization Funds. British investment trust companies, whose American securities were mobilized by the government during

the Great War as a measure of war finance, are now being pressed by the government to refrain from buying American securities in order not to upset the exchange. Honest merchants find themselves shackled or baulked at every turn by political interference. The political finance of the war and post-war period is one of the unbelievable monstrosities of all time. The nightmare of fantastic "reparation" figures and the consequent dislocation of the gold standard machinery; the vast unhonoured debts raised by governments; the action of the League of Nations in persuading millions of people to lose their money by investing it in political loans: these things can never be forgotten.

The old and honoured traditions of the City of London itself have been besmirched by dishonest government finance. A British Government in our time has incurred a formal obligation of some £1,000,000,000 to the United States and defaulted upon its bond. The politics of our time have destroyed the very foundations of financial honesty. Tariffs of a forbidding height are ranged by governments against international trade in the mocking name of economic nationalism. Wages and hours of labour are fixed by governments, greater and greater insurance premiums against a theoretic contingency of sickness or unemployment are forcibly extracted from employers and employed. Every manifestation of profit-making in any individual or any industry is promptly scotched by piratical taxation levied by the central political authority. More and more sums of money are annually confiscated by both central and local political authorities to spend on an ever more feverish orgy of free popular education, free popular nutrition, free popular everything, including dancing, and even on the bribery of parents to allow their children thus to be educated and entertained at somebody else's expense.

Governments meanwhile are increasing their armaments in preparation for the next great war on a scale hitherto undreamt of. Science, too, is mobilized by the politicians for their destructive purposes. Bacteriology, which began as a pure medical science, has become an instrument of war in the hands of governments. The function of the old diplomacy is usurped by politicians who shout at each other across frontiers in an almost invariable spirit of nationalist hostility to each other. The

politicians of Russia, Germany, and Italy even extend their meddlesome activities to Spain, Spain herself being split by rival sets of politicians fighting for mastery between themselves. The magnitude of the prevailing activity of the politicians throughout the world is such that it threatens to engulf all human activity, and has the incidental effect of engulfing the politicians themselves in their own handiwork. No politician in the world now has any idea what he is doing or where he stands. He must for ever, without pause, be inventing new methods of spending public money or curtailing public liberty. The forces let loose are too big for those who have unloosed them to control them.

To what, then, is it all leading? It is one of the mysterious attributes of human nature that good comes out of evil, that indeed evil is itself the chosen way to chastened wisdom and ultimate good. Christ was crucified. If politics, as well they may, be God's chosen means of chastising human kind for its own good, how is the process being accomplished? The simplest way of pondering that question is to apply it to the possibility of peace or war in Europe.

Clausewitz wrote that war is politics "by other means." Why "other" means? War is the very soul of politics. Does the unbounded contemporary riot of political unrest lessen or increase the danger of war? Germany can put 1,250,000 trained men in the field, Russia 2,000,000, Italy and France 1,000,000 each. Great Britain has started a gigantic process of re-armament involving a possible expenditure of some £1,500,000,000—half as much again as the original debt to the United States. It may be, normally is, the case that if you prepare for war, you get war. But the present case is not normal. The diplomatic crises follow each other with such bewildering rapidity that they lose much of their effect. When Germany first tore up the Treaty of Versailles in March, 1935, the resultant nerve-storm was such that many earnest and well-informed people braced themselves to face the imminent possibility of war. But there was no war. In the past four years there have been many such nervous upheavals. They are all forgotten.

Moreover, the kaleidoscope of changing friends and enemies becomes more and more bewildering. In a recent experience,

falling within one short year, we saw France and Britain bound harmoniously together (February, 1935), and bitterly estranged (March, 1936); Britain and Germany estranged (March, 1935), and united (June, 1935); Britain and Italy united (April, 1935), and divided to the very brink of war (October, 1935-March, 1936); Italy and Germany estranged (April, 1935) and reunited unintentionally by the League of Nations (October, 1935-March, 1936). In that period we have seen the Treaty of Versailles finally torn up by Germany, leaving only the Covenant of the League of Nations extant; and we have seen the Covenant of the League of Nations itself proved in practice to be not only ineffective as a safeguard of the peace, but itself a danger to the peace. It is at any rate difficult to see how a war can emerge from forces so uncertain in their direction, especially when there are so many outlets for pent-up emotions. An explosion normally results from the lack of outlets. That is why outlets are called safety-valves.

In 1914 there was no such safety-valve as European politics now supply in abundance. Nor are the diplomatic storms themselves the only factor that tends to make war less likely. There is an even more reliable safeguard. The very development of the means of war may prove to be a blessing in disguise. In August, 1914, the first British aeroplanes that crossed the Channel to France were able to carry only enough petrol for the 20-mile hop. Aeroplanes were in their very infancy. After all it was only in 1909 that Blériot first flew the Channel. When, therefore, the 1914 governments declared war their expectation was that the expeditionary forces would carry on, as always before, in a severely localized fighting area, the civilian population, including the government, being safely housed in their domestic isolation. It is now known to every Western European Government that within a few hours of the next declaration of war, Whitehall, the Wilhelmstrasse and the Quai d'Orsay will probably be bombed to bits. The first casualties in the next war will probably be the Prime Ministers of the countries that engage in war. They and their Cabinet colleagues and many of the civil servants in government offices may be dead before any infantry regiment can reach the fighting line. Prime Ministers, we may still hope, are human. If they hesitate to sign their own death

warrant, the rest of us will have no cause but for gratitude. And even if they do let loose the dogs of war, to their own immediate destruction, there is likely to be a quite lukewarm competition for the vacant job.

Moreover, it is certain that the German air fleet will immediately concentrate on bombing Rolls-Royce out of Derby and the Bristol factory out of Bristol; and what then? The seven million people of London, civilian men, women, and children; the three millions of Paris and the four millions of Berlin will promptly choke in poison gas, or burn to a cinder in their homes. No *moral* ever known to human history will stand such treatment, and the war will be over almost before it begins; nor will anyone worry about who has won it, or who was responsible for it.

In other words, the very scientific perfection now achieved in the technique of war may prove to be war's undoing. The usual organizations for humanizing war will in their turn look as silly as they ought to look. To talk of the "laws of civilized warfare" is to sanctify the folly. It is at any rate likely that when the next war starts there will be no room for nonsense about "humanizing" it. It will burst forth in all its naked ugliness. Governments may issue their gas masks and institute their gas mask drill in advance; they may enrol their volunteer fire brigades; they may practise defending their towns against hypothetical and imagined air attack; but when the reality arrives, those things will be as mist in the wind.

The examples of post-war chaos produced by hypertrophied diplomacy are innumerable. Hundreds of treaties have been concluded since the war, treaties of friendship, of non-aggression, of mutual assistance, of arbitration, which together constitute as muddled a mass of juridical follies as the wit of man could have invented. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that no European Government today could honour any one of the treaties it has signed since the war without thereby violating half a dozen other treaties it has signed in the same period. The Covenant of the League of Nations itself is such that when the first practical attempt was made to apply it, it nearly produced a first-class and wholly unnecessary war. In the parallel case of Japan and Manchuria a few years earlier the leading people at Geneva had more sense than to attempt to apply a wholly inapplicable

Covenant. To have attempted, for example, to subject Japan to economic boycott would logically have produced a war between Great Britain and the United States, for the British Navy presumably would have been given the job of forcibly preventing any trade being done between Japan and the United States.

It is an elementary enough truth that no police system, whether national or international, is possible unless it be universally accepted within the bounds of its own theoretic jurisdiction. If the British Government attempted a police sanction in Great Britain under the condition that a dozen counties in the country were independent of the government's control, any child could tell you that the result would be a farce. Similarly, an international police system is a clear absurdity when four out of the total of seven Great Powers stand aside from it.

Next to the Covenant of the League of Nations the Locarno Treaties of 1925 have loomed largest in the diplomacy of the post-war years. The history of these treaties, with their contradictory obligations, is too familiar to need recapitulation, but in May, 1935, ten years after they were signed, the confusion of European affairs was aggravated by the "Treaty of Mutual Assistance" entered into between France and Russia. Inasmuch as at that time the rival dictators of Berlin and Moscow were shouting at each other the most unreserved public protestations of mutual hatred and abuse, the hypothesis present to every diplomatic mind was that of war between Germany and Russia. France was already bound by the Locarno Treaty in the West of Europe; now she was bound by her Russian Treaty in the East of Europe. Did it much matter whether juridical finesse could harmonize those two obligations? Juridical finesse can harmonize anything. What mattered was that within twelve months Herr Hitler had repudiated and therefore destroyed the Treaty of Locarno on which so many hopes of European peace had been built. On March 7th, 1936, he tore up the Treaty of Locarno on the argument that it had already been torn up by the Franco-Russian Pact. It happened that when, a year still earlier, on March 6th, 1935, he repudiated the Treaty of Versailles he made the point that that treaty had been imposed upon Germany against her will, and therefore was not in honour binding upon her. When he spoke in the Reichstag on May 21st,

1935, he made the clear differentiation between a treaty imposed by force and a treaty voluntarily signed. He said: "The German Government . . . will scrupulously observe every treaty voluntarily concluded even if it was drawn up before their assumption of power and office. In particular they will hold to and fulfil all obligations arising out of the Treaty of Locarno, so long as the other partners are ready to stand by that treaty. The German Government regard the observance of the demilitarized zone as a contribution towards the appeasement of Europe of an unheard-of hardness for a sovereign State."

He now argued, in March, 1936, that his own proviso ("so long as the other partners are ready to stand by that treaty") did not hold. The juridical question: Did the Franco-Russian Pact violate the Locarno Pact? was as unanswerable as most of the other post-war conundrums. The "Pact of Mutual Assistance" between France and Russia provided in Article 2 that the two countries should immediately come to each other's assistance if either, "under the circumstances specified in Article 15, section 7 of the League Covenant" were subjected to an unprovoked aggression on the part of any European State. Article 3 stated that, as under Article 16 of the Covenant any member of the League having recourse to war contrary to the pledges given in Articles 12, 13 or 15 was *ipso facto* considered as having committed an act of war against all the other members, the two countries agreed in the event of one of them being subjected, under these conditions, to an unprovoked aggression by a European State "immediately to lend each other aid and assistance in application of Article 16 of the Covenant."

It was obvious, therefore, that as a result of the Franco-Russian Pact France might be compelled to take warlike action against Germany, and would therefore bring the Locarno Treaty into operation against herself; but such a contingency could arise only as a result of German aggression against Russia. Yet it could in good logic be argued that if France, acting under the Franco-Russian Pact, did indeed take action against Germany, Germany could best obtain redress not by tearing up the Treaty of Locarno, but by invoking its operation. For her part France contended that the unilateral re-occupation of the Rhineland was itself a violation of the Locarno Pact. That was clearly true.

Article 4 of the Security Pact embodied in the Locarno Treaty prescribed that a breach of Articles 42 or 43 of the Treaty of Versailles by Germany would constitute an unprovoked act of aggression, and as such would bring the guarantees into operation. Articles 42 and 43 of the Treaty of Versailles are those which stipulate the demilitarization of the Rhineland zone.

But the wording of Article 4 of the Locarno Treaty itself is so riddled with reservations, conditions, and self-contradictions, and the criterion of "aggression" itself is so far from having been defined, that the several arguments were equally obnoxious to people of ordinary common sense.

The only interesting thing that emerges is that the politicians of Europe have so befogged themselves that no single thing concluded since the war within the framework of any juridical instrument is worth the ink with which it is printed, if its value be judged by its efficacy as a machinery to prevent war. But if they be judged on other grounds, these manifold treaties may yet emerge as a manifold blessing. There may be something salutary in the general reduction to absurdity. Revolutions, which in their turn are a normal manifestation of politics, devour their offspring. It may be that the monstrous pretensions of the political bosses as we have known them in our time will produce sooner rather than later the inevitable reaction. What at any rate seems to be immediately possible in the field of international relations is that the politicians of our time may have so deeply enmeshed each other in mutually destructive treaty commitments, and may have so generally terrified themselves by what they themselves are doing, that the next war may be averted by the very lack of any initiative firm enough on anybody's part to start it.

M. BLUM'S RETREAT

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

THERE is a question that many people in Paris are asking themselves today: What will the next 14th of July be like? The vast demonstration of July 14th, 1935, when Radicals, Socialists and Communists alike joined in the solemn oath to "save liberty and beat Fascism" was the formal beginning of the Front Populaire. July 14th, 1936, six weeks after the great election victory of the Left, was its apotheosis. The procession was twice as vast as that of 1935; the human torrent which streamed with its red and tricolour banners from all over Paris towards the Place de la Nation, when Socialist, Communist, Radical, and Trade Union leaders were speaking to the enthusiastic multitude, must have contained about a million people. It was "the reply of Paris and of French democracy to the 6th of February." Has the enthusiasm disappeared? Are the different elements of the Front Populaire no longer as united in their purpose as they were then? Was it only a momentary partnership dictated by the necessity to "strangle Fascism"?

No doubt, "Fascism" in its crudest form—that is, the Croix de Feu movement, which gave all the Left Parties the necessary impetus to join forces—has been "strangled"; but now that this has been achieved, one may well ask whether the Front Populaire still exists. Nominally it exists, of course; the Government is still the same Front Populaire Government, composed of Radicals and Socialists, and relying on Communist support; and in the financial debate on March 9th, M. Duclos, the Communist speaker, after attacking the Government violently for the concessions it had made to the "financial oligarchy," nevertheless concluded his speech by saying: "And yet, if the reactionaries imagine that they can break up the Front Populaire and its parliamentary majority, they are mistaken." Many of those who watched M. Duclos, with his little rat-like face,

denounce Blum's surrender to the financial oligarchy, and then listened to his conciliatory conclusion, afterwards wondered which part of his speech was, ultimately, the more important.

There is no doubt that there have been great changes in France in the last year, and that it is no longer the "Front Populaire France" of May, 1936. But how deep and fundamental is the change? That the relations between the component parts of the Front Populaire majority were not always smooth and harmonious is sufficiently clear to anyone who, last autumn, heard the Communist outcry against Blum's policy of non-intervention in Spain, or who has witnessed the alarm, and almost panic, produced among the Radicals by the stay-in strike movement during a large part of 1936. Already in the second half of 1936 these two questions shook deeply, though they did not break, the psychological unity of the Front Populaire; and it was one of Blum's most remarkable achievements to have preserved the external unity of the Front Populaire, and not to have yielded either to the Communist campaign against non-intervention, or to the Radical panic over the stay-in strikes; indeed he handled these strikes with remarkable tact and sureness of touch, and without that brutality which some of the Radicals would have welcomed, but which, in Blum's own words, "would have turned the working class, so loyal to the Republic, against it."

But what happened during the first ten days of March was something new. Until then, Blum had steered a careful middle course, setting off the Radicals and Communists against each other, yielding a little now to one side, and now to the other. By refusing to deal brutally with stay-in strikes, he pleased the Communists (and the Socialists for that matter); by refusing to be dragged into a Spanish adventure, he delighted the Radicals (and most of the Socialists agreed with this, too). But all this skilful manœuvring was taking place *within* the Front Populaire. What happened in March already took Blum *outside* the Front Populaire; for the first time it looked as though Blum had treated with the Opposition—and had yielded to it. The wilder spirits in the Front Populaire asserted that Blum had surrendered to the "Two Hundred Families" the dragon whom, in the 1936 Election, all the Left Parties had agreed to slay. It now seemed

that the dragon was still alive, and that it was actually dictating terms to the Prime Minister of the Front Populaire Government!

Blum's less critical left-wing supporters claimed, on the contrary, that he had, at a particularly difficult moment, succeeded in preserving the Front Populaire and its majority, and in not "turning Ramsay"; and that even the best general was sometimes obliged, as a matter of expediency, to carry out—or to stage—a momentary retreat. The Front Populaire programme, they said, of which so much had already been carried out by the Blum Government, had not been abandoned; it had only been slowed down.

The events that brought about Blum's retreat are worth examining. If, in January, France was optimistic, and was speaking joyfully of the business revival, a rather sudden change came over the country in February. The cost of living was steadily increasing, there was some unrest among the workers and the civil servants, the compulsory arbitration law for settling labour disputes, which had yielded promising results at first, was not working very satisfactorily; the 40-hour week, in becoming more and more generalized, was beginning to upset production, and was tending to increase the already highly unfavourable balance of trade; and the Press of the Right took a special joy in prophesying that the Paris Exhibition, the success of which the Government had proclaimed (with a touch of exaggeration) to be a primary factor in France's economic and financial recovery, would be weeks, if not months late.

It is true that there were considerable labour difficulties at the Exhibition, and the builders—one of the worst-hit trades in France—were showing a deplorable tendency to practise *ca'canny*. The Treasury was in great difficulties; it was widely asserted that if it had enough money to pay its February bills, there was some doubt about its March bills. Worse still, there was renewed pressure on the franc; and the Exchange Equalization Fund which, it was said, had already swallowed up a good part of the £40,000,000 borrowed in London in January, and was drawing on the gold of the Bank of France, was believed to be in a desperate plight. For one thing, it had pegged the franc at 105 to the £, a rate below which London and Washington were unwilling to see it go; but since, with increasing pressure

on the franc, it was assumed that it would still have to drop sooner or later, the speculation on the franc seemed as good as a safe bet. Not only "big capital" but also "small capital" took part in this offensive against the franc.

On February 26th, Blum declared that the Front Populaire Government was the only true "National Government" of France; he gave a solemn pledge that its programme would not be extended without the approval of the Radicals; which meant that no new far-reaching social reforms and nationalizations would be undertaken; and he appealed for the loyal co-operation of "capital." But, even in spite of Blum's veiled threat that exchange control might become inevitable if this "sabotage" continued, "capital" persisted in its offensive, for it knew that Blum would be extremely reluctant to abandon "liberalism," and so renounce the Three-Power Monetary Declaration, one of the essential features of his foreign policy of co-operation with England and *rapprochement* with the United States. "Capital" guessed right; and to preserve "liberalism" Blum was obliged to give way. Free transactions in gold were restored; the legislation penalizing "gold profiteers" was scrapped; the Government pledged itself not to increase budgetary expenditure during the current year, except to relieve the *petit fonctionnaire* suffering severely from the rise in the cost of living; and it also promised to reduce the outstanding extra-budgetary expenditure from 32 milliards to 26 milliards, which meant an enormous slowing down in public works, in the advances to local authorities; the postponement of a first outlay on railway and post-office improvements, as well as of the establishment of an old-age pensions fund.

Worse still, perhaps, a committee with M. Rist at its head, was appointed to operate the Exchange Equalization Fund. M. Rist was a member of M. Laval's deflationist "brain trust"; and his principal thesis is that public works are fundamentally bad; that purchasing power must not, especially in times of economic recovery, be created by such costly and artificial means, and that prosperity must be achieved by the stimulation of international trade through the gradual abolition of quotas and the increase, in return, of export openings. This orthodox theory seems sound enough at first sight; though it is admittedly

in contradiction with M. Vincent Auriol's purchasing power theory, and with the enormous importance attached to public works by M. Jouhaux, the Trade Union leader. M. Rist, no doubt, admits that M. Vincent Auriol's theory may have served its purpose in the past, when there were still no visible signs of a trade recovery; but he maintains that today French consumption is steadily catching up with and even exceeding French production, so that there is no longer any need for the artificial creation of "purchasing power."

What is rather more dangerous from the Left point of view is that M. Rist now holds a key position in the management of France's financial affairs; and that, in controlling the Exchange Equalization Fund, he may—if he wishes to—exercise on the Government the same pressure as was exercised in the past by the famous Regency Council of the Bank of France—a Council which was popularly identified with the Two Hundred Families, and whose abolition was one of the first measures to be taken by the Blum Government. It is even suggested that the banks agreed to subscribe to a large part of the new loan on condition that M. Rist be appointed to the Bank of France: if this is true, it clearly suggests that the banks are expecting M. Rist to play a political game. And the gleeful exclamation that the *Echo de Paris* blurted out when it heard of M. Rist's appointment: "Jouhaux and Thorez (the Trade Union and Communist leaders) are no longer our arbiters!" is rather suggestive. It implied that M. Rist and his committee might, whenever they felt like it, bring new pressure to bear on the franc, and so force Blum to "go easy" with his Front Populaire programme. It remains to be seen to what extent Blum will be willing to submit to such pressure in the long run—if there is such a pressure.

The extreme Left are feeling rather uneasy about it all, though they feel that, for the present, at any rate, there is still nothing catastrophic in Blum's retreat, that it was dictated by national as well as international considerations, and that the Right may be in too great a hurry to rejoice. Internationally, his policy was probably right: he saved the Three-Power Monetary Declaration, and the startling success of the loan was a welcome demonstration of France's financial vitality as far as certain foreign countries are concerned—such as Germany and even

Belgium, where France is only too readily regarded as being on the verge of financial collapse and political disintegration; though it may be added that in Germany this impression has considerably lost ground since the beginning of January, when the unanimity with which French opinion warned Germany to keep her "hands off Morocco" gave Hitler a salutary, if unpleasant, surprise.

On such a question France is fundamentally united; but this does not mean that there are no deep internal differences in the country. On the one hand, the Blum Government has today been accepted, not only by the Left, but even by the Right (however reluctantly) as the National Government of France—and Blum may well enter this acceptance on the credit side, when he draws up his balance sheet of the March crisis; but on the other hand, he has the reactions of the Front Populaire rank and file to consider. Of these, the Radicals are the most satisfied; for their pocket book (as the phrase goes) is still on the right, even if their heart, with its hatred of the Two Hundred Families, is on the left; the greater part of the Socialists have enough personal regard for Blum to give him a blank cheque; but what about the Left Socialist minority, the Communists, and the trade unions?

The attitude of the Communists is perhaps easiest of all to assess. While proclaiming their loyalty to the Front Populaire, they will try to make political capital out of Blum's weakness; but at the same time (assuming that the international considerations of Moscow count with them as much as they are believed to count) they will be careful not to cause any kind of serious trouble which would weaken France in an international and military sense; but the trade unions may be more troublesome. They include "moderates" and "liberals" like M. Belin, who in his paper, *Syndicats*, of March 12th, put forward a number of ideas which—paradoxical as it may sound—bear a curious resemblance to M. Rist's doctrine. Since production in France's coal mining (he says) lags far behind the increased demand for coal, the excessive increase of either imports or prices should be avoided by bringing back to France a part of the foreign labour which was expelled during the years of depression. This should apply to trades like coal and metal mining, where there is now

(even regardless of the 40-hour week) a shortage in the available labour, but not, of course, to trades like the building trade, where there is still severe unemployment.

The position of M. Jouhaux is much more ambiguous, and the financial decisions of the Blum Government are in flat contradiction with what he preached for a long time, and especially about the middle of 1936: vast public works financed by the most unorthodox—one might almost say, autarkist—expansion of credit. Lastly, there is another tendency in the trade union movement, which has been gaining ground lately, and whose reactions to Blum's "surrender" are particularly hostile: it is the anarcho-syndicalist and socialist-revolutionary wing. How strong this tendency is, and how much trouble it can cause remains to be seen. It is, however, well to remember that during the great strikes of June, 1936, certain French working-class elements displayed a revolutionary temper that puzzled and alarmed even the Communists.

The civil service are in a peculiar position. They are, in a sense, the principal victims of Blum's financial decisions, for one of them is that Budget expenditure is not to be increased, except in the case of the "lower categories" of the civil service. It means that the civil servants will continue to be less well-off than they were during the crisis years of 1934-35—when, compared with private employees, they were, of course, in an exceptionally privileged position. It is probable that so long as the Front Populaire Government (which most of them support even now) is in office, no serious trouble will come from them, unless the cost of living continues to go up at an alarming rate, but that they may become very troublesome if, by any improbable chance, this Government were to go.

Prices and the 40-hour week are the two biggest internal problems at the moment. Wholesale prices have shown signs, since February, of becoming stabilized, but the progress of retail prices is still uncertain. They have risen, since June, by about 25 per cent.; and the cost of living (since this includes fixed charges like rent, transport, etc.) by about 17 per cent.; while wages have, in general, gone up by about 30 per cent., and the cost of production by about 40 per cent. The tendency of retail prices is, therefore, still to rise. An increase both in inter-

national trade and in internal production may ultimately solve this price problem; but the 40-hour week is a hindrance to increased production. There is a strong movement among employers to get their men to work not 40 hours, but 44 or 48 hours, though, naturally, with extra pay for overtime; and it seems that this tendency, especially in trades suffering from a shortage of labour, is not viewed unfavourably by the workers themselves, who are not reluctant to make more money. The miners, for instance, have already agreed to work two extra days a month.

There is no doubt that the economic life of France is on the upward grade. Partial unemployment which, a year ago, was almost general, has disappeared completely; and total unemployment is rapidly falling, except in a few trades, like the building trade, where the men now working on the Exhibition will be thrown out of work once it is completed. But, apart from that, the outlook is fairly good; the peasants are prosperous; and with French factories crowded with new orders, and with the workers earning more than ever before, the dangers of labour unrest should diminish, rather than increase. To prevent a further rise in the cost of living from swallowing up the increased wages is the most immediate problem at the moment.

As for the Front Populaire, its vitality was demonstrated, a week after the Government's "surrender" to the Two Hundred Families by its decree nationalizing the Schneider armament works. It was a gesture—but an impressive gesture, of which a Government that had "turned Ramsay" would scarcely have been capable.

CHEAP MONEY AND FINE PICTURES

Holland in the 17th Century

By G. J. RENIER

TO brush aside the painting of the Dutch seventeenth century as something highly skilled, but utterly uninspired, as a slavish rendering of the visible world, would seem absurd nowadays. Yet the France of Louis XIV, unchallenged custodian of contemporary canons of good taste, condemned as pedestrian the art of a country that lacked the guidance of a royal court. Nothing great could come out of a republic of merchants.

Our age knows that Dutch painting was less realistic than used to be thought. The Dutch Masters took interesting liberties with the material world. "The Terrace," a Jan Steen, at the National Gallery, represents an outdoor scene; but the light seems to fall through windows on the spectator's right. It is a studio-work superimposed upon a background connected with it only by the artist's inspiration that moulds the composition into a coherent whole. Cuyp's dreamy cows are more than a selection of prize exhibits ready for the cattle market. There is at the National Gallery a piece of his before which the sternest abstractionist of our day could spend hours, approving of the ideally satisfying flow of lines, the impeccable balance of surfaces, the two-dimensional nobility of a powerful composition. He would find it expressive of the abstract and eternal intentions of the tangible world. Cows, of course, are the great *poseuses* of the animal kingdom. They are always ready to oblige an artist, especially if a suitable sky-line is available. It is as though they knew that while ungainly by themselves they acquire beauty in juxtaposition to almost anything else. But I cannot believe that Cuyp chanced upon this herd of cows. The grouping is too harmonious, too scientific to have been unintentional.

By whatever criterion it be the fashion to judge paintings, significant form, abstract balance, or the tactile values of a

generation ago, the Dutch work of the seventeenth century will pass muster, because in it the thing that matters is not the relation between the artist and the plastic world, but the relation between the artist and his work. The equation of the outside world with the artist is not constant; it varies with the economics of supply and demand, with the temperament and the prejudices of the patron. The constant factor, in Dutch painting, is the pleasure with which the painter pours himself upon the canvas. In an age of intolerant religious certitude, of ruthlessly individualistic acquisitiveness, the painter, completely master of his craft, enjoyed the act of achievement that is as necessary to most men as the air they breathe. The painter, untroubled by theory, untrammelled by prejudices about the dignity and the independence of the artist, joyfully created whenever a commission came his way.

Mankind is a spoilt child. Whatever it wants, it gets—provided it wants with conviction and fervour. Machines to clothe a growing population, machines to decimate an excessive population, these are invented as soon as they are in urgent request. As it happened, the citizens of the Dutch Republic wanted pictures most urgently in the seventeenth century. Whether they needed them is another question. It is not so certain that mankind gets what it needs as easily as what it wants. Men need happiness above all things. But they have never asked for it yet with the unanimous clamour that destroyed the walls of Jericho. Have men even thought of asking for happiness? They ask for money, for power, for pleasure.

During their great century the Dutch asked for two things: they wanted independence for their state, and a safe investment for their money. To relate how they preserved their independence, and at what price, would mean telling the fascinating but complicated story of the foreign relations of the Dutch Republic, of involved and clever negotiations, of victories and defeats on sea and land in wars waged against the greatest powers in the world. But the story of how the Dutch found a safe investment for their money can be told in fewer words; it is worth relating, for it goes a long way to explain, not only how so many pictures came to be painted in their country in those days, but also what these pictures reveal about their owners.

It is indeed a curious fact that in the seventeenth century the Dutch had more money than they could use. They had accumulated cash by hard work and clever organizing, by playing Carter Paterson to the world, by fetching from the Baltic the timber, the tar, and the hemp that went to the building of the galleons in which was carried the bullion from the Spanish Main. Much of this bullion, by fair fight and fair trading, found its way into the territory of the Dutch Republic. The Dutch also carried salt and wine on their return journeys from the south. They sold cured herrings to a hungry world that was ignorant of the rudiments of food-preservation, they exported the cloth and the pottery and even the very ships they made in their own country. And sooner or later every transaction in which they engaged resulted in the acquisition of more gold and silver.

Should we blame the Dutch for jealously keeping their surplus wealth at home? The belief was universal in those days that one's neighbour's prosperity was one's own undoing. Profitable lending abroad was still rare, though not unknown, in the seventeenth century. Shall we be surprised that the Dutch failed to use their surplus cash to establish social justice and Utopian equality inside their own country? Again, there is nothing unusual in this. We often read, nowadays, that money is cheap and unusable. But no one except a dreamer here or there concludes that the City should shower its cheap money in a Douglasite rain of unearned credit. Let this be said in defence of the Dutch, that the contrast between riches and poverty was tempered by the sober lives of the wealthy, and a general absence of misery amongst the poor. On the whole, all the Dutch had a share in the wealth of their country.

Contemporaries appreciated the beneficial effects of this plethora of money in the Dutch Commonwealth. They realized that a state which could at any time borrow vast sums at low interest inside its own territory was capable of exertions transcending its size and the number of its inhabitants. Evelyn saw the connection between the regular payment and the exemplary discipline of the Dutch army. Sir William Temple wondered why Charles II could not follow their example and provide for his needs by borrowing, even if it had to be at a somewhat

higher rate than the two per cent. usually paid by the Dutch. Trade continued to expand throughout the seventeenth century, but not fast enough to absorb all the resultant profits. Nor was there, in so small a country, enough land available for those who would have liked to buy it. Lakes were reclaimed, and new wealth was created in this way, but still not enough to absorb profits from trade. And so the wealthy, the well-to-do, and even those who were but moderately comfortable, frequently found no other use for their idle money than to buy various ornaments, and in particular, pictures. It is again Evelyn who tells us how, in 1641, he noticed at the fair in Rotterdam the brisk trade done by booths full of the finest pictures. Burghers and peasants filled their homes with them. There were farmers who owned from two to three thousand pounds worth of paintings.

This explains how so few painters of the great age were able to work in the grand style, to indulge in the alchemy of a Rembrandt transmuting light into gold, or to dream the romantic visions of a Ruysdael. Portraits of Regent oligarchs, ordered by them, individually, or by the governors of their corporations; interiors, depicting the possessions of citizens, investments among which the commissioned canvas was itself to be numbered, such were the usual subjects that kept the painters busy and provided them with the opportunity to spend their creative energy.

If so much Dutch art of the seventeenth century owes its existence to the necessity of finding employment for surplus cash, this necessity also goes a long way to explain certain characteristics of the paintings that were thus produced. This economic interpretation, closely connected with complicated psychological motives, does not, of course, cover the whole range of Dutch painting. There remains the profound and universally Netherlandish exuberance, the joy of life of Jan Steen and many other Hollanders, so strikingly like the Flemings in their inspiration. There is also the aristocratic distinction that appears now and then in Vermeer, in *Du Jardin*, and in those others who reveal their kinship with those Flemings who were the familiars of noblemen and kings. But, increasingly, the seventeenth century betrays that particular streak of the Northern Netherlands, its meticulous tidiness and cleanliness.

Most Dutch interiors, most Dutch street scenes, depict an absence of disorder and of dirt remarkable in that uncleanest of all centuries. Nor is this tidiness an artist's dream. It is true to fact. Temple, and all English visitors in the seventeenth century, bear witness to the fact that the Dutch were painstakingly and scrupulously clean. They say that the streets were as clean as the houses, and that the houses were so neat one wondered if people ever lived in them.

These travellers also tried to explain the mystery that made the Dutch so different from other people. As is usually the case when ignorance dwells upon national characteristics, the climate was called to the rescue. The climate, said the travellers, was so damp that unless everything were continually rubbed and polished, dirt and rust and mildew would soon destroy the houses and their contents. Cleanliness was the Hollanders' only defence against their climate.

Every Dutch resident in London knows that this city is as damp as the dampest part of Holland. Yet neither in the seventeenth nor in the twentieth century have Londoners experienced the need to turn out all their rooms and to wash all their floors twice a week. And we should not forget that the same English climate is called upon to explain two things as utterly different as the character of the English in the seventeenth century and in the twentieth. A foreign interpreter of present-day England has told the world that a certain dullness and unimaginativeness which he thought could be perceived in the English character was due to the dullness of the climate and to the prevalence of fogs. But in 1660 the Venetian ambassador Giavarina wrote: "In a country like this, so subject to change from the instability of the climate, which renders men themselves volatile and inconstant, it is impossible to say what form the government will take."

Far from protecting the Dutch against their climate, their cleanliness increased its disadvantages. Thirty or forty pails full of water were carried into most houses every day, and not for the sake of bodily cleanliness! Many housewives brushed and scrubbed from morn to night, and maintained in the home a permanent dampness that caused ill-health and especially rheumatism. This morbid propensity towards cleaning is but

one aspect of the unusual behaviour of the citizen of the Dutch Republic towards his home and its contents.

Apart from the very rich, who had political and social duties involving hospitality on a large scale, the Dutch lived in but a small part of their houses. The remainder, including, very often, the kitchen, with its beautiful array of brass utensils and its furnace, were empty of human beings except during the periodical invasions by the housewife, her one maid, and the charwomen. All these untenanted rooms were full of pictures, of valuable furniture and of vases. There were no carpets: they would have interfered with the cleaners' activities. Sand was strewn in artistic patterns on the flags and over the boards. Only on festive occasions were the inhabitants and their friends allowed into the sanctum. Even the kitchen was too fine for daily occupation: food was cooked there once a week; on the other days it was heated up on the small oven in the recess beside the kitchen where the family dwelt throughout the winter. When better weather returned, the family went to live outside on the pavement. There was more outdoor life in Holland than in most other Western European countries.

Now, why this eternal cleaning? Why this almost superstitious avoidance of practically every room in the house? And why this accumulation throughout the home of varied objects, of bric-à-brac, of "brights" that had to be polished but were never used?

Because these rooms and their contents represented the family treasure. The unused linen in the cupboards, the vases, the precious furniture, the silver cups, often made of melted coin, were, like the pictures, a form in which unusable surplus money was invested. Nobody thought of raising the standard of living. Money that had not been earned by rapid and lucky speculation, but by hard and constant personal endeavour, could not be lightly spent on creature comforts. The only alternative would have been the woollen stocking of the French peasant. But in the Dutch Republic there were no prying tax gatherers who assessed people on the basis of their movable goods. The Dutch way, at any rate, enabled the nation to create things of beauty, and kept artists and craftsmen busy. And so, in the Dutch home, living was a subsidiary matter. Apart from an irreducible

minimum grudgingly given over to sleeping and living accommodation, the rooms were the storehouses of invested wealth. Of this the wife, assisted by her maid and the charwomen, was the custodian and the priestess. Worship went on without intermission, the treasure was handled with reverence, dusted, rubbed, burnished. The connection between possessiveness and extreme tidiness is well known to psychologists. To be worthy shrines, the rooms had to be as resplendent, as beautiful as their contents. As beautiful: it is a striking, a startling fact that in the language of Holland *schoon*, the word for "beautiful," has acquired the meaning of "clean," and is hardly ever used in its original sense. That sense is expressed by the word which means "pretty." Is this wearing out of the vocabulary of æsthetics a penalty for the ancestral confusion between domesticity, art, and investment?

As early as the eighteenth century a great change took place. The Dutch lent money to foreign businesses and to foreign governments. They bought foreign shares and bonds, and ordered fewer pictures. But some results of the domestic cult of concrete possessions have lasted to this day. There is no further need to live on the pavement for fear of wearing out the furniture, but the Dutch continue to move under the eyes of their neighbours in a transparency that admits of little reserve. The habit of turning the house into an old curiosity shop is only gradually giving way before doctrines of purposeful simplicity. The house is still cared for as nowhere else in Europe. Family life continues to be the very basis of national existence; it has grown in strength, for the family, while poorer, has conquered the home and calls it its own.

SLANG

BY G. W. STONIER

MOST of us possess, in theory at any rate, a copy of the Oxford English Dictionary. Its weight is behind us as we sit down to write letters to *The Times*; we do not reprove a foreigner without hoping that Oxford will bear us out; when we are washed up on desert islands, with the volumes of our choice, it is inevitably with Shakespeare, Marcus Aurelius and the O.E.D.

And yet, even among the learned, it is a book more often referred to than read. It sets a standard; but admits the appalling locutions so justly attacked by Mr. A. P. Herbert. It is inclusive; yet one has only to walk down the street to hear lively English of a very different sort. "Huh, it *rained* all right, always does when I moves the furniture, but I 'ad me bottle of sunshine." Do you prefer that to the leading article in which, with doors ever ajar and vistas opening, the ship of State travels on through troubled waters? If you do, if you enjoy the trills and tropes of ordinary speech, I think you will like reading Mr. Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*.*

It is to the Oxford Dictionary what the cadenza is to the piece of music. Some critics—including, I am sorry to see, Mr. David Garnett—regard slang as merely degraded language, a collection of the words which have failed to qualify for standard speech. But that is not the way to look at it. Let us by all means have a permanent vocabulary for literature, for the expression of permanent things; but what you and I talk about, what the busman or the barmaid or the soldier thinks, is not permanent and there is no reason why we should use speech which is. Slang represents the oblique, the topical, the personal, the playful, the hit-or-miss element in language. It is, if you like, the

language of the town, as against the countryside which slowly builds up dialects; it delights in fashion, paradox, change. Two things, I believe, are responsible for slang: popular inventiveness (remember that nothing has taken the place of folk poetry) and the common need of a defence. Slang is masonic speech which both gives the pleasures of a charade and locks a magic door against the outside world.

For several years I used to go, on Sunday nights, to a public-house round which a suburb had grown. It kept a curiously rustic look at the end of a row of shiny villas, and the old landlord would walk round minding the lamps and chewing a matchstick, as it might have been a piece of straw. In the smallest bar the same company was to be seen every week; most of the men were taxi-drivers who brought their wives. It took me some time to get used to their conversation which, as always in such communities, was particular. One man, especially, older than the others, who had driven a horse-bus in the old days, was puzzling to listen to. He used a variety of slangs which are growing obsolete—back slang, rhyming slang and some lingo of his own. "Been for a walk with the *Sporting Life*," he would say in answer to the usual "Where you been?" and it did not occur to me at once that he meant with his wife. *Sporting Life* suggested something much gayer (he had a racy eye), and the word served in its way to ward off strangers and to add a touch of colour to his existence.

Do you remember in Proust the phrase which bound Swann and Odette together, the bunch of cattleyas which one night he pinned on her dress, so that ever afterwards they used the phrase "do a cattleya" in their love-making? A similar intimacy, by means of repeated phrases, some of which I did not understand, held the little group in the public-house. True, these phrases were more often humorous than sentimental, and they referred to such simple things as the streets in which they lived, the names of women and public-houses, and evenings at the music-hall; but they served to close the circle round memories and to make allusion easy. Occasionally the whole party would come back after playing a cricket match under the banner of "the knights of the road"; and to outside customers, peering from other bars, they were always the knights of the road. In

* *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*. By Eric Partridge. Routledge. 42s.

the evening they played shove-ha'penny. When a player failed to score he said "nineteen" instead of "none." Some of their terms were picturesque: I remember "a light in every window," meaning a score in each bed marked with chalk along the slate. At times, in the face of minor disasters, their talk had a stoic elegance, a habit no doubt picked up from the War.

Elegance, yes—though the word may surprise, pictorial humour, wit (usually scabrous or grim), irony with a tinge of the sentimental, and a large admixture of sheerly nonsensical invention—those, as I recall it, were the qualities of their conversation. Some of their phrases I recognize in Mr. Partridge's Dictionary. "Piccadilly window," for monocle, is given by Mr. Partridge as obsolete, but I heard them use that and, with the same meaning, "ornamental water." The West End was the background, as it were, against which they talked, sometimes derisively, as of a world of supercilious boozers and slap-up tarts, but more often with a humorous, defensive irony. So common a saying as "drunk as a lord" is essentially more envious than contemptuous, and all the phrases of that sort—"a toff chewing ruddy bluebells" (eating asparagus)—satisfied the speaker by reducing luxury to familiar terms. At the same time the details of their own lives were raised to a humorous grandeur by euphemism or circumlocution. One man, I remember, always began the evening by asking at the bar for a "bed and breakfast" (bitter and Burton). The usual slang for this drink is "B.B.," which he had expanded. Some years before he had spent much of his time in workhouses and on the road, and I have no doubt that his grandiloquence, which extended to most of the common comforts, dated from that experience. He would call bitter "brandy," five pence "five pounds," and so on. He lived in a state of permanent inflation. Perhaps a few of his phrases were his own, for I have not heard "bed and breakfast" elsewhere, nor is it given by Mr. Partridge.

Poverty has always produced the richest slang. (Middle- and upper-class slang of the "definitely," "abso-bally-lutely" kind seems to me essentially uninteresting, even in the novels of Mr. Wodehouse). It is generally known that slang or cant began in England as the private language of thieves and beggars, taken from the gipsies. Thus in origin it was strictly useful.

But it has slowly grown in to a bizarre, tottering creation of language enjoyed for its own sake, and defensive now only in a psychological sense. The thief-beggar communities of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had an extraordinary influence on our national life—a far greater influence, for example, than the gangster in America today. The thrill which children now feel when they hear the lines—

Hark, hark, the dogges doe bark
The beggars are coming to town

—accompanied perhaps by the vision of an inoffensive tramp eating his lunch in a field, once had its terrors. At the end of the sixteenth century the Beggars' Brotherhood numbered 12,000 in London alone. They terrorized whole neighbourhoods, robbing shopkeepers and housewives and defying the justices. Their approach to a town (many of them were old soldiers) suggested the advance of a hostile army; streets would empty and doors close; yet despite the fears of honest citizens, the Beggar—like the gangster today—cut a romantic figure in the popular imagination. Like the bandit in the corner of an Italian landscape, he is the English symbol of defiance; and a whole literature, summed up in *The Beggar's Opera*, has emerged to his glorification.

One half of slang is the direct creation of the Beggars. In Mr. Partridge's Dictionary you will find the large number of words connected with begging, hanging, prison, the policeman. I notice "a Newgate frisk," "vegetable breakfast" or "headless hop" (hanging), "a Newgate saint" (condemned criminal). A policeman is almost everything from a "raw lobster" to the current "flattie." There are hundreds more of the kind, inspired by the neurasthenic gaiety and light horror which Gay brought to perfection in *The Beggar's Opera*. Most of them, of course, are now out of date, picturesque reminders of the past. But the same tone persists in the equivalent modern slang (note that a street crowd is always on the criminal's side against the police), and even today slang revolves round the criminal quarters of London, Soho and parts of the East End, where the talk, partly indigenous and partly taken from the films, is a good deal thicker than elsewhere.

Slang, then, is the language of crime, of the freebooting

soldier, and the criminal romanticized in the popular imagination. It is also the language of sex—another underworld. The wealth of sexual imagery revealed by such Dictionaries as Grose's in the eighteenth century, Farmer's in the nineteenth, and Mr. Partridge's today is astounding. Whether this secret burgeoning is due largely to the castration of standard English, which now contains no "decent" common words to convey the details of sex, or whether, the English character being what it is, people would in any case have fled from plain statement into a region of grotesque fancy and endless elaboration, I do not know. The French, who keep their original simple words, have nothing to compare with the sexual fantasy in English slang; but then their attitude towards sex, unlike ours, has always been adult. I wonder how many of the people who go regularly to the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells and applaud *As You Like It* or *Twelfth Night*, realize the extent of the sexual joke in Shakespeare comedy; few, I imagine. If a modern audience could be transported back to the Globe, with a knowledge of Elizabethan speech, to see these plays acted with boys taking the women's parts, they would be electrified; the whole point of many scenes, the innuendo, would be revealed to them for the first time. Since Shakespeare we have retreated more and more into decencies of speech, so that now we have no sexual language at all, except that provided by slang. I wish that I could quote examples from this Dictionary. The male and female anatomy, and the intercourse between them, are expanded with so many tropes and metaphors that it would almost be possible to build up a picture of English town life from these pictorial adornments alone. The parallel with Freud's sexual symbolism of dreams—at one time attacked as exaggerated—is striking. Do you remember the lists of symbols given in, I think, *The Interpretation of Dreams*? You will find it repeated here almost word for word.

The other great source of slang is blasphemy. Most oaths are blasphemous, from the schoolgirl's "Gee-hosaphat!" and "Christopher Columbus!" to the bookie's designation of the winning post as "the Holy Ghost." The influence of *tabu* is evident here as in sex slang, and as some native tribes have a law imposing death on those who utter the name of the deity, so we punish our children for uttering oaths.

What attracts us, though, in slang, as well as its historical and social flavour, is a richness of pure invention. I have found Mr. Eric Partridge's Dictionary an exceedingly good book to dip into during the last few weeks; it is not only the largest dictionary of its sort that has been compiled, but the most scholarly and the best. Instead of reviewing it at the end of an article, I shall quote a few things which caught my eye as showing the vivid fancy of popular speech.

Niggers in a snowstorm. Prunes in rice.

Taken in flagrant delight. In flagrante delicto.

London ivy. Dust.

Gin lane. The throat.

Ribby. Destitute.

Naked as a cuckoo at Christmas.

Pop-wallah. Teetotaler.

To look goats and monkeys at. To look lecherously.

Copper's nark. Police spy.

A farthing-faced chit. A mean, insignificant person.

One can find good things on most pages, and now and then a surprising homely image which might have come from an Elizabethan poet. There is, of course, a good deal of faded allusion to historical characters, and events, and Mr. Partridge has been chary of references to the living. I note with pleasure, however, that Mr. Justice Avory appears as "The Acid Drop," and no doubt in a later edition Mr. Baldwin will face posterity as "Old Sealed Lips." The history of words, not particularly interesting in themselves, like "peach" or "bender," is typical of the vicissitudes through which so many inferior slang words pass. "Peach," for example, meant "detective" before it acquired its recent meaning of an attractive girl. "Bender" has meant at various times: sixpence, the arm, the elbow, a drinking bout, a stroke of the cane, a part of a kite, a tall story. Those who remember the short-lived game of Beaver will be interested to find an eighteenth-century predecessor in Travelling Picquet, which is more elaborate.

Travelling Picquet.—A mode of amusing themselves, practised by two persons riding in a carriage, each reckoning towards his game the persons or animals that pass by on the side next to them, according to the following estimation:

A parson riding a grey horse, with blue furniture; game.

An old woman under a hedge; ditto.

A cat looking out of a window; 60.

- A man, woman and child in a buggy ; 40.
- A man with a woman behind him ; 30.
- A flock of sheep ; 20.
- A ditto of geese ; 10.
- A postchaise ; 5.
- A horseman ; 2.
- A man or woman walking ; 1.

The old fashions revealed by slang are in fact sometimes as charming as old fashion-plates. Nicknames, too, are delightful. The other things I looked for particularly in Partridge were London topography, soldiers' slang (on which he is exceptionally good), and quotations from the great. The last were fewer than I expected.

Perhaps Mr. Partridge's bias towards soldier slang has been responsible for the one fault in his book. In a war as prolonged as the last one, soldiers do, it is true, invent or give new currency to a vast amount of slang. But since the War the swing has been towards America. Mr. Partridge does not adequately record this. The vitality of American speech, the superiority of its journalism, the talkies and especially the appearance of that new underworld hero, the gangster, have had a far deeper effect on English conversation than his book shows. If ever we have another Renaissance, America will be our Italy ; and even the accents at the street corner will show it.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL AND CANADA

By HISTORICUS

IN Canada's early days, when nineteenth-century liberal conceptions of the true role of government prevailed ; when distances were great and much of the country's business centred around the corner store and the locally owned and operated factory, the influence of the courts on the development of Canadian federalism did not arouse much popular interest. But those days have gone. With the development of large-scale corporate enterprises, with the widespread acceptance of the doctrine that the State is responsible not merely for the safety but for the welfare of its citizens, there has developed, in Canada as in other countries, an increasing measure of government control over economic activities. The depression accentuated this development. Reform became only less popular than Recovery, and reform often meant further schemes for government supervision of trade and business. "New Deals" in one form or another were presented to anxious electorates. In unitary states these "New Deals," once past the hurdle of legislative assent, had nothing to fear from the judiciary. In federal states, on the contrary, the consent of Parliament or Congress was subject to the decision of the courts on constitutionality. Australia and the United States have both been given cause recently to remember this fact. Canada also has of late suffered, or enjoyed, the attentions of the Judges, to whom the economic justification or the political and social necessity of a law means nothing. In their view, its constitutional relation to the terms of a written document produced in the "horse and buggy" days of long ago alone is of significance.

It was natural that a depression so widespread and distressing in its effects as that which Canada has recently experienced should inspire on the part of the government plans to mitigate

its effects and prevent its recurrence. The example of its neighbour's "New Deal," which created an enthusiasm as contagious as it was ephemeral, would alone have made it difficult for a Canadian government to stand aloof and rely on the natural forces of recovery. A further incentive to action was the report of the Royal Commission on Price Spreads, with its startling revelations of Canadian labour and wage conditions, concentration of economic power and the uneven effect of the depression on various phases of economic activity. Acting under these influences, the Conservative administration of Mr. R. B. Bennett displayed at Ottawa in 1935 a zeal for social and economic reform which expressed itself in a whole series of legislative enactments. This was Mr. Bennett's "New Deal."

After the passage of the laws in question through Parliament, there remained the electorate and the courts. The first turned out Mr. Bennett, and the second have recently turned down most of his laws as unconstitutional. The United States' "New Deal" has been mangled by the "nine old gentlemen" of Washington. The Canadian "New Deal" has been as effectively maltreated by "their Lordships of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council." Canadian laws have been declared invalid before, but there is a difference now. The people of Canada are genuinely concerned with this social legislation. The issues which were recently argued before the Privy Council concerned not the right of the Dominion to interfere with the profit-making activities of this or that provincial corporation, but the future well-being of every Canadian citizen. It is the recognition of this fact that has brought about widespread discussion in Canada of a question which was once reserved for the constitutional lawyer and the political scientist; the question whether an Act passed to meet the conditions of 75 years ago and interpreted by a body of English Judges in a way which, it can safely be said, would have created consternation in the minds of those who framed it, should not now be radically revised to prevent its becoming an obstacle to social progress and national development. For that is, fundamentally, the issue which the Privy Council decisions of January last have placed before the Canadian Parliament and people.

The nature and importance of the laws recently declared *ultra*

vires the Dominion is sufficiently indicated by their titles. They are:

The Minimum Wages Act, 1935.

The Weekly Rest in Industrial Undertakings Act, 1935.

The Limitation of Hours of Work Act, 1935.

The Employment and Social Insurance Act, 1935.

The Natural Products Marketing Act, 1934.

Section 14 of the Dominion Trade and Industry Commission Act, which provided for agreements to regulate price and production in certain industries in order to check wasteful or demoralizing competition.

The legal points involved in these decisions may be left to the lawyers. They promise to provide them with a field of discussion for many a day. To a Canadian layman, however, who believes in sound social legislation on a national scale, the judgments are disheartening. Even more disheartening is the reasoning that accompanies those judgments.

In the recent judgments there is no sympathy shown with the view that the provisions of the British North America Act of 1867 should, in the interests of essential national unity and progress, be related when legally possible to the conditions of 1937. On the other hand, their Lordships seem gravely concerned that what they refer to, with doubtful accuracy, as the "inter-provincial compact" of 1867 should be maintained in all its widest provincial implications.

To anyone concerned with national unity in Canada—and it is causing not a little concern these days—it is discouraging to note Lord Atkin's emphasis, in one of the recent decisions, on the fact that in Canada "local conditions may vary by as great a distance as separates the Atlantic from the Pacific." More perplexing still is his observation, in dealing with the Dominion's power to implement treaties, that "while the (Canadian) ship of state now sails on larger ventures and into foreign waters, she still retains the watertight compartments which are an essential part of her original structure." If his Lordship thinks that the 1867 model of the Canadian ship of state was ever intended to be divided into watertight compartments, his knowledge of Canada's early constitutional history would seem to be inadequate.

The fact is that the original conception and the present position of Canadian federalism are poles apart. The intention of the Fathers of Confederation was made clear when the Dominion was formed in 1867. As in all federations, there had to be a distribution of legislative power between central and local governments. In making this distribution, however, it was the declared determination of the statesmen who formed the Canadian confederation that all questions of national or general importance should be left to the Federal Parliament, and that provincial jurisdiction should be limited to questions of merely local importance. The Quebec Resolutions which served as the foundation for the British North America Act are clear on this point. In fact, many of the statesmen of 1867 favoured a legislative, not a federal, union. As this was impossible, it was generally agreed that in the ensuing federation the emphasis should be on unity rather than division; that the central government should be the real source of power. The oft-quoted words of the chief architect of confederation, Sir John A. Macdonald, in the confederation debates in the Canadian Legislature, leave no doubt on this point:

Ever since the American Union was formed [he said] the difficulty of what is called "State Rights" has existed, and this has had much to do in bringing on the present unhappy war in the United States. They commenced, in fact, at the wrong end. They declared by their constitution that each state was a sovereignty in itself, and that all the powers incident to a sovereignty belonged to each state, except those powers which, by the Constitution, were conferred upon the general government and Congress. Here we have adopted a different system. We have strengthened the general government. We have given the general legislature all the great subjects of legislation. We have conferred on them, not only specifically and in detail all the powers which are incident to sovereignty, but we have expressly declared that all subjects of general interest not distinctly and exclusively conferred upon the local governments and local legislatures, shall be conferred upon the general government and legislature. We have thus avoided that great source of weakness which has been the cause of the disruption of the United States.

Macdonald and the others knew what they wanted for Canada. But what Canada now possesses is something quite different. And the chief reason for this is the interpretation of her constitutional act by the courts, and especially by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, so that it now means something quite different from what its framers intended.

This was stated definitely enough by the Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs in his evidence before the 1935 Special Committee of the Canadian House of Commons on the British North America Act. Dr. Skelton said:

In the United States they began with a constitution which emphasized state rights, but under the guiding hand of John Marshall and his successors, it was gradually transformed in many particulars until the balance was decidedly shifted in favour of national rights: In Canada, under the guiding hands of Lord Watson and Lord Haldane, a constitution which in the mind and intent of the Fathers of Confederation was deliberately designed to profit by the mistakes of the United States, manifested in the struggles culminating in the Civil War, and to make the central government the predominant factor, the residuary legatee, has been interpreted in definitely the wrong direction.

It might be suggested that Lord Watson's and Lord Haldane's tailoring has taken the form of stripping the Dominion Parliament of garments which were intended for it and handing them over to the Provinces. How was this done?

In the British North America Act, Section 91 gives the Dominion Parliament legislative jurisdiction over certain specific subjects. Section 92 does the same for the provincial legislatures. One of the subjects enumerated in Section 91 is "Trade and Commerce;" one of those enumerated in Section 92, as coming under provincial jurisdiction, is "Property and Civil Rights." Residuary power is left with the central Parliament, which is also given the right generally to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of the country. Finally, Section 132 of the Act provides that:

The Parliament and Government of Canada shall have all powers necessary or proper for performing the obligations of Canada or of any Province thereof as part of the British Empire, towards foreign countries, arising under treaties between the Empire and such foreign countries.

What has happened? Merely this—that Sections 91 and 92 have been interpreted by the Privy Council in such a way as to invalidate any Dominion Act unless it can be brought under the narrowest interpretation of the provisions of Section 91, without coming into conflict with the widest possible interpretation of the "property and civil rights" provision of Section 92. This process of interpretation by the Privy Council from the end of the nineteenth century down to 1930 enlarged provincial powers

and diminished Dominion powers in a way that would have astounded and discouraged Macdonald, Cartier, and their colleagues of 1867.

In 1931, however, a change occurred. In the important Aviation and Radio cases the Privy Council decided in favour of the Dominion. In his judgment in the former case Lord Sankey gave expression to the encouraging and sensible view that "the real object of the British North America Act was to give the central government those high functions and almost sovereign powers by which uniformity of legislation might be secured and all questions which were common concern to all the provinces as members of a constituent whole." Here was a new and refreshing judicial commentary on Canada's federal constitution. It aroused great hopes that the Privy Council was at long last about to take what many would consider to be a more intelligent and realistic view of the legal problems of Canadian federalism.

It was probably the stimulating effect of these two decisions that prompted the Deputy Minister of Justice to inform the Special Committee of the Canadian House of Commons referred to above that he had "confidence that the courts when faced with the facts, will give a practical interpretation in the light of conditions as they are today." His confidence must have been short-lived. In 1937 the Privy Council, passing over Lord Sankey, returned to Lord Haldane and to the business of interpreting the Canadian constitution in a way which throws all the emphasis on provincial rights.

It can now be safely said that the Provinces' "property and civil rights" mean nearly everything; the Dominion's "trade and commerce" little more than nothing. As for "peace, order, and good government," to the Privy Council peace means absence of foreign invasion, order absence of armed revolt, and good government has little, if any, constitutional significance.

There remains Section 132. It was thought that the Dominion, now grown to international status, would have authority under this Section to implement by legislation its own treaties. It is true that Section 132 refers to the powers necessary to perform obligations of Canada arising under treaties between the Empire and foreign countries and that treaty obligations are now incurred by Canada alone. But is the power given

to the Dominion Parliament to implement an Imperial treaty to be denied her in the case of her own treaties? The Privy Council says: Yes—if the matter of the treaty touches provincial rights as it has interpreted or may interpret them.

"The Dominion," says Lord Atkin, in one of the judgments of January last, "cannot merely by making promises to foreign countries clothe itself with legislative authority inconsistent with the constitution which gave it birth." If a treaty touches on any provincial subject, he states, it can only be implemented by legislation on the part of all of the nine Provinces and the Dominion. So much for Sir John Macdonald's flexibility.

What will be the result of the recent Privy Council decisions? They will, for one thing, strengthen the demand for a re-allocation of legislative power between the Dominion and the Provinces. They have, further, definitely linked this demand for constitutional reform to social and economic questions. The Privy Council has now told Canada that under the present constitutional arrangements the Dominion Parliament cannot effectively legislate for social security. It is obvious, however, that this cannot be satisfactorily done by the Provinces. Such things as minimum wages, limitation of the hours of work, unemployment insurance, must be federal in scope to be effective.

The only remedy is a reform of the constitution to make federal legislation valid. But the natural desire of the Provinces to acquire as much power as possible, coupled with the effective assistance of the Privy Council to this end, has brought about a state of things in Canada where it is increasingly difficult for the constitution to be altered to reverse the process. The conviction is also widespread, especially in Quebec, that the maintenance, and if possible the extension, of provincial power, is essential for the protection of minority rights. Finally, the extension of the Dominion's jurisdiction would be opposed by those economic and industrial interests hostile to federal regulation of business and labour conditions. Such interests could use, and indeed have used, the cry of provincial rights to oppose such regulation. The very fact that mere provincial laws for this purpose would be less effective than those of the Dominion is enough to range them on the side of the Provinces.

If we assume, however, that demand for reform of the consti-

tution is strong enough to over-rule all opposition, the question of the procedure to be adopted for this purpose then arises. Canada's constitution is to be found in the provisions of the British North America Act. This is an Imperial statute and can only be amended by the Parliament of Westminster. This procedure has been retained by the Canadian Government because it has permitted the evasion of the problem of finding a satisfactory alternative method. It is an example of a Dominion refusing, for domestic reasons, to accept all the implications of that Dominion status which in other fields it has been its main post-war endeavour to achieve.

The Parliament of Westminster, in passing amending legislation, acts at the request of the Dominion of Canada. But what constitutes in this connection the request of Canada? The answer to this question is not as clear now as it was thirty years ago. The British North America Act itself is silent on the subject. In early days, however, there was no difficulty, because the amendments made were comparatively unimportant, and were requested by the Dominion Parliament and accepted by the Imperial Parliament without any thought of formally associating the Provinces in such requests. The situation now is different, because of three developments. First, the growth of provincial powers arising in part out of the Privy Council's interpretation of the constitution; second, the unremitting propagation of the unsound doctrine that the British North America Act represents a contract with the Provinces, and therefore cannot be changed without the consent of the Provinces as parties to that contract; third, the growing practice of consultation between Provinces and Dominion, culminating in the Conference of 1931 when the Provincial representatives formally conferred with the Dominion Government before the passing of the Statute of Westminster. The extreme view of the rights of the Provinces to agree to constitutional change was put forward at that time by the Hon. G. H. Ferguson, then Premier of Ontario, in a memorandum to the Dominion Government. Mr. Ferguson said: "No re-statement of the procedure for amending the constitution of Canada can be accepted by the Province of Ontario that does not fully and frankly acknowledge the right of all the Provinces to be consulted, and to become parties to the decision arrived at."

If this view were adopted Canada would possess the most rigid federal constitution in the world; one in which change would be practically impossible. Every single Province, including tiny Prince Edward Island, would possess a veto on any proposal for constitutional amendment which might be submitted to the United Kingdom Parliament.

There is only one way out of this dangerous confusion; out of what has been called this "legal morass in which ten governments are always floundering; a boon to lawyers and obstructionist politicians, but the bane of the poor public whose pathetic plea is simply for cheap and efficient government." That way is by a complete overhaul of the Federal structure; by a re-division of legislative authority through constitutional amendment to give the central government the power it needs; by confining the interpretation of the Canadian constitution to Canadian judges and by giving the Canadian Parliament power to amend its own constitution according to a procedure which will facilitate necessary reform without encouraging careless tinkering; which will ensure adequate protection for every legitimate provincial, and, what is more important, every minority right, without weakly yielding to every provincial claim.

It is to the interest of both the United Kingdom and Canada that these changes should be made. The Parliament at Westminster would doubtless be happy to be relieved of the responsibility of acting as the machinery for amending the Canadian constitution; especially as the operation of that machinery might force it into the invidious and imperially disruptive position of deciding between the claims of the Dominion and the Provinces. The Judicial Committee should welcome the opportunity of escaping from a position where it can be attacked as an outside body obstructing necessary reform.

If, for the United Kingdom, these constitutional changes are desirable, for Canada they are essential. There are powerful forces, economic, racial, geographical, religious, and political, militating against Canadian unity. If to these are added a rigid federal constitution and acceptance by the courts of an extreme theory of provincial rights, the ideal of a strong progressive and united nation in the northern half of the American continent will indeed be difficult to achieve.

THE END OF THE CROSSWORD?

BY ROBERT BELL

THERE are games of a moment, and there are games of an age. Which of the two will the Crossword prove to be? On the one hand, you have people vowing that it cannot go on for ever, that it is played out, that it is an obsession and a craze. On the other, one sees no gaps in familiar corners of the morning papers, no cessation of activity on the part of the railway train pencil, tracing experimental hieroglyphics on crumpled evening papers. Yet other pastimes, thought just as secure, have gone. Where is the seductive ombre which saw the rape of Belinda's lock? Where are the others of "Faro's daughters" which provided a congenial text for the moralists of the eighteenth century? Where is even the whist of yesterday? Games come and go; but if the doom of the Crossword is written in the book of Fate, it stands most unconscionably upon the order of its going.

There are some who say that the Crossword is a post-War phenomenon, and the product of its times. They point out that it was from the beginning, and continues to be, a newspaper recreation—and that during the period when newspapers are at their most disquieting. What wonder if the citizen gave up reading of the dreadful aftermath of War and the crash of treaties and the piling up of armaments, and turned to the soothing quest of the solution of 17 Down (8): "This fish shows that the girl is no swimmer?" It is common knowledge that during the past two decades the Press has been fertile in devising frivolous and emphatically "non-news" features—what the psychologist might call "escape mechanisms" from the depression of the times. If 1937 were to bring us a world of good will we might once again give more than a shrinking glance at the headlines, and devote to the leading article some of the attention that now goes to the Crossword and the Bridge column. At all events, that is the argument, and it may be

that there is a fraction of truth in it, though the Crossword has so many attractive qualities in itself that we should be reluctant to picture it in any circumstances as a respectable alternative to the oblivion of alcohol.

Games die out mainly for three reasons: (1) new competition, like the coming of bridge or lawn tennis; (2) change of habit, like the decay of hunting; or (3) internal weakness. Against the first, which is a form of Fate, there is no armour, and everything moves at such a record speed today that the effects of the next few years on character or temperament are impossible to foresee. In the meantime, does the Crossword show any signs of internal collapse? In considering the point, it should be remembered that the Crossword unites a number of separate interests which have been, and sometimes still are, presented in other forms. A large proportion of the Crossword is simply concealed (or sometimes avowed) Anagram. It contains a large element of the pun, and borrows from both the Acrostic and the Square Word. It is deeply indebted to most of the old-fashioned word games, including distinct traces of Mr. Bones, the Butcher, whose very name has a certain clue quality. The Crossword has been a great merger among games; so much so that some of the absorbed interests, like the Anagram and the Square Word, have all but given up individual business.

The appeal of letters as an element in games, it should be remembered, is comparatively new to the *mass* of the public. There have long been bands of votaries for the various semi-literary pastimes, but these have been mainly confined to the middle classes. Now that the populace is "educated" in the alphabetical sense, it is natural that the turning of the letters to purposes of recreation should be seized with avidity. The change corresponds to the coming of the popular daily paper, which is now read by millions instead of the thousands of half-a-century ago. If the Crossword had been invented in the '70's it could never have attained anything like its present vogue. Probably its reputation in history would have been that of a genteel recreation for the vicar's evening party. So its appeal in 1937 is no sign of aberration or of mental decline. It is simply the square peg of a reconsidered pastime coming at the right moment to fill the vacuum of the public intelligence, rendered

more or less square by the Education Acts of 1870 and 1902.

To certain people of fastidious taste that process of democratization is naturally painful. Words are beautiful things (though not so beautiful as they were in Shakespeare's time), and it is almost a shock to have them used as skittles for the entertainment of (more or less) lowbrows—or, at least, by brows contracted to something notably less than the maximum. The expectation that in time these brows will come to appreciate the æsthetic value of the counters is probably ill-founded, as ill-founded as the expectation that fishermen should be good judges of scenery, or that the footballer should be ecstatic over the graceful curves of the soaring ball. And the very essence of the Crossword is the outrageous practice of hewing these words limb from limb. We know the system. "Carpet" must not be considered as an item of upholstery, but as "car-pet" ("the motoring favourite"); "malefactor" becomes two syllables, and "mainspring" three ("mother is a moving influence in March"). Or even the aid of Roman numerals is called in, and we are invited to reconsider the accentuation of "viperish" to fit the clue: "Six die in a snaky way." The general effect, to the sensitive eye, is that of living in a room full of distorted mirrors: the very words disguise themselves as one views them from this ghoulish and anatomical standpoint. Do school-teachers, one wonders, who discuss the literary influence of the cinema, ever take account of the effects of this new craze? It is as if a butcher's boy, used to handling the bleeding joints, should be expected to infer the unmaimed animal in full strength and health. The opinion sometimes heard that the mere handling of words has an elevating effect seems to have no basis in fact. The very utmost that the Crossword can do is to correct certain misapprehensions as to the meaning of words (such as the difference between "prone" and "supine" and between "copy" and "replica"), and to confer a certain enlargement of vocabulary, largely in quite needless and unhelpful ways.

Then there is the old bogey of exhaustibility, which Herbert Spencer found so perplexing in the matter of music. Will not all the words be used up? There is no danger. Only a small proportion of dictionary words are available for Crossword purposes; the great part are too technical or unfamiliar. There

is, however, a risk that the chosen few will be overworked. When the Crossword-maker has devised his tenth or twelfth clue for "statue" or "alibi" or "niece" he is near the end of his tether. He must either become so extravagant or remote as to be misleading, or so general as to be obscure. And naturally the solver grows more wary month by month, and the ground has to be shifted accordingly. There was a time when the word "hill" in a clue inevitably pointed to "tor," and "gee" (or *g*) was a horse. These mines have been long exploded, and the wits of the deviser have to be strained accordingly. That course of evolution seems to point to a gradual increase of difficulty to the point of impossibility, but the human mind is an elastic instrument, and we are not near that point yet. The public will never be drawn beyond the point at which there is more fun than labour; and it is the business of editors to see that that point is not too nearly approached.

Undoubtedly a real peril in the path of the Crossword of today is the plentitude of apparatus. It is in danger of losing its simplicity of appeal, which has been the secret of its success from the beginning. It is in essence the oldest game in the world—the riddle: the same sort of riddle which Samson propounded to the Philistines (allowing them the usual week's pause): "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Samson was really more difficult than Torquemada, for he gave no hint of the *literal* meaning of the solution, as the etiquette of the Crossword demands. There should have been some suggestion of the lion and the honey, without which the modern solver would be completely at sea. It is reassuring to find that neither did the Philistines solve it. Today the reader would demand to be told, at least, that the creature was "royal" or "tawny," or was the last stage of a revolt, or that it represented advice to Ananias to carry on as before; while honey might be a "sweetstuff of internal unity," or in some sort of relation to "swarm" or "sting." The problem was, in fact, too much of a poser: for Samson, owing to his early date, had none of the modern sense of sportsmanship.

So the riddle basis must be kept up, with the simplicity of idea matched by a new simplicity of presentation. The Crossword became popular because the plain citizen, going home by

train or bus after his day's work, could spend the hour or half-hour of the journey over the task of solution. That was the ideal: that the solver should be an average man, and that he should solve the problem by no other means than his own wits. But today a large proportion of Crosswords obviously expect more than self-help. Already a whole library of dictionaries, thesauruses, classified lists, has sprung up to lighten the labour of solution. The solver is asked to identify "a fish," "a flower," "a famous poet." At one time it might have proved a poser. Today he has only to turn to his bookshelves for a dictionary to find full lists of fish, flowers and famous poets tabulated according to the number of letters and according to the first and last letters. It is the trick of the funicular railway: one has the satisfaction of reaching the journey's end, but not the greater satisfaction of reaching it by one's own exertions. It is easy to see how such a system can be expanded so as to take all the savour out of the Crossword. Once it becomes a definitely literary and bookshelf pastime, with all the advantage for the well-to-do that the change involves, it will lose its hold on the general public.

Or will the end come through a sudden realization of the appalling waste of time spent in this juggling with the simulacra of words? If the mental effort involved in the struggle with a single day's crosswords could be concentrated on some piece of work worth the doing, what might not be accomplished? We are accustomed to calculate from time to time how much our rates, our colds-in-the-head, our drink and tobacco, cost us. What about our wasted powers of thought? It is nobody's fault. No one has found a means of canalizing human cerebration, and it keeps trickling away in the sand in every direction. Perhaps the law is that the effort is worth while for its own sake, as we set dogs to jump over sticks. It might well be that if some serious-minded dictator abolished the Crossword, the world would relapse on a more deleterious alternative. The Quest of the Clue, if, in the eye of the philosopher, unworthy the Heir of the Ages and the Little-Lower-Than-The-Angels, is at least inoffensive, and it has the Victorian virtue of keeping idle hands out of mischief. Did Nero fiddle while Rome burned? At least other Roman Emperors have done worse than that in unoccupied moments.

THE FUTURE OF MARKETING BOARDS

BY L. F. EASTERBROOK

IT is nearly four years since the nation embarked upon the great experiment in agricultural co-operation known as the marketing boards. They have been an adventure in organization on a national scale, enjoyed more, perhaps, by the dispassionate onlooker than by those producers who have suffered by the inevitable mistakes that have from time to time been made.

No one should imagine that the farmers like the boards. They hate them, with the hatred of a race of the most confirmed individualists who for generations have cherished their right to go bankrupt by individual bargaining. The fruit and glass-house growers have shivered on the brink, and cannot nerve themselves to plunge; the 500,000 poultry keepers, many of them only hobbyists, have definitely refused to leap into the common pool, and have now retired to sulk in their 500,000 little cubicles. But of those who have taken a chance—the hops and potato growers and the pigs and milk producers—none of them, not even the pig producers, who have been tried to the limit of endurance, wish to see their marketing schemes abolished. For they realize that the boards, however hateful they may be, are necessary fortresses in a world of buyers so strongly entrenched and armed. In fact, the chief complaint of the pig producers is that their scheme, as it has existed hitherto, leaves too many free lances outside its scope who can get better prices for their pigs because of the self-discipline of those within the scheme. The pig scheme's temporary failure springs from exactly the same cause as the failure of the old voluntary co-operative schemes. It has been like the former voluntary hops scheme, in which a 13 per cent. minority outside were able to smash the efforts of the other 87 per cent. The majority in the scheme held the baby, while those outside had the fun and made the

big money. The pig scheme will be amended, but the amendment will not be acceptable unless it brings all sales of bacon pigs within its net.

The farmers accepted the marketing boards in the first place because they believed that the control of foreign imports was conditional upon this measure of self-organization. That is why they still vaguely feel that they are conferring a favour upon someone other than themselves if they decide to have a marketing scheme for any commodity. Having swallowed the pill, they have found that, bitter as its taste may be, the actual results are not so alarming. But if their natural distaste for any kind of collective action is borne in mind, it will not be difficult to understand why they are now thoroughly frightened by a new marketing bogey that has poked its head over the hedges of the self-contained fields of rural Britain.

This bogey is the Permanent Commission. It has existed since last year, when it was given material form by Act of Parliament in the Sugar Commission.

The Sugar Commission was accepted without fuss because after the Greene Report, recommending the abolition of the industry, both growers and factory owners were thankful for small mercies and glad to find themselves still in existence. But when, last November, the Milk Reorganization Commission made a similar recommendation for the dairying industry, the fat was in the fire. The National Farmers' Union, without waiting to study the Report in detail, fired off a crashing broadside on the day the Report was published. In spite of its lack of intelligent, or intelligible, criticism it found an answering spark in the hearts of thousands of milk-producing individualists. There is no doubt that, at the moment, the idea of a Permanent Commission is as objectionable to the majority of dairy farmers as it is to the N.F.U. Council. But at one time the idea of marketing boards was just as unpopular in the same quarters, although the N.F.U., to its credit, has since played a major part in introducing some of them.

The new Livestock Bill also envisages a permanent commission, composed of independent persons unconnected with any branch of the industry, to carry out similar functions to those of the Sugar Commission. It will administer the subsidy, promote

efficiency, safeguard the consumer, and see that the producer gets a square deal from the numerous agencies and channels through which his product passes.

One can understand and sympathize with the farmer's revulsion from the whole idea. Most of us love independence. But in a world that is becoming more and more organized, where small businesses are becoming absorbed into large companies, companies into combines, one-man shops into chain stores, more and more of us are being forced to find other means of expressing our individuality, and no one can show any way of escape. Moreover, since the State is giving aid to the farmer in so many ways by subsidy, tariff, and quota, the 93 per cent. who are not farmers are becoming increasingly anxious to be reassured that they are helping an efficient industry. As food prices rise—and they are almost certain to rise—these queries from the consumers will become more insistent.

And is it really as bad as all that? No one is going to tell the farmer how to farm. The work of producing food will continue to be one of the most individualistic and highly skilled of any in the world. The Permanent Commission does not foresee interference with "the man on the farm." His own marketing board would look after him. Nor would the Commission be composed of lunatics, as some seem to assume. They would be independent men of proved business ability, and by choosing men from outside to organize agriculture the industry would be doing the same as most other big industries. Organization is a specialist's job, especially when it has to be applied to some 350,000 small concerns spread over 27,000,000 acres and producing £250,000,000's worth of food at wholesale prices. The need for an impartial body to see clearly what has to be done need hardly be stressed. One has only to look at the confused jumble of agricultural policy at the moment to realize it. In the midst of it all the ordinary man feels vaguely benevolent towards farming, but is pardonably at a loss to know what is the best way to help. If his food prices should rise to a degree that he thinks unjust, his benevolence will turn to irritation, especially if he suspects that he is being asked to subsidize an inefficient industry. Irritated, he will soon become petulant, and in the end he may well decide to put an end to those pin-

pricks he suffers every time he goes to buy his food or pay his taxes, and he will revert to the bad old system of encouraging the Dominion farmers and the foreigners to feed him, letting the home farmers go hang.

So there is need for far-sighted and impartial persons, in permanent touch with the particular farm commodity with which they are concerned, to sort out some of this muddle. To organize the different branches of farming is an exceedingly intricate business, and no *ad hoc* body, such as a temporary special commission, could possibly be expected to review a branch of farming, even in a year or two, and lay down a permanent policy that time would prove faultless.

Moreover, it has become necessary to reassure the consumer, who is also the taxpayer and the voter, that he is getting value for his money and is not being exploited. He does not like the idea of handing over complete control of home-grown food to cartels of producers, and it cuts no ice at all to tell him what is quite true, namely, that for years other vested interests have controlled his food bill. There have already been murmurings about milk, which has risen in price since the Milk Board existed, and there have been murmurings about bacon, although it is cheaper today than when the bacon industry was last in a normal condition.

And can anyone reasonably expect organized bodies of producers to take the long view that ultimately farmers must satisfy consumers? The annual meetings of the N.F.U. are delightful affairs, where most of the practical problems of farming are good-humouredly discussed. But when all is said, they are only the meetings of a particularly pertinacious trade union that would be failing in its duty if it did not press the immediate needs of its members to the full. In the case of the marketing boards, the members who serve on them must be elected by popular vote. They must walk warily, for they are dependent for their seats upon a majority of farmers who, naturally, have but a distant acquaintance with the modern technique of salesmanship and marketing. Nor is it easy to explain to them that there are some things that are politically most unwise, others that are impossible.

The man in the street can hardly be blamed if he is a little

dubious about giving monopolistic powers over his food to such concerns.

But it would be a mistake to think of the Permanent Commission simply as a concession by producers to the susceptibilities of consumers. Farmers have broken with tradition and made radical changes in their endeavours to make home food production more efficient. They are also organizing themselves to obtain "a fairer share of the consumer's dollar." But it is doubtful if the marketing boards, staffed by farmer-directorates, would ever be strong enough to impose other necessary reforms upon the many interests that take their toll of the prices the consumer eventually pays.

It is doubtful, for instance, if a mere producers' board could compel a pugnacious city corporation or town council to close a redundant livestock market or bring it up to date. They might well come off second best in any struggle with such powerful bodies as the butchers or the meat importers in attempting to bring about necessary change in the meat industry. In the case of milk, it is notorious that the lack of organization on the distributive side is adding to the cost of distribution very considerably. In former days the farmer ultimately bore the cost; more recently he has obtained a little better share, but the distributors have handed the increase on to the public in many cases and again the farmer suffers, for the higher price means that less milk is consumed at the fresh-milk price. The Committee of Investigation that reported last April called attention to the wasteful distributive methods of the milk industry, but could only suggest, rather half-heartedly, that the Milk Board should put pressure on the distributors to reorganize. There is no sign of the Milk Board doing this and, when it comes down to hard facts, it is difficult to imagine how they possibly could; assuredly they cannot be anxious for the task. But a Permanent Commission could see that it was done. These are only two of many conceivable instances.

Finally, many producers are nervous about the Permanent Commission having the power to fix prices when normal negotiations break down. They talk of preserving the right of the Board to fix prices. But the two outstanding examples show how illusory is this idea in practice. The Milk Board prescribed

prices in 1935. Forty thousand pounds was then spent on a Committee of Investigation, of which the upshot was that the Board's prescribed prices were annulled. The Pigs' Board spent six months wrangling over contract prices with the Bacon Board. Had they exercised this right of fixing prices, the Bacon Board would have voted the scheme out and refused to play. The upshot of this was that Sir Robert Greig was called in to arbitrate, and he and his fellow arbitrators fixed prices.

In all these price disputes the farmer is at a disadvantage because time is against him. The milk goes on being produced, the pigs being reared, and they both must be disposed of within a short time limit. But the existence of a Permanent Commission would mean that if contracts were not agreed upon between the parties within a reasonable period, a settlement would be immediately forthcoming from the Commission, composed of business men in permanent touch with both sides of the industry. This is an important consideration, for a hastily appointed arbitrator means a tremendous gamble. Within a few weeks he has to make himself acquainted with a most intricate position and a highly complicated industry. He may give a wise decision, as did Sir Robert Greig. But there was one occasion when some of the arbitrator's terms were so hard on the farmers that the other side refused to enforce them. Even where profits are being made on the farm they are so modest that the farmers have little need to fear worse conditions being imposed upon them. They have no secret profiteering to conceal. Therefore, from the farmers' point of view alone, the Permanent Commission might well prove not a menace, but an insurance and a safeguard against interests that have often so successfully exploited them in the past.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

PROBABLY in fifty years from now, or even in five-and-twenty, the most important events of these exciting months will be seen to have passed in countries about which Europe at large did not trouble its head. Menace of war challenges attention as no peaceful process can do ; and there is none in the United States and none in India. Yet it looks as if President Roosevelt's policy and his smashing electoral victory had led up to a drastic change in the relations between Capital and Labour in the world's greatest industrial community. American capital, highly organized for the purpose of keeping Labour in check, has now been constrained to agree that Labour shall organize itself in such a way that one control may be felt over all the ramifications of an industry. That is a great loosening of the grip which the strong had on the weak. Numbers are now closely marshalled against the marshalling of wealth. What is more, the workers' victory goes far to make the means by which they gained it appear legitimate. The decisive tactics were those of the "sit down strike," and if these are accepted as legal—or anyhow as not punishable by law—it follows that workmen have successfully claimed to control the instruments which they use in their work. Capitalists have paid for the machinery in a mill ; they have employed workmen to operate it. A quarrel arises about the conditions of employment, and organized Labour says : "no one else shall work the machines which we have been using." Up till now, it has been enough for Capital to say to the workmen : "we may lose money, but you will starve." But now it looks as if the whole machinery of production had become so interlocked that a stoppage anywhere means a stoppage

Check to the
Business Barons

in half a dozen places, and the supply of things that have become necessities is blocked. Up till now, when that happened the Government was ready to insist that the strike should be broken. Now, it is very loath to eject workers from the benches that they have habitually sat on—even when they sit there doing nothing. In the last resort there is a suggestion that instead of replacing the employed, new employers may be found; and the capitalists recognize this menace. They know that the public refuses any longer to consider that a man owns his factory exactly as he owns his garden plot. They are not sure, even in the United States, that somebody else may not be put in to do the work of direction.

In France, where the idea was first developed, factory owners had to face the fact that a Socialist government was in power; and M. Blum could not be supposed to have any theoretic objection to nationalizing the instruments of production. Mr. Roosevelt is not avowedly a Socialist. Yet in the United States the resistance made by capitalists was less angry and less determined than in France where (as usual) the social experiment got its trial run. Labour across the Atlantic took shrewd notes of the results; and so presumably did the capitalists. Capital was very quickly convinced that it would not be allowed to employ gunmen to eject strikers, nor could it count on getting public forces to do this work unless the public were convinced that the strikers' action was sheer piracy. The experiment has gone a stage further in France. Workers gained shorter hours and in some cases a higher wage; but a rise of prices has followed which diminishes the wage gain, and in some cases leaves the men poorer than before. Yet even so, two hours' more leisure in each working day is a blessed result—though not so blessed to those who are neither working men nor capitalists, and have to pay the higher prices. Still there is a chance that the competition between capitalists, which was checked by trusts, may start again. At all events, a deadlock has been broken; the claim to absolute ownership in the machinery of production has been successfully challenged. The next thing to be challenged will be the right of individual men to combine and withhold labour that is employed on a vital service. In fact, that challenge has been given, also in France,

The Example of France

action was sheer piracy. The experiment has gone a stage further in France. Workers gained shorter hours and in some cases a higher wage; but a rise of prices has followed which diminishes the wage gain, and in some cases leaves the men poorer than before. Yet even so, two hours' more leisure in each working day is a blessed result—though not so blessed to those who are neither working men nor capitalists, and have to pay the higher prices. Still there is a chance that the competition between capitalists, which was checked by trusts, may start again. At all events, a deadlock has been broken; the claim to absolute ownership in the machinery of production has been successfully challenged. The next thing to be challenged will be the right of individual men to combine and withhold labour that is employed on a vital service. In fact, that challenge has been given, also in France,

when the Socialist Briand called out for military service the railwaymen who went on strike, and told them to run the trains. Such difficulties cannot arise in the countries where everybody lives virtually all the time under military discipline. But in the free nations, many accommodations have to be engineered so that the various freedoms can work together. Some years ago, before President Roosevelt came into power, it looked as if the free exercise of capitalist action might produce a revolution and possibly leave gangsters in charge of chaos. Today his extraordinary energy and the broad sense of vital justice which inspires it appear to have made North America "safe for democracy."

It is remarkable how widespread the results are where power is felt to be directed by justice. Looked at from the outside, it appears as if everyone in the United States had hitherto taken for granted the omnipotence of the long purse, which could always either get the law on its side, or defeat the law. Roosevelt has shaken that conviction; it is no longer held even by the purse owners. As a side-result, the power of the United States is regarded throughout the rest of America with a confidence that was singularly (and not surprisingly) lacking. He may have brought about in the New World something like the edifice whose scaffolding America helped to build up in the Old—

Outside Europe

and then knocked its supports away. Since that withdrawal, nothing that happens in America attracts a great deal of European interest or sympathy. President Roosevelt does not loom by any means so large on the European outlook as Herr Hitler or Signor Mussolini; yet he probably matters more to the world. He has worked in conditions of freedom; he has helped the people of his country to work out their own salvation. This is much less dramatic than the dictatorial method of bringing them all into a semi-military organization, strictly under orders from the centre. But it is more likely to yield lasting results.

India, again, is not much "in the news." Yet an experiment of colossal size is being tried there whose significance cannot be over-estimated. The West has been preaching democracy to the East and the East has been converted. China plunged,

with the American example before it as an ideal. Now, in the only other community comparable in size to India and Ireland: China, another plunge is to be taken, but not without guidance and control; and this time the ideal in view—for those Indians who will accept it—is not that of the United States, but of the British Commonwealth. Idealists hope, no doubt, that consequences will produce themselves as smoothly and as calculably as when a vast reservoir has been constructed and the waters are at last let flow to irrigate and fertilize innumerable fields by regulated channels. Yet since it is an experiment in democracy, one must assume that democracy will begin by making mistakes and will go on making them. They need not be fatal; unless all our education is misleading, humanity progresses only on condition of being allowed to make mistakes. Of course there are no limits to the possibility of wreckage, and Congress, having secured a general majority at the elections, may attach more importance to abolishing the name of control than to achieving practical results. Indians never forget the example of Ireland, and they will lay great stress on all that Mr. de Valera has achieved in that direction. They may, however, reflect that it is easy for them to convert the native Principalities into a vast Indian Ulster. They have a privilege which was not given to any Irish nationalist in power; they do not start with partition ready made; they have the chance to achieve unity. Some Indians also may remember that Cosgrave and Kevin O'Higgins, even while steadily advancing the reality of Ireland's independence, strengthened the bonds of common interest which linked them to Great Britain. These are so vital that Mr. de Valera, even when he forfeited Ireland's privileged position in the British market, could never bring himself to "cut the painter." Are they less vital to India?

We shall all watch with interest, Irishmen perhaps more than others. One thing is clear to me. If the Indian Government has to deal as equal to equal with the British Government, it will get a fair deal. Relations could not well be more envenomed than they were between England and Ireland when self-government started. Yet after five years' trial Mr. Blythe, not the most conciliatory person in the Cosgrave Government, testified em-

phatically that England had dealt frankly with them. Mr. de Valera's less happy experience suggests one reflection. If disputes arise, there should be power of referring them to such a tribunal as Mr. de Valera asked for—chosen from outside the British Commonwealth. Geneva might well be of service here for the smaller but more vitally connected League of Nations.

For the moment, not much is expected anywhere of Geneva. Yet Mr. Eden was able to point out with justice that great service had been rendered by its organization in the dispute between France and Turkey over that perplexing morsel of territory, the Sanjak of Alexandretta. For those nations which wish to have their controversies settled by discussion, the League provides a most useful go-between. In this case, the complainant, Turkey, was one of the defeated in the Great War. It is true that since 1918 Turkey has largely altered the position in which defeat left it, and has effected this by armed force. Yet the attitude of the great European Powers to Turkey over the question of the Dardanelles showed a frank willingness to alter by consent the arrangements which were imposed after the War. Protests came only from Germany and from Italy, the two Great Powers which appear to resent the League's existence. If one asks why they resent it, the answer can be only that both regard it as an obstacle to the free use of force for their own objects.

It is significant that in the Conference of the Scandinavian States and Holland, which was called to consider means of removing economic frontiers, opinions were expressed about the necessity to rehabilitate the League; and Dr. Colijn, a foremost spokesman, held that its function should be limited to pronouncing judgment. Evidently he had decided against the possibility of "providing the League with teeth." But he certainly knows that Great Britain and France would be incomparably more free to use the teeth which they possess to prevent or to undo an act of aggression if this pacific tribunal had pronounced that there was justification for armed intervention.

On the whole, opinion in the English-speaking countries appears to be turning towards this conception of the League's function. Those who accept it—as probably Lord Lothian

would—ought to accept the necessity for arrangements made in advance by individual States to meet any probable aggression.

The Shadow of Germany Yet any such arrangements are condemned by him and by others as aiming at "the encirclement of Germany." They invite the world to regard the pact between France and the Soviets as a menace to the peace of Europe. Presumably they accept also the German view that the pact, or alliance, between Czechoslovakia and Russia is a pistol pointed at the heart of Germany. But is Germany to monopolize the right of pointing pistols? When a nation arms so far beyond what is needed for the defence of its territory, and strains its economic resources for armament as Germany has done, inevitably its neighbours feel apprehensive. Even Switzerland had this feeling so notoriously that Herr Hitler gave a public undertaking that Switzerland should be left undisturbed—although it is clear that without the incorporation in the *Reich* of German-speaking Switzerland, the ideal set out in Herr Hitler's book cannot be realized. However, Switzerland has Herr Hitler's promise. So has France in regard to Alsace; so has Belgium. These assurances may (or may not) be regarded as firm guarantees; but the more Herr Hitler assures the world that he will not make use of his great military resources in the West, the more apprehensive his neighbours in the East must become. Poland does not show signs of disturbance; but Poland has re-knit the alliance with France. That presumably is part of the "encirclement." Yet does anybody, does even Lord Lothian, regard it as a danger to Europe or to Germany? There remain the other Eastern frontiers—Austria and Czechoslovakia. Austria has also received assurances, and has given the pledge that Austrians will regard themselves as German. But the cardinal fact here is that Germany could only annex Austria at the price of breaking with Italy—and most probably of letting loose a war in which there would be a real encirclement. So we come back to Czechoslovakia; and I at least cannot but regard it as certain that, if that country had not the promised backing of Russia, its independence would be ended within the year. Surely, however, it is desirable that this outpost of European democracy should not rely solely on the support of Stalin's arbitrary government. Would it really

be better that the West, in order to avoid the appearance of "encirclement," should agree to leave Germany a free hand in the East? Which is more likely: that there will be war if Germany feels "encircled" and resents the feeling—or that it will come when Germany feels assured that, however she moves on her eastern flank, France will be passive?

To put it another way, does the Franco-Soviet pact tend to weaken or strengthen the Little Entente? Dr. Krofta, the Czechoslovakian Prime Minister, has recently made a speech declaring that he feels confident in the present situation. If the relations between France and Russia were altered by rescinding the Pact, that confidence would be rudely shaken.

There is great agreement that the danger zone of Europe lies in the Danubian countries. A book by Dr. Gerhard Schacher, called *Central Europe and the Western World*, has already been noticed in this Review, but I make no apology for returning to it. He is one of those Germans who do not find residence in their own country possible under Herr Hitler's rule; he had, in fact, the mentality which in England would have made him a pro-Boer. Like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Lloyd George, he was capable of thinking that his country might be less just in dealing with other peoples; and at present, living in Prague, he adopts very fully the Czechoslovakian view. It is no disparagement to say of a man that he inclines to agree with Masaryk rather than with Hitler. But he had the German training, and with German thoroughness he details the work that has been done, on the initiative of Masaryk and Benesh, to consolidate into a stable framework the group of new States. Destroy Czechoslovakia, and you knock the whole fabric to pieces. What is graver, you bring Germany and Russia into direct contact. Yet with every disposition to regard Czechoslovakia as an asset of value to Europe, Dr. Schacher's statement of Czech views is disturbing; for he reiterates the claim that a restoration of the Habsburgs must be absolutely ruled out—and all the more ruled out if Austria wants it. This is certainly not a gospel of freedom; and it does not seem logical. Dr. Schacher holds (with Prague) that the *Anschluss* must be resisted at all costs in the interests of European peace. Why then bar a measure which, in German opinion, is the strongest

guarantee that Austria will preserve its separate existence? It has to be remembered that Dr. Schacher wrote his book a year ago or more. The attitude of people in Prague may well have changed; certainly such a complete negative is hard to reconcile with any reasonable spirit.

Such is the world in which, if rumour be true, Mr. Baldwin proposes to hand over his charge to Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Rumour also says that Mr. Baldwin looks like a schoolboy a week before the holidays; and it is not hard to believe.

In addition to the complexities and dangers of the international situation, there is internal trouble caused by the proposal of vast expenditure. Such figures go to men's heads; they intoxicate. It is so easy to say, when hundreds of millions are voted for armament, why grudge the paltry few millions that would be needed to abolish the means test? Why not be lavish with outlay in the special areas to provide employment somehow for the unemployed? (And a good many people feel uneasy about the contrast here.) Again, when all this money is being spent, why not give Parliament at large a discretion in the spending of it? If works are set on foot in a Labour member's constituency, that is taken as inevitable; but if the same happens when the Conservative holds the seat, there is outcry against corruption. In short, Labour is claiming for the individual member of Parliament those rights which the member of Parliament possesses in France as member of Parliament, but which in England are limited to members of the Government, representing the Crown. Anybody who studies French affairs even a little knows that this licence to the private member to propose expenditure is the worst cause of trouble in France. Yet there is dreadful temptation to make such accusations against the Government as are made already before the scheme is launched; there is dreadful proneness to believe them when they are made. Mr. Baldwin is lucky to escape from a scene where there is war-time expenditure without the war-time mentality.

One must recognize that the Chancellor of the Exchequer finds the country facing enormous figures of expenditure without dismay; and he can take credit for having created that confidence.

What is more, the announcement of British re-armament on that colossal scale has thrown cold water on the flames which threatened to spread from Spain, so that it looks as if that unhappy country will be left to fight out its own quarrel with its own bitter passion, and its own desperate valour.

But how it must puzzle foreigners, and especially the French, to observe that while a strongly Conservative Government holds power at Westminster with little serious challenge, across Westminster Bridge a Socialist County Council is given by the electors new lease of power to govern London. Everybody in France is always frightened of what Paris may do; nobody in England worries about London. It is the least revolutionary capital in Europe. Socialism in Great Britain must be the despair of all good Marxists. It is so intolerably tolerant—and tolerated. But I suppose any country gets the Socialists—and the revolutionaries—that it deserves.

Revolutions are never wholly agreeable, and they come hardest on those who at the beginning were on top; as, for instance, were the family of that famous character, Lord Morris of Killanin, about whom his daughter, Mrs. Wynne, has written her book: *An Irishman and his Family*. Un-

A Mirror of Pre-war Ireland

doubtedly Ireland is not the same country that it was fifty years ago; but a good many Irish people of Mrs. Wynne's social standing went through the same revolutionary period and did not take it so hard. The change was gradual. Fifty years ago the country was managed locally by the landlord class; the local control was destroyed by a Local Government Act passed by English Tories. But as to central control, up till 1921 a succession of Englishmen or Scotsmen were sent over to govern Ireland; and instinctively they deferred to the judgment of Michael Morris, who knew his countrymen inside out, and could put his knowledge into the most amusing form without sacrificing any of the weight that lay behind his convictions. Since those convictions were all in favour of maintaining the English system, he was all the more influential because he was a Catholic; and so for half a century he had a great part in governing Ireland. Yet things did not go as he planned them; and he was lucky to die before he saw what

would have looked to him like defeat and disaster. His children felt it. All of them adored the family home at Spiddal, on Galway Bay, among the Gaelic-speaking people of whom Mrs. Wynne has written so pleasantly; and the Morris family were popular without measure there and in Galway; so much so that till he succeeded his father in the peerage, Martin Morris sat as a Unionist for Galway city—the only naturally Nationalist seat ever won by a Unionist from Parnell's time onward. Yet in the end, during our troubles, people came over from the other side of the county and burnt that hospitable house. Lord Killanin, I believe, never set foot in Ireland again. His sister, living with her husband in a still more beautiful place on the shores of Lough Gill, found her household harried with raids for arms and the like, till they also turned their backs on it; and all she has of Ireland now is her memory which furnishes this work with endless amusing stories and shrewd comment; yet, as is natural, not with very balanced judgments. I suppose that Lord Morris was impartial on the bench; everywhere else nobody could have had stronger prejudice against whatever was "nationalist." He resented "nationalism" all the more because nobody could be more Irish than he was, and he felt no need or use for "nationalism." Yet his daughter says that she does not believe he could ever have been really in complete sympathy of friendship with any Englishman. It is a queer contradiction, but intelligible enough.

All the same, those who have not left Ireland find the country places essentially unchanged. Dublin is changed; there is no longer the Viceregal Court and the British Army and high judicial salaries to keep up the English standard of living. What remains is the Irish standard of talk and of sociability. Lord Morris, and even Father Healy of Bray, many of whose witty phrases are recalled in this book, could still find their match at Irish dinner tables. An American professor, in his book on *The Irish Countrymen*, provides the *obiter dictum* that "Dublin is the last refuge of the art of conversation."

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A GREAT LIBERAL

By LORD ESHER

GREY OF FALLODON, by G. M. Trevelyan. *Longmans*. 16s.

It would be an impertinence to comment upon Professor Trevelyan's achievement in the writing of this biography. No doubt he had special advantages in his personal knowledge of his subject and his natural sympathy with his fellow Northumbrian, but it is acknowledged that no man has a higher claim to be a master of historical method or could be more safely entrusted with the record of a noble life.

England is fortunate that in a world cluttered up with cleverness she can still produce men so simple and so high-minded as Lord Grey. Presumably England will continue to produce such men as long as the English people continue to admire them. Up till now it has been the type they have always preferred to be governed by, placing character high above brains in their estimation, preferring steady integrity to the glitter of meretricious dexterity.

Lord Grey was the pattern of this aristocratic type. Even as a schoolboy he displayed its essential characteristics, a determination to be himself and not to follow the herd either in his thoughts or his actions, a grave detachment which is the basis of personal independence. Yet at the same time he had no trace of priggishness, but loved his Winchester life with wholehearted enjoyment. At Balliol he was busily idle, even to the

extent of providing his biographer with the happy paradox of being "sent down" in 1884 and returning as Chancellor of the University in 1928. The young man who refused to be educated, however, had no reluctance to educate himself, and he acquired at Oxford a strong affection for music, poetry and art.

From early years he developed that love of the country and hatred of the towns which he retained through life. It was said of him: "Edward's fishing, as everything he did, was a model of good style, and his back-hand cast under the bushes was a joy to watch."

What higher compliment can the English pay! Yet tradition and duty brought him reluctantly into Parliament and up to the London that he hated. He never spoke in his first Parliament, though he afterwards acquired an effective method of speaking which, however carefully prepared, appeared as natural as conversation, the unvarnished candid expression of his opinion. In the turmoil and temptation of public life he never failed to resent the mean attack, the unfair misrepresentation, or to believe in the honesty of his opponents. Resolutely he did his work, though when office came to him he wrote to his wife:

"O great god Pan, that hatest London and hearest the voice of Under Secretaries when they cry unto thee, what wilt thou think of me?"

It is not surprising that the nobility of his character should have impressed

not only his countrymen but all the foreigners with whom he came in contact during his long tenure of the Foreign Office. Professor Trevelyan lays stress upon his steadfastness and moderation, and his associates in the Foreign Office felt that they were led by a man obviously incapable of any dishonourable action and whose judgment could never be deflected by any trace of personal ambition.

Except Mr. Lloyd George in his six volumes of concentrated egoism, no one has failed to observe the unmistakable qualities of greatness conspicuous in Lord Grey. The only doubtful point of his great career, that if he had told Germany we should take part in the war he would have prevented its outbreak, probably haunted the darkness of his later years. It is easy enough to make clever suggestions long after the event. But Grey was too great a democrat to pledge England behind her back, and it would have never entered his mind to have told the Cabinet that England ought to be so pledged, to have resigned if the Cabinet repudiated his advice, as, led by Mr. Lloyd George, they certainly would have done, and to have left the responsibility for the subsequent event upon his colleagues.

No doubt Lord Grey's great speech in the House of Commons on August 3, 1914, when he stood before the embattled world as the spokesman of England, was the most tragic moment of his life. He had the Liberal hatred of war, and his accumulated knowledge of European affairs enabled him to realize the magnitude of the event. But for Grey this tragedy did not stand alone. Few men have sustained such undeserved disaster. His first wife, the love of his early life, was killed in an accident. His second marriage lasted only six years. Two brothers, to whom he was devoted, met violent deaths. Both the houses which he loved were burnt to the ground, and

he himself, lover of birds and books, went blind. But his essential serenity survived the blows of fate and his character strengthened to bear them.

Grey had great gifts of statesmanship. He had a clear eye for the important issue, and his mind was unclouded by those petty jealousies and personal vanities which hamper the influence of most politicians. Also he understood the English whom he was trying to govern, knowing them to be essentially liberal in thought, and that:

"While they prized liberty above everything and would not tolerate the loss of liberty, they also had the conviction that order must be preserved in order that liberty may be enjoyed."

Only duty kept him in official life. He found his political work dull, even odiously uninteresting. Only duty kept him in London, and he had a low view of a civilization based upon large cities, with its gradual defilement of his beautiful countryside. To Grey the urban life was intolerable. He wrote to Lady Lyttleton:

"So you read *The Times* hungrily from cover to cover. You are so much more suited to be a Cabinet Minister than I am. . . . Some day when there is a storm and you are all hugging your houses and reading your *Timeses*, I shall take the road and be no more seen."

Professor Trevelyan's admirable biography shows us three things, the complete English aristocrat, the civilized country life, and the duty of *not* leading it.

BOOKS ON THE CORONATION

Reviewed in the May Issue

THE THIRD REPUBLIC

BY CLOUDESLEY BRERETON

FRANCE: A Companion to French Studies, edited by Professor R. L. Graeme Ritchie. *Methuen*. 16s.

THE DESTINY OF FRANCE, by Alexander Werth. *Hamish Hamilton*. 10s. 6d.

FOR the last twenty-five years, or even longer, England has been gradually becoming willy-nilly reintegrated in the Continent, from which it has so often broken away in the past. Take France for instance: we have to go back to the eighteenth century, so well described in Professor Ritchie's illuminating book, to find so close an understanding and reciprocal influence between the intelligentsia of France and England, beginning with Galsworthy and Kipling, and including James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Aldous Huxley on the one hand, and Proust, Gide, and that international "go-between," André Maurois, on the other. Further connective tissue is being formed by the ever-growing air services, not only between us and the countries opposite our coasts, but with those further afield, as distances, once vast, daily shrivel. In vain does each country claim to own the air above its territory. In time of war these upper regions will constitute a limitless no man's land stretching from Ireland to the Urals. But probably the clearest evidence that we are being steadily dragged back into the European vortex is the fact that, though we have not the slightest desire to fight anyone, we have been obliged to take a prominent part in the rearmament race.

And yet apart from a handful of politicians and publicists and our Foreign Office, working often in secret and unknown, which is fully aware how close we are to the European cauldron, the average Englishman still remains, if not an isolationist, more or less insular. He reads in his daily paper, after first glancing at the result of the last Test Match, of national upheavals, large-scale massacres, and civil wars, and then goes off unconcernedly to his work or his golf. Even if he is philanthropic enough to be interested in the League of Nations, Geneva often seems as remote to him as a mission station in South Africa. He has literally no conception of the awful sense of insecurity and alarm, so well described in Mr. Alexander Werth's book, which is characteristic of the normal life of the French, and indeed of the whole Continent today. Such notice as he takes of other nations is confined to utilising their different regimes for political propaganda. Russia, for instance, to a "die-hard" serves as an awful example, or to a "left-winger" as a convenient knout to belabour capitalists. The great bulk of the British people, apart from a few enthusiasts, have no desire to copy any nation. To anyone who knows France as (say) Mr. Alexander Werth knows it, it must seem incredible that the fact that the French working classes have at one swoop "carried through an industrial revolution by the establishment of a forty-hour week with no reduction of wages, has not only failed to produce any serious repercussions over here, but has

been passed by almost unnoticed by the British workman. Most of us still remain fundamentally English in our ideas, our prejudices, and our outlook, with a contempt outspoken or implied for the foreigner. And yet there was never a time when it was more the bounden duty of everyone to try to study and understand our neighbours, and especially the French, because of all European countries France and England owe far more to each other's beneficent influence than any other two taken together. Again, they are not only the two closest to each other geographically, but they are the two chief democracies of the Western World whose civilization is built up on a passionate belief in liberty, however differently each may have evolved. Happily, the two books already quoted, which have just appeared, are admirably calculated to fill up in their way the vast gaps that exist in our knowledge of France. Professor Ritchie's book, which deals with the growth and development of modern France and its civilization, literature, history, institutions, art and politics, serves as an admirable prelude and interpretation of Mr. Alexander Werth's brilliant study of French politics from 1918 down to the present day, with special reference to the last four or five years. Did space allow, it would be interesting to compare Mr. Sisley Huddleston's masterly chapter in Professor Ritchie's symposium on the same period with Mr. Werth's more detailed story, and especially their estimates of some of the leading characters, Briand, Laval, and Blum; although these critics, occupying in each case a "left-centre" position, are on many points in substantial agreement. Perhaps to those who believe in the destiny of France it is very consoling to note that, in spite of the present alarms and incursions on the European stage, they neither of them "despair of the Republic," in the broad sense of the word.

In a comparatively short notice it is difficult to do full justice to either book. But one would signal out in Professor Ritchie's volume the incisive and lucid chapter on the country, people, and civilization, with its insistence that French civilization is neither racial nor even national, but is far older even than the idea of nationality; the brilliant chapters on French history and literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; the very useful chapter on French literature in the twentieth century, and the equally useful articles on French architecture and painting, which taken all together, give an admirable picture of the French genius. As for Mr. Werth's vivid book, it could only have been written by an eye-witness on the spot. It is a masterpiece of clarity and well-balanced judgment, even when those with whom he is not in sympathy are concerned.

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J. H. THOMAS

By LORD ELTON

MY STORY, by The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas. *Hutchinson*. 15s.

"THOMAS is a young agitator of whom no notice need be taken." Thus the Stationmaster of Swindon reported to the rulers of the G.W.R. in the nineties. It was an unfortunate prophecy. A great deal of notice, as it proved, had to be taken of J. H. Thomas. Also he was not an agitator. He possessed gifts, it is true, which might have made him a highly successful agitator. He could tickle and stir a mass meeting, he had his compatriot, Mr. Lloyd George's, uncanny gift for sensing the mood of a crowd, or a committee, and playing on it. Thomas might have become an agitator of the A. J. Cook variety, only far more successful. But his temperament did not permit it. Your successful agitator requires a vein of bitterness, a healthy capacity for hatred, even if it is only a system that he hates. Mr. Thomas has never been good at hating. Indeed if this autobiography possesses a moral, it is the author's constantly repeated conviction that virtue is not the monopoly of one class or one Party. Mr. Thomas has always possessed a simple human gusto, an enviable capacity for enjoying himself, and he finds it difficult not to like people. He recalls the thrill of staying at the Westminster Palace Hotel when, as a Swindon Town Councillor, he was sent to London to back a private Bill. "How different from those days when as a fireman on the railway . . . I used to cook my breakfast of ham and egg on a shovel in the fire of the racing engine." There speaks the true demo-

crat. One kind of snob would have forgotten by now that he had ever been a fireman. Another kind of snob would pretend that he still wished he had never been anything else. But Mr. Thomas—it has been the secret of his hold on the public imagination—has been that rarest of all social types, the man who is completely devoid of snobbery. The sort of snob who cannot bear an "h" to be dropped, and the sort of snob who says that the most moving spectacle in the Silver Jubilee procession was the road sweepers, both find Mr. Thomas difficult to put up with. But the instinct of the man in the street has always detected and admired a profound and genuine simplicity in his character. Mr. Thomas is proud of his rise, and does not conceal it. He has never lost touch with his earliest associates, yet, characteristically, in this autobiography there is none of the familiar sob-stuff about the hardships and humbleness of his origins. At nine he was earning four shillings a week as a chemist's errand boy—and that is literally all he tells us about them. Those familiar early hardships! How gloatingly the autobiographies of most Labour leaders dwell upon them! How well we know the Labour Member who never makes a speech on any other topic! But those who dwell upon them most are almost always either bitter or self-satisfied, or both. And Mr. Thomas is neither.

It is this sterling vein of simplicity in his character which has made Mr. Thomas so shrewd a man of affairs, and given him so ruthless an eye for un-

realities. He has always given the ideologue short shrift. And now as the panorama of his career passes in review in this book, one realizes anew what an immensely stabilizing influence he has exercised on a whole generation, and more, of Trade Unionists. No wonder that no Union has achieved such solid advances as the N.U.R. under his guidance. In crisis after crisis he chose a middle course—and justified his choice. He was never happy during a strike. His most cherished memory of the Railway Strike of 1920 is of the strikers playing football against the troops who had been drafted into South Wales—the “gate” going to the strikers’ funds. “A magnificent spirit” he calls this, which is precisely what A. J. Cook, the miners’ leader, would not have called it. The lesson he draws from the General Strike is equally frank:

The challenge to the public had been taken up. We all know now that England will never allow itself to be coerced: it is a lesson that must never be forgotten by any section of the community however powerful.

“We all know now.” But to anyone who reads between the lines of this narrative, it is obvious that Thomas knew it all along. He recognized from the first that the Strike must be a disaster. He stayed at his post because

I did not consider the Government’s attitude was right; I felt satisfied that my duty was clearly to endeavour to make the best of what I then knew must be a bad job.

But his most vivid memory of those days is characteristically:

When the Strike came, the general public faced it with a courage that amazed the outside world. Many of the working-class had to take back the bitter things they had said about the pampered upper classes. Off came the black coats. Sleeves were rolled up. To hell with the idea of revolution! These fellows—clerks, dandies, even tackled any sort of job; they drove trains, piloted motor buses, and even unloaded ships in

harbour. That is how England tackled her first General Strike.

How easy for the ideologue to represent such words as a betrayal of the author’s class! And yet how profoundly right Thomas’ verdict is! “Off came the black coats”—undoubtedly in the judgment of history that will be the chief significance of the General Strike. But how rare for a strike leader to see steadily enough and whole enough to be able to perceive that truth, and that without ever ceasing to champion, and to champion most effectively, the material interests of the strikers. There must have been some refreshing passages of arms between Thomas and Cook, realist and ideologue, in those days. It is a pity that we are not given more of them in authentic *oratio recta*. Only one survives, but it is highly symptomatic. At Eccleston Square they were discussing how to save the strikers from starvation. A. J. Cook jumped up and said that the working-classes should have foreseen a strike and laid in secret supplies of food. His own mother-in-law had been taking in an extra tin of salmon for weeks past. There was a silence of stupefaction. Then J. H. Thomas—“By God! A British revolution based on a tin of salmon!”

Such a man, and this is high praise, might be expected to take to the National Alliance like a duck to water. Once again, as in so many industrial disputes of the past, he was turning away from the wild talk and sketchy plans of the ideologues—their revolutions on a tin of salmon—to a system which would yield solid results for the classes he cares for most. He played an important part in an administration which has given the working classes more employment, higher purchasing power and fuller social services than any Government before it. And he will be content, if this book is any guide, to leave that as his justification.

SELF-PORTRAIT OF A REVOLUTIONARY

BY HAROLD LASKI

LETTERS OF LENIN, translated by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. Chapman & Hall, 15s.

THIS book is excellently translated, and it is indispensable to the understanding of Lenin. It illustrates every side of his character—some of them aspects until now only half-known to the general public. Lenin the devoted son; Lenin capable of a deep, even agitated, tenderness for Krupskaya; Lenin with hobbies like shooting, in which he can take an immense pleasure; it is good to have these glimpses of the great revolutionary as it were in undress uniform.

But, quite rightly, the bulk of the letters deal with that revolution which was the supreme object of Lenin’s life. From that angle, their interest is almost as great as their importance. They are remarkable proof of his powers of concentration; every one of them is will incarnate. They are not, be it said, the letters of the fanatic that Lenin has been often represented to be. No fanatic would be capable of the eager and sustained argument these letters continually reveal. They show rather the man whose life has been unified by devotion to a central idea, who makes that idea wind itself in and out of every experience he encounters. More: they reveal a power that can only be described as extraordinary to mould his experience to the service of his idea. They are the letters of a fighter who gives no quarter. They reveal the born organizer with an ability rarely paralleled to arrange detail in terms of a central informing principle. There is not an atom of rhetoric about

them; there are even few sentences, if any, one would seek to remember. Letter-writing to Lenin is not an art. He is thinking, every time he takes up his pen, of an object to be attained, an instruction to be given, an argument to be driven home. Their very blunt directness is significant of the man. He plunges invariably into the heart of his matter, without decoration or circumlocution. Taken together, they are a self-portrait we could not spare. They cast a light upon the dynamics of the Russian revolutionary movement, and upon many of its main leaders as these were seen through the microscope of Lenin’s personality which is of extraordinary interest.

Some of these characteristics explain, as few things explain, the extraordinary ascendancy he established over his colleagues after the October Revolution. He will have no half-heartedness, even from the most cherished of companions. He is quick to see the slightest yielding of principle. He never loses heart; he sees always the certain triumph of the end in which he has faith, whatever may be the temporary difficulties of the road. He has his ear always to the ground; an arrest here, a strike there, he is always eager to see them in the context of their general significance. He is avid of information. He is untiring in his energy, and he never wastes time. I can see no trace of egotism in nearly five hundred pages of correspondence. The man is living in his cause. He is, too, intensely human in personal relations, even though he can be ruthless in cutting himself off

from those who do not travel his road. Now and again one sees that a special note creeps in. His differences with Plekhanov never veil the fact that the pioneer of Marxism in Russia has a peculiar claim. His letters to Gorki have always a quite individual note of affection.

The English reader will, I think, find the letters after 1914 of quite special interest. They reveal a Lenin who saw at once that his own hour had struck and who awaited impatiently the chance to take advantage of it. Those written before his return to Russia in the spring of 1914 show clearly how much more realistically he had seized the meaning of the war than any other European Socialist; here, as almost nowhere else, we can grasp the impact of those long years of passionate preparation for the supreme moment. And after his return to the Soviet Union, the letters are of still higher interest.

On some of the administrative problems of the Revolution there are documents here which, for their incisive grasp of the essentials of a situation, rank with the best of the Peel Papers and deserve the closest attention from students. They show how the statesman's perspective is born of the ability to make minute facts pick out the contours of a general solution.

Miss Hill and Miss Mudie have given us here some 340 letters and telegrams of the thousand or so that are in existence. Their editorial work has been well and concisely done, and it is greatly to be hoped that this volume will be followed by others.

Whatever our view of Lenin, we cannot know him too intimately, for, on any showing, he is one of the half-dozen seminal figures of the modern world. It may be said with confidence that no one can pretend to have understood Lenin who has not read this remarkable correspondence.

SWINNERTON. An Autobiography, by Frank Swinnerton. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT. A Chapter of Autobiography, by J. B. Priestley. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

THE demand for the autobiographies and reminiscences of contemporaries persists. Only a few days ago an American friend rang me up to ask if I could give him particulars of the best of these "personality" and "personality-travel" books issued during the current publishing season. Racking my brains for titles I found it easy to think of a dozen, interesting, informative, and reasonably well written—and that was before the publication of either *Swinnerton* or *Midnight on the Desert*, two of the most important and delightful essays in autobiography to have appeared this year.

To Mr. Swinnerton, as the elder, I give pride of place. Here is a writer, who was apprenticed to a publisher when he was sixteen, and has ardently pursued this difficult trade ever since. One cannot imagine that he could be happy for long away from book production and authors. As a novelist he usually approaches his characters with proper respect. When he writes about himself, his friendships and acquaintanceships, he bubbles over with pleasure at being alive and in thankfulness for the charming and eccentric people who tread the literary walk of life with him. Most people who had the experience of working for J. M. Dent found it almost too much for them. Mr. Swinnerton in his teens stood up to the formidable old gentleman with such favourable results that he was treated afterwards as a human being. Mr. Swinnerton's eccentricities are very well and amusingly done, but with the touch of exaggeration that one expects from an exceptionally accomplished mimic. The portraits of his intimates are the best things in the book. Pre-eminent among them is the study of Arnold Bennett.

Nothing as good has been written about him. *Swinnerton* abounds in new and engaging anecdotes about men and women of letters. One felt that the author was less happily inspired when he depicted the distinguished publicists and politicians of the Reform Club, and there is a suspicion that the last few chapters were written in a hurry. This is the slight criticism one has to make of a lively and enthralling book.

Midnight On the Desert is enthralling, too. Mr. Priestley is in his happiest vein when he is writing about himself and is not fettered by the demands of fiction. His early essays on life and letters and his *English Journey* are the best things that he has done hitherto. This new "chapter of autobiography" is worthy to be ranked with them.

At the end of his stay on a ranch in Arizona, Mr. Priestley went out at midnight to the hut where he had been working, and, in the silence of the night, broken only by a freight train clanking down the valley, he settled down to destroy some unwanted pages of manuscript, but there was no hurry, and in the meantime, Mr. Priestley lit a pipe and reflected. His very pertinent reflections on life and travel, interviews and broadcasting, Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Grand Canyon, New York and London, Symphony Concerts at the Queen's Hall and film production in Hollywood, carried me along until I found that I had read the book at a sitting.

There is something peculiarly disarming about Mr. Priestley in the mood of the confessional. He is at his best, even-tempered, modest, confiding, and fully alive to the mysteries of an existence. "Our life is a mystery," he writes, "and it is significant that those cocksure facile reasoners who assure us that it is nothing of the kind can only return a blank stare to every fundamental question we ask about it."

Midnight on the Desert is exceptionally interesting because it marks another stage of development in its author's career. There is a mellowness in the thought and in the writing that shows no lack of interest in the never-ending problems which beset the human scene, there is rather an added poise and thoughtfulness in Mr. Priestley's determination to face these difficulties with confidence and without illusion, a determination which bodes well for the temper and tone of his future writing.

ERIC GILLET.

THE ROAD TO WIGAN PIER, by George Orwell. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

THE first half of this thought-provoking book describes what the author saw in the coal areas of Lancashire and Yorkshire. For some months he lived entirely in coal miners' houses. "I ate my meals with the family," he writes, "I washed at the kitchen sink, I shared bedrooms with miners, drank beer with them, played darts with them, talked with them by the hour together." He went down a mine and spent an hour of agony, crawling to the coal face. He got to know exact details of average working-class budgets, and witnessed the result of mass unemployment at its worst and the cruel effect of the Means Test in breaking up families. He examined, and gives a minute description of, every kind of working-class dwelling, from the horrifying and disgraceful caravan settlements, at Wigan and elsewhere, to the "Council" houses which are, all too slowly, being erected to replace them. This section is illustrated with thirty-two photographs of slums, which are calculated to shock even the most complacent.

The second half is partly autobiographical. In it the author explains his attitude on the "terribly difficult issue of class" and his views on Socialism and Socialists. He was born in the

"lower-upper-middle-class," educated, with the help of a scholarship, at an expensive public school and afterwards spent five years as a police officer in Burma. When he came home on leave in 1927, he decided he could not go back to be part of that "evil despotism." He wanted to submerge himself, "to get right among the oppressed, to be one of them and on their side against their tyrants." But he soon discovered that class barriers cannot be broken down in a hurry, and that if you advance too eagerly to embrace your proletarian brother he may not like it. The impoverished "gentleman" and the working man, under present conditions, are as far apart in their habits and ways of thinking as if they belonged to different races. But that is no reason, since their economic interests are identical, why they should not co-operate for political ends. "When the widely separate classes who, necessarily, would form any real Socialist party have fought side by side," says Mr. Orwell, "they may feel quite differently about one another." But there is a danger that the "private schoolmaster, the half-starved free-lance journalist, the Colonel's spinster daughter with £75 a year, the jobless Cambridge graduate" and all the rest of the sinking middle class, may be so repelled by Socialism, in the form in which it is now presented, that they will accept the Fascist alternative. "The ordinary decent man, who is in sympathy with the *essential* aims of Socialism," the author observes, "is given the impression that there is no room for his kind in any Socialist party that means business." It is certainly as true as it is unfortunate that the words "Socialism" and "Communism" seem to "draw towards them with magnetic force every fruit-juice-drinker, nudist, sandal-wearer, sex maniac, Quaker, 'nature-cure' quack, pacifist and feminist in England. . . . These people come flocking towards the smell

of 'progress' like blue bottles to a dead cat." Mr. Orwell also delivers a well-aimed thwack at "the astute young social-literary climbers who are Communists now, as they will be Fascists five years hence, because it is all the go."

This brilliant, disturbing book should be read and pondered over by every jobless wearer of an old school tie. Socialists who are puzzled to understand why their party has been steadily losing ground, during the past ten years, should read it also.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

NEW ZEALAND FROM WITHIN, by Donald Cowie. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

WHEN one comes to the calm of middle-age, one recollects oneself at twenty with a certain amount of horror. The enthusiasms which urged one to write seem to be no more than wild prejudices. It was impossible, in the confusion of growing, to see the difference between courage and good manners in writing. Any conscientious writer has only to turn back to his early manuscripts to realise this flaw in his work. One is equally intolerant with other young writers, and it is perhaps unfair to place the eager, youthful books of beginners into the hands of older reviewers. This is my thought upon reading *New Zealand from Within*. It left me so angry that I walked into the fields and tried to forget it.

When Mr. Cowie describes the landscape of New Zealand, he writes with sensibility and calm, but when he wrestles with the problems of the New Zealanders themselves, he distorts simplicity, young development, and harmless social foibles with his own fierce prejudices. Let us examine one statement. According to Mr. Cowie, New Zealand women are "not conspicuous for breadth of mind," and he is afraid that his "rudeness" to them will cause them to say "so many misleading things about his book that their menfolk may

refuse to read it at all." He writes that this "would be a great pity for New Zealand," and adds a little derision because these good women read Edgar Wallace, Beverley Nichols, and J. M. Curle. Does Mr. Cowie wish for a dominion in which all the women read Proust and Voltaire?

The Americans have invented a good word which rings with meaning. It is *boloney*. There is no more pernicious boloney in the world than among the intellectual and highly informed young who wish everybody else to dote upon the æsthetic and become tipsy upon the arts. There is as much fine feeling and good thinking involved in growing a field of wheat as there is in writing a sonnet, and it is wrong to expect the young new countries to leap to culture. People who write and paint, or who compose music are often too narrow in their view, expecting the rest of the world to pause in its labour to read their words, gaze at their pictures and listen to their symphonies. The life of a community should be a balanced affair, with a healthy proportion of readers of Edgar Wallace to balance the minority which reads Proust.

Mr. Cowie loosens his anger against New Zealand newspapers. "If you want to write for a living in New Zealand you had better take a dose of strychnine and get it over quickly." This keen arrow of wit is badly aimed. Auckland, the biggest city in New Zealand, is about the size of Norwich, and one cannot believe that any free lance writer would thrive in that city without turning to conquer Fleet Street. If Samuel Butler could care about his experiences in Canterbury enough to write *Erewhon* and if the experiences of Katherine Mansfield's childhood in New Zealand were exciting and deep enough to give her the material for so many of her stories, I see little need to think ill of the country as a first experience in a writer's development.

It is upon the questions of manufacture, farming, and civics that Mr. Cowie is most interesting and illuminating. "New Zealand will have to remain a farming country until such time as she has a population to become something worse," he writes. "New Zealand may not afford great industrial towns, belching chimneys, and festering slums until such time as she has multiplied her present population by at least ten." The warning in this is frightening. It is true that New Zealand is losing its colonial charm. When it forsook the good word colony for the more pompous dominion, it began to lose also the vitality and natural tastes of its early settlers and to take on the trappings of the twentieth century. It is beset by cinemas, motor cars, literary societies, lunching clubs, and many of the tit-bits of American life. But aren't we all? Mr. Cowie must not go into mourning for New Zealand alone. He must weep for the world.

HECTOR BOLITHO.

GREEN LAURELS: The Lives and Achievements of the Great Naturalists, by Donald Culross Peattie. Harrop. 12s. 6d.

EMERSON once said of Hawthorne as an author that he invited his readers too much into the study. It was, he protested, "as if the confectioner should say to his customers, 'Now let us make the cake.'" That, it is true, was more than ninety years ago, and times have changed since and traditions loosened, but some readers at least will echo the older sentiment as they turn from one to another of Mr. Peattie's biographical portraits and presentations of the developing ideas of his greater and lesser naturalists. He begins at once: "They have given me a desk in a great scientific library," and thereafter one is repeatedly informed that it has stopped snowing outside, that the sun is shining, that it is

Sunday and Mr. Peattie has taken a walk; that it is May, that it is summer, and he is sitting in the fields with his notebook; that he would really like to have written quite a different book but it is now too late to go back and start again.

This might not really matter were it not symptomatic of what seems to be a distrust in Mr. Peattie himself of his power to make his subjects interesting in themselves, the result being an apparent compulsion not only to thrust himself upon the scene, but to ginger up, or anyway tuppence-colour, his accounts by the addition of febrile slapdash romantic detail. If a king's mistress incidentally appears it must be "pouting"; of Linnæus and his wife we are told that "if she was a one-man lily, he was a one-woman man." The chapter on Charles Darwin opens with five pages of fancy description ("imagine some planet, before man came upon it, called it home," etc.) of what turns out to be the Galapagos Islands—not irrelevant, but disproportionate when Darwin and Wallace between them get but forty-five pages in all.

Even so, one would not mind so much were the "facts" always accurate when one came to them. But here again Mr. Peattie must set drama first, compressing events and motives to a pattern of his own. He says that Darwin wished to be a doctor—the evidence is that he set out to study medicine, as later to become a clergyman, in sufferance of his father's over-riding wish. He says that Darwin lost interest in theology because he found there "nothing further to argue or discover"—a quite imaginary distortion of the truth. His speculation on why Lyell or Owen did not take Darwin's place on the *Beagle* wholly ignores the commonly known facts of the case, and later references to the development of Darwin's special views equally completely disregard essential chronology.

Does it seem over-severe to stress

these things at some length? They are all, taken one by one, trifles. Mr. Peattie's book was very well received in America, by both press and public. People over here will doubtless read it, and, on the whole, like it. It will tell them things they probably didn't know before about the lives and views and personalities of perhaps a score of naturalists, beginning, after a quick glance backward to Plato and Aristotle, with the Schoolmen and herbalists of the Middle Ages, pausing briefly upon the first microscopists, then plunging into the full stream flowing towards modern thought with Buffon, Réaumur, Linnæus, Lamarck and Cuvier. Half-a-dozen Americans make a less familiar interlude—Bartram, Audubon and others—then we are back to Goethe, Darwin, Wallace, and, to finish, Fabre, "the type and model of a modern field naturalist."

A pleasant book, nicely illustrated—but journalism, not literature or scholarship, though, one feels, a little more care, a little more faith, might have made it both.

GEOFFREY WEST.

THE SHADOW ACROSS THE PAGE, by G. W. Stonier. Cresset Press 5s.

It is difficult to define this little book. It is not a collection of aphorisms, for Mr. Stonier is dead set against dogma, even when chopped up into *bons mots*. Yet there is often something more than mere impressionism in his sayings. They remind me of the dissociated and mood-engendered dicta of the Russian Rosanov. Fancy is filled out with a sub-significance of thought, and a witty observation is made to convey a touch of emotional pathos. "As some people are attracted by haunted houses, I go to haunted men." That is an example of the latter process, and it shows the author in a mood so characteristic that one leaves him finally and takes away the image of

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

APRIL, 1937

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April, 1937

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by G. M. Godden

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him as a man with considerable spiritual curiosity. His interest is first and last in other human beings and their whimsies and oddities. He dislikes them in their more heroic moments, and always suspects a person who is making a sustained effort. He has the sour grape attitude toward large endeavour, and even throws a doubt on the authenticity of personal identity.

"Even reading a poem I enjoy, there is something missing."

"Oh, what?"

"Myself."

This attitude leads to a sense of dissociation of mood and idea, and one would write off Mr. Stonier as an anarchist *manqué*, did he not attract one by the delicacy of his intuitions and his quick vision. He is, after all, an artist, and one who would perhaps have been approved by the late T. E. Hulme and the *Imagiste* School. He is explicit about his detestation of professional writing and the necessary padding out which must support structure in a book. "The only literary sin of any importance is to dilute one's originality. And that dilution, in some graceful and accepted form, is the aim of nine hundred writers out of a thousand."

It is obvious that his gods lie in France. It is also obvious that his detestation of "roughage" in a literary diet leads him to a kind of dyspepsia that robs him of vitality and makes him shrink from sustained effort either at self-revelation or at the creation of an objective world of his own. "Once I was afraid of a blank sheet of paper," he says. "It was like facing an eternity on which the minutes had to be inscribed." This miniature outlook circumscribes his sympathies, and tends to make them too small or too exquisite to be human. But it also gives him a quick and impressionable sensitiveness which is perfectly expressed in these conversational jottings.

RICHARD CHURCH.

JUAN IN CHINA, by Eric Linklater. Cape. 7s. 6d.

I WOULD BE PRIVATE, by Rose Macaulay. Collins. 7s. 6d.

ABSALOM, ABSALOM! by William Faulkner. Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.

A PENNY FOR THE POOR, by Bertolt Brecht. Hale. 7s. 6d.

THE first two of these novels have been pleasant company on snowbound railway journeys, but I doubt if I shall get around to reading them again. The third defeated me in compartment and dining-car, but now goes up on my favourite shelf. The fourth necessitated an effort of will which in this particular will not be repeated. Such categories may appear frivolous, but something of the kind is necessary if a reviewer is to do justice to a mixed bag while maintaining even an elastic standard.

Mr. Linklater's Juan is provided by the Chinese with fewer opportunities for his egregious frolics than he found in America. In the first place he practically confines his activities to the heavily diluted area of Shanghai, so that one misses the kaleidoscopic variety of scene and custom that gave a particular quality to his previous adventures. In the second place he is menaced by an already respectable corpus of jests upon an oriental theme. Juan must be original or perish, and to the student of fiction China seems peopled with stock figures who can be funny in only three ways—by misusing English, by smiling broadly in the presence of calamity and by coining rarefied proverbs. To do him justice Mr. Linklater for the most part avoids the pitfalls of the obvious, but only by avoiding the Chinese. His most engaging character is an Englishman, Flanders, of Gargantuan girth and speech and with a talent for flatulence that would have been honoured on the Island of Ruach. The gangster Rocco (whom Juan had met in America), a journalist, an English couple with mercenary passions for ponies and antiques, and an ubiquitous

Japanese *entrepreneur* further weight the balance against the native element, while the Siamese twins who afford our hero something novel in the art of wooing would have been equally at home in the previous volume of his history. There are moments, too, when Juan's admirable and essential detachment from group enthusiasms is endangered by an insidious sympathy for China in her struggle against Japanese expansion, for the central topic of the book is the attack upon Shanghai. But with all these reservations the book provides at intervals sufficient echoes of *Juan in America* to ensure that it shall be read.

The arrival of quintuplets in a humble family is the pretext of Miss Macaulay's new novel; pretext, not theme, for the writer seems to have shrunk from the full exploitation of so notable and so topical an event. Three pages from the end, when the vicar on a Caribbean island revises his theology to include a Quinary, we have a glimpse of what Miss Macaulay's particular kind of irony might have made of the subject. But gentle humour at the expense of æsthetic Cambridge undergraduates and other suitable patients detains her, and though she provides a good dish of her favourite ingredients tropical—travel with a flavour of cavalier lyricism—one is left with the feeling that, once they were born, the McBrown quintuplets were as irksome a responsibility to the author as they would be to most parents. In Ronald McBrown, however, the policeman father of the prodigious clutch, she provides a delicious character who carries the book on his sturdy shoulders through the most treacherous places.

Such books as Miss Macaulay's and Mr. Linklater's can be read while the neighbours' wireless is going full blast. That of Mr. Faulkner is a more solid task, but one entirely worth the undertaking. Those who already know the Faulkner country will be glad to find a map of it, containing references to his

previous books, at the end of this one, which is again highly coloured by those problems of mixed blood which no chronicler of the Southern States of the U.S.A. can neglect. None better than Mr. Faulkner can convince an English reader of the inward reality of those problems, and those who have been brought up to regard Lincoln's freeing of the slaves as the only and admirable issue of the Civil War can still enjoy—perhaps better than others—the strange chivalry of Mr. Faulkner's attitude. The plot is a familiar one. To abstract it would serve no purpose, for the manner of its unfolding is three-parts of the value of the book. Mr. Faulkner eschews the easy and familiar sequence of such a tale as inconsistent with the mental processes of collecting and remembering it. By boring towards his centre from several points he not only defeats the tyranny of time but elaborates to a pitch of intense excitement each issue of his theme. His prose, a practised blend of colloquialism and something that at times approaches gongorism, is subtly rhythmical.

The *Dreigroschenoper* of Bertolt Brecht, modernised from the theme of *The Beggars' Opera*, was performed with great success in Germany and made into a film which we in England were not permitted to see. Perhaps to compensate us for this disability it has been produced in novel form under the title of *A Penny for the Poor*. The names of Peachum and Macheath strike a familiar note not altogether to the advantage of the book, which can scarcely bear such comparisons as might be made with Gay's lively libretto. It is a tale of unblushing roguery in an indeterminate London supposedly belonging to the time of the Boer War. The plot is intricate and tedious, the atmosphere too deliberately cynical. But it may contain something for the student of crime, if not of fiction.

FRANCIS WATSON.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The article by **J. A. Spender**, so characteristic of his political philosophy, is one of a series of studies in present-day politics not yet published.

H. V. Hodson, whom we welcome to our pages this month, is admirably equipped to handle a subject which will be of the first importance at the Imperial Conference in May. Before succeeding to the editorship of *The Round Table* in 1934 he made an extensive tour of the Dominions on its behalf, and his frequent broadcasts on the Empire wavelength have marked him out as the outstanding figure of the younger generation concerned with Britain's Imperial problems. A Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, he was for a time on the staff of *The Economist* and subsequently of the Economic Advisory Council. He is part-author of a book entitled *The Empire in the World*—with Sir Arthur Willert and B. K. Long, also contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY—which has just been published.

"Malaga and After" is the fruits of a journey undertaken in the early part of this year on a motor cycle through the territory under the control of the Spanish Government. The author, **Charles Duff**, has a reputation for his intimate knowledge of Iberian questions. He was a contributor to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on Spanish and Portuguese-speaking countries and for some years has been literary correspondent of *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires. From 1919 until last year he served in the News Department of the Foreign Office.

At the present juncture only a superficial student of Indian affairs could write of the outlook there with assured confidence. **Lord Meston** surveys the

situation with the caution and profound knowledge that come of a lifetime given to that country. He entered the Service over fifty years ago, rose quickly to office, and was from 1912 to 1918 Governor of the United Provinces. A man of liberal mind and ripe experience, he enjoyed the invaluable experience at the close of his career in the Service of being Finance Member of the Governor-General's Council.

Flora C. Twort is a painter, who writes occasional articles on lighter themes which reveal a charming and individual talent.

W. A. Newman is Assistant Editor of the *Irish Times*, and has naturally studied very closely the subject of Anglo-Irish relations.

Alexander Werth is an authority on contemporary France, and Paris correspondent of a leading British daily. His books include *France in Ferment* (1934) and the newly published *Destiny of France*, which is reviewed in this issue.

Dr. G. J. Renier, born in Flushing, settled in London in 1913 and is a Ph.D. of London University. He is well known by his book *The English, Are They Human?* and has published historical works on Anglo-Dutch relations. He is Reader in Dutch History and Institutions in the University of London.

G. W. Stonier is on the editorial staff of the *New Statesman* and reviews for THE FORTNIGHTLY (one of his books is noticed in this issue). Last year he translated Flaubert's *Bouvard et Pécuchet*.

George Glasgow, **Robert Bell** and **L. F. Easterbrook** are more or less regular contributors.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MAY, 1937

ENGLAND AND THE MONARCHY

BY SIR JOHN SQUIRE

THERE are moments, after one has read reports of some particularly stupid speech or question by a Member of Parliament, when one wishes that candidates might be refused nomination unless they had previously passed an examination in elementary history and political science.

Certain books they should certainly be obliged to read: Pollock on the *Science of Politics*, Seeley on the *Expansion of England*, and Lecky, especially his Lecture (1892), on *The Empire: its Value and its Growth*, Monypenny and Buckle's *Life of Disraeli*, which bristles with lessons for today—to insist on Morley's *Gladstone* would be cruelty. Above all, they should read Walter Bagehot on the English Constitution. And those members of the Opposition who have, of late, been either talking of the Monarchy as a useless frippery, or pointing out (by way of an astonishing discovery) that Kings and Princes are featherless bipeds like the rest of us, and may even not be exceptional geniuses, or have been demanding that Monarchy and Coronation should be run on the cheap, would (unless they are hopelessly blinded by bigotry) especially benefit by Bagehot's chapters on the Monarchy.

His book was written seventy years ago. The Statute of Westminster had not yet been dreamt of. It was an era when even Disraeli—who today would expound more eloquently than any man the ideas of Rhodes, Chamberlain, and Kipling concerning the potentialities of the British Commonwealth of Nations—could airily contemplate a future in which the mature Colonies would drop off the parent tree "like ripe fruit." Bagehot's thoughts were centred on the home country, but his

description of the functions of the Monarchy and his conclusions as to its indispensability are today not merely valid, but immeasurably strengthened by the development of an Empire in which the only constitutional link between the Mother Country and the Dominions is the Crown.

Bagehot was, as any man must be who can usefully examine such problems, a man of a scientific habit of mind. Sentiment did not influence his approach; but he would have been thoroughly unscientific if he had left out of consideration the extent to which sentiment affected other people. And it was typical of his boldness that he began by taking the words out of the republicans' mouths. "The use," he said,

of the Queen, in a dignified cap, is incalculable. Without her in England, the present English Government would fail and pass away. Most people when they read that the Queen walked on the slope at Windsor—that the Prince of Wales went to the Derby—have imagined that too much thought and prominence were given to little things. But they have been in error; and it is nice to trace how the actions of a retired widow and an unemployed youth become of such importance.

Two things may be noted about this preamble, or statement of counterclaim, which leads up to his vigorous defence.

The first is the reference to "most people." This need not be taken literally. Whatever at that time, and during the next years, may have been the sentiments of wild Republicans like Sir Charles Dilke and the devastating young Mayor of Birmingham; however widely-spread among the governing classes may have lingered a dislike of the Consort's solemn Germanism and the Queen's obstinate seclusion; however irritated certain politicians may have been at her stubbornness—it is extremely doubtful if a plebiscite of the masses (who, after all, are "most people") would ever, in spite of all the Radical cobblers, have failed to give a tremendous majority for the monarchical principle. Bagehot himself observes that "the women—one half of the human race at least—care fifty times more for a marriage than a ministry:" just as, I notice, Augustine Birrell, in his pleasant posthumous autobiography, contemplating the unhappy fate of his Education Bill, remarks that it is impossible in this country to make Education a really National Question, the population being much more interested in race meetings. In the second place it must be realized that Bagehot put bluntly what many,

if not most, people were saying about the Royal Family when it did not appear to be "functioning" hard enough. The Queen was in retreat and *crêpe*; her eldest son was allowed to do very little, so amused himself; and this was all before the Tranby Croft scandal, which was very hard on him and, incidentally, never ought to have been allowed to leak out.

Somebody once said that Christianity must be true because it has survived its professors. By the same token it may be said that the British Throne must be necessary because it has survived some of its occupants. Religious differences (not exclusively English, for the English have been complicated by the adjoining kingdom and principality) led to the execution of one king, the flight of another, and a change in the succession. Murderers, dissolute men, stupids, and foreigners who had little English have been tolerated, simply because the Throne must stand. There was one brief interval of eleven years during which a great, grim soldier, with a backing of Protestantism and money, held the country down until he died: but monarchy came back with a rush. Whatever the country's thinkers may have excogitated, the country's instinct has always been: "Better any King—provided he is not too gross a tyrant—than none."

And it is significant that, during that Victorian discontent with the Court, the complaint was not that the Queen did not perform her strictly constitutional duties properly—for she was never slack about those, and the general public knew little of the perpetual tedium of consultations and document-signings—but that she didn't show herself enough in public. She worried herself almost to death about Russians and such like, and the conduct of her Ministers (sometimes being right through flashes of insight and long experience when they were wrong because of theory or expediency); but what the public wanted her to do was to open bridges, put on her jewels, and drive through the cities in open carriages so that she could be seen.

It isn't a question of right or wrong. It is a question of what is. "Things are what they are; their consequences will be what they will be: why then should we deceive ourselves?" The mass of men, and particularly of Englishmen, not being cold-blooded logicians, want something tangible to cling to, a rose for the buttonhole, a picture for the wall, a person to look

up to, and ritual and costume surrounding that person which will indicate in a vague way the things which are more than human and the things which are not bread alone—even when they know, with one part of them, that his present Majesty (for instance) was human enough to play good Lawn Tennis at Wimbledon and to fight as a junior officer at the Battle of Jutland. The reasoners (who usually leave most of their premises out) know little. They are pinched; and it was not for nothing that Campbell-Bannerman used privately to refer to John Morley (who did not in the end disdain the coronet) as "Priscilla." A man knows more who saw, and did not despise, the flags in the slums, and the little tea-parties and presents for the children, during King George V's Jubilee. There was an added impetus there. The personality of the King had reached them all over the wireless: the rich voice, the kindness of one who to the poorest seemed to be a thoughtful member of their families. But had there not been a row about Queen Caroline (also a person, and a Royalty), going on at the moment, they would have demonstrated quite energetically enough about George IV; for they feel the need of a national, and now an Imperial, bond.

Babes and sucklings, in major matters, know a great deal more than chronically "anti" doctrinaires, in and out of Parliament. Some of these latter have been suggesting of late that perhaps, for the time being (I believe that even the pyrophagous Sir Stafford Cripps reluctantly goes as far as this), the Monarchy may be useful, and at least cannot be got rid of, but that the Coronation should be done cheaply, without display, especially as the world is in such a state and there is so much distress.

There was an argument once about a Box of Spikenard; the attitude of that disciple would certainly not be taken by the ordinary old lady in a Women's Institute, by the crippled soldier in a Legion Branch, or by the plumber or bargee in a Wapping pub. If they had ever heard of the Master of the Buckhounds (unpaid) who was abolished in our time, they would like to have him back, with the buckhounds as well—who were abolished rather before their Masters, the last of whom, very suitably and picturesquely, was the late Lord Ribblesdale, otherwise known as "The Ancestor." And they would like both Master

and hounds in the Procession, if possible; and when I say "they" I mean we. Though it is shorn of its glories we still continue to insist on the Lord Mayor's Show, in spite of all the traffic-mongers; and we should have it again as a Water-Pageant if they would only let us. Do we want the day of Coronation to be a day of mourning, whisperingly hushed through in black clothes? Are there to be no more cakes and ale merely because the eternal Roundhead hates to see people being natural and enjoying themselves, and letting loose with colour and song—and is jaundiced with jealousy because he instinctively hates that anybody should be called a King when he is not one himself? The mass of the people do not feel like that. They want a King. They don't want to be Kings. They want pageantry. They don't want to be in the centre of the pageantry. Pomp and ceremony are the outward and visible signs of their faith; a starveling Coronation would cheat them. And they have a fairly shrewd idea that being a King is a sort of martyrdom. The head that wears a crown is not uneasy now for the same reasons as in the Middle Ages. It is unlikely (if I may with all respect appear flippant) that the Shakespeare (if any—which appears unlikely) of the next age will have to represent our present gracious Sovereign as deploring, on the stage of the Old Vic, the plots and stratagems of "our brothers of Gloucester and of Kent." But the unease is there still. Is there a human being alive in England so dense as to think that King George V really enjoyed leaving the quarter-deck for the throne; or that anything else but a conviction about his duty would have induced him to do it? When modern princes use the word "burden" they are using the right word.

The sophisticated may know more than the masses about the King's daily operations; though they tend to forget that, even under our "limited" arrangement, a King may be all-important in a crisis. To the less sophisticated the King is the abiding thing (and none the worse because he has greatness thrust upon him by heredity, instead of climbing and intriguing towards it), and it matters little—or, rather, it is all to the good—that they are vague as to the King's sphere of action. Just after the Jubilee I heard an old man say in a village inn, over his bread-and-cheese and pint: "Now the Germans 'ave a man like 'Itler

it's just as well that we 'ave a man like King George." The confusion of functions didn't matter; though, in a way, the remark did illustrate the latent power always within reach of our monarchs if they are wise enough to be worthy of it. What was significant was that the old man never dreamt of saying that we were lucky to be able to set against Herr Hitler so sagacious a man as the President of the Board of What-Not. To quote Bagehot again: "We have whole classes unable to comprehend the idea of a constitution—unable to feel the least attachment to impersonal laws." Thank God we have. There is more cement about it. When men get away from persons to paper constitutions the passion for change knows no end; or the paper becomes as rigid as a brick wall. But Bagehot, remember, was doing his best against his own case. There were two men in him. The banker, the political scientist and the economist, in duty bound reasoned coldly, and treated the multitude as a herd viewed from above; but the critic of poetry (and he was one of our best who was not a poet himself) was in the herd and felt the herd's desire for colour, unity, and personal loyalty. It has been written:

John Stuart Mill
By a great effort of will,
Overcame his natural *bonhomie*
And wrote *The Principles of Political Economy*.

Bagehot took his *bonhomie* into the study with him; and, were he here today, would be an oracle for the Imperial Crown.

The prerogatives of our Kings may have varied from age to age, and their power and influence—which are very elastic—may have varied, according to circumstances of character and event, from individual to individual; but their usefulness, by virtue of their mere existence, is more evident now than ever it was. We have on the one hand an enormous coloured Empire in which the dynastic habit of mind is ingrained; we have on the other a great and growing White Empire of free nations, each of which regards our King as its own King, and is bound to us in no other legal way.

A legal bond alone would, under a strain, be of little avail. A sentimental bond alone—the bond of children to mother—as Chamberlain pointed out in his quixotic but rather confused

campaign, might not hold, were there a marked conflict of economic interests—though, in places, a community of defence interests has now crept in which he did not wholly foresee. But the romantic bond holds.

The Union Jack is not a very beautiful flag. The flag of St. George is a better one, though it must be admitted that all these repetitive tricolours, playing variations on the spectrum (even the Irish Free State having deserted Tara's harp for three stripes) are worse. But the farther one gets away from England the more the Union Jack means. "What do they know of England who only England know," appears, as we are informed in Kipling's autobiography, to have been suggested by his mother. It doesn't matter; it is true. The Union Jack here is a national flag. But to men newly arrived from forest, desert, or stinking bazaar in some port where it is flying, it is much more than that. It is the Old School Tie of the largest (and most mixed) Club in the world; and one that stands for peace, kindness, and fair play. It is the symbol of an outlook and not merely a badge. And the Crown and its wearer are in the same category: only more effective, since the Monarch is human. People in libraries or on tubs may theorize as much as they like; but the ordinary run of men, at the ship's tiller or the plough's tail, will always understand a man as ruler better than they will ever understand a constitution.

This always was true; it is truer now than ever when we have scattered Dominions with their own Parliaments, Cabinets, and Prime Ministers, all subject to frequent change, and all subject to factional frays. Our Prime Minister (we are about, reluctantly, to change him now) may be, at the moment, *primus inter pares*; time may come when he will not even be that. But how on earth could we expect Australians, Canadians, South Africans, New Zealanders, and hundreds of millions of people elsewhere to shift their personal allegiance according to the ebbs and flows of our party tides? What applies to a Prime Minister would apply equally to a President. A President "gets there" on a party vote; and very often because he wants to "get there." He is a politician and a party politician. Some politicians are good, some are bad, all are transient. A dynasty remains; and, human beings being what they are (however much individual royalties may shrink from the trappings), it should be right royally set off.

WHAT THE KING DOES*

BY GEOFFREY DENNIS

WHAT the King does is less important than what he is. His occupations are executive and political; representative and ceremonial; private and personal.

The three overlap. Some of his activities partake of both a political and a ceremonial nature, or lie on the border-line between the two. Not much of his so-called private life is devoid, is allowed by his subjects and masters to be devoid, of some measure of public significance.

Which of the Crown's powers are still the King's? What acts may he yet perform on his own initiative, and not as the mere agent or automaton of the Cabinet? Of the might of the mediæval KING, feudal lord of all land and lieges, marching man who led the nation to war, actual administrator who ordered its daily doings in time of peace, what residue remains to this shy twentieth-century civilian called by the same high name? Precisely what does this exalted strange personage, who in political theory is still almost everything, in practice in 1937 politically *do*?

Questions difficult to answer. The King himself could not answer them. If anyone could, it would be a learned constitutional lawyer doubled by a Prime Minister of long experience, clear judgment and in present office: a person who does not happen, never has happened, to exist.

The difficulties are of many kinds.

Between the personal monarch and the institutional monarch the dividing line is shadowy. Under our unwritten and ever-evolving constitution his personal powers are undetermined and indeterminate. They are always changing, in both kind and

quantity. We are never up to date in our information. We know how much power each earlier Hanoverian exercised; we know all that can, or need, be known about Queen Victoria's political activity and almost all about Edward VII's. But about George V's very much less, and must await the passage of time and the confidences of the great. Books are always behindhand. Ministers and courtiers are discreet, and the kings themselves discreeter. The only two English kings who held forth about their kingly rights were Scots; a dialectical argumentative couple, father and son, one of whom pedantically sharpened the axe that came down upon the unfortunate head of the other.

The answers would depend on human, as well as political, factors. These are continually changing. On the tone, policy, and personnel of the party in power; on the character of the Prime Minister of the moment; on the character of the reigning king; on how long he has reigned. Influence having been substituted for power as the Crown's mode of action, the individual influencing and the individuals influenced are the terms of the equation. These fluctuate.

The lawyers do not let themselves be discouraged by such difficulties. They compile their kingly *Cannots*—impressive lists of them.

The lists prove, briefly, that the great historic prerogatives of the king are precisely those prerogatives he may not exercise; that the principal things he is supposed to be able to do are the principal things he cannot do. He cannot decide or control the general policy of the country. He cannot publicly express an opinion on matters of State. He cannot choose the Prime Minister, or the other ministers. He cannot dismiss them. He cannot dissolve Parliament. He cannot refuse his assent to a bill. He cannot attend meetings of the Cabinet. He cannot refuse to take the Cabinet's advice. He cannot take advice from persons outside the Cabinet. He cannot exercise his royal prerogative of mercy. He cannot cede territory. He cannot make war, peace, treaties, peers, bishops, judges. The king can make speeches, but not the King's Speech.

Some of these absolutes are doubtful.

The King can still influence policy. He can confidentially press a policy upon his Prime Minister, seek to dissuade him from

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another, delay the execution of a third. George V required that second general election before he would give his consent to the creation of the Parliament Bill peers. If there is no single clear instance of any of Victoria's governments, still less a government of any of her successors, changing an important item in their programme to suit the monarch's personal taste, yet the Queen was not powerless. She was a permanent brake on (spoke in the wheel of) half her ministries. The Liberal ones.

When the party called to power has no undisputed leader, the King still has a say in choosing the Prime Minister. Victoria sent for Rosebery in preference to Harcourt. George V had a word in the selection of Baldwin in preference to Curzon; perhaps a big word in the replacement of Ramsay Labour by Ramsay National.

He has not quite lost the power of appointing, or at least successfully suggesting to the Prime Minister, individual members of the Cabinet. Balfour brought in some ministers on Edward VII's recommendation, Campbell-Bannerman at least one minister. How far, since then, the King has had a hand in Cabinet-making is not accurately known. As late as Edward VII he was believed to be influential, if he desired to be, in the choice of the Foreign Minister and the War Minister in particular.

His prerogative of dissolution is not obsolete. The Cabinet decides to dissolve Parliament, but it must get the King's consent. This is not always a formality, and a situation is possible in which he might refuse it; or in which, in consultation with the Prime Minister, his judgment one way or the other might be decisive. Whether or no he may decide a dissolution, he can certainly refuse one.—Can; but scarcely *will*. In all that touches the Parliament, the theoretical possibilities of the 1937 King's powers are different from the practical probabilities. Over against the Commons, and as regards power over them, it is the Prime Minister who has taken the old place of the King. (Who has taken the Prime Minister's? . . .)

His veto is dead; but he can still get small changes made in a bill.

He can, in a crisis, see leaders of the Opposition and in a measure mediate between them and the Government. As King

George saw Lord Lansdowne at the height of Peers versus People. . . .

Historians fix the date when this or that power was exercised for the last time. No sovereign since Queen Anne has vetoed a single bill; none since Queen Elizabeth has vetoed more than one or two bills: she quashed forty-eight. None since Anne has attended a meeting of the Cabinet. None has been the real ruler of the country since William III, or decided main lines of national policy since George III. As late as George IV the king could really choose the Prime Minister. As late as 1885 there was a chance of a government that enjoyed the support of Parliament going out because it lacked the support of the Queen (and perhaps of the nation); but Gladstone could survive even Gordon. As late as 1893 a queen could secure a pointed change in a Queen's Speech: from Gladstone's reference to a bill for the better government of Ireland she forced him to delete the "better."

Yet no one can say that the last time a prerogative was exercised was the last time—will be the last time—it could have been exercised. The decline in the royal power is evident; but no one can be sure that the decline will continue, or that a reverse process may not set in; may not now be setting in. There are signs pointing both ways.

All that is sure and certain is the fact (regretted by some, approved by others) that, as long as there is a person in the State called *King*, some measure of influence and therefore power he must continue to possess. He can never become the pure rubber stamp of Whig desire. He will always know many people, see many people, hear many views, have access to many papers; always be a man as well as a mechanism.

Throughout the most depressed period of the royal power, from, say, the death of the Prince Consort to the middle years of George V, the sovereign has continued to be something more than a cipher. The titular ruler's objections, suggestions, proposals for the modification of a measure or a policy have, in even the lowest hour, been listened to with respect by the political ruler; and, added Asquith, with greater respect than suggestions from any other quarter whatsoever. He bears the glamorous name of King.

If he is ordinarily wise, when he has been on the throne during a few ministries he will have joined experience to glamour. Ministers come and go ; he stays. His time averages four times as long as theirs ; he can become four times as experienced. Victoria had ten Prime Ministers, and saw some twenty changes of government. No Prime Minister of hers was ever in power for more than six years at a stretch ; she was in power unbrokenly for sixty-four. She looked upon them as the inexperienced, and the ephemeral, part of government. They were temporary officers in the regiment ; she was on sentry duty for ever.

The King of England has almost no power left for evil : a good deal for good. . . .

Quite separate now is the sovereign's work as king—kings—of the Dominions. Imperial business takes every year a larger place in the royal time-table.

The Governors-General now representing not the Government of Great Britain nor the London Parliament but the King alone, he is in direct touch with them without any intervention of the home Cabinet. Free of the Prime Minister of England, he transacts regular business with the Dominion High Commissioners.

Of the gathering prestige of, and the new duties devolving upon, the Royal Family through its imperial role, two recent decisions afford, by their contrast, curious evidence. As late as 1928, the Council of State set up to perform the royal duties during King George's first illness included the Prime Minister and the Lord High Chancellor of England. But, in 1936, the Council of State appointed for King George's last illness included members of the Royal Family only. It was felt no longer suitable to include any subjects ; who would have been subjects of one of the King's countries, Great Britain, alone.

Whatever the precise position of the prerogatives and the present measure of the King's political powers may be—and it is quite unimportant—the exercise of these remains a considerable portion of What He Does, and takes up a considerable proportion of his *time*.

Of the Prime Minister's time also ; which a Prime Minister with a less lofty idea of the king's office than of his own—Balfour, perhaps, or Lloyd George—inclines to regard as so much time

wasted. Some of Victoria's Liberal Governments did have to expend rather a large part of their energies in quarrelling with the Court. "The Queen alone," groaned Mr. Gladstone, "is enough to kill any man."

How does the King perform his business of State ?

In the first place by oral communication, interviews with—audiences granted to—his Prime Minister and the other ministers.

Queen Victoria, of course, worked chiefly by correspondence, that famous correspondence, the most interesting in royal records ; and wrote, and underlined, more words than any other monarch in the history of the world. . . .

Ministers to whom the letters were addressed may sometimes have judged them less favourably. For they were inexorable ; they were perpetual. Her authority had to be sought, and the Minister's reasons set forth at length and in writing, before any important step could be taken. The principal foreign despatches were written about line by line. It was irritating for the Minister, who regarded himself as the true sovereign ; but there it was. There She was.

The staying and delaying that Victoria's existence involved was probably, in the great majority of cases, a good thing. A Prime Minister could bully his colleagues ; he had to think out, and carefully and patiently and politely explain, the reason for his proposed action to the one person in the world who could, and did, bully *him*. It was probably a good thing. It made for clarity and, in foreign affairs, for safety.

Edward VII, no penman, did not show the same exclusive preference for his mother's method. He used, each in reasonable measure, the pen, the personal audience, the telephone and that increasingly important and hard-worked official and go-between, the royal Private Secretary. Letters to Edward VII from the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, or the Minister for War were still always in their own hand. He wrote on them "Appd. E.R.," or "Seen E.R." If he disagreed, or had suggestions to make, he jotted down his views, which the Private Secretary re-drafted—possibly bowdlerized—and sent back to the Minister.

George V's Prime Ministers, apparently, did not either see or write to him fully on most questions. One or two of them

treated him to the extent they dared, and that was possible, as the figure-head, Duke of Venice, or rubber stamp of their ideal. But in Parliament Bill days, and around the outbreak of the War, Asquith and his King were in continuous communication, oral and written. And at the end of the reign, when George had a firmer hand on things, audiences became more frequent again and the correspondence more important.

The King has business to transact with other principal men in the State besides the Cabinet ministers—with Officers of the Household, officers of the army and navy, ambassadors, prelates; with high officials of the government departments.

Affairs and the world grow ever more complicated. The King's, like the Prime Minister's, familiarity with each separate department must inevitably grow less, and be confined to proportionately fewer aspects. Take the Foreign Office. George V's relation with this, the most august, the most traditionally royal Department of State, seems to have been confined to the following. He saw some despatches, and perhaps most of the very important ones; occasionally he suggested a change. All appointments of ambassadors, ministers, and counsellors (though not of even the highest Foreign Office officials) were submitted to him. The submissions were pretty well formal, except that for a few particular nominations, for example, to the Scandinavian Courts where the Royal Family has kinship, His Majesty's pleasure was genuinely taken. Proposals for orders and decorations went to the Palace always. In addition to the Secretary of State, the King occasionally received the highest officials. This, no doubt, was less than his father had had to do with that particular department; George, unlike Edward, was not more interested in the Foreign Office, or in the War Office, than in the other ministries. The ruler of the greatest empire in history never once set foot in his Department of War during the greatest war in history.

His work, of course, is done mainly at the Palace. There he gives audience; there he reads the innumerable papers of all sorts that he still must read; there he finds time, as best he may, to reflect about what he hears and reads.

Much mere signing is still a royal burden: glorified clerical work. There is less of it than there was. If the Royal Sign

Manual is still required for the most important executive acts, of more trivial papers the sovereign's pen has gradually been relieved. Queen Victoria signed over 60,000 documents a year; George V not a hundred a day.

The King no longer signs all officers' commissions with his own tired hand. Victoria was once sixteen thousand commissions in arrears, and used to sit up far into the night to work them off: many officers used to receive their promotion warrants after they had left the army. The Great Queen is the most unliterary person in history who suffered from writer's cramp.

The importance of what he *Is* gaining continuously upon the importance of what he *Does*, a 1937 king who immersed himself in papers as deeply as Victoria would scarcely be doing his duty. It would leave him no time for far more necessary duties.

Then there are the things the King does because of what he is. All the formal, and representative, and ceremonial, duties of the Crown. The rites of the nation. . . .

Some of these are essential, and many of them can be looked upon as useful, activities. Somebody must perform them. The fact that Majesty performs them adds significance, solemnity or *éclat* to the events; delights or placates the persons received or honoured; aids all the good causes, encourages the people who are directly concerned in them, and arouses the interest and opens the purses of others. Royalty gives impetus to every cause. In the sun of Majesty's favour things go with more of a swing. You feel your job honoured, and do it better.

Of the ceremonies, some are the most brilliant left in the world, the Pope of Rome alone competing: the pomp and ritual of the opening of Parliament; the glittering scene in the Throne Room at a Court; a State banquet at the Castle, with the Beef-eaters in lines, the gold plate, the diamonds, the historic and majestic setting; the unique Coronation—and for us, the mob, admitted to none of these, gorgeous progresses and processions that suffice us.

Whether Majesty itself enjoys the shows will depend on temperament. Victoria was not partial to them. Her son enjoyed every moment of them. His son played the chief part in them so successfully that we never asked ourselves whether he was enjoying himself or not; one took his doing his duty

for granted. His son, again, is said not to take great pleasure in the ceremonial side.

It must sometimes be tedious ; even though the technique of royalty in suffering bores and chores gladly is exceedingly highly developed.

*What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect
That private men enjoy ! And what have kings
That private have not too—save ceremony,
Save general ceremony ?*

The dulllest of deputations must be received with an alert smile ; each individual bore given a handshake and a sentence or two of appropriate and interested comment, and sent away happy, and hot royalist. The King will usually have been coached in the subject by one of his secretaries ; even so, the proportion of sense he talks is surprising. Memory and quick assimilation of a subject are of course chief objectives of his training. Uncle Bertie and nephew Willie, so unlike in most ways, were alike in their genius for the successful superficiality their jobs required of them.

All day long he has to be changing clothes and uniforms ; adapting himself to different aspects of Is, performing variant feats of Does. All day long he has to be gracious and smiling ; at the end of the day, dead tired, half dazed perhaps, he must not show it.

“Tribulation and royalty and patience.” . . .

Last of all, the King's own private life remains. Little of it remains. Of an individual existence free and unwatched, following his own bent and bearings, his time and body and soul his own, very little indeed remains.

Leave it to him.

KOREA FROM A NUNNERY WINDOW

BY WILLARD PRICE

WE sat in a nunnery on a mountain side and looked out over the Korean landscape. We ate pine nuts and talked politics.

“You now see before you a terrible example,” said the wise old abbess who had known the world and rejected it. Her young feet had even trod Piccadilly. Her old feet preferred the paths among the pines. In this ancient temple there were no gramophones, radios, telephones, electric lights. But there was a Buddha to give one peace, a heated floor to comfort one's bones, and a few books in English and German nudging the sutras on the shelf. And, although the abbess had refused an invitation to lecture at an American college, she took delight in haranguing the travellers who stopped to spend the night at the convent.

“If you want to know what the Japanese will do in Manchuria and in North China . . . look ! Here it lies before you. Poor little farms, houses like cow-sheds. The Japanese have been in Korea now for three decades. They have had an opportunity to show what they could so. And today the farmers—and that means eighty-three per cent. of the people of Korea—are worse off then they were before.”

The Japanese officer drew in his breath apologetically. “That is quite true,” he said. He evidently knew that the only possible way to win an elderly lady to a new point of view is to agree to her old one. “We have not done very well with Korea. It was our first real experiment in colonization. Yes—Formosa—but that was a small matter compared with this. And our mistakes bear down most heavily upon the farmers. See how the stock manipulators lower the price of rice just before the farmer sells his crop, and raise it just after he sells. And the government can't, or won't, stop it. Cheap manufactured goods take the place of the things the farmer used to make by hand.

He buys rubber shoes instead of making his own out of rawhide or straw."

"Ah, but," said the abbess, "I wouldn't go without my rubber shoes. They keep my feet dry. The old ones never did."

"The farmer has been changed from a maker to a buyer, and since he has no money to buy with, his lot becomes worse every year," insisted the Japanese.

The American suggested that this condition was not peculiar to Korea. In many countries the status of the farmer has been growing steadily worse as industrialization progresses. He always seems to be in the backwash of civilization. And the stronger the current, the stronger the backwash.

"But is the current so strong in Korea?" The officer said it with an air of great discouragement.

"Of course it is," the abbess admitted. "Your people have done wonders here. Wonders! Look at that railroad line in the valley. Those fine roads. Those telegraph and telephone lines. Electric power lines. Dikes along that river—it used to break loose like a demon every spring. But no more. Thousands of trees planted on that mountain . . ."

The Japanese officer sat on his hands which were pressed against the heated floor. He could now safely leave the defence of Japan to the sense of justice of the abbess. She talked on while dusk deepened, while the little bean-oil lamps were being lighted (for though the blessings of civilization were wonderful for the valley and for Korea, they would never be admitted to the convent), and while we drew up to a foot-high circular table in the centre of which was a vast bowl of steaming rice girdled by small bowls each containing a pickle—pickled mushrooms, pickled seaweed, pickled cabbage, pickled beans, pickled pine nuts, pickled millet seeds, and pickled maple leaves. She paused only long enough to ask grace beautifully and simply by bowing the head and striking an ancient bronze bell with a deer's horn. The bell had hardly completed its message of prayer echoing out of past ages before the abbess burst forth again about tractors, trams and bank deposits. Blessed with an active mind and many visitors, she knew what was going on.

And, if I may supplement her observations with facts obtained from many other sources during rather extensive travels through

the peninsula, the credit side of Japan's ledger in Korea may be briefly summarized as follows.

Life has been made safer. Epidemics are now rare, smallpox is almost gone, asylums house lepers who formerly roamed abroad, pure water is provided in cities. The witches and magicians who were formerly the only practitioners of medicine are giving way to licensed physicians. There is now one physician to every eight thousand people. That seems scanty provision, but it is much better than none.

With the drain of disease curbed, the population now grows rapidly. Japan established a protectorate over Korea in 1905 and annexed the country in 1910. The population, thirteen million in 1910, is now twenty-two million. The rate of increase even exceeds that of Japan, whose own rate is sufficient to bewilder the government and distress the world. China's rate falls far below—for although she gives birth to more, she buries more. Rapid increase is by no means a certain blessing, but it at least indicates that living conditions have improved.

What of mental progress? Outside of the excellent institutions conducted by missionaries, there were formerly no schools except those teaching Chinese classics. Japan introduced such subjects as arithmetic, geography, Japanese language, and practical agriculture. While in 1910 there were only one hundred common schools, they now number more than two thousand with half a million students. This is an excellent record as compared with Britain's in India or America's in the Philippines, but it still leaves much to be accomplished. Two million Korean children of school age are without schools.

Korea's foreign trade has increased seventeen times since 1910. Before annexation the annual trade was about fifty million yen; now it is a billion yen. Most of her exports go to Japan: Japan buys almost as much from Korea as she sells to her. America, on the contrary, buys only one-tenth as much as she sells. Britain also has been buying very little from Korea—and it is therefore not surprising that her sales to Korea have been sliding steadily towards vanishing—point.

After all, the "open door" of Asia is a revolving door. It opens inward only as much and as fast as it opens outward. The secret of Japan's economic success in Asia is that she takes

as much as she gives. Her trade with China rests upon a fairly even keel—a balance of exports and imports. The same is true of her trade with Manchukuo—and with Korea. Fundamentally it is not the Japanese army which is merging Japan and the Asiatic continent—but the fact that each needs what the other has. Soldiers, who imagine themselves the pilots of destiny, are but chips on the economic tide.

Korea's resources are made to order for Japan. Every year about forty million yen worth of gold is mined, ten million of coal, twelve million of iron, and the largest production of graphite in the world. Korea is believed to be as richly mineralized as Mexico. Industrial production in Korea has increased nineteen times since annexation. Bank deposits are twenty times as large.

"Now, that is all splendid," said the abbess after recounting such facts as the foregoing, minus the figures. "But where has this new wealth gone? It has gone to enrich the rich. The great men of the cities become richer and the small men of the country become poorer. You say it's because this is an industrial age . . . the same thing is happening all over the world. In England, in America, in Japan too, the farmers are in trouble. Perhaps . . .—but you come with me down to the farms tomorrow morning and tell me whether you have ever seen suffering like this."

I accepted the invitation. And we went to our rest. If it can be called rest to lie on a stone floor with a wooden block as a pillow. Fortunately the floor was heated. But there was nothing to mitigate the harshness of that pillow. It was not even made of soft wood. Every hour it became firmer, impressing itself more deeply upon the skull and memory, so that the night remains unforgettable.

Buddhism, so ornamental in some lands, has in Korea become as plain and hard as that pillow. The priests and nuns were long ago removed by Korean rulers who feared their political power. They now live as hermits, in unadorned temples, on the edge of poverty, giving nothing to the world and taking little from it. Our abbess was somewhat unusual—most of the clergy have become ignorant and shiftless, flotsam of a former glory. Half a million Koreans have become Christians. The

rest of the twenty-two million are inclined to rely upon the abracadabra of their animistic wizards and witches rather than upon the rites of Buddhism.

Today Buddhist priests are being sent from Japan in an effort to regenerate Korean Buddhism. The newcomers have ideals . . . but perhaps not quite so much the ideals of Gautama Buddha as the ideals of Yamato Damashii, the spirit of devotion to the divine Emperor. Buddhism as well as Shinto in Japan has been bent to the national purpose. Japanese priests, who are more Japanese than priests, can hardly meet their Korean brothers on a common platform of belief . . . therefore their work is hard.

Moonlight filtered through the translucent paper windows into the altar room which served also as a guest room. It illuminated the huge drum which, suspended from the ceiling, seemed to float in mid-air. It picked out high lights on the polished brass candlesticks and the brass incense bowl on the altar. It gave an even more remote air than usual to the face of the little gilt Buddha who sat above the altar shelf, immune from the distress and dust of this world in a glass case. It made the great wooden pillars which supported the heavy thatch roof seem like misty columns of incense.

Then dawn hardened everything into reality, the pigs—which the nuns are too pious to eat but not too pious to raise for sale to sinners—began to grunt, wooden bowls began to rattle and firewood to crackle in the kitchen.

The Japanese rose and greeted the morn with a pæan of hawking and gargling. The abbess achieved slight competition with the recitation of a sutra, but did better when she attacked the great drum. Pounding it with one drumstick, and a small floor-drum with another, she stirringly proclaimed to the peasants of the valleys beneath that Buddha was still on his lotus flower and all was well with the world. Perhaps there was a minor message to the effect that it might be well to set aside a penny or two for the nuns who would come later in the day to collect alms.

After the pickled breakfast, the abbess donned her overcoat and beaver hat. She put on her Japanese rubber shoes. She brought out a London-made brief case which had won admittance

to this retreat only because it was such a convenient receptacle for alms in cash or kind. We descended to the farms. Where the steep path met the plain, we came upon a white-clad farmer prying pieces of bark from a tree-trunk. "His breakfast," said the abbess. She spoke to him, and we went with him to his house. He was a large-boned man, perhaps in his thirties, but he walked so deliberately that even the old abbess had difficulty in slowing her pace to match his. We came to a forlorn little beehive of a house—a beehive in appearance only, not in any air of activity. There was a pig-pen but no pig. A chicken coop but no chickens. A scrawny courtyard with nothing in it except a large empty jar which had once held the winter's store of pickle, now exhausted. The house had mud walls, mud-and-straw roof, and mud floors. Outside the house was a mud stove in which some pine needles were smouldering. The heat passed through a mud conduit to the space beneath the floors and the smoke came out of a mud chimney which rose from the ground four feet outside the opposite wall of the house.

We entered. A woman was ironing—beating with two clubs a white garment, slightly moistened, laid across a flat stone. She ceased her tattoo and came to greet the abbess. She took some of the bark, dropped down beside a small feverish form that lay on a pallet, and began to feed the bark to her son. The child's stomach was a great bloated mound. A sign, not of plenty, but of poisoning. "These people are fortunate," said the abbess. "Their landlord has not turned them out. I could show you much worse 'spring suffering' than this."

The season most rhapsodized by poets is known to Korean tenant farmers as the time of "spring suffering." And most farmers are tenant farmers. Only four per cent. of the farming families own their land (as against fourteen per cent. in Japan, and vastly higher percentages in Europe and the United States). Tenants must pay half of their crop as rental. This payment is made in the autumn immediately after harvest. Out of the other half the tenant must make his landlord an additional "present," pay the taxes, buy seed and fertilizer, and pay interest charges on old debts. Very little of the crop is left to feed the family through the year. The supply gives out in mid-

winter or early spring. Then comes "spring suffering." For the majority of the tenant population the time of most desperate need is from March to June inclusive. Then bark, roots, acorns, grass, weeds, become food, and thousands die of malnutrition, poisoning or downright starvation. In desperate straits, the tenant settles himself still further into the mire by borrowing more money from the usurers—if he can get it.

"They will not lend me any money," our host told the abbess.

"Perhaps that is just as well for you," replied the abbess cheerfully. "How much do you owe now?"

"About ninety yen."

"What interest do you have to pay?"

"They knew my father—so I got a low rate. Three per cent."

But that means three per cent. a month. Thirty-six per cent. a year. Comparatively he was lucky, since four per cent. a month, forty-eight per cent. a year, is not unusual.

"But whatever made you borrow so much as ninety yen?"

"I didn't. I borrowed ten yen. That was long ago. In good years I paid the interest and in bad years I couldn't. Altogether I have paid seventy yen in interest. And I have ninety left to pay."

Thus a trivial debt of ten yen (about 12 shillings) multiplies itself endlessly, and is sometimes passed down from generation to generation, always rolling larger. Of course, if the farmer has any land or other possessions, they are confiscated to pay the debt. Thus, in the words of the official Report on Administration of Chosen, "seizure of land from defenceless owners in Chosen has been the habit." The land has passed into the hands of men who do not work it—in fact, many of them live far from their property and do nothing but collect. Half of the cultivable land of the whole country is owned by twenty thousand absentee landlords. It is taken for granted that a farmer will be in debt. Eighty per cent. of the farming community of Korea, according to the official Japan Year Book, has debts, bearing interest at three per cent. or four per cent. a month.

There was nothing surprising to the abbess in the condition of this family. Her only surprise was indicated in her next question:

"How did it happen that you borrowed only once?"

"We had two girls we could use."

The abbess, translating his answer to me, explained that he was euphemistically stating that he had sold two of his daughters.

"Did they become dancing girls?" she inquired.

"No, no," the man laughed. "They had no talent. They could only do what any woman can do." One had been taken by a house of prostitution. The other was drudge in a landlord's kitchen.

Both had been sold outright. The proceeds had served to keep the rest of the family alive—and the girls were fed. Slavery seemed better than starvation. Slaves rarely try to escape—since there is nothing better to which they may escape. Moreover, they would be promptly returned to their owners. Japanese law does not hold them bound. But custom does. And in a primitive and ignorant society, custom is stronger than law. The Japanese, fearing to stir up unnecessary trouble, do not flout Korean custom, except where it is to their industrial or political advantage to do so. Their stand against slavery is further weakened by the fact that in Japan itself the merchandizing of daughters by destitute farmers is not uncommon.

We went on to other houses. The net impression was one of abject resignation. The people did nothing because it seemed hopeless, and their lot was hopeless because they did nothing.

The degradation of the peasant is increased by ignorance and superstition.

Screams of agony issuing from a little mole of a house drew us thither. We entered without ceremony—but immediate protests from the inmates caused the male visitor to retire in confusion. Yet he had seen enough to leave a permanent scar on memory. A woman in labour lay on the floor. Across her abdomen had been placed a board, and upon either end of it sat a girl, see-sawing to force delivery, while the unhappy woman shrieked with pain. A dirty midwife stood by, directing the proceedings.

Other phases of native medical practice are as primitive. They are usually tinctured strongly by superstition. In the village we visited was a small hill crowned by a "devil-house." From it came the sound of drumming and chanting. The abbess was willing that I should satisfy a natural curiosity, but would not

go with me. Professional ethics forbade. The Buddhist nun could not politely intrude into the shrine of the devil-priestess. I climbed to the devil-house, one side of which was thrown open. A baby lay on the floor, eyes closed. Over it bent a woman, probably its mother, and several relatives, watching for any movement. A *mudan* or sorceress beat a drum—another danced with much mystic waving of hands. Both chanted incessantly. The baby did not stir, and I rejoined the abbess. She happily showed me the contents of her brief case—two potatoes, some pickles, a live and lively chicken. She was ready to return to the convent.

Buddhism in Korea does nothing to lift the pall of medical superstition and suffering. Japanese doctors and health services are doing much. The work of American mission doctors has been brilliant. But perhaps the greatest credit of all is due to the young Korean doctors of the new school, for they alone have climbed steeply from an abyss. The fathers of some of them are old-time practitioners. It means that these young men have spanned a thousand years in medical school. But there are as yet only a few hundred such men.

The plain truth is that Korea, while it has made a splendid beginning, is still in a pitiable plight. Millions have no doctors, no hospitals, no schools and, worst of all, no reason for ambition. Effort seems to get them nowhere. While pushing forward they go backward.

The most unfortunate aspect [admits the *Japan Times*] has been the decline of the status of the farming population which has taken place hand in hand with increase in production of agricultural produce and even with increased investments and general raising of the land wealth of the country. . . . We thus witness in Chosen a development which has taken place to a degree in Japan also, namely, the welfare of the agrarians being sacrificed for progress in the urban centres.

It would be unfair not to mention the splendid "Self-help Movement" which is bringing relief to some farm communities. It was inaugurated by the government of Korea in 1933. Since the idea has somehow got round the world that everything takes five years to do, no more, no less, this also is a "five-year-plan." The idea is to develop model villages which will serve as examples to surrounding villages. Forty-six hundred villages in all parts of Korea were selected, and their transformation has been accom-

plished under Japanese advisers. Under the challenging motto "Work!" the villagers have been stimulated to produce more and live better.

Note well, however, that this excellent movement is one of *self-help*. Japan has learned from the West how to make the farmer hold up the State, though he groan under the burden. This is not a colonial policy, but is applied only to farmers in the Japanese homeland. "Actual relief lies not so much in financial grants from the Treasury, but in the spirit of initiative on the part of the farming population," said Premier Okada in 1935. The next year he barely escaped assassination at the hands of young army officers, self-appointed champions of the farmers. Viscount Saito, when starving farmers appealed for help, sent them a sample of his hand-writing as an inspiration. This was received with a profound show of appreciation. A few months later the donor was assassinated. Even the great, liberal-minded Finance Minister Takahashi, in his New Year's message in 1936, said, "I shall be gratified to see the farming community rise to prosperity through its own efforts." That was in January—he was assassinated in February. Agrarian resentment was not the only cause for these assassinations, but it was one of the chief. But Japan is used to all this. For a Japanese statesman, to fall at the hand of an assassin is to die a natural death. Japan calmly continues to tax the farmer to raise money to pay out in large grants to industries, especially those industries which gird Japan for the coming test of war strength in the Far East.

Korea is an economic burden to Japan. More than a quarter of a century under Japanese administration, it still requires financial help. It is a luxury. The only way to get it out of the luxury class is by industrial development. The eighty-three per cent. must wait until this is accomplished. So reasons Japan, and she will reason in the same way in Manchukuo, North China, and any other Oriental lands in which she may later become concerned. Japan has many enemies. A ring of steel must be erected round the Japanese Empire. All human sinews must be taxed to the utmost to provide the sinews of war. War sinews include iron, coal, oil, transportation, strong banks, active export trade in manufactured goods to pay for the things Japan needs from abroad. Of course, food is also necessary; but the urge

of starvation is trusted to impel the farmers, or the farmers' wives and children after the men have gone to the front, to supply enough food.

In the operation of this plan, no comfort lies ahead for Eastern Asia. Comfort is the last consideration—consolidation of the imperial power is the first. Japan means to use the agrarian eighty per cent. of the 122,000,000 people of Korea, Manchukuo and North China to subsidize industry and "defence." We may expect to see the suffering of the many become more intense, the wealth of the few greater, the banks stronger, money sounder, roads and railroads better, mines deeper, cities larger, Japanese advisers more numerous, native sons in high posts fewer, mechanical education wider and academic education narrower, the average life poorer, the state richer.

Some day when the objectives of national ambition have been reached, the multitude may come to have a share in the painfully acquired prosperity of the Empire—but that time is far distant.

I returned to the convent with the abbess. We dined upon the chicken she had brought up in her brief case. We seemed far removed from the noise and misery of the valley.

"Yes," said the abbess, "this Western civilization of yours which Japan has adopted may be very fine . . . but not for me!"

She gazed about comfortably at the solid old pillars of the altar room and the complacent Buddha in the glass case.

STRESSES IN CENTRAL EUROPE

BY WICKHAM STEED

WHAT is "Central Europe?" The name usually suggests the countries in or bordering upon the Danubian Basin, that is to say, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. Geographically the suggestion is fairly accurate; politically it is too restricted. Though the concept "Central Europe" differs historically and actually from the German concept of "Middle Europe," it ought to imply a much wider range of interests and influences than those associated with the Danubian region. In fact an adequate concept of "Central Europe," and of the political and economic stresses that affect it, should include the greater part of the area that lies between the eighth and the fortieth meridians of east longitude, and the sixty-fourth and thirty-sixth parallels of northern latitude. Within this area are Germany, Italy, Poland, Scandinavia, the Baltic States, Finland, Western Russia, the Black Sea, Turkey, Bulgaria, and Greece. All of them, and not they alone, may be exposed to the action and reaction of events in Danubian "Central Europe."

Indeed the problem of Central Europe is essentially the problem of Europe as a whole. This came to be clearly, albeit tardily, understood in the course of the Great War. It was understood much earlier by the few students of international affairs who, from 1900 onwards, perceived the meaning of pan-Germanism. Yet it was not until the beginning of 1918 that the chance of Allied victory was seen to depend upon the liberation of the subject Hapsburg peoples and upon the establishment, on and around what had been the territory of the Hapsburg Monarchy, of a number of smaller independent States which could be trusted to defend their freedom against all attempts to bring the Central European region under the overlordship of any one dominant Power.

The talk of the "Balkanisation" of Central Europe that has been so loud in recent years leaves this fundamental truth out of account. Those who, knowing nothing of the old Hapsburg Monarchy, likewise bewail its "dismemberment by the Peace Conference" give themselves a certificate of comprehensive ignorance. The Hapsburg Monarchy was never "dismembered" by the Peace Conference. It exploded from within before any Armistice was or could be signed either on the Danube or in the West. The Peace Conference found itself confronted with accomplished facts and in the presence of forces with which most of the Allied delegates were neither competent nor able to deal. Many of those forces are at work today; and it is mainly they which determine, positively and negatively, what I have called the "stresses" in Central Europe.

In this country it has of late been the fashion to talk and to write as though those stresses could hardly affect us. Mr. Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, seems not to be in this fashion—or has begun to set another and less foolish fashion. In a speech at Liverpool on April 12th he quoted at some length from the *communiqué* issued at the close of the Little Entente Conference in Belgrade on April 2nd, and expressed his cordial concurrence with the principles of policy which it laid down for Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. The purport and tenor of this *communiqué*, Mr. Eden declared, could be cordially endorsed by the Government and people of this country. The Little Entente Powers had reaffirmed their devotion to the League of Nations. They had recorded their determination to "continue to work for a general reconciliation of all European States and for the avoidance of war;" and they had added, in Mr. Eden's view, wisely: "This spirit of conciliation is not a sign of weakness, and the three States are at all times ready to defend their national rights." They were "firmly opposed to any kind of international ideological conflict, and would not join either of the *blocs* to which such conflict might give rise." The domestic systems of independent States must be mutually respected, and this principle would dictate Little Entente policy toward the Spanish conflict.

Mr. Eden thought these principles sound. But the soundness of policy cannot ensure success unless its principles be firmly

and wisely applied. While nobody in this country questions, for instance, the soundness of the principle of not intervening in the Spanish conflict, not a few question the wisdom of His Majesty's Ministers in the application of it. When they began by putting an embargo upon the purchase of arms and munitions in Great Britain by the Spanish Government, whose Ambassador was, and still is, accredited to the Court of St. James's, they threw away with both hands the only means of inducing interventionist countries to enter promptly into a valid non-intervention agreement. It was as though a lion should bite off its paws and break its teeth by way of impressing hyenas with its pacific intentions. The countries of the Little Entente upon whose mingled firmness and wisdom the future of Central Europe, that is to say, of Europe may depend, have failed, as Mr. Eden doubtless knows, to admire our behaviour. They feel the new strain it has brought into a precarious situation.

The question is whether they can in the long run withstand the strain, whether they will not, singly or jointly, break under it unless they be supported from without. Not so very long ago the British public was assured by a well-known writer that Czechoslovakia is formed like a sausage ready to be cut up, and that it is much less the rebirth of an ancient State than a political abortion. Nazi propaganda would also have us believe that the creation of Thomas Masaryk is a poor thing as compared with the creation of Adolf Hitler. There have been signs of apparent disintegration in the Little Entente. Yugoslavia has seen fit to conclude special agreements with Bulgaria and Italy, neither of whom have, in the past, been distinguished by enthusiastic devotion to the post-War settlement in Central Europe. Doubts have also been felt and encouraged about the fidelity of Rumania, especially since King Carol suddenly caused M. Titulescu to be dropped from the Rumanian Cabinet on August 30th last year.

After the election of Dr. Benesh to the Presidency of the Czechoslovak Republic in December, 1935, M. Titulescu had been looked upon as the Foreign Minister of the Little Entente. Besides helping to transform the Entente into a diplomatic and political unit on the morrow of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's and Sir John Simon's ill-starred advocacy of a revisionist Four-Power Pact in March, 1933, M. Titulescu was instrumental in

improving the relations between Rumania and Soviet Russia, and helped to form the Balkan Entente between Rumania, Yugoslavia, Turkey, and Greece.

So when he was unceremoniously discarded during a severe illness, people in Rome and Berlin rubbed their hands. Their fond anticipations were not destined to be fulfilled. The visits of President Benesh to Bucharest and of King Carol to Prague last year tended to consolidate the relationship between their two countries, while the activities of the Fascist-Nazi "Iron Guard" in Rumania—heavily subsidised by Germany—ended by disquieting King Carol and his new advisers. Nothing in Rumania has gone quite "according to plan," and a strong revulsion of popular feeling in favour of Titulescu is now noticeable in many quarters.

In any event it is premature to suppose that his influence upon the affairs of his country, or of Central Europe, has become negligible. On April 11th he made at Cap Martin a speech—the first since his recovery—which deserves attention. Advocating an international economic agreement he insisted that it must be based upon respect for the territorial *status quo*, since on that basis alone is peace possible, and that it could not be attained by bilateral conventions between States. There must be a general convention under the auspices of the League. No country, he said, would agree to make the sacrifices necessary for an equitable international agreement save in the measure in which it felt sure that its territory would be intangible. The more frontiers were menaced, the more would they be defended by increasing the obstacles to economic intercourse which already exist. It was not by putting frontier divisions in one place rather than in another but by rising above frontier divisions that the nations would find the way to peaceful co-operation. Notwithstanding that the League of Nations had suffered many a defeat, M. Titulescu affirmed his belief in the rapid renewal of its moral authority without essential change of its Covenant. Experience had shown that economic sanctions alone are ineffectual. On the other hand, it was clear that a universal obligation to make war against any aggressor is impossible of fulfilment. Therefore Europe should be divided into security zones in which the obligation of defending a victim of aggression

would devolve upon countries immediately interested. Economic "sanctions" should be universal, and military sanctions should be regional, but the two should work together. On this basis the League could be made a political reality capable of bringing about international economic agreement.

Between the views of M. Titulescu and those of President Benesh and M. Krofta, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, the difference is probably small. The practical issue is not whether these views are sound but whether practical effect will or can be given to them. In matters Central European, sobriety of thought is even more necessary than elsewhere. What are the chances that Central Europe may escape some violent disturbance of the peace in the near future? Will the notorious German preparations for attack upon Czechoslovakia be pushed to their logical conclusion or not? If they are, will Soviet Russia be ready and able to lend the Czechoslovaks effective aid? Will France act up to the spirit and the letter of the Franco-Czechoslovak alliance? If she does, what will our position be? Will Italy look with favour upon what might be a successful German attempt to overrun Bohemia, absorb Austria, dominate Hungary, threaten the Adriatic, obtain control of Rumanian oil fields and to menace Russia from the South? And what will Poland do?

To none of these questions can a definite answer be given. Some weeks ago a somewhat lively meeting was held at the "Brown House," the Nazi headquarters in Munich. The more go-ahead spirits advocated prompt action against Czechoslovakia, urging that the principle of non-intervention which the British Government had laid down in regard to Spain could be invoked in favour of a rising by the Henlein party in Czechoslovakia against the State and that German Nazi "volunteers" could do the rest. Against these arguments the more prudent Nazis entered a *caveat*. Spain, they argued, is a peninsula at the far end of Europe, whereas Czechoslovakia is in the very core of Europe. It would be folly to suppose that German intervention in Czechoslovakia, by "volunteers" or otherwise, could fail to bring on a general conflict, and for this general conflict the German army was not yet ready. So the meeting ended with the preliminary discomfiture of the more eager Nazis; and, if there be truth in the reports that experience in Spain has not proved

German tanks and aircraft to be the best of their kind, this preliminary discomfiture may be prolonged.

Then there is Hungary. In all Nazi plans against Czechoslovakia the active co-operation of Hungary has been assumed as a known and certain factor. Yet of late there have been heart-searchings and misgivings among the Magyars. There, as elsewhere, Nazi propaganda has lacked discretion. The Magyars may hate the Czechs and yearn to regain Hungary's former Slovak territory. They may also look forward to the day when a good part if not the whole of Transylvania will be restored to the Lands of St. Stephen's Crown. But they do not quite relish the idea of becoming a mere Magyar patch in a German estate. Some—to vary the metaphor—wonder whether the fire might not be even less comfortable than the frying-pan; and the setbacks which Nazi propaganda has suffered by the victory of M. van Zeeland over M. Degrelle at Brussels and by the issue of General Hertzog's proclamation against the Nazis in South West Africa have not passed unnoticed at Budapest.

Then there are other elements of uncertainty. Early last February the Foreign Secretary of Finland, M. Holsti, a statesman of judgment and perspicacity, paid a visit to Moscow. On his return he disavowed in a public statement any desire or intention that Finland should join either a Communist or an anti-Communist front in Europe.

"The front which I wish to strengthen," he added, "is the front of the democratic Powers, and especially of Great Britain, France, the Scandinavian countries, and the League countries in general. . . . I wanted to dispel the anxieties felt in Moscow that Finland had made secret arrangements with a Great Power to be the jumping-off place for an attack upon the Soviet Union. No such secret arrangements exist, and the Finnish Government has no plans for warlike adventures of any kind."

From Finland in the extreme north of Central Europe to Italy in the extreme South the distance seems considerable. Yet nothing that bears upon the chances of German military adventure can be a matter of indifference to Signor Mussolini. The "Berlin-Rome" axis may rest upon analogous "ideological" supports at each end without losing elasticity, flexibility or even a tendency to "kink" in the middle; and, if any credibility attaches to reports recently published in Vienna from a source

in Rome which is not out of touch with Italian propagandist views, the recent Italo-Yugoslav agreement may be in the nature of a "kink." One of these reports says bluntly that the new economic policy of Italy towards Yugoslavia and the Little Entente will be accompanied by a corresponding politico-economic arrangement between Austria and Czechoslovakia. The agreement of Belgrade will be a point of crystallisation for the trade currents that flow from the Moldau and the Danube and link the Danube Basin with the Adriatic and the Black Sea. In this way, it is suggested, Central Europe and the Adriatic may defend themselves against the expansionist policy of Germany which runs, now as before, along the line from Hamburg to Istanbul, and aims at mastery in the Balkans.

If ideas like these are really entertained in Rome they would throw a somewhat different light upon the Italo-Yugoslav agreement, and might not be without significance for the future relationship of the Little Entente, no less than of Hungary and Austria, with Italy. They will hardly be noted with undisguised approval in Berlin, especially in view of the remarkable efforts made by Dr. Schacht in recent years to control the Balkans economically by "buying" foodstuffs from them in great quantities and "paying off" their frozen credits in German armaments, machinery, and other products. Against this control a feeling of resentment has certainly grown up in more than one Balkan country. But it remains to be seen whether Germany will readily acquiesce in the thrusting of an Italo-Central European economic barrier athwart the old pan-German line of advance to South Eastern Europe.

In reality the future of Central Europe depends less upon these thrusts and counter-thrusts than upon the solution of the great problem which overshadows Western civilisation as a whole. This problem is whether the affairs of nations shall be dealt with by the war-method or the peace-method. Two great States have espoused the war-method, either actually or potentially, as an instrument of national policy. Both these States are "totalitarian," dictatorial, and contemptuous of democratic freedom. Both are in so precarious a financial position—to say nothing of their other economic difficulties—that they may have to choose between internal breakdown and foreign adventure.

Central Europe may, if no overriding consideration intervenes, become the theatre either of their co-operation or of their rivalry. All the present Central European stresses are affected by these possibilities.

But, during the past few months, they have been affected also by what may prove to be an overriding consideration. This is British rearmament. Signor Mussolini is alleged to have informed the leader of the Italian Veterans' Organization—who, fresh from a visit to Berlin, expressed anxiety about the persistent rumours of impending war—that, while he understood the veterans' anxiety, Italy could not afford to wait until British rearmament should be completed. The setback to Mussolini's hopes of capturing Madrid by a swift march of his "volunteer" Fascist legion has, indeed, caused him acute embarrassment. Those who think they understand his thoughts believe that he is weighing the advantages and drawbacks of large-scale military intervention in Spain against those of cutting his Spanish losses and seeking compensation in a policy of co-operation with Central European States in the Danubian region.

Herr Hitler is worried too. His military advisers do not like the Spanish adventure. Still less do they like the idea of a European war before they are quite ready for it. But Herr Hitler may not be able to base his policy solely upon military considerations. His whole Nazi system may be at stake. The Pope has condemned it. Like Mussolini, he may think it imprudent to wait until British rearmament is completed.

Meanwhile there is something which could weight the Central European balance on the side of peace. This would be a British policy firm and clear, a policy so frankly proclaimed that none could ignore it, of union and co-operation with all the freedom-loving forces of Europe against the war-method of dealing with international affairs. Some such policy has been repeatedly adumbrated by His Majesty's Ministers. Adumbration is not enough. The present stresses in Central Europe can only be stabilised by knowledge that British rearmament will support a determined policy of peace. Such a policy would make the future of Europe safe "beyond a peradventure."

ATLANTIC AIRWAY

BY LORD SEMPILL

DURING the past few months discussion in regard to civil aviation has revolved round the remarkably detailed plans made in both this country and the United States of America for the inauguration of a North Atlantic airway. Successful experimental flights have been carried out over here by two of the specially adapted Empire-spanning flying-boats, and it is expected that the first North Atlantic crossing will be made in either May or June.

One result of these activities has been a crop of prophecies. It has been said that mail services will be in regular operation this year and that passengers will be carried in the immediate future. The only aeroplane or flying-boat crossings of the North Atlantic have been made by specially adapted machines so overloaded that, in many instances, even wireless equipment has had to be omitted in order that the necessary fuel might be carried. So far, commercial flights on this route have been confined to the airship, which has established a very remarkable record of reliability.

The solution of so big a problem as is involved in the regular air crossing of the North Atlantic obviously could not be left to haphazard methods, nor could it reasonably be made the sole concern of only one of the national enterprises interested. If development was to proceed without wasteful competition and the dissipation of effort, the various countries concerned had to collaborate; a common pool of knowledge had to be created in order that progress might be as rapid as possible and the financial burden had to be distributed.

With regard to that part of the Empire chiefly involved—Great Britain, Canada, and the Irish Free State—it was decided to form a joint operating company to take over control when the initial experimental work had been completed. In this company

a nominee of the British Government is to hold 51 per cent. of the capital, and nominees of the Canadian and Irish Free State Governments are to have 24½ per cent. each. The British nominee, Imperial Airways, is to appoint three of the nine directors, including the Chairman and Managing Director. A mission was sent to the United States, and agreement was reached as regards reciprocal landing rights; close collaboration with Pan-American Airways had already been established.

In furtherance of this scheme, the U.S. Government is considering the payment of a large subsidy for the mail service, and, though the actual recipient has yet to be named, it is fully expected that this will be Pan-American Airways. There has been criticism in regard to the apparent Anglo-American monopoly created; and it is most strongly urged that no plan adopted should involve the exclusion of other countries from using all normal facilities. Reasonable co-operation should be accorded to air transport operators of proved efficiency in other countries desirous of utilising the facilities of the proposed route.

So much, then, for the purely financial background, from which it is seen that the four Governments most intimately concerned are giving the scheme their support. The next and vital problem that had to be faced was the selection and preparation of suitable termini and coast bases.

Up till very recently, this country had made comparatively little use of the flying boat (which not unnaturally would be favoured for transatlantic heavier-than-air operation), and no suitable base existed in Great Britain. With the introduction of flying-boats on all the Empire airways, a marine airport had to be found, and the first choice fell on Southampton Water, to which terminal all the Empire departures and arrivals have been transferred from Croydon. From the first, this base has been regarded as temporary, since it is by no means ideal, and of various schemes put forward for a permanent terminal, the preference was for Portsmouth. After considerable delay, during which it seemed as though the scheme might fall through, the Portsmouth Council has now decided, with considerable official support, to proceed with plans for building a barrage at Langstone Harbour; this will become the permanent marine airport of Great Britain when it is completed.

In Ireland, the estuary of the Shannon has been decided upon as the base from which direct transatlantic flights will be operated. The proposed airport will be at Foynes, while a radio station has been erected at Rynafina as well. The recent flights of the flying boat *Cambria* were made to test the working of the radio service at these bases.

Newfoundland provides the station on the far side of the Atlantic. Work has been going forward on the construction of a high-power radio station at Botwood, the marine airport site, and two smaller ones have been erected at Hattie's Camp, the land airport, and on the shore of Gander Lake, where a feeder base will be in operation.

All these bases are concerned with the direct crossing of the North Atlantic, but it is obvious that attention must be given to the southern route *via* the Azores, where, as will be seen, better conditions are encountered. Here the crossing lies between Bermuda and the Azores. Pan-American Airways have been co-operating with Imperial Airways in the development of the Bermuda base, and a British flying-boat, the *Cavalier*, is already making experimental flights from it. Facilities already exist at the Azores.

And, finally among the preliminaries, the question of suitable aircraft had to be considered. From the first, the British authorities realized that the designing of a machine comparable in carrying power and comfort for passengers to those in use on the other Empire airways which had an adequate range for the North Atlantic crossing would take time. What was needed was an aircraft of long endurance and sufficiently high performance to overcome the natural difficulties of the route. For experimental purposes, therefore, it was decided to adapt two of the Empire boats designed for the African, Indian and Australian services. These two machines, which have no passenger accommodation, have been flying with great success, the *Caledonia* having made two excellent long-distance non-stop flights, one each way between Southampton and Alexandria. Her sister ship, the *Cambria*, has flown non-stop round the British Isles and is undertaking a series of cruises off the west coast of Ireland.

These are the first strings, but two other interesting types are

in course of development. One is the Short-Mayo composite aircraft, the other the D.H. *Albatross*. The former idea, conceived by Major Mayo with a view to overcoming the difficulty of taking off with a heavily loaded sea-going machine, consists of two aircraft, one of which, a long-range, high-speed float seaplane, is carried for launching purposes only on the back of the other, a flying-boat. By this means one of the problems of getting heavily-loaded long-distance float seaplanes into the air may be solved. The de Havilland *Albatross*, now awaiting test flights, is an aeroplane with sufficient range to fly the North Atlantic; the question whether for the moment anything but marine aircraft should be employed for this route is, however, a most controversial one.

Whilst there can be no doubt that flying-boats may serve a very useful purpose for Empire Air transport generally, it does not follow that they will of necessity prove to be the most suitable form of aircraft for the North Atlantic crossing. There is undoubtedly a very reasonable argument in favour of the multi-engined land machine of high performance. Thanks to advance in design of aircraft, engines and equipment, which are becoming increasingly efficient and reliable, the possibility of forced landings may be discounted. On the direct North Atlantic route the flying-boat may be at a distinct disadvantage, owing to the prevalence at some periods of the year of ice masses in the vicinity of Newfoundland.

One may anticipate therefore a future for the land machine, probably flying at a high altitude between the troposphere and the stratosphere where good flying conditions may usually be expected. When flying eastward a high following wind may be taken advantage of. The western passage may be handicapped for this reason, but although the flying time involved on the crossing would be longer, it would in a measure be compensated for by the normal change of time *en route*. The future North Atlantic air service may therefore be operated by land machines flying in or near the stratosphere and, by flying-boats flying at lower altitudes. There has been a good deal of conjecture as to actual route which will be adopted: whether the Azores or the direct passage between Ireland and Newfoundland. Experience only can prove which is the most practical, but in view of the

considerably greater distance involved in the more southerly route there will naturally be a tendency to concentrate on developing the direct service. Land machine operation on the Azores route will be difficult, because it is almost impracticable to provide a really good land aerodrome at the Azores.

The work so far, then, has been entirely preparatory. But it has been as thorough as foresight and experience can make it. Graver questions arise, however, when the problems of the actual flights are faced, and until such preliminary flying has been completed, no one can predict the outcome.

Three routes are open to heavier-than-air craft flying from Europe to America. The one to which most publicity has been given is the direct crossing between Ireland and Newfoundland, but alternative ways lie *via* the Azores and *via* the Arctic Circle. Actually, the last-named is theoretically the best; it involves no over-sea flights of more than seven hundred miles, and in this respect has a great advantage over the other two. It is, however, considered impracticable at the present time. Ground organization is practically non-existent, and much has still to be learnt of the meteorology of this area. Surveys have been carried out by the British Arctic Air Route Expedition, Commander Wolfgang von Gronau, Squadron-Leader Lawrence, Mr. John Grierson, Colonel Lindbergh on behalf of Pan-American Airways, and others. Many believe that this is the route of the future, and that, if the necessary ground organization were established, no greater difficulties than those experienced on the European airways would be encountered, at any rate for six months in the year. "There is no reason," writes Mr. John Grierson, after pointing out the need for radio stations, and the like, "why the Arctic air route should not be operated in the very near future, first as a six-month service, and later perennially. It would constitute the vital link in communications between the Old World and the New . . . with greater comfort and safety than could be offered by any other heavier-than-air trans-atlantic service."

It is with the other two routes, however, that present projects are concerned; each offers certain advantages and disadvantages. Thus, the direct North Atlantic crossing is the shorter, the distance between Rynanna and Port Botwood being some

1,900 miles, while from the Azores to Bermuda the distance is 2,100 miles. On the other hand, weather conditions favour the more southerly crossing. In the North Atlantic, the prevailing winds are westerly and attain velocities of upwards of 40 m.p.h.; this is a distinct handicap to crossings in a westward direction, while fogs are common on certain sections, notably round Newfoundland.

On the Bermuda-Azores route, the winds are variable between north-easterly and westerly, and they are lighter than those found between Ireland and Newfoundland; altogether the conditions are more settled. It seems not unlikely, then, that, while British interests will tend to favour the direct North Atlantic route, natural conditions may make it necessary at first to adopt this principally for eastward crossings, the westward ones being flown on the southerly course. Only practical experience can decide this point.

Weather and accurate forecasts thereof provides the main difficulty of Atlantic flying. On land routes, such as those across Europe, Africa, and India, permanent observation stations can be set up with comparatively little trouble, but obviously this cannot be done on the Atlantic. Furthermore, ships' reports are only of limited value for aeronautical purposes, for which the determination of conditions at heights of 5,000 feet or more are necessary. The normal method of discovering wind velocity at height is to release pilot balloons and to observe their drift instrumentally. Over the North Atlantic, this is frequently impossible on account of low cloud. Nevertheless, a joint survey by the British, Canadian, and Newfoundland Governments was started some ten years ago in connection with the then existing airship programme, and it has brought to light a great deal of informative data. This problem is one to which first attention will have to be given during the forthcoming experimental flights, and it is eminently desirable that all Governments concerned in the Atlantic air crossing should encourage their shipping, by subsidy if necessary, to provide facilities for the making of regional weather reports for aviation purposes.

The last of the major problems is the commercial one. It has been demonstrated that aircraft crossings of the Atlantic are possible; the *Caledonia* has shown that the two special

flying-boats have under average conditions the necessary range. What useful load can be carried? In their adapted form these two boats have available for useful load, in addition to crew, a capacity of some 1,000 lb. This would not admit of a passenger-carrying service on a commercial basis, though it might be of value for urgent mail. At the same time, it is not claimed that these machines are anything more than experimental, and progress will be determined by the lessons learnt from them. One line of development lies in far larger boats. Thus, Mr. Gouge, of Messrs. Short Bros., the designer of the Empire flying-boats, has visualized machines of more than 70 tons weight, as compared with the 20 tons of the existing type, and has stated that the production of a boat twice as large as the present types is an immediate practical proposition. Sikorsky, the eminent Russian-American designer of large flying-boats, predicts that 45-ton boats will be in use in the next five years, and similar possibilities are visualized by Dornier in Germany and Martin in America.

A great deal may be achieved by developing launching arrangements already mentioned in connection with the Short-Mayo type. It is stated that the Short-Mayo aircraft, though designed for the same useful load as the *Caledonia* Atlantic class—i.e., 1,000 lb.—may actually carry 4,000 lb. in certain favourable circumstances. The value of the method is thus apparent. The catapulting of machines, as employed in the Fleet Air Arm for launching machines from ship decks, and so successfully carried out by the Germans in the regular operation of the South Atlantic air route, is another means by which the take-off difficulty may be overcome.

The great problem, therefore, from the commercial angle is the possibility of flying the ocean with an adequate payload. A great deal could be done to attain this end by the development of a really efficient device for assisted launching. By this means a machine even of present-day design might be operated with a load so much greater than it could normally carry when restricted to taking the air in the ordinary way, that it might immediately become a commercial proposition.

Though many subsidiary problems must be faced and solved before practical Atlantic flying on a commercial basis can become

normal, the points reviewed are the main ones; and they are serious enough. What, then, are the prospects? How much is to be expected, and how soon?

The first conclusion is that all-the-year-round flying on any one route seems impracticable with existing equipment, or even with what may be available in the next few years. During the spring and summer, the direct North Atlantic route from west to east and probably in the reverse direction will be possible, with a small load of mails. From these beginnings passenger services will be developed in due course.

In bad weather conditions, the Azores route may be favoured. Though the over-sea flight is longer, the better weather conditions to some extent offset this disadvantage. Thus, it seems not unlikely (though no definite statement can yet be made) that the normal course in the preliminary stages will be for east-bound machines to fly direct from Newfoundland to Ireland, and those westward-bound *via* Azores and Bermuda.

Flying cannot be a really commercial possibility unless it is carried out with regularity. The uncertainties of weather, and the difficulties of establishing meteorological services, so that these uncertainties can be overcome, must inevitably tend to postpone the realization of the reliability to which we have become accustomed on the Eastern and African Empire airways. The American subsidy arrangements provide for the commencement of mail services in November; but it must be understood that this is no more than a provision. It is futile to attempt exact prophecy when practical problems have not, as yet, been investigated.

Nor must too much be expected as the result of the *Caledonia's* Egyptian flights. True, these reveal adequate range, but the conditions are very dissimilar. The route between Southampton and Alexandria is well known; fairly good meteorological services exist; and weather conditions throughout the route were fully known.

The accident to the ill-fated Imperial Airways machine *Capricornus* which crashed in the vicinity of Mâcon on the River Saône is particularly unfortunate at this juncture, occurring as it does when we have such high hopes for the new Empire Flying-boats.

It might be thought that this calamity exemplifies the mistake

of including overland stretches on flying-boat routes, but after all there was an alighting place on the River Saône at Mâcon, and engines are now so reliable that there is little danger on such a route of forced landings due to engine failure.

The lesson to be drawn is rather the need for better and more thorough ground organization, particularly in relation to radio facilities. Admittedly the route at this point is rather a difficult one in conditions of poor visibility, but it is reasonable to suppose that had radio communications been of a higher standard the pilot would have found his way to the appointed landing place.

The Atlantic machines, however, will have to face sudden storms and other unfavourable conditions, of which in present circumstances no warning can be given. Experience may show that this danger is less than is at present supposed, but every possible arrangement should be made to provide meteorological information.

So far as passenger services are concerned, the airship has no immediate rival; it will remain, for some years at least, the only practical means of conveying large loads between Europe and America. Its speed may be low as compared with heavier-than-air craft, but it provides a degree of comfort that even flying-boats twice the size of the Empire class could not attain, and it has the immense advantage of being able, owing to its greater range, of avoiding storm areas by flying round them. The work of Dr. Eckener and his colleagues during the past thirty-seven years represents one of the greatest achievements in the development of aviation, and the success of lighter-than-air craft owes more to their persistent endeavour than to any other set of circumstances. It is owing to the example thus set that America, in spite of her interest in the flying-boat, is actively considering commercial airship projects, as also is Holland.

Great Britain abandoned her airship programme after the disaster to R.101, and although for the immediate future we have put our faith in the flying-boat, a type of aircraft capable of very great development, we cannot afford for ever to neglect the airship, which in the opinion of many in this country has a very definite future. One thing is certain: the need for an air-link between this country and Canada and the United States is paramount; and the business community would be prepared

to give enthusiastic support to an air mail. "In my opinion," the Assistant Postmaster-General of the United States has said, "there is nothing in the world from the mail-carrying standpoint that has better potentialities for heavy business than the Atlantic air service." For mails, speed is essential and great load-carrying capacity is not such a vital factor. Here, heavier-than-air craft are the obvious choice.

To visualize all-the-year-round passenger services in the next year or two by North Atlantic flying-boats is, then, out of the question. Mail services there may very well be, even though on an irregular basis. The problems of the Atlantic crossing are immense, and to theorize on them is pointless. What is important from every standpoint is that a practical start is being made. Too often, British aviation—as with airships—has started a job and left it unfinished. We have now a considered policy in regard to the North Atlantic airway. We are spending time and money in making sure that the necessary experiments shall start under the most favourable conditions. That is something with which we may feel satisfied.

The North Atlantic will be flown; step by step, regular services will be built up. When it will finally be conquered no man can say; but we can be certain that the determined attack now being made on what is probably the greatest problem in long-distance commercial flying will eventually bring in the fruits of success. There is one aspect that should not be forgotten, and that is that the development of world aviation is not merely a national question. It is incumbent on those nations which are favoured by geographical circumstances to take a wide outlook and not to seek to preserve a monopoly of any particular route because they are thus placed. The success of air transport today is not due to the capacity of any one nation, but to the constant endeavour of all, and the co-operation which has helped so much in other parts of the world should be encouraged on the North Atlantic route. Where a parochial attitude on the part of the English-speaking nations might retard the successful outcome of the efforts to join Europe with America by air, a concerted endeavour would result in hastening, in the interests of all nations, this tremendous achievement.

THE PROBLEM OF NEWFOUNDLAND

BY THOMAS LODGE

FOR three full years the oldest colony in the British Empire has been governed by a commission which, subject to a somewhat shadowy general supervision exercisable by the Secretary of State for the Dominions, combines theoretically complete executive and legislative authority within the island. In appearance it is the complete negation of political freedom because, though three of the Commissioners must be Newfoundlanders, these appointments are made by the Secretary of State on his unfettered responsibility, and no means exist by which the views of the people on any given appointment can be ascertained.

The offence against the fundamental principles of democracy is, however, much more apparent than real—if the measure of democracy is the effective influence which the ordinary citizen is able to exercise on his government. The Newfoundlander has renounced temporarily his right to choose, every four years at least, between two parties equally lacking in political principles. He has not given up his right of direct access to the highest executive authority in the various government departments whose activities affect his daily life. The scale of life in the island is such that direct contact between the governed and the individual members of the ruling body, far from imposing an intolerable burden on the latter, is in reality of very great advantage. There is probably no community in the world in which the influence of the citizen on his Government is so direct, immediate, and potent, as it is in St. John's.

The real danger to be feared from a continuance of Commission Government is not the creation of a body of tyrants riding roughshod over the wishes of the people. It is rather the emergence of a community, free to criticize, with little or no sense of ultimate responsibility for the results of their criticism, safe in the con-

sciousness that the mother country has, for good or ill, taken over the consequences of the past mistakes under responsible government and of the present shortcomings of Commission Government.

The causes which ended in the suspension of parliamentary government in the island are ably described in the report of the Royal Commission over which Lord Amulree presided. The only valid criticism which might be made of that report is that it embodies the finding of the judge on the evidence laid before him rather than the considered opinion of the expert investigator. It emphasizes the unsavoury features in a squalid political story. It fails to appreciate the economic revolution which was in fact happening in Newfoundland while post-war deflation was working itself out; and it fails to realize that the contribution of the political misdeeds of successive governments to the difficulties in which Newfoundland found herself in 1933 was less important than the inability of all those governments to appreciate the fact that a revolution was taking place and that the fishing industry was ceasing, and inevitably ceasing, to be the economic mainstay of the country.

Fishing as prosecuted in Newfoundland is essentially a capitalistic operation of a highly speculative character. It involves the production of an article months in advance of its consumption, in circumstances in which it is physically impossible to predict either the total quantity which will be produced over any given period or the unit cost of production.

If dried codfish were a commodity like tin, susceptible of precise analysis and constant in quality, or even if, as in the case of rubber, demand and supply could be predicted with some accuracy, difficulties in marketing would be at any rate mitigated by the existence of a market in futures. As it is, the fisherman produces an article the value of which to him is not, and cannot be, known at the time of production.

Essentially the fisherman is a tiny capitalist taking all the ordinary capital risks. Unfortunately in Newfoundland in the vast majority of cases he is a capitalist working on borrowed capital, with no reserves behind him which would enable him to choose the moment for the marketing of his product. He must, if he can, sell it at the earliest possible moment and precisely at the

time when every one of his thousands of fellows is in exactly the same situation.

There is only one section of the Newfoundland fishing industry in which the whole of the capital risk is not normally borne by the ordinary fisherman, and that is "banking." Here the main capital risk is beyond the resources of the individual, and the risk he takes is that inherent in any fishing venture—the finding of fish in sufficient quantities at the right spot. In "banking" the ordinary fisherman has at any rate a reasonable chance of seeing some cash return for his toil.

Two-thirds of the Newfoundland catch of cod, however, is secured by the shore fishery; and here the normal practice is for the fisherman in the spring to go to his local merchant and get advanced his quite modest requirements in the way of food, twine, salt, and petrol. He then goes in a motor-boat to search for fish in the immediate vicinity of his settlement. He brings his catch back and has it "made," i.e., dried in the sun, by his family, or turns it over to the local merchant to have it made. Ultimately he will be credited with the proceeds against the cost of his supplies. If he is lucky he will have a surplus. If he is unlucky he will have a deficit and he will be in debt to his merchant.

In the nature of things he can have no influence over the price secured for his product. Local consumption is negligible. For all practical purposes consumption takes place thousands of miles away, and the price is determined by the play between the demand of a Latin consumer and the supply of a commodity, the production of which is shared by Norway, Iceland, and other fishing countries.

When it comes to fixing this price, the exporter, who is mainly but not entirely a St. John's merchant, begins to play his part. He cannot be expected to be a quixotic philanthropist, and the making of a profit is essential to the carrying on of his business. Subject to some limitations he is in the position of being able to make profit a first charge on the proceeds of sale, taking precedence of even a bare living for the primary producer. There are, of course, some qualifications to this theoretical freedom from the ordinary risks of commercial capitalistic operations. The local merchant takes the risk of supplying the

local fisherman. If the fisherman ends the season in debt, the merchant may treat this debt as an asset in his balance-sheet, but, sooner or later, he must recognize the hard fact that if his debtor has nothing he cannot pay. The St. John's merchant supplies the local merchant on credit terms or may himself take a direct supply risk. If in the long run the local merchant is faced with a mass of irrecoverable debts, this fact will be reflected in bankruptcy or in compromise with the St. John's merchant.

The net result on the community is obvious to the most superficial observer. The merchant class in St. John's lead comfortable lives, and the returns from estate duties show that they manage to transmit competencies from one generation to another. The local merchant leads a tolerable life, but a considerable proportion sooner or later go to the wall. The fishing class as a whole live on a standard for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in any part of the white world.

However repugnant the notion that profit should be a first charge may be to modern minds, it is unfair and unreasonable to blame the individual merchant, either of St. John's or of the outports. Each of his separate acts is legitimate, normal, and often kindly. If he could not see at any rate the hope of a profit he would not be operating. If any individual merchant refrains from acting, his inaction does not benefit the primary producer. Indeed, to the extent to which it lessens competition among buyers, inaction operates in the other direction. The only criticism which it is fair to make is of the class as a whole: they have failed to throw up leaders who could appreciate the fundamental that codfishing, as carried on in Newfoundland since medieval times, has ceased to be an adequate basis for the economic life of the island.

That it has so ceased is demonstrable, and that the fact is not recognized is evidence of a certain obstinate die-hardness among the local ruling classes. The total gross value of all fish products, at the point when they leave Newfoundland, is of the order of £1½ million. This is the gross value, and to arrive at an estimate of what the fisherman himself receives one has to deduct the cost of salt required for making, of the petrol needed for the fisherman's locomotion, of the internal transport from the point of production to the point of export, of the maintenance

of the capital fabric in the form of boats, harbours, nets, etc., and also, of course, the exporter's profit.

The fishermen number 34,000. In years like 1935 and 1936 it is unlikely that the average fishermen secured as much as £20 as a return for his season's work. In other words, all he got was his bare maintenance during the few months in which he can work. For the rest of the time he was either carried by his local merchant, or in a relatively few cases he got some employment in the woods; in the vast majority of cases he went on Government relief.

It may be that some increase in this return of £1½ million may result from better methods of production or improvements in marketing arrangements. But no unprejudiced person who looks at the cold facts can hope that any changes inside the fishing industry are going to give 34,000 fishermen a tolerable living. Therefore any Government which wishes to plan for more than a year or two—and the fundamental justification for a Commission form of Government is that it ought to be able to plan for a generation—must look for a policy which in the end will take fishermen away from fishing.

The problem of Newfoundland may be difficult of solution; it is at least simple in presentation. For centuries the inhabitants have regarded fishing as the be-all and end-all of their economic life. Outside capital came in and developed the iron-ore mines on Bell Island, the two paper mills at Grand Falls and Corner Brook and the lead-zinc mine at Buchans. These four industries have created oases of prosperity in a desert of poverty, where the workers are, relatively and absolutely, well paid and lead lives which compare with those led in any other industrial countries. They are controlled by interests which, while anxious enough to contribute their share to the general well-being of the island, would disclaim the right as well as the desire to exercise any direct political influence on its government.

The rest of the Island is dominated by this medieval business of catching and curing codfish, supplemented by a little cultivation of the land in a rather haphazard manner. For practical purposes there are no alternative employments open to the fishermen. One-third of the timber resources of the island is still inadequately exploited or not exploited at all. It may well

be that recent developments in the world pulp situation may render possible in a not-too-distant future the working of an additional industrial plant. Troubles in Southern Europe and armament demands may well increase the demand on the iron ore of Bell Island and restore prosperity to that community. The rise in the level of base metal prices may once more make possible the development of the copper deposits which are known to exist. No one, however, who reflects on the elaborate processes which have to be gone through before large-scale mining operations are feasible in any part of the world dare be optimistic about the prospect of mining developments in themselves providing the solution for the employment problem. Industrial expansion may give some outlet for the increasing population of the paper towns. Mining may give some marginal relief. Neither, however, will touch the problem of the fisherman any more than the obvious prosperity of our own home counties is solving the difficulties of our own special areas.

The fisherman will not become a miner or a papermaker, but there is no reason why, under adequate guidance, he should not extract a better living from the land than he can ever hope to get from the sea. If he has had cultivable land he, or his family, will have cultivated it for generations. He may have regarded it as a subsidiary occupation, and it certainly never gave him the lavish return which the fortune of fishing might give. Up to the War, however, it probably counted for far more in his internal economy than either he or his political leaders ever appreciated.

That land settlement will ever prove the panacea for the industrial problem in a highly organized community such as our own is a proposition on which a degree of scepticism is permissible. Successful cultivation of small holdings goes ill with trade union regulations and limited hours of work; and no one will expect or even wish that the trade unions should risk what they have struggled to gain over generations in order to make land settlement schemes work successfully. This difficulty is absent in Newfoundland. There the fundamental problem is whether the clearing and cultivation of land can be made a sound economic proposition. No one would argue that Newfoundland is an ideal country in which to farm. Its climate is a great deal

better than its reputation in Europe, but the growing season is too short for the ripening of wheat, and there is hardly a month of the year in which a frost is impossible. But it demonstrably can and does produce all the ordinary vegetables, with a yield basis comparable to anything in England, and all the fodder required to carry sheep and cattle. In fact, the most independent sections of the island, outside the industrial centres, are to be found in the agricultural communities of the west coast.

A country whose timber gives to its people the means of shelter and warmth, which can produce vegetables and carry livestock, must have the possibilities of being self-supporting, provided always that its human element is capable of the necessary effort. That this last condition can be fulfilled is demonstrated by the success which has attended a remarkable experiment in land settlement carried out by a group of citizens of St. John's.

In the spring of 1934 they selected ten individuals in the capital who had been unemployed for lengthy periods and who saw no hope of regaining economic independence. In so far as they were men with a very definite desire to get out of the rut of dependence they must be assumed to have been above the average of dole recipients, but they were in no sense picked men. No one who saw the rather pathetic group set out at the end of April would have been surprised if at least half had not given up in despair after a few weeks of irksome and unaccustomed toil. The adaptability and the energy under adequate leadership of the Newfoundlander came out remarkably. By the summer it was clear that the question of the moral recovery of men of this class presented no insurmountable difficulty. Temperamental failures there might be, but the percentage of these could not—on the realized facts—be high enough to endanger the success of either the particular experiment itself or of a considerable extension thereof.

No one, of course, is going to maintain that in a few months these city unemployed were transformed into skilled agricultural workers or that the sour land which was cleared for the first time in history gave immediate bounteous crops. What was apparent in 1934 to anyone with vision was that so long as men could be relied upon, under the stimulus of hope or the sense of property or even merely the desire for a better standard of

life, to do a good day's work, the problem of enabling them to extract a living from the soil must be capable of solution. Any casual visitor in 1936 could see with his own eyes that the land cleared in the first year was producing adequate crops.

Under the pressure of the Government the Trustees of Markland, as the first settlement was called, extended the scale of their experiment further and faster than their own individual judgments would have dictated.

This extension, with its consequent strain on the administrative machine, added enormously to the difficulties of the Trustees because they never had before them a limited problem. But to the Commission of Government, or at any rate to the English Commissioners, the problem of finding an approach to the solution of the general problem seemed so urgent, and the time-factor so important, that some risk had to be taken in the transformation of what might have been simply an interesting philanthropic effort into the foundation for a national policy.

The experiment has been in being too short a period for definite answers to be provided to the fundamental questions such as the number of acres required for a self-supporting family, the precise cost of clearing land and the relative advantages of draining marshland or clearing mineral land, or the period which will elapse before independence is achieved; but enough is known for it to be certain that the total cost of rehabilitation will be far smaller than that of any corresponding scheme in England. Given the fundamental psychological factors, this must be the case. A cottage to satisfy local regulations cannot be built in England for less than about £400; the Newfoundlander's needs are satisfied by a frame house costing less than £100. The Newfoundlander is content with a general standard of living which would be quite unacceptable to the English family.

Markland, moreover, is something far more than a land settlement scheme. It recognizes that the problem of Newfoundland is as much, perhaps more, a moral than a material one, and that the real hope is in training the next generation. The Trustees therefore made education the foundation of the project and the school the centre of the settlement. They took what was best in the experience of Scandinavian folk school systems and they adapted it to Newfoundland conditions. While safeguarding

the rights of parents to have the religious teaching of their children in the proper hands, they went far in mitigating the dreary denominationalism which blights the general system of education in the island. In the education sphere their success was immediate and spectacular, as any visitor who saw the children at work or play would testify.

Indeed, no non-Newfoundlander visited Markland and failed to come away enthusiastic. Unfortunately it must be admitted that the opinion of the merchant class of St. John's was on the whole hostile. It is not easy to give a very satisfactory explanation for this hostility. The Newfoundlander wanted immediate results when in the nature of things the transformation of dole recipients into independent citizens must take years. He criticized gross expenditure without setting against this expenditure the material as well as the moral assets realized. At bottom, however, his opposition was probably the instinctive opposition to a movement which, if successful, would undermine his domination of the fisherman class.

He had no criticism to offer of parallel experiments tending to improve the conditions of existing fishing settlements and to stimulate land cultivation as a subsidiary occupation, because these still kept the fisherman at his fishing. Desirable as such experiments may be in selected districts, they cannot, however, in themselves provide the general solution, which must aim at a substantial reduction in the total number employed in fishing. Such a reduction is essential not merely because the total yield will be shared by a smaller number but also, and mainly, because that smaller number will be in a much stronger position in relation to the merchant class. That the merchant class will see their own position weakened without a struggle is unlikely. It is, however, at once the duty and the opportunity of the Commission of Government to justify their existence by the consistent pursuit of a sound policy even if it is not pleasing to the only vocal class in the country.

BROADCASTING IN INDIA

BY IQBAL SINGH

"SECRET" India is likely to become still more secret in the future. Occult marvels, for instance, are being gradually eliminated by the inventions of modern Science; a public which has become familiar with the possibilities of aviation cannot be expected to show any very great interest in levitation. And radio, which came to India several years ago, like so many other vehicles of Western civilization, has come to stay. The attractions it offers may well render certain well-known yogic practices superfluous.

Broadcasting in India has not yet fully emerged from its embryonic phase, but the process of growth can already be seen to fall into two distinct stages. It has a pre-history and a history. The pre-history is over; the history is now being made. To the former belong the Radio Clubs of Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Rangoon, and Karachi. These were the pioneers of broadcasting in India during the early years of its development. With only a nominal assistance from the Government, they maintained a service of limited, but lively character. It is true, their service was chiefly intended to relieve the after-dinner boredom of gymkhana life with brief interludes of etheric music. Nevertheless, they played an important part in familiarizing India with the reality of broadcasting. In 1927 their place was taken by the Indian Broadcasting Company which obtained a licence from the Government to organize a broadcasting service on lines more or less similar to those of the B.B.C.

The company started with every sign of initiative and promise. It set up stations at Bombay and Calcutta, each having an aerial capacity of three kilowatts. Its broadcasting centre at Bombay was inaugurated by no less a person than Lord Irwin (now Lord Halifax) himself. For the first time in history, the voice of Vice-regal blessings was wafted across the vast expanses of India,

and was heard simultaneously in places as far apart as the cool heights of Simla and the steaming Coast of Coromandel. This was an historic event, and it naturally raised fervent hopes among the radio enthusiasts in India. Subsequent events, however, proved their optimism to have been somewhat premature. The Company was not conspicuously successful in achieving the purpose for which it had been brought into being. That was not because there was any want of devotion and earnestness among those concerned in the experiment. On the contrary, the energy and effort which they put into the task of establishing the service on a satisfactory, self-supporting basis was positively heroic. But to run even a strictly limited broadcasting service for India is a colossal undertaking. To achieve even a mediocre measure of success, the Company needed very large financial reserves—or, alternatively, a substantial and regular subsidy from the Government. Both these conditions were lacking in the case of the Indian Broadcasting Company. Its transmissions hardly marked any improvement on those of its precursors. There were still the same short and rudimentary programmes of European and Indian music as in the days of the Radio Clubs. There was the additional attraction of competent weather and Stock Exchange reports. Unfortunately the new features failed to capture the public imagination. In India, unlike England, the weather is not news, and the ebb and flow of capital has little direct interest except for a microscopic minority. The Government eventually (1930) gave the Company the *coup de grâce* by terminating the arrangement. Thus the first attempt to give India a broadcasting service on a national scale ended in a rather ignominious failure—a failure which was implicit in the situation.

Broadcasting in India thenceforth became a Government concern. The Indian State Broadcasting Service was inaugurated under the auspices of the Government of India's Department of Industries and Commerce. To keep the service abreast of public opinion a Central Broadcasting Advisory Committee was set up. Both official and non-official elements were represented on the Committee. These gentlemen of good will met periodically to think out ways and means of introducing more liveliness into the air. But the central problem seems to have

eluded them. No attempt was ever made to survey the technical issues involved in creating an adequate broadcasting system for a vast sub-continent like India. Indeed, in some ways the new dispensation was even more of a dilettante affair than the old. Again, it was not the fault of those engaged in the enterprise. The failure to extend or crystallize the service was due to circumstances over which even the Advisory Committee could exercise little control. For the country was at the time in the throes of political and economic crises. Government was pre-occupied, on the one hand, with the onerous duty of maintaining Law and Order; on the other hand, it had to exercise constant vigilance to save the Rupee Ratio from falling into the abyss opening before it.

So, first things were tackled first. Those who were longing for etheric entertainment must wait. They had to wait for over five years. This was an eventful period in the history of world broadcasting. Great strides were being made in the development of this medium in the Far West as well as the Near East. In England, the British Broadcasting Corporation had shifted its headquarters from Savoy Hill to Portland Place. And although Mr. Eric Gill's innocent Ariel shocked the susceptibilities of certain thurifers of morality, their protests were unable to interrupt Prospero's revels, which were only just beginning rather than ending. All those years Bombay remained comparatively quiet. Only once—in December, 1933—did it bestir itself to make the world aware of its existence as a broadcasting entity. After this mid-winter outburst of energy, Bombay lapsed back into its normal tranquillity.

Yet the Nirvanic repose was not altogether of Bombay's own choosing. There was indecision in high places. Delhi had some doubts as to whether broadcasting was an instrument of angelic or the other powers. It was not until 1935 that these doubts were finally resolved. The times, too, were now less ominous. The political horizon was more peaceful than at any time since the appointment of the Simon Commission; the clouds of depression had lifted sufficiently to reveal the proverbial silver lining; and neither Law and Order, nor the Rupee Ratio, were any longer in danger. Further, the revenue from Customs duties on imports of radio equipment had shown a remarkable

and continuous upward trend during the previous two years. It is not inconceivable that there had been also some helpful hints from the radio manufacturing industry of Great Britain. All these factors were favourable to the expansion of broadcasting in India.

With the passing of indecision from the official mind, the prehistoric phase of Indian broadcasting came to an end. And history began. The first concrete manifestation of the new policy was the Government's decision to open a high-power medium-wave broadcasting station at Delhi, using a twenty-kilowatts transmitter. The next step was to find a man with sufficient practical ability and vision to supervise the task of reorganizing Indian broadcasting service. The Government was able to secure the services of Mr. Lionel Fielden from the B.B.C. for this purpose. A happier choice could hardly have been made. His extensive study of the Continental broadcasting systems, including the Russian, gave him an ideal background of practical experience from which to approach the intricate problems of broadcasting in India. He reached Bombay early in September, 1935, and set to work immediately. There was a great deal of work awaiting him. There were the finishing touches to be put to the new station at Delhi, which was formally brought into operation on New Year's day. But much more important than the inaugural ceremonies were the technical questions to be faced. These had not received any serious attention. Even the crucial problem of defining the boundaries of various links in the projected scheme had not been properly investigated. Bombay and Calcutta had hitherto enjoyed a free and unlimited run on the ether. This had naturally inclined the broadcasting authorities towards a policy of *laissez faire*. Mr. Fielden, however, was quick to perceive that uncircumscribed horizons were a thing of the past rather than the future, and that the territorial question must be settled.

All these matters called for expert advice, and expert advice was obtained. Once again the B.B.C. came to the aid of Indian broadcasting by lending the services of their Chief Technical Advisor, Mr. H. L. Kirke. Mr. Kirke's investigations, and the recommendations arising from these, have been instrumental in bringing about a re-orientation of the broadcasting policy in

India—at least, in so far as its technical aspect is concerned. Among other things, he advised against any premature and costly experiments with "ultra short-wave" broadcasting. He was also not in favour of devoting too much attention to Bombay and Calcutta. An increase in their respective aerial radii, he convincingly argued, would mostly benefit ships in the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal on the one hand, and the thinly-populated areas of Sind and Assam on the other. He emphasized, too, the need for intensive radio research, and recommended the erection of a small experimental station at Delhi, specifically for research purposes, as well as close co-operation between Indian universities and Indian broadcasting. His recommendations were, for the most part, accepted by the Government and the existing services are now being remodelled on the lines indicated by him.

This, in brief, is the past of broadcasting in India. It is not as inspiring as it might have been. The present situation is, of course, more hopeful. Yet it would be idle to pretend that all, or even the major, difficulties have been resolved. The growth of broadcasting in India must, of necessity, be a slow and laborious process. For India is a queer mixture of Brobdingnag and Lilliput. The problems facing her are gigantic; the means she possesses of dealing with them are often hopelessly inadequate. Broadcasting is an excellent example of this tragic contrast. Two years ago, in an article in *Electrotechnics*, Mr. Sreenivassan, of the Mysore University, outlined a "modest" plan for a broadcasting organization to serve all interests and requirements of the Indian public. I had an opportunity of discussing the article with Mr. Fielden prior to his departure for India, and in the main he agreed with its conclusions. Mr. Sreenivassan's "modest" scheme proposed the installation of five national transmitting stations and sixty regional stations, with an additional five short-wave transmitters for long-distance international broadcasts.

The gap between what exists at present and what is required need hardly be stressed. There are today—in addition to the stations at Bombay, Calcutta, and Delhi—no more than six very small stations in provincial towns, with power ranging between 100 watts to one kilowatt. The number of wireless licences

issued is less than 40,000, even at the most liberal estimate. The budget grant for broadcasting purposes is considerably less than a hundred thousand pounds. The full significance of these facts emerges only when we realize that the maintenance of the scheme proposed by Mr. Sreenivassan would require—as an immediate objective—anything from five to six million paying listeners. Its initial cost of construction would probably demand the diversion of the expenditure on India's Army to broadcasting—for some years to come, at any rate; and nobody contemplates such drastic redistribution of the budget items. Even the Congress knows that the Faqir of Ipi is not yet dead, nor shows any symptoms of senile decay.

The bewildering linguistic diversity of India makes the practical task of broadcasting an exceedingly complicated affair. It is true that roughly about fifty per cent. of the population understands Hindustani, that with a little more effort it could become the *lingua franca* of India, and that radio and the talkies are the agencies most likely to help it to achieve that position. Nevertheless, the vernaculars are still the best media for reaching the masses; and broadcasting, which cannot survive without mass support, must also make adequate provision for programmes in the chief vernaculars of the country. This is, in fact, the policy that is being pursued. Indeed, the broadcasting authorities in India are finding that there is a substantial demand for broadcasts in some of the major dialects, of which there are nearly two hundred. This is hardly surprising. Even after so many centuries of linguistic assimilation, the Welsh remain adamant in their insistence on broadcasts in their own tongue; and it is not on St. Andrew's Day alone that the ether may be "tapped" by souls who pine for a liberal measure of Gaelic gaiety. Russia, too, has found that, in propagating the gospel of Marx among the peoples of some of her distant soviet, the local dialects are the most effective weapon of dialectics. Similarly, if broadcasting in India is to realize its maximum educational utility, it cannot afford to ignore dialects altogether.

Closely allied with the linguistic difficulties of broadcasting in India is the problem raised by cultural differences which cut across the peoples living in different parts of the country. They are reflected not only in their social habits, but also in their

æsthetic values. The issue has an intimate bearing on broadcasting. A quick-step relayed from Ultima Thule would carry a thrill of delight through countless human breasts anywhere between the Pacific seaboard and the western shores of the Black Sea. This applies equally to higher forms of radio entertainment. As far as tastes in these matters are concerned, Geography does not count for very much in the Western World today. But Geography is still a factor to be reckoned with when we are dealing with the broadcasting problems of India. The South Indian music, for instance, conveys little to a man coming from the North. A Mohammedan from the Punjab or the United Provinces, who has drunk deep at the fountain-head of Persian melody and lyricism, would find the metaphysical murmurings of a Madras to be a source of amusement rather than æsthetic experience and ecstasy. It is true that the day when India will be sharing in the felicitous cosmopolitan uniformity of our age is not far distant. But that day has yet to dawn.

There is another point which it is pertinent to raise. Broadcasting in India at present is being run by the Government. This is, no doubt, inevitable—at present. It is obvious, however, that no broadcasting scheme in India stands a chance of success if it fixes as its aim that of becoming a bureaucratic department. A Government which pays the piper is bound also to call the tune. Besides, one must take into consideration the peculiar conditions prevailing in India. Anything coming from the Government—even when inspired by the best of motives—is viewed with extreme, often quite unreasonable, mistrust and suspicion. A service run permanently as a Government monopoly is likely to be in a great measure self-frustrating, since it would not touch the mass of the people sufficiently to exercise the educative influence which might be expected from an autonomous broadcasting service. Indian broadcasting, if it is to realize its full potentialities, must work towards the ultimate objective of independence from State control.

In the foregoing survey I have tended to emphasize the obstacles which stand in the way of radio development in India. Demonstrably, they are formidable. To say this, however, is not to suggest that they are insuperable. It is, after all, a human prerogative to overcome difficulties. The greatest difficulty of

all in the present case was to make a start ; and a start has been made. Particularly, during the past eighteen months there has been an appreciable acceleration of the pace of radio expansion in India. The impossible, of course, cannot be achieved ; but no time is being lost in achieving what is possible. Two years ago there were only the stations at Bombay and Calcutta. Today, besides the comparatively high-power station at Delhi, there are stations at Lahore, Madras, Dacca, Peshawar, Dehra Dun, Allahabad, and Hyderabad (Deccan). Lucknow and Trichinopoly are shortly to become links in the national broadcasting system. Programmes have improved greatly both in variety and interest ; they include items so diverse as classical European music and veterinary talks. The aim of the broadcasting authorities is not merely to provide the needs of the educated urban middle class ; they are even more anxious to enlist the support of the vast rural population. All-India Radio, as the Indian broadcasting organization is now called, has distributed a number of free community receivers for use in villages. Its Research Department is devoting a great deal of attention to the question of providing service facilities for rural areas where the maintenance of batteries presents considerable difficulties ; and one ingenious way of generating the requisite power, which is now being tried, is from the back-wheel of a bicycle. The Research Department has also carried out intensive experimentation with a view to construction of a cheap standard community set, and some of its experimental village sets are actually in use in villages round Delhi. Further, it has been considering the proposal of attaching slot machines to the community receivers which would enable the villagers, who are willing to pay, to draw out their measure of etheric entertainment whenever they feel a desire for it. In planning the broadcasts due regard is being given to those traditional literary and artistic forms—such as, for instance, village music and folk lore—which were in grave danger of becoming extinct. Finally, it is already clear that the radio industry is an economic asset of no small importance. The number of people employed directly or indirectly by it is bound to increase considerably in the next few years—especially since it has been found that a great part of the wireless equipment can be manufactured in India more cheaply than it can be imported.

The educative aspect of broadcasting is so far-reaching that it cannot be over-emphasized. The Anglo-Indian scribes have been responsible for spreading a very distorted view of the Indian character in so far as they have represented it as being dismally conservative. The remarkable changes which have taken place in the Indian scene since the War should serve as a salutary corrective to those who have fostered the preposterous myth of "the Unchanging East." For all its apparent insularity and self-complacency, there is at the root of the Indian mind a profound philosophic strain which recognizes change as something inevitable in a world of transient phenomena. This enables it to accept new things with a certain measure of equanimity. The ease with which the Indian public has accepted the railways, the motor-bus, the cinema, the radio, and even the aeroplane is an evidence of this trait in the Indian character. What is more, the Indian public seems to like these new things. This passion for novelty has, in some instances, evoked loud laments from pessimistic prophets who see in it the death-warrant of all that is good, and true, and beautiful in Indian culture. I am not prepared to share their despair. There is nothing evil in the desire for newness ; indeed, I believe it to be essentially good. There is, of course, a right and wrong way of exploiting this impulse ; and the way is the test. It is here that broadcasting can be of immense service to India. The choice is ours.

AUTUMN LOVE

A white colt
 feeds in my meadow,
Yesternight empty ;
 waking I watched him.
Silken his sides,
 his hoofs of silver.
I stretched out my hand,
 he came to me.

His neck
 has never known bridle ;
His back
 has never borne saddle ;
Yet he stood quiet
 and let me mount him

Over the grasses,
 between the hedges,
Swiftly, gently,
 at first he bore me.
Suddenly spread
 great wings of silver.

Up ! up ! up for ever !
 Earth lost,
 Heaven nearing,
 Clouds blinding,
 Space beneath me,
Knees clinging
 under those pinions.

AUTUMN LOVE

577

How could I dare
 that splendid venture !
How can I bear
 now to forego it.
Yet that wild one
 must leave my meadow.

Still there he grazes,
 silken, supple.
Wonder his dam,
 his sire Worship. . . .
Ah ! on what morning
 shall I find my field empty ?

QUAESTOR.

BELGIAN ANXIETIES

BY CHARLES TOWER

THE coming and going of distinguished statesmen in recent weeks between Brussels and European countries, while flattering, perhaps, in some measure to Belgian self-esteem, is a sign unfortunately less of the strength of Belgium's international position than of its uncertainty. Public attention was directed in the middle of the month chiefly to the dramatic electoral contest between the "Rexist" leader, M. Degrelle, and the Premier, M. van Zeeland. But the contest, like the whole appearance of "Rexism" as a feature of Belgian political life, was in reality only a symptom of the international unrest in Europe and of the diplomatic maze through which Belgium finds it difficult to find her way. It is because "Rexism" is a symptom of general European *malaise* rather than specifically of some new Belgian domestic tendency that too much importance, rather than too little, may easily be attached to the phenomenon and to the result of the election of April 11th.

If M. Degrelle expected to enhance his domestic political position by the election fought on April 11th, he was undeceived. The Prime Minister, who took up the challenge after securing a legislative prohibition on any further such experiments, rallied an even stronger support than had been expected. M. Degrelle and his "Rexists" failed, in particular, to deter Catholics from supporting M. van Zeeland, in spite of the fact that the Premier had the awkward support of the Communists. The Catholics' suspicion of Communism on religious grounds could, in fact, hardly be greater than their distrust of right-wing extremists, a fact which probably had something to do with the pronouncement in favour of M. van Zeeland made by the Belgian Primate on the eve of the election. The struggle between Nazism and the Catholic Church is obvious, but Catholics have recently had some warnings that Signor Mussolini also may have in-

terpreted his agreement with the Vatican to imply a liberty in respect, for example, of the prohibition of Catholic missionary work in Africa, such as the Vatican could not possibly approve. There was another domestic factor which obviously operated against "Rex." Seeking support wherever it might be found, M. Degrelle, who owed his first encouragement to the French-speaking Walloons, sought a working agreement with the Fleming separatists. It is doubtless true, as he asserted, that he has had no intention of actually pursuing a definitely separatist policy if he succeeded in obtaining power in Belgium, but at least he gave the Flemings to understand that he coquetted with the idea of Flemings and Walloons managing each their own affairs with a very loose connection through the Crown.

There was here, however, an obvious inconsistency, since any version of Fascism or Nazism must require pre-eminently a rigidly centralised control, a regime of such a kind as to abolish political parties by destroying the conditions which either justify or produce them. But such a rigid control is plainly inconsistent with the kind of federation offered to the Flemings.

It would be a mistake, of course, to suggest that the domestic situation offered no cards to a right-wing revolutionary movement. In the first place, M. Degrelle himself undoubtedly possesses a great power of appeal to crowds. He himself has described this appeal as "electrical;" at any rate it has stimulated Belgian politics and at times enabled the young Rexist leader to attract very large audiences. But apart from his personal appeal, M. Degrelle reckoned with a certain weariness in Belgium of the existing political parties. They have seemed to possess a superfluity of leaders without coherent followings. For example, the once great "Catholic" party, which provided a great majority of the Belgian Governments from the middle of the last century, has in recent years appeared so fissiparous as to make its political appeal much less influential. There are a number of divisions of the party, which are apt to pursue sectional rather than general party interests, and whose tendency in any case is felt by many Belgians to cause national interests to be subordinated to the necessity for keeping together the divergent elements of the Catholic fold. This is more or less the complaint made everywhere of Continental Parliamentarism, namely,

that it has produced no strong and uniform governing majority but only Chambers, almost infinitely subdivided, subordinating national interests to those of their own cliques.

Today, democracy is likely to find that its much-pondered decisions, however right in themselves, cannot mature their due fruits because the swiftly-operating dictatorships intervene. Speed, it is argued, not academic accuracy, is the essence of the modern political contract. This seems certainly to be one of the arguments which have so far been used as pace-makers for the authoritarian states in the international field, and some doubt is likely to be felt whether the Rexist defeat in Brussels means a turning in this field of the authoritarian tide. M. Degrelle might argue, not without some show of reason, that the Government under M. van Zeeland has in practice stolen the thunder of his foreign policy. True, he has kept it judiciously vague in many respects, and in particular has sought so far to differentiate it from Nazism and Fascism as to quieten the minds of possible supporters who might fear that if given political power he would make of Belgium little more than a continuation of the "Berlin-Rome" axis. There is little doubt that a striking Rexist success on April 11th—which by no means meant that M. Degrelle must actually win the seat—would have encouraged in Berlin hopes of such a development, not only on its own account, but because it would have been likely to strengthen the attachment of Signor Mussolini to the "axis", of whose advantages to Italy, if there were a convenient alternative, not all highly-placed Italians are necessarily convinced. M. Degrelle appears now most unlikely to be provided with an opportunity—even if he desired it—of converting Belgium to a political ideology sympathetic to that of the "axis," and then of making the country itself a political adjunct of the axis.

But the conversion of Belgium, though doubtless desirable, was never an essential feature of "axis" policy. Indeed, from the German point of view, all that was ever necessary was that Belgium should be so far neutral as to deny passage through or over her country to French or British forces—whether operating under direct League Council requisition or not—in support of an Eastern European country adjudged the victim of unprovoked aggression.

As far as Belgium's strategical position is concerned, it presumably does not matter whether Germany really fears some kind of "unprovoked" aggression by Russia *via* Czechoslovakia, or merely desires to ensure for herself freedom to adjust her frontiers eastwards as she desires. In either case her object must be to put up a barrier westwards against prompt French action in support of Czechoslovakia, or Austria, or Poland, or, eventually, Russia. It is the stalemating of France on the Rhineland which Germany has steadily sought. Herr Stresemann himself, as was revealed after his death, looked upon the original Locarno treaties as giving Germany a guarantee of protection in the west while she reconstituted her domestic strength. But Hitler did not believe that he could trust the Locarno system to protect Germany's western frontier, since it was improbable that the purposes for which Nazi Germany needed security would be looked upon in Britain and France as legitimate. When he had defied the guarantors of Rhenish demilitarisation, he set to work at once to construct the most formidable barrier possible along the French frontier. His object was, doubtless, to keep the French out of the Rhineland rather than to provide a basis for invasion of France.

But to protect the Western frontier he needs also to ensure that no attack will be possible through, and with the aid of, Belgium. The system of German defences may by now be reasonably complete along the Belgian frontier also, but the object of German policy must be to make of Belgium a buffer-state for Germany. This means, however, that in no circumstances must Belgian policy be aligned with that of France. It will not suffice for Germany that Belgium shall cease to be committed to a system of mutual defence with Britain and France. Her neutrality must be as absolute and unconditional as that of Switzerland. There can hardly be any doubt on this point, for the conditions demanded by Germany for recognition of Belgian neutrality and territorial inviolability were set out plainly in one of the familiar "semi-official" Berlin messages to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of April 9th. "The Belgians know our standpoint," said the message. "There can be no semi-independence and no semi-neutrality. Either Belgium takes part in the West-European combinations or she keeps away from them. Any future uni-

lateral obligation or even agreement for certain eventualities must make the Belgian desire for inviolability unfulfillable."

This far-reaching German demand can only mean that in no circumstances and in no eventuality must Belgium be aligned with a Western combination. She must not even have "staff-conversations" with France and Britain. That is to say, there must be no pre-arranged plan of concerted military action even for the defence of Belgium by Britain and France: still less, of course, must there be any arrangements with Belgium for joint action, under the League, for the defence by the Western Powers of any state in Eastern and Central Europe in the event of German aggression. So determined has Germany been to eliminate such concerted action that in her proposals for the substitution of a new scheme of Belgian guarantee for the old Locarno system, she carefully insisted that the League should have no part at all in the matter, even to the extent of adjudicating on any claim that the new guarantees had been violated. To put the matter succinctly, Germany apparently offers Belgium a guarantee of inviolability provided that in no circumstances whatever, whether they are or are not covered by Covenant obligations, shall Belgian territory be used for action against her.

What Germany stands to gain by such an undertaking, if she can secure it, is obvious. She breaks up the Western combination, involves France, almost certainly, in an enormous increase of cost for defence along the Belgian frontier, and compels her to withdraw garrison troops permanently from other quarters to the new defences. She may reckon that in these circumstances French action from the West is stalemated. The consequence must be a great diminution of France's influence in Central, Eastern, and South-Eastern Europe. The result, Germany doubtless expects, will be to give her in those areas so dominating a position that she will be able to secure many useful concessions without fighting, and will have a much freer hand, if necessary, to employ force. There are a certain number of people in this and in other countries who are unable to discover any good reason why Germany should not be allowed to obtain that kind of hegemony. For these, presumably, the future of Belgium under such a guarantee of inviolability as Germany offers must be a matter of indifference. But, in fact, once

established in the desired position of complete Continental dominance Germany would be able without any great likelihood of interference to "adjust" frontiers, "re-absorb" German minorities, and otherwise remake the map of Europe, at the cost of all the small independent countries, as she might choose. On no ground could such a development be a matter of indifference to this country, because of the high probability—to say the least of it—that Germany, so fortified, would proceed to put pressure on us also for surrender of such territory as she might covet. The German colonial programme, as far as the Empire is concerned, depends mainly upon previous attainment of an inexpugnable domination over the Continent.

But since, in the circumstances described, the smaller countries of Europe, including Belgium, would eventually be completely at Germany's mercy, it is natural to ask whether Belgium is really likely to be tempted to co-operate in producing them. In part, no doubt, there is a revulsion of all Belgian feeling, Walloon as well as Fleming, against a position which they may have felt to be too dependent on French policy. It is true that the Franco-Soviet treaty was the work, not of M. Blum and the Front Populaire, but of MM. Barthou and Laval. It was a substitution for the then recognizably inadequate entente with Britain. British unilateral disarmament was therefore one cause of the Franco-Soviet treaty. But, ultimately, of course, that pact can be traced to the collapse of the dual guarantee of France by the United States and Britain which was annexed to the original treaties of peace. Intelligent Belgians, accordingly, can hardly see in the Franco-Soviet treaty a deliberate subservience of France to Russian Communism. Yet they may doubtless feel that Left-wing extremism has of late displayed an uncomfortably obvious influence in French domestic affairs such as they have no desire to see spread to their own country. It is matter of comment, in quarters which have previously not grudged M. Blum admiration of his political skill, that he failed after the Clichy disorders to display the judicial lack of prejudice which might at the time so greatly have strengthened his position. Here, then, is one reason for a slackening of the original Belgian confidence in the close treaty-association with France. Another factor, doubtless, is the now steadily increasing Flemish element in

Belgium. At the time of the 1930 census, nearly 53 per cent. of those Belgians who only speak one language (about six and a half out of rather more than eight millions) spoke Flemish, while in the preceding decade the population of the Flemish provinces had increased more than three times as much as that of the Walloon. An "inferiority-complex," based largely on language, has been developed into a distrust of France, and especially of such a close political association as was believed to secure the continual political dominance of the French-speaking element in Belgium.

But while it might have been necessary, in any case, for Belgian governmental policy to take some account of this Flemish demand for a more independent foreign policy, that can hardly explain the change in Belgian orientation which was marked by the speech of King Leopold in the autumn of last year. At the root of Belgium's difficulty lies, undoubtedly, the failure of the Locarno system of guarantors against remilitarisation of the Rhineland, no less than of the League system of mutual security against aggression. There was no doubt at all of the action which on a strict interpretation of the Locarno treaties certainly could, and presumably ought to, have been taken in March, 1936, by France and the guarantors, Britain and Italy. Equally there could in reality be no doubt of the moral obligation, derived from the Covenant, which rested on the League Powers when Italy invaded Abyssinia. But in neither case were the obligations taken up. France would not, and Britain, presumably, could not. The lesson was not likely to be lost either in Belgium or in the countries of Eastern and South-Eastern Europe. Faced by a determined aggressor or treaty-violator, the League Powers were shown to be unprepared in either case to take up the challenge.

So soon as that was obvious, Belgians, Walloons as well as Flemish, were inevitably led to consider whether they could expect that *any* system of mutual security, regional like the Locarno Pacts or general like the Covenant, would in fact bring to them the immediate aid of their co-signatories in such pacts if they were attacked. Even if they did receive prompt military assistance, they must expect once more to suffer the brunt of the early fighting; while their territory nowadays would necessarily suffer heavily from air combats fought over it. This disadvantage

might have been accepted as inevitable if there had not now been added the considerable uncertainty as to whether the challenge of an attack on Belgian territory would be taken up at all. The likelihood of Belgium, though neutral, remaining unaffected after a war fought successfully by Germany or even after successful domination of Central and Eastern Europe by Germany without a war, may not appear very high to the individual Belgian. But at any rate neutrality and guaranteed inviolability in any conflict might seem to many Belgians to offer some hope of escaping the penalties of their geographical position in the event of a European war. Yet there is plainly a limit in this direction beyond which Belgian policy will not go.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* has intimated that Germany demands from Belgium in return for a certificate of neutrality and inviolability a repudiation in effect of all actual or contingent obligations deriving from any system of mutual security, regional or general. But Belgium has not been the only recipient of this German offer. Holland was also offered something of the kind and rejected it, in effect, because she declined to have her policy so bound for the future. It would be a derogation from her sovereignty to give such an undertaking. She wished, it seems, to retain her right of judgment of circumstances as they may arise. Nothing that has been said in Belgium in the past twelve months by anyone with recognizable authority has suggested that Belgium is less determined than Holland to preserve her right to decide her course of action as circumstances may appear to her to demand. Indeed, the insistence laid on her *independence* suggests strongly that she would be as little willing to give the comprehensive undertakings demanded by Germany as she has been to retain, any longer than could be avoided, the positive commitment to France and Britain involved in the temporary agreement set up last year as a substitute for the Locarno guarantees.

BLAS, THE KNIFE-GRINDER

BY PÍO BAROJA

(Translated from the Spanish by V. S. Pritchett)

FOR a Christian it is sad and disconcerting to reflect that oppressed people, taken individually or collectively, rarely emerge from their wretchedness but remain sunk forever sullen and revengeful in their misery. Nothing makes a man so moral as success; nothing drives him so readily to vice as failure. If only life followed the course of popular fiction and melodrama or imitated the novels of Dickens and Tolstoy, where the poor and the humble are always good and the rich are always wicked! But life is not like this. Misery and misfortune brings forth bitterness, ill-will, and spleen, just as happiness brings out a certain benevolence even in people of no particular character. And this though their mere comfort or their self-love has provided the impulse. It would be false to say that human life is ruled entirely by economic conditions, but there is no doubt that they do have a great influence upon us. Moreover, a man's life is not coloured by his present and individual sufferings only, but also by past troubles and tribulation in which others have shared. A man without knowing it fulfils the destiny of his race.

Some forty years ago I went as a doctor to a small spa in the Spanish Basque Province of Guipuzcoa. There were three towns in the district, the principal one being Cestona which boasted two doctors, while the spa itself enjoyed the services of a famous specialist who used to come up from Madrid for the summer. The winter was the busy time, but in the summer there was little or nothing to do. A doctor could leave the neighbourhood to carry on without him and he would not be missed. So about August I went away on holiday to the French side of the Basque region, and returned afterwards into Spain through the mountain country of Navarre. In one of the larger towns of this region I got to know an old doctor, a kindly and

intelligent man who had had a very hard life. He had been left a widower. Then his only daughter whom he adored died tragically in the flower of her youth, just before her wedding day. The old doctor and I used to talk of the customs and superstitions of the villages. There were still quack healers of both sexes: wise women who cured the sick by means of spells and prayers, and old witch doctors who made poultices and potions out of herbs.

These superstitions are common enough anywhere. In the Basque provinces at that time, one of the commonest beliefs was that hernias in children could be cured by reciting prayers and passing the child three times through the cleft in a tree branch, which had split in half, at midnight on some given day like Christmas Day or St. John's Eve. If the torn branch came together in the course of time it was a sign that the hernia of the child was completely cured.

The most interesting anthropological curiosity in the neighbourhood where my colleague lived, however, was a race of outcasts known as the Agotes. The doctor had a weakness for the bottle, and between the sips once he told me a story about these people.

It is a great many years, he said, since I first came to be the doctor in this neighbourhood. After six months as a lodger in the house of the sacristan near the church, I left him to set up house on my own and to marry. My wife came from Madrid. The house I took was a very large one and very fine, although in bad repair, lying between the road and the river. It had belonged to a politician of some standing.

In the winter there was a great deal of work to do, but when the better weather came I had time on my hands, and used to spend it visiting a few friends, looking after the garden, and fishing in the river from the trunk of a tree which leaned over the water. I used to go out for long walks or rides on horseback, but when I married my way of living changed. I became very sedentary. We were so happy together in our house that we very rarely went out. We contented ourselves with watching the people pass by on the road by cart or carriage, from the baker on his rounds in the morning to the diligence which used to turn up regularly every evening with its lamps lit.

One of the people we used to see was a tottering old woman with very aquiline features who used to go about in black. She was a white-haired, melancholy woman. A youngster of about fourteen or fifteen used to be with her: a graceful, well set up lad very like his mother. Whenever they passed the old woman and the child were always carrying in their hands handfuls of some kind of grass.

I made enquiries about the old woman, and I learned that she was one of the quack healers of the village. She made herb potions, and people said she put a drop or two of lizard's blood and toad's blood in them. The old woman lived in a half ruined mill. I gathered she hated doctors who, it seemed, had frequently had the law on her for improper practices, and she had once or twice been heard to say she would have the doctor and the local constable put into a barrel and flung from the top of one of the nearby mountains. (The doctor in question was this colleague of mine.) The old woman didn't talk much, and was very surly and shy. I came across her once up in the hills and looked out for a chance to have a word with her, but she was too quick for me. Every time she saw me she scurried away.

However, once I did succeed in speaking to her. One day, when it was raining in torrents, I took shelter in a cave which they call Erroicha in these parts. There was a kind of vestibule which was fairly large, and I could see the light of a fire glowing further inside. By a fire they had built were the old woman and the boy. The walls and the roof of the cave were thick with bats which clung to the crannies of the rock by the claws in their wings. When the old woman threw more sticks on the fire the flames leapt up and the bats started squealing. They were feeling the heat. "Granny, granny," the child called out, "they're burning!" "Let them burn," said the old woman. "They're evil things—and not the only ones either."

The old lady was startled when she saw me. When she realised I was the new doctor she was even more alarmed, but I calmed her by telling her that I hadn't the slightest desire to denounce her or interfere with her in any way. She assured me that in her potions she used nothing but herbs and grasses, and that it was all a lie that she used toad's blood, lizard blood, or the

skins of snakes. She laid a great deal of stress on this. It seemed to be important to her.

After that, whenever she passed by my house, she used to hold up her armful of grasses or herbs so that I could see them. My wife used to give food to the boy, biscuits, plums or nuts, and he took them very shyly.

The old woman had protectors among some of the wealthier women in local society. There were two spinsters who were sisters and who had an ancient house with a gothic tower near the river. The tower was half in ruins, and had been turned into a lodging place for labourers with stalls for cattle and a hay loft. These two sisters often talked to my wife and me about the old woman. They always referred to her with amusement as Madame Magdalena—Andre Madalen in Basque.

Andre Madalen lived in the abandoned mill near the river. She was a widow. Her husband had been a labourer from Arizcun, the pure Agote type. He went by the nickname of "Trucuman," a word with no meaning at all either in Spanish or in Basque, but which was probably a corruption of the word "Truchiman," which means rogue and trickster. These Agotes are a very mysterious and despised people, who live in the neighbourhood of Arizcun in an outlying parish or, rather, a separate village on the hillside called Bozate. In France they are called *cagots*. They are a race of hunted outcasts who have for centuries been driven outside the pale of ordinary society. They first appeared on both sides of the Pyrenees at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Some historians hold that they were originally lepers, and that this was the cause of the hostility and contempt which other people had for them: other writers have held that they were Moors, others that they were Aryan heretics, the remnants of the Visigoths whom Clovis defeated in the battle of Vouillé. Certainly nobody knows whether they are semitic or German. All that is known is that the Basques and the Gascons hated them from the beginning, and that for ever afterwards the barrier has been insuperable.

In the Middle Ages and for a long time after there was always a separate entrance for the Agotes in the churches of the villages where they lived. They sat apart and had their own font. They were not permitted to dip their fingers in the same holy

water. They were made to bear a red badge of a duck's foot on their shoulder, and large enough to be seen at a distance. The Agotes were usually millers, carpenters and waggoners, weavers, fishermen and tambourine players. They had the reputation of being vain, headstrong, and lascivious liars. For three or four leagues around Arizcun they were taunted by the children who used to run after them crying: "Agote!" The Agotes got back on their persecutors by calling them *perlutas*, that is hairy-pates, because the Basques used to wear their hair long in the old days.

Trucuman and Andre Madalen had three sons, the eldest of whom married and then very shortly died, leaving a child; the second one was Blas, and the third a daughter called Mari Bautista.

Blas, the knife-grinder, who was sometimes known by the family nickname of Trucuman, took after his father. He bore no resemblance to his mother whatever. At that time he was a chubby fellow, thirty years of age, with a broad face and red hair. He was flat-nosed, knock-kneed, and left-handed. He had a crafty and shrewish expression. He wore steel spectacles and—in the summer at any rate—he used to go about in a blue calico coat and a grey cap, and he used to have a big metal box strapped across him by a bandolier. The box contained herbs. He wasn't the Basque type. He seemed even to go out of his way not to look like a Basque. It was partly his cap which gave him a foreign air, for the Basques, of course, wear berets, and he used to speak Spanish better than the people thereabouts.

Actually Blas, the knife-grinder, had lived some time in France. He had been a fisherman, a street singer, and a clog maker. He had the reputation of being an expert with medicinal herbs, and was supposed to be able to pick up vipers in his hands and, gripping them by the neck, to twist them round and round until he strangled them to death. He used the vipers in the manufacture of medicinal plasters—so the story went. On fine days Blas used to go through the town with his knife and scissor-grinding machine, but instead of carrying it on his shoulder as he usually did he had a snug little pony and cart. In later years people used to swear that Blas was a crook in the anonymous and blackmailing letter industry.

Andre Madalen's family were not liked in the town. There were one or two occasions, on Saturday nights, when the local youths went down from the tavern to the old mill and shouted out in Basque:

Madame Madalen, Madame Madalen,
A jar of oil today;
Mother will stump up
When Dad gets his pay,

and again,

Madame Madalen, Madame Madalen of the mill,
Open your door,
Here comes your man full of wine to the sill.

Once or twice when he heard these songs, Blas, the knife-grinder, opened the window and shouted back: "Drunken-swine! louts! Go and scream some other door down." The rowdies took no notice of this but yelled back with other songs, and even threw stones at the windows and doors of the mill. On the following day if Blas came across any of these youths he would roar: "If you come round screaming at my house again, I'll get my musket out and floor you."

Mari Bautista, the sister of Blas, was a fat box-like woman, pale and flat-nosed like her brother. She wore spectacles too. She used to wear layers of old skirts as if to make herself look even fatter, and the corner boys used to call her the potato sack. She had been a nursemaid in many houses until people could stand her impudent tongue and her bad temper no longer. She beat the children she looked after, and was always losing her jobs. Mari Bautista had a love affair with a *carabinero* who let her down, and as the result of this deceit she left the town and went to a French village near Bayonne for two years with some kind of witch woman who did bone-setting, made potions, and taught her the secrets of her art. One of her secrets was a way of curing some mysterious stomach complaint by stretching the sick person's arms. There is no doubt that some hysterical people really did get better after these gymnastic exercises.

Mari Bautista had a low opinion of the town and its people. The little boy called Joaquincho, who was the nephew of Andre Madalen, was utterly unlike his aunt and uncle. He took after his grandmother and was very elegant. He had black hair with

dark eyes and fine aquiline features. He was a handsome child and would have looked even more so if he had not always been dirty, tousled, and in rags.

No one ever had a good word to say about the family at the mill. There was always talk of some smuggling scandal or some swindle on the part of Blas, or some abortion business in which Mari Bautista, the "potato-sack," had got mixed up, when it was not some love potion which had nearly killed somebody, or the old woman, Andre Madalen, had been fighting or screaming in the street with a neighbour or the police.

* * *

One night when I was sitting by the kitchen fire reading one of the old politician's books there was a violent knocking at the door.

"What is it," I called.

"Is the doctor in?"

"Yes, who is it?"

"It's the constable."

"What's the matter?"

"An old woman has just fallen off the top of the rock near the river. I think she has killed herself. Come quickly."

I pulled on my boots, took an umbrella, and joined the constable. We went through the town and came out at a place where the river makes a still pool between the rocks which are built up here into a ravine only wide enough for the road to pass. This gloomy spot is called in Basque *Osinbeltz*, the Black Hell.

The constable and I arrived at the river's brink. We turned off to the right into the pit of a quarry which was full of blocks of stone. A little lamp was burning in the darkness. It was carried by the magistrate's clerk. We joined the party and then went on to examine the body of the woman. When the light of the lamp fell on her I saw at once by the white hair and black dress that she was Madame Magdalena of the mill. There was nothing to be done. The body was stiff and cold; she had been dead three or four hours. "Did she commit suicide?" the clerk asked. "I don't think so," I said. "She was probably carrying plants, and, being short-sighted, she took a slippery path and fell."

A bunch of plants very tightly held in her right hand bore this out. The body of the old woman was taken to the mortuary, and the following day I had to go and conduct a post-mortem. The constable and the coffin maker were with me, and just as I was beginning, Blas came in with his sister.

Blas said: "Are you going to open my mother's body?" I replied that I was obliged by law to do so, but that as in this case the cause of death was clear and evident I would refrain. Blas and his sister made no reply to this. They were completely indifferent. They merely asked if they might take away their mother's clothes. I said they could, and they took away a bundle of miserable black rags, a few copper coins, a chain with some medals on it and scapulas, and a little book, a worn-out and greasy catechism.

After this Blas and his sister went off, and I returned to my house. The story started that Blas had taken his mother up to the top of the quarry and had pushed her over the edge. But this was pure invention.

Eight or nine months went by, and the town forgot about the family of Andre Madalen. Then a woman came to my house to tell me that she had been at the mill where Blas lived to see the little boy. He was very ill, and the uncle and aunt were ill-treating him. They made him work and kept him without food, and a woman who had gone to live with Blas (who was known as *La Napoleona*) was continually beating him. I went to the mill and saw at once that the child was being very inhumanly treated. He slept in a corner of the loft without any blanket, his clothes were in rags and he was weak and feverish. I examined him and discovered he was tubercular.

I called Blas and upbraided him for having neglected the sick child in this manner. He became insolent, and replied that he could not look after the boy, that he had enough work to do as it was. As for the beating he professed ignorance. He had no idea whether the woman who lived with him was in the habit of beating the child or not. I said I was going to report the whole matter to the authorities and have the child removed to hospital. "A good job, too, and good riddance," he said. When I told the child that we were going to take him to the hospital he began

to cry. "Don't cry, little fellow," I said; "you will be much better off than you are here. They will put you in a nice clean room, in a white bed, and you'll have lovely things to eat. The nuns will tell you stories and you'll soon be better." The child still whimpered, but he was happy enough in the hospital. Alas, he did not recover. His tuberculosis was in an advanced state, and he died very shortly. I saw with my own eyes the marks of the blows which his uncle and aunt had given him.

Blas, the knife-grinder, and his sister Mari Bautista and the woman they called La Napoleona continued to disgust the town. They got drunk, they blasphemed, and they fought. Blas was always mixed up in some dirty business to do with contraband or some similar swindle. At last something serious occurred. There was a mining company founded by a French priest, an ex-workman called Carnaval (who, it was discovered later, was in some damaged coin deal), and a German. The tale was put round that certain disused mines in the neighbourhood were really very rich, and that they were going to be started up again. The town would make its fortune. There was talk of building a railway to the mine.

Blas, the knife-grinder, emerged as the manager of the mine, paid all the wages and directed the work. It lasted four months. At the end of that time the owner disappeared from the town, and when the workers went to claim their wages which had been deposited in a local office the money turned out to be in forged bank-notes.

Blas fled for a time into the French Basque province, wandering from town to town. Then he went over to South America where he made a lot of money out of a cure for cattle epidemics. Exorcism was the method. He must have enjoyed doing that! He made enough to marry and to start an hotel down on the Mexican Frontier. His hotel was the rendezvous of Indians, bandits, and riff-raff. Later on it became the meeting-place of revolutionaries and communists, and Blas managed to get money out of one side and the other. Then he went to the United States into rum-running, and quickly became very rich; but home-sickness got him, and eventually he turned up in his native town again and went to live at the hotel. He brought his wife, a German woman, and two blonde pallid daughters. The

eldest one was called Evangeline, a clear-eyed and insolent girl like her father; the name of the other was Magda, who had the grandmother's gloomy Basque character.

Blas, who was now about fifty years old, had the same crafty look as before, but combined with an angry and indolent expression. He was now known as "the American." His temper was irascible, and he was always taking offence. The slightest provocation and there he was cursing and swearing, showing his gold-stopped teeth and drawing his revolver and shouting that he would drill holes into those who crossed him. The eldest daughter, Evangeline, had an affair with the magistrate's clerk. She used to go to his house at night, and in a very short time she was with child. Blas wanted to settle the matter with his gun. The young man did not know what he was up against, and actually thought this was a good opportunity to get a good dowry out of the American, but the two of them quarrelled, and Blas plugged him. The young man took a long time getting better. He nearly died. When he did recover it was Evangeline who refused to marry him.

Blas had to pay heavy compensation to the ex-lover of his daughter, but he was not sent to prison. The next thing he did was to buy a little house and open a tavern below. He and his family lived on one floor, and on the other his sister Mari Bautista, the quack. She had concocted a number of special plasters whose action was half magical and half natural. People came from all parts for them. The tavern soon became the refuge of the riff-raff of the town, smugglers, drunks, and all kinds of agitators. Blas was there in his glory, boasting of his feats in America and of the men he had punctured with his revolver. The younger daughter, Magda, could not stand the place, and became a nun in a gloomy convent at Arizcun. The elder daughter Evangeline, went away with a well-off contractor. Blas spent his time drinking and telling stories of Madero, Pancho Villa, and Calles. He got up in the morning, drank until he could swallow no more, and then went to sleep if off. One day he was discovered dead at the foot of the bed with his eyes starting out of his head. And his face was all black. This led people to say that his death had been a punishment sent by God.

A DISTANT PROSPECT OF SCOTLAND

BY RITCHIE CALDER

THE haberdasher's assistant who tried to sell me tartan socks in the Strand was a MacFarlane; the barber, who usually shaves me is MacFarlane; I served on an Old Bailey jury recently with another. None of them were Scots except by a vague, London-forgotten ancestry. If you could inspect the passenger-lists of Coronation visitors, you would probably find MacFarlanes coming from every part of the world—prosperous MacFarlanes from Canada, U.S., Australia, Argentine, Peru, New Zealand, Rhodesia, and China.

But you will find them even more numerous in the cities of England; there are ninety of them in the London telephone directory—drapers, tailors, typists, manufacturers, boarding-house keepers, merchants, architects, doctors, publishers, and bakers. If you could summon a ceilidh of the Clan, you could muster an army of MacFarlanes. They would come from everywhere except the MacFarlane Country.

There, in the dark glens beyond Arrochar, on Loch Long, which once shivered with the battle-cry of "Loch Sloy," but which echo now only with the eldritch scream of a night bird, the croaking of hoodie-crows or the "seugh" of a torpedo fired at Arrochar, only two of the name remain.

I am not lamenting because the dreaded MacFarlanes no longer sit, like birds of prey, in their eyrie of Tighvechtan ("The Watchtower") like highwaymen at the gates of the Western Highlands. The modern "hijackers" could teach nothing to the lawless MacFarlanes who levied blackmail even from Rob Roy as he drove his plundered cattle through their "toll-gate" at Tarbert. But the MacFarlanes are symbolic of what has been happening to Scotland.

In the county of Argyllshire, the 1931 census showed a lower population than in 1801; it had declined from 81,000 to 63,000.

In Sutherland, it fell from 23,000 to 16,000; in Perthshire the decrease was 3.8 per cent. Notice that those decreases took place in a period in which the population of Great Britain increased from 16,350,000 to 44,790,000.

The depopulation of the Highlands is dog-eared history. It begins with the break-up of the clan system after the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745. And as an emetic, to those who are sugar-sick with the sentiment of Prince Charlie, I suggest a closer reading of the history of that time; it may teach them how, with very few exceptions, the Highland chiefs far from being romantic characters, were fighting for their own hands; out to grab what they could get; selling "loyalty," which was as trashy as the goods the Lowland bagmen of the time were huckstering in England; and trafficking in the devotion of the clansmen to the tribal totem. It may remind them, too, how those same clansmen were forced by those same chiefs off the land into emigration. Meagre crofts were replaced by sheep-runs; the sheep-runs gave way to deer-forests for the wealthy manufacturers and merchants reaping the profits of the industrial revolution. And eventually these deer-forests covered 4,000 square miles of the Highlands. As Mr. Hugh Quigley has pointed out in *A Plan for the Highlands*, the productive yield per acre, per annum, is barely the price of a good-sized cabbage at Covent Garden.

The "one acre and a cabbage" principle has brought economic sterilization to the Highlands. That is a problem which has to be faced. Today 25 per cent. of the Highland workers are unemployed. And lamentable things, too, are happening in the Lowlands. Even the present boom has succeeded only in reducing unemployment to eighteen per cent.

Industrial Scotland is, for all practical purposes, a distressed area. Indeed, it might fairly be said that the whole of Scotland from John o' Groats to the Mull of Galloway, from Cape Wrath to St. Abbs Head is certifiable as a special area. That it is not officially recognized as such is because statesmen apply a kind of "family means test" to the whole country. So Scotland is "flourishing" because there are a few battleships being built on the Clyde. On the upper reaches of the Clyde and along the Firth of Forth is concentrated the bulk of the population of Scotland—1,586,000 in Lanarkshire; 526,300 in

Midlothian; 288,500 in Renfrewshire; and 276,400 in Fife. These and the counties of Aberdeen, Angus, and Ayr—a total of 7 out of 33—contain three-quarters of the population of Scotland, which statistically is computed 150 people per square mile (compared with England's 680 per square mile). Actually, by far the greater part of Scotland has a population of less than one person per square mile. And, while practically every other European country showed an increased population, despite a declining birth-rate, Scotland's population, between 1921 and 1931, fell from 4,882,000 to 4,842,000. The balance of births over deaths was 352,800—7 per cent. increase—and the emigrants numbered 392,000 (almost twice as many as in the previous ten years). So that the net loss by emigration was 8 per cent.

But the human "exports" and "imports" shown by the last census do not tell the whole story of what is happening to Scotland. Indeed, I think they leave off where the real story begins. Scotland, in the last few years, has developed a growing sense of nationalism. In the past two centuries "The Scot" was a kind of generic term for a scattered people who built English industry and commerce, who pioneered in the outposts of the world, helped to build an empire and develop trade in alien countries. But recently Scotsmen have begun to think in terms of boundaries and to talk about "Scottish Nationalism."

To some Scots, it means economic and political separation from England; to others, it means political and administrative decentralization, taking Scottish domestic questions out of the arid, unsympathetic atmosphere of Westminster, where empty seats mock the Scottish M.P.'s on Scottish nights, and having a legislature and a "Whitehall" in Edinburgh; to others, it is "just a lot o' blethers." But the claims for Scottish self-government are too vocal and have too much justification to be ridiculed or ignored. And the adherence of the young people is symptomatic.

My contention—although the 1931 census at first sight may seem to contradict it—is that the Scottish nationalist movement ceased to be the pious, Burns-supperish sentiment of pre-war years and became serious, when the Scottish "lad o' pairts" found his ambition being thwarted. From 1560, when Scotland first started its national schools, until the beginning of the present

century, the Scots had advantages over the English. John Knox set out to destroy the Mass by teaching the masses, by instructing them in Latin and Greek so that the priestly monopoly of the Bible should be destroyed for ever. Born of a religious urge, education became itself a religion. The poor could take advantage of it—and did with self-sacrificial avidity. The early emphasis on Latin and Greek has remained, but the natural sciences were recognized in the Scottish Universities nearly 400 years ago. As a result, the Scottish "lad o' pairts," however humble his station, could obtain an education which in England belonged mainly to birth or wealth. In Scotland a "public school" meant a public and not a private one. The advantages possessed by the Scot were obvious in the Industrial Revolution. The Royal Society of Edinburgh was the "brains trust" of the Industrial Age.

The Englishman may say "Where would Watt have been without Boulton, the Englishman?" To which the pert reply might be that that was merely another instance of how English finance and industry used Scottish brains. Watt gave England the steam-power of the Industrial Revolution through the inspiration (and £1,000) of Black, of Glasgow University, author of the theory of latent heat. Dr. Roebuck, through the Carron Iron Works, gave it its new methods of producing iron and also its sulphuric acid; Keir, its alkalis, Francis Home its chemical bleaching and the soil-chemistry and the artificial fertilizers which helped to support its swarming population. Telford, Macadam, and Rennie gave it its roads and bridges. Adam Smith, another Scot, was the priest and prophet of the Industrial Revolution. He wrote the "Bible" of Free Trade, free competition, and capitalist individualism.

The Scot, in short, taught the English where wealth lay, how to get and how to use it. And he saw, too, that he, as an individual, got his share of it. That rugged, ruthless individualism was the triumph of the Scot in the commercial and industrial struggle of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. And it is Scotland's tragedy today.

The Scot revealed a sanctimonious self-righteousness, a business conscience divorced from a religious one, and a granite-hardness in his dealings. Mixing sentiment with business was

as un-Scottish as putting sugar in porridge. True, the Carnegies return to build baths and libraries and provide bursaries, but only after they have wrung from Fortune all the wealth and success they want. With the twentieth century, however, the Compulsory Education Act began to show its effects in England. England's scholarship boys passed through the secondary schools and universities. The number of laboratories in the Science Schools, which at the time of the Education Act had been six, numbered over a thousand at the beginning of the century. England was producing specialists. Its own bright students were winning places in the colonial service, in commerce, in industry, in medicine and in education which had once been the perquisites of the Scottish "lads o' pairs."

The effects are now being felt more noticeably. The Scottish "brain factories" have not been on short-time like the country's other industries. From the elementary schools, 25 per cent. of Scottish pupils go on to higher education, compared with 7 per cent. in England. But the difference in the percentage is more than offset by the aggregate. So the Scottish boy is being left at home. His loss is Scotland's opportunity. For, with proper planning, that reservoir of intelligence which is being dammed up can be used to generate a new industrial power for Scotland.

That is not going to be achieved, however, by each vying with the other in clan tartans or wearing the white cockade of effete and counterfeit sentiment or writing the poetry of a mock "Celtic renaissance." It is not going to be accomplished either by a recrudescence of Scots' individualism: it demands teamwork. The age of the brilliant individualist has gone. A big discovery in the Industrial Revolution might spring, Minerva-like, from the brain of one man, but progress in the Scientific Revolution depends upon co-operative research. Indeed, the obstruction of Scotland's recovery may come from the successful Scots individualists—the "men at the top" in big combines, the financial and industrial "Look-at-me's." I recently heard one declare: "Scottish money is made in English industries." Yes, for the successful Scot, but not for Scotland and the Scottish workers. His idea, apparently, is that the Scots are to become a nation of pensioners, and Scotland a poorhouse for the indigent relatives of the successful emigrants.

Regional planning for Scotland, not in terms of isolation but as part of British economy, is practicable. First of all, Scotland must cease to be merely a map in which absentee directors in London stick little flags to indicate a factory here or a branch warehouse there. Statesmen must cease to think of it merely as an appendix which is apt to go septic occasionally but which can be "physicked" with quack remedies; a septic appendix can poison the whole body politic.

There are obvious ways of making a start, like a great national housing development scheme, road developments, harbours, afforestation, etc., all the things which are needed to bring Scotland up-to-date. But these are the panaceas of the orthodox politician; the plight of Scotland demands a great deal more. The Clyde Valley, I am told by experts, can become a greater fruit-growing area than Kent, Worcestershire, Devon, or Hampshire. Canning can now level up the gluts and the slumps. Sir John Orr has stressed the folly of trying to grow wheat on ungrateful soil, when Scotland could be producing the foods which are demanded by nutrition (to which the public conscience, thanks to him and others, is now alive), and which are essentially dairy, poultry, and market-gardening produce. The "marriage of health and agriculture" could help to beget prosperity for Scotland.

The fishing industry can be extended. The Torry Research Station at Aberdeen has done excellent work on the preservation of fish, and since the future of fishing seems to lie in the factory-ships fishing in Arctic or distant Northern waters, Scotland is the geographical "depot" for such trade. Coastal fishing can be further developed.

Coal is still one of Scotland's greatest assets. Mr. Augustus Carlow, the enlightened and far-seeing head of the Fife Coal Company, is setting up a planning department, divorced entirely from the pit-management and commercial interests of the firm, and devoted to planning 100 years ahead. What he is doing for his concern, Scotland should be doing for its whole coal-industry. Changes are taking place in the coal-resources of Scotland. The indications are that the coking-coals necessary for steel production are becoming depleted in the West, around the existing steel-works. If the Scottish steel industry, already weakened by the

transfer of one of its biggest components to Corby in Northamptonshire, is to develop, it may have to be in the East.

Recently I inquired about the hydrogenating properties of Scottish coal—that is, converting raw coal into oil and petrol—I was told, frankly, that very little was known about it. For a long time, too, it was assumed that Scottish coal was unsuitable for low-temperature carbonization (conversion into smokeless fuel) because it did not “cake” like the ones used in England. (“Caking” means that it comes out of the retorts like enormous candles of coke, which are broken up into lumps of suitable size for use.) But Scottish coal can be carbonized in lumps. It does not fuse, but its usefulness is the same, and it may well travel better than the caked smokeless fuel.

The conversion of coal, either into gas or smokeless fuel, gives by-products. It means creating new industries out of the smoke which raw coal sends up the chimney to poison the atmosphere. I shall not now ride that hobby-horse beyond saying that the Glasgow Corporation made £2,300,000 clear profit out of gas-work “waste” in ten years. Prices are soaring at the moment—so the profits must be even higher now. And, if you think of the possible by-products in terms of a foot-rule, that profit is being made out of an inch.

National industries based on coal by-products, pit-head conversion of coal into smokeless fuel, pit-head gas-works (feeding a gas-grid, like the Yorkshire coalfield around Sheffield), pit-head generating stations, and the national planning of the coal industry generally, are contributions to Scotland's revival.

Scotland has already Britain's biggest aluminium plant at Kinlochleven, and, with industrial planning, she can produce light-metals in increasing abundance. I can visualize, now that the metallurgists and the chemists are making magnesium a safe, hard metal, plants for the extraction of magnesium from seawater on the west coast.

The Caledonian Electric Scheme, for the conversion of coal and lime into calcium carbide, has been thrown out by Parliament. I am not going into the economics of calcium carbide production and the contending claims of South Wales; there is, however, certainly a national danger in handing over the water-resources of a whole territory to private enterprise. A monopoly

already controls the lochs and waters of Rannoch. Hydro-electric development is essential to the future of the Highlands, but the schemes need not shackle them. Small, self-contained schemes are practicable. Electricity in the coal areas, electricity in the Highlands—in these you can have the spreading of industry. The drift of industry to the South is less serious than the failure of new industries, now congregating round London, to drift North. Perhaps it is a mischievous thought, but I like to imagine a Calvinistic Highland community (like the one which expelled the provost for attending a Christmas party) making rouge and lipstick for the “painted Jezebels” of the South.

One objection to light industries in the Highlands is their “inaccessibility,” with the consequent cost of transport. There might be a solution to that, only possible under national planning. It is “flat-rate freightage” or “penny-post transport.” If, like letters and telegrams and after-seven telephone calls, freights cost the same whatever the distance, the advantages of congregating around the great market of London would disappear. And the manufacturers in the Midlands would have no competitive advantage over the factory in Dingwall or on Loch Maree.

There is another hope for the Highlands. Professor Stapledon has shown how rough mountain grazings can be converted into real pastures by ploughing up the soil, treating it with certain mineral fertilizers and sowing it with special strains of rich pasture grasses adapted to high altitudes. Thousands of square miles of high moorland and mountainous deer-forest could be brought into production.

What the Scots must aim at is bringing the twentieth century to Scotland, ploughing in, as Stapledon does his moorland, the now sterile individualism of the nineteenth century industrialists, and sowing afresh with modern knowledge and modern resources. Scientific research, scientific planning, scientific industries and scientific management, through these the “lads o' pairts” can do more for Scotland than by dabbling in Celtic poetry or “Scottish renaissance” prose or masquerading as kilted nationalists and wae's-ing themselves for Prince Charlie.

STAINS UPON ENGLAND

BY MONTGOMERY BELGION

WHAT impressions will the thousands from overseas who are being led by the Coronation to make their first visit to England this spring take back with them? Most, remember, will not merely watch the procession on May 12th nor stay only in London. Remaining on more or less through the summer, they will be fêted here and entertained there, and go sight-seeing on their own through the length and breadth of the land. It is thus on English life as a whole and on English ways in detail that they will feel inclined to pronounce. What will they say of England once they are again among their own people?

For the most part they will lead the life of tourists. They will be a great deal in public conveyances, in trains, and on the roads. What they will chiefly see is English life from the standpoint of the patron of restaurants and tea-shops and of the resident in hotel or service flat, in boarding-house or house let furnished. And, if we would not deceive ourselves, we must admit that that is the less sunny side of England.

A large number of our omnibuses and tramway-cars are handsomer than those to be found anywhere else. The same may be said—if looks alone are considered—of the rolling-stock in our London and provincial Undergrounds. But think of the noise in some of the tubes and of the stuffiness in many of the tube stations! Then, although at long last a number of much better taxicabs have been put on the London streets, who would seek to impress a foreign visitor by taking him for a ride in one such as is only too likely to be at the head of a rank, when there are cheaper, more powerful, and more comfortable cabs in any French or German provincial town? Then our trains. No doubt British railways can point with justifiable pride to some remarkably fast runs. I yield to none also in my admiration

of the smooth-running on one great system and of the restaurant-car service on another. But comfort by rail in England is far from uniform, and at any rate when this comfort becomes the pseudo-comfort of the third-class Pullman, the traveller on the Continent can thank his stars that it is something from which he is preserved.

I shall be told that the possibility of getting a drink or a cup of tea during the journey is an advantage outweighing its inconveniences. But will any self-controlled adult assert that he is unable to pass two hours in a train without a drink? Apart from that, in a full train, as it happens, the steward third-class will be overworked, and not being, as a rule, at the same time over-competent, he may keep a passenger who has ordered a cup of tea waiting for half an hour before it is supplied. I say, not being, as a rule, over-competent; and there I touch, I fancy, upon one of the weaknesses of mighty Albion: the general poor quality of the English domestic, and especially of the English restaurant, servant. Naturally, in England as elsewhere, admirable servants are not unknown. I have come across them in hotels, clubs, and private houses; though, as regards hotels, a highly efficient chambermaid on a bedroom floor is more common than a good waiter in the dining-room below. But those admirable servants are rare. It may be said—and, indeed, I believe it already has been said—that the work of the English domestic servant is inferior both in quantity and quality to the work of the average servant on the Continent. To explain this, it has been admitted that the English have no innate aptitude for domestic service. However that may be, hotels and restaurants, boarding-houses and service flats, seem to have a knack of collecting the most incompetent.

It is very odd, when you think of it, that, servants being from time immemorial the favourite topic of myriads of English housewives, so little improvement in the standard of English domestic service has been effected by so much talk. English servants do not seem to have changed in that respect since the eighteenth century, and it would be as easy to-day as it was for Swift to draw up *Directions for Servants*. Directions for the restaurant waiter, in fact, write themselves. Even in expensive London establishments, there might be a rule to account

for the frequency with which a waiter will inquire of a customer for his order, and then, presumably remembering a dish left on the kitchen counter, walk away to fetch it while the customer is speaking. After all, for a customer to have to give his order twice allows him the opportunity, if he wishes, of changing his mind in the interval. Then, often enough, that dish which the waiter seems belatedly to remember was intended to be served hot, but waiters evidently bear in mind that hot food exposes the customer to the risk of scalding his tongue and palate.

Directions to the chambermaid will include at least one about bed-making; namely, to tuck in the shortest possible length of bedclothes at the foot of the bed, so that the occupant may be assured, if in the least restless, of waking early owing to the chilliness of his feet; for, as is well known, early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, and nine out of ten English chambermaids evidently realize that if awake with cold feet no man or woman is going to lie late.

As for directions to the cook, regarding what happens in many a kitchen of English hotel, boarding-house or restaurant, let us not have the temerity to inquire. That smell of stale burnt fat and ill-cooked food which assails our nostrils as we pass over the gratings of those subterranean fastnesses warns us that here ignorance is relative bliss.

I shall be told that all this fails to show that the servants in English hotels, restaurants, and like places, are worse than those in similar establishments abroad. I hasten to agree. But there is worse to come. I fear that the two chief criticisms which our foreign visitors will make when they have returned home are not going to bear on the slovenliness of our servants so much as on the lack of cleanliness in England and on the disappointing nature of English meals.

A foreigner who resided for some years in England declared afterwards that there ought to be policemen to keep the English streets clean. Of English houses, "excepting those of the great," he wrote:

The English never think which way their doors and windows should face. The rooms are so constructed that, contrary to Galen's rule, there can be no through draught. They have a large part of the wall filled with

glass, admitting the light but keeping out the air, and yet there are chinks letting in stagnant air. The floors are usually of clay, and this is covered with rushes, which are only now and then renewed, but so as not to disturb the foundation, which sometimes remains for twenty years nursing a collection of spittle, vomit, excrement of dogs and human beings, spilt beer and fish bones. From this, on any rise of temperature, is exhaled a vapour which, I do not think, can benefit the constitution.

These words do not exactly make us English sound fastidiously clean. However, they were written nearly four hundred years ago, for the foreigner in question was Erasmus. It will be said that today foreigners give us a very different reputation. In the United States, notwithstanding that it is a country with no want of what Americans call "modern plumbing," they like to tell of the Anglo-Indian who was invited to come to fish in some lake in a remote district. His prospective host told him that he would have to travel for three days in one train. At this he inquired anxiously, so the story goes: "But where during all that time do I get my bath?" If the story provides a characteristic specimen of American humour, it is also evidence that our partiality for washing has become outside England nothing short of legendary. How, indeed, could we not be the cleanest people on the face of the earth? Were we not the first to introduce bath-tubs into nearly every house, even into the houses of the poor? But I have not in mind any lack of personal cleanliness, although I remember that in the Army during the War it was essential for a private to have shaved; for him to have washed was not deemed so important. I have in mind the absence of cleanliness which we tolerate in our servants, especially those employed in the public establishments where the foreigner this spring and summer is likely to feed and lodge.

We deride the French whom we see in eating-places when we are on holiday in France wiping their glasses and their knives and forks with their napkins before they begin a meal. But are we any the better off because here at home we do not imitate them? It is rare in France, Italy, or Germany to find the whiting left on the handle of a knife or fork blackening your hand (for, paradoxically enough, it is the property of whiting to blacken), but it is a common experience in English eating-houses. Only, so far as I know, in one London tavern—one that boasts it is 170 years old—are the soiled napkins carefully

folded to look as if they were clean, and is the unwary diner told, on discovering the unpleasant deception, that all the clean napkins are at the wash. But it is common enough in many English eating-houses to have to eat off a soiled cloth, and it is not rare for every one of the knives, forks, and spoons on a table laid for four to be dirty, and to have the waiter or waitress astounded by the request for, say, a clean spoon.

If such is the state of things in the dining-room, what must it be in the kitchen? One shudders to imagine! Fortunately, our foreign visitors are not likely to penetrate there. Let us rather consider, then, what they will think of their bedrooms, and, supposing they can afford them, of their sitting-rooms. Sometimes as much as 10s. 6d. a night is asked for an exiguous hotel bedroom in which the furniture can only be described as squalid. But the bedding will be clean. Bed-bugs, certainly, are unknown in the overwhelming majority of English hotels and boarding-houses. In too many of the latter, however, though the room may be larger than in an hotel, not only will the furniture be decayed and the room dingy; the blankets and the cupboards will smell. Yet it is above all in the daily sweeping and dusting of rooms that the foreign visitor will be given proof that English slovenliness includes indifference to dirt. There are, of course, splendidly conducted hotels in England. There are excellent boarding-houses. I am not denying it. But in too many boarding-houses and service flats curtains as far as possible are never shaken, corners are left unswept, rugs and carpets are infrequently taken up, cobwebs form, and the process called dusting is remarkable for resulting in a thicker dust over everything.

The other chief criticism from the foreign visitor is likely to be directed, I said, at the common run of English meals in public establishments. The London correspondent of a Berlin paper has recently published in Germany a book about England. One chapter is devoted to English cooking. He remarks that our soups are usually no better than dish-water, that we do not know how to cook pork and veal, and that we cannot serve up vegetables tastefully. In particular, peas and beans we judge by their size rather than by their tenderness. He adds ruefully that we are poor hands at a sauce. That soup in England does

not usually get beyond dish-water is surely untrue, since there are thick soups as well as clear; but it needs to be admitted, I fear, that if there are many names for thick soup in England, it too often has only one taste, a taste reminiscent of moistened flour. About sauces, I feel that we have to plead guilty. It is becoming more and more rare for stock of the cook's own brew to be collected in a kitchen, and it thus happens that a gravy concocted of beef extract, for example, will be served with chicken, regardless of the conflict in flavours. The ubiquitous tin and refrigerator have necessarily sounded the knell of much of the good old English fare. A leading English novelist has been dwelling on the curious preference shown by English hotel and restaurant keepers for providing foreign foods out of tins or the refrigerator when excellent English meat, poultry and game, fish in great variety, and, in season, succulent fruit, and cheese are all obtainable. He does not allow for the fact that, where the chance customer has to be catered for, the food out of a tin and the cheese out of silver paper prevent waste at the same time as they save trouble.

Of course, much tinned food nowadays is British. And it is good food. Doesn't an advertisement of tinned soup say, "You can taste the beef"? And other advertisements assert that tinned milk is best for babies and that custard powder makes better custard than do fresh ingredients? Yet the result is that fresh food is neglected, and a Sussex farmer, for instance, after taking his butter to market, has to bring it all back again, unsold. But so much tinned food, whether foreign or British, and fish and meat out of the refrigerator, would not be provided so exclusively in English hotels and restaurants if it were not that so much of the same kind of food is consumed in the English home. There, I think, we reach a clue to the whole matter.

Where but in England is one normally served at the height of summer with tepid beer? We can only put up with it because we English do not care about having our beer cool. Likewise, if from the standpoint of the gourmet, vegetables and soups in this country are deplorably prepared, if we would as soon eat tinned foreign fruit as fresh English fruit, fish from Russia out of the refrigerator instead of fish caught in an English stream

or off the English shore, if coffee in England is nearly always outrageous, and good China tea (so far as I know) is never to be obtained in any public establishment and rarely in a home, it can only be because as a nation we are indifferent to quality in cooking and in food. There are plenty of restaurants and hotels abroad in which the meals are appalling. But also, in France, for example, there are an extraordinary number where you may feed in such fashion that you would not afterwards change places with Lucullus. The reason of their existence is that the ill-prepared and tasteless meal is practically unknown in the French home. A people can be judged by their restaurants and boarding-houses, because such places reflect their own standards.

If, therefore, waiters and waitresses in our restaurants, taverns, and tea-shops and the servants in too many of our hotels, boarding-houses, and service flats, are as indifferent to dirt as they are slovenly, it is not only because they are neither trained nor supervised properly; it is also because we as a people are not sufficiently attached to neatness and cleanliness to demand that our meals shall invariably be served decently and our bedrooms and sitting-rooms invariably kept clean. If we were really anxious about cleanliness, would English workmen travel home of an evening in the clothes that only too clearly indicate the arduousness of their toil? Would the house-fly, seen only in summer when I was a boy, now be allowed, thanks to central heating, to flourish all the year round?

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

GREAT festivities are preparing in the two great countries which stand for European civilization as we have known it through our lifetime. London makes ready for the Coronation; Paris for one more Exhibition where the choice products of art and industry shall be assembled for pride and for enjoyment. Yet, overhead, clouds are banking up. England—all Great Britain—is busy, is making money, spending money; more workers are in employment than ever before in that populous island; the unemployed are less by nearly a million than five years ago. But there are still more than a million unemployed, and a dreadful deal of them on the way to grow unemployable. No doubt as the wave of prosperity mounts, the count of unemployed will lessen. But what gives them new chances? Mr. Harold Macmillan, in a remarkable speech, put to the House of Commons this formidable question: 'Suppose the worst: suppose universal disarmament. Where should we all be? If we all stopped making costly engines that can only be used for destruction, which we order, praying that they need never be used, how should we cope with the situation? How many would be added to the roll of the unemployed?'

I have just come from a house where there was carved over the doorway its owner's aphorism: "Nothing is ever so bad as you think it is going to be." Long experience of many countries has gone into that useful philosophy, which, like most, cannot be taken *au pied de la lettre*. The Great War was worse than ever we had even thought possible; but we all stood it

better than we should have believed, if anyone had told us what we had to face. Humanity after that inhuman experience is still more and not less humane. We can admit that it is 'a frightening world we live in and still refuse to be frightened. The English are good at that. A fortnight ago, friends just back from France assured me that the country was on the brink of civil war, and that it was "a good place to be out of." My reply was that the French were not going to spoil their Exhibition. Now I learn that France has been flooded north and south this Easter with visitors from England who either heard no rumours or disregarded them. What they knew was that the new exchange made agreeable possibilities more possible than they had been; and France and England will be in better humour than before—I hope also, in better humour with each other.

That is the essential. So long as these two free countries keep in friendly touch there is no need to be frightened. But the friendliness has to be widespread because they are free countries. It does not much matter how Italians at large or Germans at large are disposed. They do not affect the will of their dictators, and these able persons steer a vessel which answers mechanically to the helm. That is not so where free countries are in question. Democracy is difficult, and it is inefficient if the end of government is military strength. On the other hand, it is vastly more adaptable: it can stand more knocking about. France held out four years with the enemy no further from Paris than Oxford is from London; Germany collapsed as soon as invasion of Germany became seriously a menace.

There has to be strength in order that such manifestations of civilized life as the Coronation or the Paris Exhibition can take place with security; and in both the great democracies this is realized by the whole people. So far as foreign policy and military policy is concerned, M. Blum has the whole of France behind him. In Great Britain we may fairly say that the Government is at present regarded as a 'national' government; and there is plainly a widespread determination that social policy shall be conducted from a national, not a party, standpoint. The moral of Mr. Macmillan's speech was that it is necessary to be ready

**Strength in
Freedom**

against such a chance as the slackening of the armament race. Suppose we all give Scylla a wide berth and reduce war risks to a minimum, there is the Charybdis of widespread unemployment; and this is not a fanciful danger. Admittedly, it is very difficult for Germany to agree even that the balance should be fixed where it now stands: probably very difficult for France. But it is reasonably likely that if Germany and Italy are faced with a determination in both England and France to use wealth unsparingly, there will be a change of orientation. Once stop the race, and it would be possible to agree upon reducing the standard so that the same balance could be maintained with less provision of machinery. Herr Hitler—if he survived the change—could order his people to work at what he would, for what wage he chose to sanction. That would not be possible in England. The people would have to decide for themselves what is a living wage and what are the fair hours of work.

In England a social policy has been gradually elaborated by pressure between highly organized labour and on the whole reasonable capital. Men who can get work receive a wage higher than what is paid elsewhere in Europe; and men who cannot work get what in other countries would be acceptable wages. In France similar results have been obtained suddenly by so violent a change that the structure of business has been shaken. But in England and in France there is general agreement that willing workers must not be allowed to starve, and that conditions must be imposed on the employer. Further, we are in sight of a time when it will be admitted, even in the States which preserve individual freedom, that where private capital cannot or will not provide employment, the State shall do so. If another slump should come, the national conscience in Great Britain would not be contented by the dole. Even now it is clear enough that unless very drastic attempts are made to fertilize and reanimate the stagnant areas, political parties will split. A Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer with a Conservative Prime Minister has proposed an expenditure of fifteen hundred millions for armament. That has created a precedent. It has fixed a new scale of values. If fifteen hundred millions for national security is justifiable expenditure, what would be a reasonable outlay

**Towards 'Work
or Maintenance'**

to end chronic unemployment? Whiggish answers to that will not be tolerated.

The difference between the free countries and those where the State dominates through the will of an individual is that in the latter, effort is directed to a goal, and when that is attained, effort can slacken. Effort does not mean, in France or in England, any curtailment of the standard of living. It does not go beyond stopping the chance to save. But Germans must do without butter that Germany may have more guns. Yet it is not thinkable that there shall be a perpetual rationing of butter and a perpetual accumulation of guns. Some day Herr Hitler will either have to tell his people that the guns are to be used, or that their energies are to have a more normal direction than armament. But will the ascetic military ideal still be accepted? Or will Germany then want the English or French conditions of work and wages? The switch-over from production of war material to production of what can be peacefully utilized and consumed must be more abrupt when the concentration on it has been so tremendous.

Yet even for the free countries it is a formidable thing to contemplate. Production is easy enough; but how to get your markets? How to have the produce consumed? The problem for the free democracies is how to distribute wealth so as to multiply the numbers of those who can consume it; and the way which commends itself to Great Britain at large is certainly not to progress by rationing butter. The world which will see the Coronation next month is a kindlier world, less tolerant of human wretchedness than the one over which Queen Victoria presided. It is not so easy to be ignorant of other people's misery. Here is a good-humoured open-handed nation who have the most perfect detestation of war, yet are obliged to spend huge sums for new war material. They will not be content unless effort and outlay on the same scale are directed to ending the conditions which newspapers and broadcasters bring constantly to their notice.

There is for the moment a kind of pause and expectancy. Mr. Baldwin is going. It was in his nature never to do things unless he had to. That is, no doubt, the true Conservative attitude.

Mr. Chamberlain also counts as a Conservative; but he is his father's son, and his father was the least conservative of politicians. Joseph Chamberlain came into note as a social reformer who turned Birmingham from a slum into a city. His son, on the point of becoming Prime Minister, stands before the country as the man who has called on it to face this huge outlay for national security, and has told the country that it can well afford it. There has been no unwilling response; but nobody knows as yet how Mr. Chamberlain as Prime Minister will construe that phrase, "national security." Nobody knows whether he will take the line of saying that so great a strain on the national resources for armament will make it necessary to limit strictly the outlay whose purpose is social betterment. Answer to these questions must only be guess-work. But Joseph Chamberlain as a man of business did not hesitate to spend largely that Birmingham might have clean water and the rest: I do not think his son likely to limit the national outlay by any narrow estimate of the national resources. One would expect from him more decisive action to deal with the distressed areas than was to be looked for from Mr. Baldwin. But another matter is less clear to me. Are the fifteen hundred millions to go simply in securing Great Britain's hold on the Empire and its communications? Or is the peace of Europe to be regarded as a British interest which a re-armed Britain can defend, not in splendid isolation, but in honourable conjunction with the Powers, great and small, that share Great Britain's attachment to the League? The outside public has no means of knowing. It knows that Mr. Chamberlain is not a sentimentalist in language. They know also that he was one of the first to declare that further resistance to Italy's action in Abyssinia was impracticable. Yet one should be slow to conclude that Mr. Chamberlain, if he felt that he had power at command, would not use power to prevent lawless usurpation in Europe. Personally, I think he would give early intimation of his intention to act, and so would probably avoid the necessity for action.

He is not only his father's son, but the brother of his brother. How much one can build on that is uncertain; but this at least

is certain : Sir Austen Chamberlain dying has left behind him the name of a noble Englishman who was a good European. His devotion to France was well known to all, but I do not think it was anywhere regarded with jealousy. It was in his nature to work for appeasement, and the sense of utter loyalty that he created everywhere helped him at one crisis to an achievement which at this moment is undervalued. Locarno gave a respite of several years. More than that, it created a precedent or a model to which there may be a return. When the news of it came through, F. S. Oliver, one of his closest associates, said to me : " This has happened because Austen has been there for the last six months, oozing goodness out of him at every pore." In another difficult and almost hopeless attempt at reconciliation, he again made a kind of bridge because he was trusted. Oliver Gogarty in his brilliant book of Memoirs (*As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*) tells us Arthur Griffith's judgment during the negotiations for the Irish Treaty. " Chamberlain was the best of the whole lot. A clean and honest man." Very few English politicians ever got a good word from Arthur Griffith. Senator Gogarty pays his own eloquent tribute ; but all other homage becomes insignificant beside the expressions of regret in the House of Commons. Mr. Baldwin spoke as only he—and he only on occasion—can speak from the heart. Leaders of the other parties added their word, and finally, with a surprising dramatic touch, Mr. Maxton rose to say in two sentences, that because he often had to separate himself from the general sense of the House, he wished to make it clear on this occasion that what had been said by Mr. Baldwin and the others was said for every man among them. There are times when the House of Commons is a very likeable assembly.

In the Dominions, South Africa stands for a shining example at this Coronation time of what can be effected for reconciliation. Lord Clarendon departed in March amid a shower of bouquets to make way for a new Governor-General, Sir Patrick Duncan, chosen by the Dominion from within the Dominion. This custom, which I think began in the Irish Free State, has much to commend it—though Canada is well content with Lord Tweedsmuir.

A Good European

Ireland is not a happy instance of harmony in the Commonwealth and will not take formal part in the rejoicings. In fact, Ireland does not yet know where or how she stands in the Commonwealth, and waits meekly till Mr. de Valera shall tell us, through the forthcoming draft of a new Constitution—whose publication is delayed by the ritual observance of translating it into Gaelic. Public opinion in Ireland is apathetic : nobody likes the idea of advising a surrender on principle ; but everybody knows that there are two sides to the dispute, and I cannot but think that the interest of both countries might be served by submitting the economic or financial quarrel to American arbitration. The political one, concerning partition and the naval bases, can only be settled by long lapse of time.

India, with its staggering complications, cannot be expected to join fully in the imperial festivity : the decisions to be taken by Indians and India at this moment are too engrossing. Evidently there is conflict of opinions among Indian nationalists. The Congress party, representing a majority in the variegated mass, do not willingly accept the implication which is written into all the Constitution—that guardianship of minority rights must remain with the British power. These Orientals have accepted from Europe the extreme doctrine of democracy—everything to be settled by votes and everyone to have a vote ; and they refuse to admit that their community is not homogeneous even to the extent that Great Britain can be said to be, or the United States. Since the Constitution limits the absolute right of a majority to decide all issues for the entire mass—which is accepted in homogeneous States—they set their ingenuity to the task of wrecking the Constitution by constitutional means. Undoubtedly no constitution that works by voting will work unless the voters are willing to work for it, and the wreckers may succeed. But then comes the fact that Mr. Gandhi, who still counts for more in India than all the official Congress leaders, also believes in democracy and thinks that the essential for his people is to get experience of its working. Nevertheless he has, up to a point, endorsed the demand of the Congress leaders for a guarantee in advance that the Governors of the provinces will never use the powers which the Constitution orders them to use in certain circumstances.

Dominion Consciousness

There is evidently widespread feeling in India that if the Governor-General and Mr. Gandhi met in private discussion an accommodation might be reached. But each side stands on a punctilio of prestige and will not make the first move. At the back of the British attitude there must be recollection of what happened when Lord Halifax received Mr. Gandhi. Some British authorities hold that this proceeding led to grave trouble. It seemed to me then that the meeting between two men of good will avoided much disaster; and that Mr. Gandhi had the courage to make after that interview concessions to the English point of view which no other Indian could or would have made. Matters may be different now: the Mahatma, long withdrawn from active political life, may be unwilling to interfere with those who have organized and led the work of Congress. Yet the chance for any hopeful start of self-government in India on democratic lines probably depends on this: how urgently does Mr. Gandhi desire to see Indians, democratically elected, set to tackling the problems of their own administration—even with a certain limitation on their powers? A parliament grows: all our experience shows that shackles on its expansion soon drop off, unless they correspond to a real necessity. Lord Zetland's speech in the House of Lords indicated sufficiently the measures by which a majority government might dangerously offend feelings in a minority that they themselves could not share. It is at least conceivable that Mr. Gandhi might agree that in the special circumstances of India, which are unlike those of any other democracy, there should be an outside power of preventing majorities from infringing the rights of minorities—at least until those rights had become established by long usage.

A most picturesque episode of the forerunning time has been the *Divine Wind's* arrival, bearing greetings from that other populous island, half the world away. The Japanese have a

The Old Psychological Rift genius for courteous and significant gesture. One cannot but admire the mastery with which this new-old people use all that Europe has invented; and it is difficult to doubt their sagacity. Yet by their decision to disregard the agreed limit for the size of warships they challenge America to build against them. Sooner

than do that, England resigned a claim made good through many generations for supremacy on the seas. A challenge to European supremacy on this element coming from Japan is the one thing which would inevitably bring England and the United States into an understanding so close as to be almost an alliance. Admiration of Japan is always alloyed by an element of fear. Their gallantry and their patriotism go in concert with such appalling efficiency.

Mr. W. J. Blyton in *English Cavalcade* has hit on a seductive idea, anthologizing from what authors have written in prose or verse about the beauty of these island countries—for not only England, but Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, even the Isle of Wight, get separate treatment.

The English Rural Scene Still it is mainly England. The English do not like us of the outer peoples to say that we feel ourselves foreigners; yet Stevenson, quoted by Mr. Blyton, has that very thing to say: "A Scotsman may tramp the better part of Europe and the United States and never again receive so vivid an impression of foreign travel as on his first excursion into England." We recognize a strangeness—an enviable strangeness—in "the warm habitable age of towns and hamlets, the green settled look of the country." England was never since the Norman Conquest a "land of war," as Scotland was for centuries, and Ireland, alas! for centuries longer. Yet it is not only traces of history which discriminate the beauty of these three kingdoms, like and yet unlike: *facies non omnibus una, hec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum*. A salmon river in England has the same stately flow, the same noble rushes, as in Ireland or Scotland; but only in Devonshire can you catch salmon (I have been doing it) to the accompaniment of wild daffodils. Still the "rich warm valleys of Devon" and the "exquisite quiet of little towns in Somerset lost amid tilth and pastures" over which George Gissing rhapsodized (and Mr. Blyton anthologized him) are not really much more different from Connemara than from the Waste of Cumberland, or even from the country of which Mr. Boyd and Mr. Monkhouse write in their joint volume *Walking in the Pennines*—a welcome contribution to this branch of literature.

The thing can be done in two ways. Such a book may be the expression of intimate familiarity with a countryside, or it may have the sharpness of first impression and record a new contract. If I may be allowed the comparison, books of mine about Ireland and Mr. H. V. Morton's *I Discover Ireland* perfectly illustrate the difference, and unfortunately for me there is no question which is the more popular. But then Mr. Morton is a master in this kind; and the demand for it grows with the spread of travel. It is comic to find Mr. Hamilton Norway in his Yorkshire *Highways and Byways* lamenting over the spacious emptiness of the Great North Road. That was less than fifty years ago, when you would meet nothing but "the sleepy farmer jogging home from Doncaster in his gig." Heaven help the sleepy farmer nowadays on the Great North Road, or on any other road in England! *English Cavalcade* is the modern charge of the Light Brigade, and not much less destructive. Yet 'as the two "Pennine Rangers" insist in their very pleasant volume, for those who care to use their feet, England has endless room, and lovely privacies, even among the ugliest crowdings; and about them *Walking in the Pennines* is written, as it should be, with that desire to communicate a remembered enjoyment which is the true form of the artistic impulse.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

HAMLET WITHOUT THE PRINCE

By J. GLORNEY BOLTON

CORONATION COMMENTARY, by Geoffrey Dennis. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.

THE MAGIC OF MONARCHY, by Kingsley Martin. *Nelson*. 2s. 6d.

EDWARD VIII: HIS LIFE AND REIGN, by Hector Bolitho. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 10s. 6d.

THE CROWN OF ENGLAND, by the Hon. Ruairaidh Erskine of Marr. *Dent*. 6s.

THE CORONATION BOOK, by William Le Hardy. *Hardy & Reckitt*. 2s. 6d.

KING GEORGE VI, by Taylor Darbyshire. *Hutchinson*. 3s. 6d.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, by Lady Cynthia Asquith. *Hutchinson*. 3s. 6d.

EDWARD VIII, DUKE OF WINDSOR, by Basil Maine. *Hutchinson*. 3s. 6d.

THE THRONE OF BRITAIN, by Claud Golding. *Robert Hale*. 6s.

SALUTE THE KING, by Arthur Mee. *Hodder & Stoughton*. 3s. 6d.

JUNE might have seen the publication of many books on Queen Victoria. There must be a number of faded, torn, half-finished manuscripts on the Duchess of Kent and Uncle Leopold, Stockmar and Albert, the wicked uncles. The coronation has, at least, put the centenary of Queen Victoria's accession in the shade. While the Court stood perplexed and in half-mourning, some of these writers—who can doubt it?—quitted the events and personalities of 1837 for the event and the personality of 1937. Taking pen to a new ream of paper, or a new ream

of paper to typewriter, they began to extol the virtues and the charms of England's bachelor King.

Mr. Hector Bolitho, secure in his reputation as the author of *Albert the Good* and *Victoria the Widow and her Son*, appears to have finished the task of describing a Prince's childhood, his youth at Oxford and in the War, his young manhood devoted to arduous tours through the Dominions, India, Burma, and the Argentine. Then comes King George's death and the accession of the Prince Charming. By that time, to be sure, Mr. Bolitho knows what has happened. Charing Cross Road could share with Oxford Street the relief that the "crisis" ended so soon as last December, since the publishers' Spring Season is never in full swing until the middle of March. There was time for Mr. Bolitho to revise the scope of his manuscript. He could write freely of the estrangement between the monarch and the Prince of Wales, which was almost a permanent feature in the domestic relations of the House of Hanover. He could describe the withdrawn sympathies of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Prime Minister. He could stress the idiosyncrasies and ill-proportioned economies of the uncrowned king and write with a confident courage—if, indeed, it be courageous to deprecate the Duke of Windsor. Mr. Bolitho was too good a writer not to revise his manu-

script carefully and attempt a new display of unity. But craftsmanship demanded a replanned and rewritten book. Mr. Bolitho had not the time for this. He has caught the market, but he has not enhanced his literary reputation.

Mr. Ruairaidh Erskine of Marr has been rather less affected by the abdication. His mind and his carefully fostered and latinised style belong to the age of Queen Anne. Many of his sentences are more than a hundred words long and, unlike those of his master Bolingbroke, they are hard to read. The abdication does not disturb his serenity: "what the end to the movement which the abdication of King Edward has so greatly accelerated, and which his brother and successor on the throne of the English must witness, will be, no man can say immediately, nor would it be wise to offer any definite opinion on the matter."

That is certainly not the attitude of the other writers. Mr. William Le Hardy may regret that the admirable illustrations to his book on the coronation ceremonies relate exclusively to the coronation of King James the Second, who managed not only to be crowned but to avoid formal abdication. But Mr. Taylor Darbyshire, who wrote a book on the Duke of York, sees its reappearance as an authoritative life of the King, and Lady Cynthia Asquith's book on the Duchess of York has become the "intimate and authentic" life-story of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Basil Maine's book is virtually a revised edition of his *The King's First Ambassador*, and as Mr. Arthur Mee devotes only forty pages to King George the Sixth, he cannot complain that his change of loyalty has caused very much of his labour to be wasted. "Among the many accomplishments of King George VI," begins Mr. Claud Golding, "is one that is going to be of great value in the years to come. He knows all there is to be known about 'big business,' and if ruling an Empire cannot be described as 'big business,' it

is difficult to find a better description." For a cover Mr. Golding has an illustration of an ermine cloak, wrapped in cellophane, and on its back, where one expects to find the publisher's name, is the legend: "Marshall and Snelgrove."

From weakness to strength: for there remain the books by Mr. Kingsley Martin and Mr. Geoffrey Dennis. The value of Mr. Kingsley Martin's book is to some extent impaired by the merits of the Editor of the *New Statesman*, who certainly retained his sense of proportion during the "crisis," and who has not since found it necessary to revise his judgments. He would, however, reluctantly, support the Roundheads against the Cavaliers, Parliament against the King.

But in one of many illuminating passages Mr. Geoffrey Dennis shows that the issue between Parliament and the King did not, in fact, arise. An all-powerful Ministry never took Parliament into its confidence until it made sure that the King's abdication was final and irrevocable. Space does not permit anything like full consideration of this book—the only coronation book which deserves to be read, and re-read, in the years to come. Mr. Dennis's experiences in the Geneva Secretariat have helped him to see both the country and the prince he loved objectively. He has thought so deeply about the monarchy, he is so gifted with imaginative insight, that the most conservative of his readers will cease to resent his cinematographic style and admit that the abdication, itself rooted in history, was a symptom of a profound revolution in our political and social life. If only the acquaintance between the Prince and Mr. Dennis, begun at Oxford, had ripened into friendship there might have been different histories of December, 1936; of King Edward and Mr. Baldwin; of Parliamentary Government. King's Friends are not so dangerous as a King without a friend.

THREE STATESMEN

BY

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

BOLINGBROKE, by Sir Charles Petrie. Collins. 12s. 6d.

MIRABEAU: LOVER AND STATESMAN, by Pierre Nézélov. Translated from the French by W. B. Wells. Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.

TALLEYRAND, by Comte de Saint-Aulaire. Translated from the French by G. F. Lees and F. J. Stephens. Macmillan. 15s.

"Who now reads Bolingbroke?" Burke once asked. Burke might have answered his own question: "Every one should read Bolingbroke who would really understand me." To Burke the political opinions of Bolingbroke were, of course, anathema; Burke's *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents* was his answer to *The Idea of a Patriot King*, but we should never have had the majestic prose of Burke had he not studied closely the writings of Bolingbroke. Bolingbroke, in fine, occupies in the development of English prose a unique place, midway between Dryden and Burke, and it may be that he will live longer in the history of English literature than in the history of English politics.

Yet his place in English politics is an important one, and Sir Charles Petrie has done well to remind us of it. Bolingbroke owes his place, however, less to his actual achievements on the field of political battle than to his political writings, to which, it seems to me, Sir Charles does something less than justice. Sir Charles gives us, indeed, copious extracts from *The Dissertation on Politics*, but *The Idea of a Patriot King* is dis-

missed in a couple of paragraphs, and to the important *Letter to Sir William Windham*, he devotes no more than a sentence or two. One calls to mind the estimate pronounced on Bolingbroke by Disraeli: "He eradicated from Toryism all those absurd and odious doctrines which Toryism had adventitiously adopted, clearly developed its essential and permanent character, discarded *jure divino*, demolished passive obedience, threw to the winds the doctrine of non-resistance, placed the abolition of James and the accession of George on their right bases, and in the complete reorganization of the public mind laid the foundation for the future accession of the Tory party to power."

Of Bolingbroke, the man and the politician, Sir Charles Petrie, making admirable use of material only recently accessible, has drawn a faithful and vivid portrait.

Bolingbroke was less bad and less great than Mirabeau, but the two men had several points in common. Both were exceptionally endowed with brains; both were prolific writers (though Mirabeau was not on the same plane as an author as Bolingbroke); both were great orators; both were failures politically; and in both cases political failure was due primarily to lack of character.

In moral depravity Bolingbroke could not indeed compete with Mirabeau. *Mirabeau; Lover and Statesman*, is the title of M. Nézélov's book. "Lover"

seems hardly the appropriate word for a man who had the morals of a tom-cat. But if it was the biographer's object to exhibit Mirabeau as an unmitigated scoundrel, unrestrained from lechery by any twinge of conscience; a bad son, a bad husband, a disloyal and ungrateful friend—if this was M. Nézelov's object, he has only too adequately succeeded.

It is, however, much to be regretted that he has devoted more than two-thirds of his book to the "lover," and only one-third to the statesman. The more so as in the concluding portion of the book we have something of real value. Personally (though my reading on the subject has been fairly wide) I have never read anything on the early stages of the French Revolution more vivid than M. Nézelov's pages. He never forgets that he is writing biography, or loses the main thread of his narrative; but the picture which he draws of the States-General and the Constituent Assembly is graphic and arresting. The men and women who played their parts on that historic stage are, in M. Nézelov's hands, no mere puppets. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, Necker and Calonne, Bailly and Barnave, Lafayette and Camille Desmoulins, M. de la Marck and, above all, Mirabeau. We forget the monster of depravity, too faithfully portrayed in the earlier part of this volume; we see only the great statesman, the superb orator, subduing with his torrential eloquence, his merciless logic, his irresistibly beautiful voice, the great assembly which an hour before had been ready to hang him on the nearest lamp-post. In that Assembly Mirabeau was not only the dominating orator, he was the greatest, the only really great, constructive statesman.

Mirabeau died, an old man at forty, less than two years after the meeting of the States-General, less than two years before the murder of the King. Could he have saved France? If so, he might have saved Europe twenty-five years of war.

But could he, if spared, have done it? The answer must remain in doubt; but this is certain: if Mirabeau could not have done it, nobody could.

If Mirabeau has much in common with Bolingbroke, Talleyrand has much in common with Mirabeau. Both were aristocrats by birth; both were richly endowed with brains; both had physical defects, both were, nevertheless, irresistible to women, and both made very ample use of their powers of fascination. But, if Mirabeau, like Bolingbroke, was a failure in politics, Talleyrand's career was one of almost uninterrupted success.

In the sphere of diplomacy Talleyrand has had few equals, and no superior. His perfidy towards his employees was, indeed, shameless. He betrayed the clergy who had sent him as their representative to the States-General; a Minister under the Directory he plotted its overthrow and played a foremost part in the *coup d'état* of 18th Brumaire; the confidential servant of Napoleon he betrayed his master; though he favoured "moderation" in 1815, he intrigued with the "ultras" against Louis XVIII; the champion of "legitimacy" he helped the usurping Orleanist to supplant the legitimate Charles X. Nevertheless, though he was consistently faithless to individuals, he was consistently loyal to France.

This is the man of whom we have a full length portrait drawn by Comte de Saint-Aulaire, himself a distinguished French diplomatist. His book is full of good stuff, but (at any rate in its English dress) it is curiously lacking in graces of style, and consequently it calls for some perseverance to realize how good it is. There are, moreover, one or two rather astonishing statements, e.g. (p. 210) that England "was not represented in the Council of the Coalition" (1812-15). Who but Castlereagh had kept the Coalition together, had dominated the Congress of Châtillon and negotiated the Treaty of Chaumont?

THE I.C.S.

By SIR H. VERNEY LOVETT

THE I.C.S.: THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, by Sir Edward Blunt, K.C.I.E., O.B.E., with a foreword by the Rt. Hon. Lord Hailey, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., *Faber*. 8s. 6d.

THE main object of this book is, in Lord Hailey's words, to inform candidates for the I.C.S. "what is actually the work which falls to a civilian in India," to show them that it is "the kind of work in which a man can feel pride and a sense of responsibility. The old unquestioning faith is not easy today," for great changes are being initiated. How will these changes affect the desirability of the I.C.S. as a profession for Englishmen?

Sir Edward Blunt, an ex-official who has a long and varied record of distinguished labour in the United Provinces to his credit, glances over the history of the past, a tale told in 1931, by Mr. L. O'Malley, a retired Civil Servant from Bengal described in a foreword by Lord Zetland as "informative and extraordinarily interesting," which our author places first in his bibliography. Here he summarizes the story and brings it up to date with the aid of other authorities, adding pictures of day-to-day administration in his own provinces, drawn from first hand experience and accompanied by shrewd comments. His contacts with the people have been close and varied, and the spirit of his observations is understanding and sympathetic. One of his most interesting descriptions is that of census operations in 1931, "a triumph of good will . . ." Nowhere can we see more clearly the underlying temper of the masses, their real attitude towards the British Raj when care is exercised to see that cruel advantage is not taken of their gullibility, or of their liability to intimidation.

In Chapter V the author gives a succinct account of administration in London, Delhi, and the Provincial capitals, pointing out that from 1784 to 1919, provincial governments were in law merely subordinate agents of the Governor-General in Council, but that up to 1858 they enjoyed in practice a large amount of independence as communications were in those days slow and difficult, and there were no ready means of access from the centre to all parts of the circumference. But from 1859, with the advent of the railway and the telegraph, centralization became effective, and the central government "interfered everywhere. Regardless of differences of custom, language, and economic conditions, it tried to shape all provinces in the same administrative mould." The implied indictment is, in my opinion, overdrawn, but is in essence true. Much, however, may be forgiven, when account is taken of the fact that this government "turned chaos into order, substituted the rule of law for the rule of force, and pressed western science into the service of India. The people understood it, and on the whole approved of it; even its critics gave it ungrudging admiration." I may add that it carried India successfully through the greatest war in history, and that when that war arrived it was received with a remarkable outburst of loyalty and energetic sympathy from India which disagreeably surprised the enemies of England and drove Indian extremism into holes and corners. But an Indian nationalism which had been born under the old regime was naturally quickened by various events during those years of prolonged and widespread struggle. To meet its advancing claims the Declaration of August, 1917, was made, the

Montagu-Chelmsford reforms were devised, and by the Government of India Act of 1919 the nature of the administration was "entirely changed, especially in the provinces" which were invested with considerable independence. By the recent Act of 1935, "another stage and a long one" has been taken on the road of India's constitutional progress. The provinces, as autonomous units, have been endowed with new and far-reaching powers and the centre has been readjusted to meet altered circumstances.

Meantime, as we learn from Chapter VI, the district officer, who is the linchpin of the administration, has daily been going forth to his work and to his labours. "Since 1920 he has suffered many troubles of his own, for he has had to prevent, as well as he could with diminished authority, the breakdown of a constitution which, as he saw it, sacrificed everything, including the welfare of the people for which he was responsible to political expediency." Although "many lost heart and some losing hope, retired prematurely," the administrative machine saved the constitution from breakdown (p. 120); and while Sir Edward Blunt hopes for and expects brighter times under the new constitution, he strongly emphasises the continued and vital importance of British standards and the British element in the administration. His teaching may best be summed up in the words of Lord Willingdon, spoken at the Wee School on July 25th, 1936:

The work of the Indian Civil Service is the finest, the greatest and the most engrossing service in any part of the Empire. I can say with some knowledge of India that this service will go on for a great many years because the Indian people want us to stay.

I have endeavoured to bring out the main features of this valuable book which also contains much useful information on subsidiary subjects.

EUROPE IN ARMS, by Liddell Hart. *Faber & Faber.* 12s. 6d.

PROBLEMS dealing with defence are much to the fore at the moment, and so this volume comes at an opportune moment. The various studies which it contains have already been published, mostly in *The Times*. Written in an easy style, the various little essays, for they are best defined in this fashion, fit in aptly enough under the four headings into which the book is divided.

After an introductory chapter, which is in effect, no more than a persuasive plea for rearmament, the author opens in Part I with a critical review of the various armed forces of Europe. He sums up fairly enough the merits and defects of the chief European armies. But does he allow sufficiently for the fact that all this increase of military training and of military effectives is also designed to meet a political need; also to serve as an instrument of national education? In Germany, at least, there is surely no misapprehension as to the potentialities of the new air arm as a possibly and decisive instrument in war; the large effectives that are now being trained in the army, moreover, may be destined for the less glorious rôles of anti-aircraft defence and of the control of the population as a whole, whilst only selected mechanized and other units might serve as the active, mobile, combatant force. Military thought in Europe is unquestionably tending to a solution of this type.

Part II of the book is perhaps the best section of it. In plain, simple language the author sets out the case for and against the capital ship. Again, he similarly treats the cognate problem of the position of Britain in the Mediterranean Sea. The account he gives of the British naval dispositions in those waters during the Italo-Abyssinian War makes good reading. The remaining chapters all tend to the study of the question, "What does Britain need to conduct a War in the future?" It is perfectly

clear that the whole character of warfare has been radically affected by the development of new weapons—warships, guns, tanks, aeroplanes. It is becoming equally clear that, in view of these developments, no future war can be limited to the struggle between armed forces on land. The food supply of nations, the entire national apparatus for the production of war material—or even the means available for its conveyance and supply—are all targets for future combatant operations.

It is, therefore, a question as to how far the whole nature of war has altered in a way that is not rendering obsolete all the accepted methods of warfare, even those that were in use in 1918. The fact is there is need to study war as a whole and to deduce its future manifestations so as to renovate the whole theory of war, as hitherto understood, together with its weapons.

In the final portion of this book Captain Liddell Hart puts forward some forecasts, ending with the statement, "there is reasonable hope that another war may produce the collapse of the attack before the collapse of civilization." Beyond this point he does not venture to proceed. Yet, if his reasoning is correct, there is no doubt that Europe is faced with the dilemma that war under modern conditions of industry and science is becoming an impracticable state. The resources of war machinery have enslaved the mental and physical capacity of man. Such destruction as a modern military organism can deal is also becoming a double-edged weapon. The unknown factors are overweighting all the known data on which any future war can be planned. Unless there be a radical disparity in combatant resources of every kind between two belligerents, it may well be that, in spite of huge armaments and much sabre-rattling, no European statesman will be found prepared to let loose a war on Europe. As against this view there are two possi-

bilities, neither of which Captain Liddell Hart considers; in the first place there is in progress, in the totalitarian states at least, a system of national education which is so biased that it might drive a nation into war because it has become sufficiently ignorant as to the true risks of war, and so persuaded as to the necessity of a military victory, that its rulers might be incapable of restraining popular frenzy: secondly, there is a real danger that the conflict of violently antagonistic political creeds might force a government into an *impasse* where the gamble of a successful war might constitute the sole hope for its own survival.

H. G. DE WATTEVILLE.

AS I WAS WALKING DOWN SACKVILLE STREET, by Oliver Gogarty. *Rich & Cowan.* 16s.

OSTENSIBLY this is a book of reminiscences, a record of Irish, Scottish, and London life, in our time, told in the form of endless conversations. But what it has become, in effect, is a chain of witticisms, and, above all, like *Ulysses*, a self-nudation. Gogarty, like Moore, has sacrificed himself to immortality. For that reason alone I do believe that this, if not a book for everybody, is a book for ever.

It has, I gather, provoked the most intense argument for and against. Dublin devours it, by day and by night, and is either enchanted or is perversely reversing Garrick on Goldsmith:

Here lies Oliver Gogarty

For shortness called Olly.

He talked like an angel:

He wrote it: 'twas folly.

For once Dublin is more eloquent when silent, engrossed in seeing itself taken by the throat. (Dr. Gogarty is a throat specialist.)

Yet the very sight of those three hundred large pages should suggest that

if Montaigne, Swift, Rabelais, Wilde, La Rochefoucauld, and Oliver Gogarty walked down Sackville Street at the same leisurely pace, all arm in arm, not to bore one another would be a triumph of wit. Gogarty has the tongue of an angel: do his critics take him for a hydra-headed archangel? If there are occasional *longueurs* in his book—and there are—if the fountain of humour sinks from time to time, it never ceases to be a fountain, and the most irrepressibly entertaining fountain imaginable. And it is so true that wits do bore, occasionally! That, indeed, is the justification of everything in this book—of its acidities, vulgarities, flunkeyisms, deep loyalties, sudden passions, brilliancies, inconsistencies, sentimentalities, that it is a genuine self-portrait, a Confiteor, an ablution, even a vomit. It is an un-deliberate *Confessions of a Young Man*. One suspects that it is trying to be disingenuous all the time, to play a rôle.

But there is no rôle. Or it is a rôle played with such an inverted simplicity of mind that Simplicity thinks itself less recognizable for standing on its head. But Gogarty should have remembered that every Irish wit writes with his head between his legs—the Celtic Anthropophagus—"They walk with their heads below their shoulders." So, Shaw, so Wilde. The fruit is too heavy for the branch. *The Bending of the Bough*.

But let us see a typical run:

Patent medicine is the English patent. Liverpool to London, judging by advertisements for food, purgatives, and hygienic porcelain, is an intestinal tract. The most amazing results are promised: you can lose pounds by taking a patent form of Glauber's salts, or put on pounds by taking the same salts. Agonizing aches in people unseen by the patenteer disappear, regardless of idiosyncrasy or a positive Wassermann. And an Englishman believes all this! His empty churches would be filled twice over by the faith he wastes on the permutations and importance of his lower bowel. And yet, in spite of his faith in one medicine for many unseen and unknown diseases, he cannot accept miracles; he burks at the infallibility of the Pope, but unquestioningly accepts the infallibility of the pill. "Just as much as will fit on a three-penny piece," instead of as many angels as will stand on the point of a needle.

Do you smell Chesterton? Smell him not. Chesterton would have believed all that. It is in any case, illustrative, and with Dan Leno we may have our laugh whether we "believe it or not." So Oliver keeps on walking down Sackville Street and one regrets it when he hops into his Rolls—it would be a Rolls!—and vanishes into thin air, the substance of a dream. It is not a book of reminiscences in any ordinary sense. It has a fine scorn for the obvious. It is utterly individualist. It offers no conclusions. In the beginning was Oliver and in the end. The arrogance of it is entirely justifiable.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

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PURCELL, by J. A. Westrup. (The Master Musicians.) Dent. 4s. 6d.

So little is known of the life-story of England's greatest composer that it was only to be expected fiction should attempt to make up for the lack of fact. One of the merits of Mr. Westrup's volume is that it strips this fiction away, leaving us with nothing that cannot be verified by research. Such a spare narrative may be a handicap from the popular point of view, but musicians will be grateful. Moreover, Mr. Westrup is so well read in the history of the period that he is able to compensate the reader somewhat for a necessarily meagre portrait of the composer himself by supplying a vivid and authentic account of those conditions under which he worked. Such conditions were almost entirely dictated by the Court, the Stage, and the Church, during the reigns of Charles II, James II, and William and Mary; and here Mr. Westrup knows his ground thoroughly.

It is perhaps indicative of the frailty of art's hold on life that, although Purcell wrote the music for as many as fifty dramas (not to mention instrumental music, songs, anthems, and so forth), it was not until the foundation of the Purcell Society in 1876 that this music began to be made accessible for performance. Even now we are in the main ignorant of his music. It would be easy to blame the innate conservatism of singers, conductors and producers, and there is no doubt that they are still chary of giving Purcell an adequate hearing; but such blame would not really hit the mark. The truth is that much of Purcell's music, like much of Handel's, is often unsuitable to the modern appetite, being incidental to plays that hold no further appeal or else considerably minimized in its attraction by being tethered to the occasional and fatuous verse of royal welcome songs and birthday odes. Nevertheless, such

operas as *Dido and Aeneas*, *The Fairy Queen*, *The Indian Queen*, and *King Arthur* ought not to be left to the mercy of remote and private performances. Why does not the B.B.C., which otherwise does so much for music, help to familiarize the nation with the music that really is its birthright? And one would have thought that Purcell, of all composers, might have been suitably represented on the stage and in the concert-hall during this year of the Coronation.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Westrup's scholarly book, with its picture of the times and detailed analysis of the music, will do something to right the present wrong. Such a "life" was urgently needed, and the publishers are to be congratulated on including it in a series the cheapness of which makes it available for all. Mr. Westrup's analysis of the music is illustrated with frequent and pertinent examples, and his valuable appendices include a complete catalogue of Purcell's works. If, in avoiding any suggestion of that fanciful attitude which has hitherto marred the books about this and most other composers, he has perhaps gone a little too far in the other direction, it is at least a fault on the right side. "The man himself is in his music, and that insistent evidence of personality digs us out of our complacency, compels attention and holds our love." And Mr. Westrup will have done much for his idol and for English music as a whole if he helps to restore the art of one whom a contemporary called "the delight of the nation and the wonder of the world." For Purcell is English to the core; and if he does not always transcend as easily as Bach and Haydn the conditions imposed upon his art by the circumstances in which it was written, at least we have no better music. And "what no one will fail to find in Purcell at his best is a spring of life, a vitality that glows with the effect of the whole man."

C. HENRY WARREN.

LODGERS IN SWEDEN, by Romilly and Katherine John. *Faber & Faber.* 12s. 6d.

THE standard for travel books has risen amazingly during the past few years. Hack works based on a fortnight's tour in a foreign country, followed by a month's reading in the British Museum, no longer have a chance. Their place is now being taken by lively and intelligent personal records, written by people who have troubled to use their eyes and brains and have been at pains to learn the language of the country described. So much nonsense has been printed about Sweden by guide-book compilers that it is refreshing to come across a book which gives a recognizable picture both of the land and its people, and neither ignores their faults nor underestimates their virtues. The Johns divided their six months in Sweden between Stockholm, a remote hamlet in Värmland, and a fishing village on the West Coast. They succeeded in learning a good deal of Swedish; they made friends; they formed their own judgments. A delightful ripple of amusement runs through their pages and it is improbable that their candid but friendly criticisms will make them enemies. The Swedes have the pardonable human weakness of boasting of all the virtues they do not happen to possess and taking modestly for granted all the qualities in which, in fact, they excel.

Many English visitors, out of politeness, accept them at their own valuation and return to England repeating like parrots what they have been told about the excellence of Swedish education, Swedish honesty, Swedish hospitality, the "high standard of living," the superiority of the Swedish *cuisine*, the enlightened System which controls the sale of alcohol and so forth. Actually "education," as the word is understood in England and the Latin countries, scarcely exists in Sweden, more's the pity. Although there is not much actual destitution among the working-classes and comparatively little unemployment, the "standard of living" of the inflated middle-class is far below that of England or France. Almost every one who possesses a spare room lets lodgings. Swedish food, though attractively presented, is inferior in quality; and the Swedes have not yet agreed upon civilized hours for eating it. The famous Bratt System for controlling the sale of alcohol (which does not seem to have bothered the Johns, who never even learnt how to spell "snaps," the chief national stimulant) is more maddeningly idiotic even than our own licensing regulations. The worst aspects of Swedish life are its outward respectability and its terrible monotony. For this reason the intelligent Swede, of either sex, like the Scotch, the Irish and the Welsh, gladly becomes, when escape is possible, an "absentee patriot."

Sweden's most valuable exports are her nationals. The industry, efficiency, reliability and Nordic virtues of the race find their fullest scope away from home. Although the Johns refrain from careless raptures and were not impressed by much that they were invited to admire, they seem to have been conscious of the peculiar, unseizable charm of what is, in some ways, the most "petty bourgeois" of the Scandinavian countries.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

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LETTERS TO A FRIEND, by Winifred Holtby. Edited by Alice Holtby and Jean McWilliam. *Collins.* 10s. 6d.

THE gallant personality of Winifred Holtby had its own place in the London of yesterday, for there was no one who in any way could be compared with her. She was a product of the Yorkshire community, described in her posthumous novel *South Riding*, and displayed in her noble physique the unspoiled Norse strain that is still to be found on our North Sea coast. In the last year of the War she left Somerville College to join a WAAC unit in France, returned to Oxford in 1919, and served an enthusiastic apprenticeship to letters while coaching pupils, lecturing in the University Extension field, and speaking up and down the land with all the force of her eager conviction for the League of Nations Union. Her vitality was astonishing, and her versatility the envy of her associates. By every one who came within the range of her glowing spirit she was admired and beloved without reserve, and her death in 1935, at the age of thirty-eight, was the going out of a radiance that we cannot forget.

In 1920, while still at college, Winifred Holtby began writing to the friend who had been her superior officer in the WAACS. Miss Jean McWilliam had gone to South Africa, and she became head of a now famous school in Pretoria. It is to her that all the letters in this volume are addressed, and she has shared the editing with Mrs. Holtby. Coming from Winifred Holtby they could not be other than they are—a day-to-day record of her high spirits and abundant living, and her swift taking hold of the opportunities of London. She had no luck with her short stories, nor did she make a hit with any early novel. Her own opinion clearly was that she did not deserve to. Success, however, came quickly after a joyous speaking tour in South Africa, and then the gods allowed her only eight years for the spending of

her talents and her overflowing affections.

"Your letters are wonderfully interesting: I keep them all," she wrote to her friend in 1922. That is something of a tell-tale sentence. Winifred Holtby was a copious correspondent. She certainly found delight in letter-writing, as in every other chosen activity. But it is not possible to read this series without seeing that the mail to Capetown was for a her a fortunate opportunity for regular literary exercise. Not seldom she adopts a self-conscious air, and there are descriptions, both of urban and rural scenes, which read like passages designed for later use. That, of course, is entirely legitimate, and I have marked many pages that would shine in any novel—as, for instance, descriptions of life in the homes and streets of Bethnal Green. There is a delightful vignette of Mr. Winston Churchill on the platform, and we get sketches of her elders and contemporaries which are at once vivid and just. Winifred Holtby's literary tastes in books and music, as revealed here, would obviously have undergone drastic revision if she had lived. It is notable that her political mind matured with remarkable rapidity as soon as she added editorial writing to her platform work on behalf of a sane and generous international order.

It is greatly to be regretted that the letters were not submitted to correction by an expert eye. Excision here and there would have been an improvement, and some explanatory notes are needed. Winifred Holtby's spelling was a joke to herself, but it is plain that many of the blunders scattered through the volume are due to careless transcription. There can be no excuse for the misprinting of a dozen or more famous and familiar names: e.g., Brahms, Hanotaux, Philip Snowden, Michael Sadleir, Graham Wallas, and even the best-known contemporary novelist of the Jones clan.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

THE 20TH CENTURY IN THE FAR EAST, by P. H. B. Kent. *Arnold*. 16s.
400 MILLION CUSTOMERS, by Carl Crow. *Hamish Hamilton*. 10s. 6d.

MR. KENT arrived in China when the mess and misery of the Boxer rising was being cleaned up, and for many years he has been a prominent personality in Tientsin, intimate with most of the leading Chinese and foreigners. With his clear, easy style and judicial mind he has given us an admirable survey of the problems of the Far East, which, as he emphasizes on the first page, have an equally direct and personal interest for the West.

Much of the book is occupied with a historical retrospect, showing how the present situation has come about. Though the Revolution of 1911 overthrew the Manchus easily enough—they knew as all China did that they had exhausted the “mandate of Heaven”—it succeeded in nothing else. Sun Yat-sen, despite his magnetic personality, was totally devoid of constructive ability. After Yuan Shih-kai's death China lapsed into a welter of civil wars and was only brought to her senses by the shock of the Japanese seizure of Manchuria in 1931.

That year, Mr. Kent well says, will one day be seen as one of the great turning-points in history. If Russia had not inexcusably intervened in 1895 to deprive Japan of the lawful fruits of her victory over China, it is very likely that the Japanese would never have started on that mainland expansion which has caused so many anxieties, to themselves now as well as to others.

There can be little doubt that Japan stands in a most delicate position. Russia's immemorial land hunger, as sharp under Soviet as under Empire, has led her to overrun and virtually annex Outer Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan and to build up huge armaments in Eastern Siberia. The Japanese thus find themselves compelled to try to

extend their power over Inner Mongolia and North China, both for economic reasons—since Manchuria is a heavy and ceaseless expense and North China is full of the things they want—and on strategic grounds.

But China is no longer what she was in 1931. The extraordinary vitality of her recovery and the real national unity she has discovered are well shown in Mr. Kent's pages. She is in no mood to submit further to Japan's exactions and has shown it plainly. What now will Japan do? Mr. Kent believes that a gesture by the West would be enough to decide the issue. Others may believe that it will be settled by the Japanese themselves, who show a strong disposition to put a check upon their military men, as they actually did in connexion with similar mainland ambitions in 1922.

Mr. Carl Crow is not interested in politics. Even civil wars and boycotts he regards philosophically: in the long run, like the lickings by Tom Sawyer's Aunt Sally, they “don't amount to shucks.” As an advertising agent for many years he has been brought into the closest touch with all classes and qualities of the Chinese, and these he describes with infinite gusto and reality. With allowance for Mr. Crow's lively wit, here indeed are the Chinese. A more delightful book could not be imagined.

From it you may learn of the invincible conservatism of the Chinese—what his grandfather liked, he likes and his grandson will like; of his complete subservience to family dictation; of his ingrained distrust of personal responsibility and dependence on collective security; of his amazing resource in getting out of a tight place: and of how he can sell articles at cost price and still make a fortune.

Among so many good stories quotation is impossible; but one particularly likes the tale of the two coolies who made a large sum by buying up the special

supplement of a foreign newspaper as fast as it was printed, because its enormous size enabled it to be sold as waste paper at a profit of 25 dollars per 1,000 copies. Not knowing what had happened, the paper's proprietors were innocently delighted at the huge demand. But very few people ever saw that supplement, except the paper's regular subscribers, and the ingenious coolies.

O. M. GREEN.

HARVEST OF THE MOOR, by Margaret Leigh. *Bell*. 8s. 6d.

MISS LEIGH's previous book, *Highland Homespun*, dealt with ten years of farming in the Western Highlands. It was interesting for the light it threw on the relics of the crofting system and mentality in a country too steep for the appliances of big business agriculture. Her present book is about farming on the edge of Bodmin Moor in Cornwall; but as she has been there only eighteen months, the book relies more, obviously, on the narrative of work and the writer's own reflections. Our interest being centred on the writer's actual farming problem, there is one point on which she might have been more specific for a start—the reason for swapping the Highlands for Cornwall. She had to give up Achnabo, she says, just when it was beginning to turn the corner, on account of expense. Certainly the acreage at Trenoweth is much smaller, but much of the former land was waste and wood, she had it on generous terms, her labour bill seems to be about the same as before, and her heart, obviously, is still in the Highlands. Without doubting that the reason was as given, one feels that it needed more specifically under-lining in a book of this kind.

There are three things which contribute to the tone of the present book; a love of wild places and meditation, a

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DENT

zest for action for its own sake—scythe, axe, horse-back, and a “beggars-can’t-be-choosers” sort of gusto with which she flings herself into Milk Marketing Board dairying and business farming generally.

These put a stress of their own into an otherwise plain tale of daily doings. Although bound to modern processes Miss Leigh is a crofter at heart, and hankers for a less scheduled existence. “That it were possible to purchase freedom with simplicity!” is the undercurrent of her theme. That is why she is a woman of the moor and mountain; she loves the places where in the past men have lived with a minimum of money-exchange, where little interposed between the work and its human ends.

Her holding of forty acres is high up on the edge of the moor, which offers much rough grazing and many an excuse for excursions on horseback to round up cattle, and excursions of the mind over a prospect of the sea or sky. For the rest, civilization rattles its corrugated iron at her, but the primeval Cornish wind whistles through the book and drowns even that. The road ends before it reaches the farm, and the gap of stones and mud, in which lorries stick and have to be hauled out by the horse, is both exasperating to the business side of her and satisfying to the world-losing one. Coming south she found her experience of Highland haymaking useful, for she struck, in 1936, one of the wettest seasons in memory. She imported Guernsey cows to her windy height, and despite neighbours’ forebodings they justified the experiment. There are the ups and downs of pigs and poultry, with all the time an eye to the timeless moor on which “I dream of ranching, and pray meantime for more money, so that we may jettison the clanking churns and buy Galloways, and sit on ponies waiting for them to calve and rear their calves to maturity.”

ADRIAN BELL.

THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE, by Sir John Squire. Heinemann! 8s. 6d.

“WE have to inform the public of a remarkable discovery,” wrote Leigh Hunt in 1820—the discovery being, that there were “large tracts of England undiscovered,” waiting to be explored, on foot.

But the nineteenth century was to make up for all this. From Hazlitt to R. L. S., the pleasures of tramping the country were rammed home, till Max Beerbohm, starting a reaction, wrote of the bestialising influence of walking for pleasure. Walking dropped out, and cars came in, so that a generation later, it has become necessary to re-discover that even though the sound of traffic is never completely blotted out, walking for pleasure is still possible.

Sir John Squire is one of these pioneers. “We are transported,” says Leigh Hunt, “to hear the linnets, thrushes and blackbirds; the grave gladness of the bee.” Sir John can still hear that sound, and the brass chords of the town band in the distance playing the old tune about the bee and the honeysuckle only intensify the country essence, and make more vivid the thoughts about the past which walking engenders.

This is, in fact, a book of reminiscence mixed with observations of the English country—unoriginal enough in theme for the reason of its success to be worth explaining.

To start with the plan. The book is written round a real walk, a contemporary walk, and this framework, the walk part, is itself good. Without wasting time over too-easy attacks on the monstrosity of modern main roads or the unpicturesque uniformity of contemporary pubs, the author describes the face of England as it is, not as someone thinks it ought to be. He even experiments with that great walking-tour question—whether the agony of the interminable slog out of London is recompensed by the sense of having

earned your pleasure at getting away from it. He actually sets out from London *along the Kingston By-pass and Portsmouth Road* to Guildford, and is thereby able to appreciate, when he gets there, the comparative virginity of that other Surrey which is *not* “all villa-dom, sand, golf courses and Woking.”

Out of the Portsmouth Road emerges a character—a tramp (“the poor old man bad boots he has”)—who talks of the great Keats and the great Marie Corelli in one breath; and out of the tramp incident arise reflections, and descriptions of other kinds of tramps, and reflections, and so on. I have no doubt this plan, like every other, has its literary forbears. There is something of Hazlitt in it, down even to the genially unacademic misquotation of Spenser at the beginning of the book: but there is no doubt it is extraordinarily successful.

As for the reminiscences—this informal method, deliberately chosen, allows the Squire excellences to work freely to the surface. Only a few lines of poetry: but many pictures—of Saintsbury very old, and Rupert Brooke very young. T. E. Hulme at a *salon* in Soho. Aneurin Williams—and for him a background description of a Fabian-Dolmetschy Hindhead of twenty-five years ago. Even better descriptions sometimes of things which the author has never seen but only imagined—such as the inside of the local museum, which never happened to be open at the right moment, “where there may be a Cromwellian pike, or some Polynesian paddles, or some little yellow snakes, woolly in bottles.”

This, of course, is parody: and there are scraps of genuine Squire parodies (of Yellow Book authors); and then a paragraph which makes you want to collect beetles; and another (by the author of *The Birds*) which makes you want to learn how to recognize the nuthatch. Then a bit of cricket reminis-

cence. Then a memory, from just after the Wilde trial, of hearing the word “Oscar” shouted by roughs at Billingsgate. Then people, again.

There is no doubt that Sir John has known a great many interesting men. But it is equally certain that the value of the book does not depend on that. On the whole, it is a record of unastounding tastes and enjoyments; but familiar pleasures are here actually re-animated for us by being placed in the context of a distinct and expressive personality.

STEPHEN POTTER.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, edited and translated by H. E. Butler. Jonathan Cape. 15s.

THE twelfth century was profoundly articulate. From it come Memoirs, Chronicles, Treatises of all kinds, and Autobiographies in a prodigal flow which presents to the historian such a store of rich material that he is as yet thoroughly embarrassed by it. Some day all the available documents will have been sorted and classified, and the more important be made generally available. But that day is still distant, though it is brought nearer by such work as this of Mr. Butler’s. His contribution to the process is among the happiest. For to him has fallen the lot of translating a document which is not only of profound importance to the specialist, but which also presents to the more general public an odd character, who is so amusing and yet so sympathetic, that they are urged, in their own interests, to make his acquaintance as soon as they can.

Giraldus Cambrensis (who for some queer reason is never called Gerald of Wales, though we never think of speaking of Johannes Sarisberiensis, but always John of Salisbury) was an immensely vain, vastly human Welsh Archdeacon. He had studied in Paris, Oxford, and Lincoln, where, to judge from his own

account of the matter, he became the most learned and the most versatile scholar since the Flood. He was also more than a little of a Welsh Nationalist, and is one of the very few twelfth century writers who can find good words to say of the Welsh. Most of this autobiography, for instance, is given to a long account of how he fought valiantly for the independence of the Welsh Church against the Archbishop of Canterbury, who not only wanted to bring all Wales within the orbit of his authority but to give the Welsh very bad bishops as well.

In this long conflict Giraldus found his life's work, and when he came to write his autobiography it was naturally in this that he was most interested, and so he gave most of his space to it. But he has much to say about schools and universities, about Ireland, which he visited several times, and about the general flavour of the scholastic and ecclesiastical life of his day. Mr. Butler has translated his Latin into an English prose which faithfully reflects the raciness of the original; and he has introduced us to the twelfth-century worthy with whom, above all others, we feel ourselves at home. Bernard of Clairvaux, the greatest of them all, is too austere for general company; John of Salisbury too learned for familiarity; Thomas Becket too formidable for friendship. But with Giraldus one can be a familiar friend, laughing at him and with him, and in the process learning much about the world he lived in.

ROGER LLOYD.

LETTERS TO HIS FIANCEE, by Léon Bloy. Sheed & Ward. s.

THIS—the first English translation of its author—should have been an event, perhaps the greatest of the publishing season. In fact, it is nothing of the kind. Why Messrs. Sheed & Ward chose the love-letters as an introduction to Léon Bloy cannot be imagined—unless they wished to concede as much as

possible to a public taste to which their author never made any concession. Even then the publication is done none so cannily. Search the book as you may, you will not find in it even the name of the lady to whom the letters were addressed—Jeanne Molbech, daughter of Christian Molbech, Danish poet.

However, here is the beginning of Léon Bloy in translation, and we have to make of it as much as we can. For it would be necessary to go back beyond Newman to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to find a Catholic mind of such potency as Léon Bloy's. It would be necessary to go back beyond Dostoevsky to John Donne to find a religious artist of such profession, and back to Bossuet to find French prose of anything like this arrogance and splendour. Yet Léon Bloy has remained until now the coterie pet of the *renouveau spirituel* of intellectual Paris—whose leader, by the way, Jacques Maritain, already well-known here, was Léon Bloy's convert and godson. Already a curious literature has begun to grow up. Pierre Termier, Léopold Levaux, Stanislas Fumet, Hubert Colleye, have all published books with the same illustrations and similar apologies for their author's violence. And a psychological gentleman of letters—Ernest Seillière ("de l'Institut")—has indeed thought the time already come for debunking and written a long and tortuous book to prove that Léon Bloy wished to ally and finally equate himself with God—which may be true, but is not very exciting.

That is intellectual Paris of the *renouveau spirituel*. Here there is nothing—except these letters, translated by Barbara Lucas with a little uncertainty and great charm.

In them one finds as much as one can of the serener Léon Bloy who never appeared again in his work till the end when, having exhausted his enormous vitality and made his peace with

the clergy, he wrote little essays on death and the Germans and first-communion memories. There is a little autobiographical detail on Anne-Marie Roulet (again, unnamed in this publication) the apocalyptic prostitute of *Lé Désespéré*. There is a project for the book which became *La Femme pauvre*. There is the spot passage on the mystico-sexual nature of woman. And there are places—

... the thing that was revealed to me some time ago and that I *alone* in the world know—that this Sign of sorrow and ignominy is the most expressive image of the Holy Ghost. Jesus Who is the Son of God, the Word made flesh, and Who represents all humanity, carries this Cross which is *bigger* than He and which crushes Him. Simon of Cyrene had to help Him to carry it . . . chosen from all eternity from such millions of beings to *help* the Second divine Person to carry the image of the Third. . . .

—where the amazing (and probably heretical) exegete of *Celle qui pleure* and *Le Sang du pauvre* reveals himself for a moment, in miniature.

But, for the most part, it is Léon Bloy tired out—ten years of rebellion and ignominy from which he turned with the gestures of a child to this new possible haven of Christian marriage. For the rest we have to wait.

And perhaps we ought to wait some years. Léon Bloy, who projected a Divine Symbolism of History, dates and all, was born in the year of the Communist Manifesto and died in the year of the Bolshevik Revolution, fulfilling the exact allotted span of three-score years and ten. Perhaps he ought not to enter English consciousness in the year of the Spanish Civil War when all the absolute issues to which he dedicated himself are newly blurred into the extremes of relativity. We remember how Nietzsche has been spoilt for us, first by the Great War and now by the Nazis.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL.

DEAD MAN LEADING, by V. S. Pritchett. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

DAUGHTERS AND SONS, by I. Compton-Burnett. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

THE WHEEL TURNS, by Gian Dauli. Translated by Bernard Miall. Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.

If it were possible, in the modern fiction market, for an author to follow his own inclination rather than that of his publishers and readers, I think Mr. Pritchett would long ago have been recognized as one of our best short-story writers. His aptitude is for the briefer form; *quickness*—quickness of situation, of dialogue, of metaphor—has been the characteristic of his writing since the beginning. He can suggest at once what is typical and odd about a person or a place; and a vivid grasp of anecdote gives even his slighter sketches conviction. It is perhaps worth noticing that nearly all his short stories have been about England, while in his earlier novels at any rate he tended halfway through the story to transfer his characters to Spain or some other landscape in which life was dramatically different. That is, his short stories on the whole were realistic, his novels (though still realistic in detail) romantic. I do not say that every novelist should write about the country he lives in, the people who pass his front gate; but, other things being equal, he will be a better writer if he does. One other tendency of these earlier novels was that the conflicts which he would present barely in a short story became confused by elaboration and each character developed at his centre a sort of emotional buzz that was at times unreal. Mr. Pritchett has got rid of these faults, chiefly I believe by making discoveries in his short stories and then bringing his novels up to their level. His best work is still, I think, a long short story called "Sense of Humour" which appeared in the second number of *New Writing*; that, probably, is the direction of what he will write in the future. *Dead Man Leading*, however, is easily the best

novel he has written and it is a fine achievement.

The characters in this case develop their emotional buzz and then disappear into the South American jungle. The jungle becomes the focus of their exasperations, hopes, curiosities, fears, and it is magnificently imagined. Do you remember the description of the tropics in *A High Wind in Jamaica*? Mr. Pritchett gives a picture as surprising and actual, but here the sky is immovable as the blue wall of a house, the river disappears in tunnels of vegetation, there is drought, or whole landscapes are slimy with rain, and we are left with an appalling sense of the monotony and terrifying solitude of unexplored forests. On one side *Dead Man Leading* is an excellent antidote to the poker-face reports of expeditions given by explorers and the deceptively modest trips of Mr. Peter Fleming: the characters in Mr. Pritchett's novel are recognizable human beings and not merely automatic sportsmen. Consciously or not, they are escaping from the tangle of their lives into the endless confusion of the jungle; they hack their way, sometimes with a frightful desire for the solitude which will overwhelm them; they are bored, they develop facetiousness into a private language, day after day passes with the same aimless concentration. The reader feels—what may or may not be true—that all expeditions are like this. The

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reality of Mr. Pritchett's jungle is so immediate that in the one or two passages where he hints at symbolism and the "inner journey" in each of his characters this reality is not at all weakened and the human motives are enlarged. I am afraid that I may have given a rather muddled impression of this novel, which is a triumph of imaginative writing.

Miss Compton-Burnett's *Daughters and Sons* is, like all her novels, brilliantly accomplished, and either you will enjoy it immensely or not at all. By removing from her narrative everything except the dialogue, and setting her characters in a non-existent Victorian age, she gets many strange effects. To anyone who has never read a Compton-Burnett novel, one can best suggest it by saying that its atmosphere is a mixture between that of a detective story, in which everyone hates and throws suspicion on everyone else, and of a Greek tragedy ruled by Fate. The Ponsonby family in *Daughters and Sons*, tyrannized by an old grandmother who barks at them and opens their letters, is seen *sub specie aeternitatis*. The individual members of the family and their manner of speech are severely stylized, as though they were in the limelight all wearing togas, and yet the family itself emerges as a living entity torn by conflict. The cruelty, wit, oddness and prim horror of Miss Compton-Burnett's world, with its monotonous and electric conversations, may not appeal to you, but I urge you to try *Daughters and Sons*.

The Wheel Turns is an extremely long but very readable novel, told in the first person, of modern Italy with hardly a mention of politics. It is a pleasure to find so many people talking, eating, drinking, making love and having rows under Heaven rather than under Fascism. The bubbling realism and the sexual adventures, which are very well told, should make it popular. It has been well translated.

G. W. STONIER.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

[For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our Contributors to "The Fortnightly" public.]

With all eyes on London and the crowning of the sole surviving King-Emperor (in any effective sense) the English genius is, so to speak, up for inspection.

Sir John Squire, who writes *con amore* of our peculiar national traits and institutions, is himself a characteristic representative of that unusual type, the English man of Letters—English unalloyed. Since he came down from Cambridge in 1907 he has had a distinguished record as poet, critic and editor. In a varied and versatile experience two periods stand out—his association with *The New Statesman* in its early years (he was Literary Editor from the beginning, 1913, until the end of the War and also Acting-Editor in 1917-18), and his long and successful editorship of *The London Mercury* from 1919-1934. Suitably enough, he is Editor of the English Men of Letters series, and also Joint Editor of the English Heritage series. Born and educated in Devonshire he likes to describe himself as a "provincial," and his latest book, *The Honeysuckle and the Bee*, which is part reminiscent, part descriptive, being the record of a desultory journey from London to the home of his youth, depicts a soul undaunted by the turmoil of modern life and still attuned to the English countryside. On two occasions he has stood for Par-

liament, but, like THE FORTNIGHTLY, he is impatient of party harness and requires of a Government only that it shall be national, democratic and social.

In Geoffrey Dennis, who sets out in his own diamond style *What the King Does*, THE FORTNIGHTLY welcomes a contributor whose work is, in the true sense of that over-worked word, distinctive. We think so highly of his latest book *Coronation Commentary* (reviewed on another page) that we are taking the unusual course of reproducing an excerpt after publication. Also a Devonian, Geoffrey Dennis, after a distinguished Oxford career, was caught by the War, had five years of Army life which he then exchanged for international civil service as one of the original members of the League of Nations Secretariat. But he has contrived to make a career as a writer, parallel to his work at Geneva. His remarkable study of "The End of the World" earned for him the Hawthornden Prize in 1930, and he has published five novels, the first of which, *Mary Lee* (1922), placed the author at a bound in the first class of writers of fiction. He will shortly be resigning from his post as Editor and Chief of Document Services for the League, and will be free to devote himself to the craft of writing of which he is such a notable exponent.

England has her blemishes as well as her unique virtues. It is of them that **Montgomery Belgion** writes in the spirit of '*qui aime bien châtie bien*'. Our contributor has had a varied experience of journalism in London, Paris and New York. His publications include *Our Present Philosophy of Life* (1929) and *The Human Parrot* (1931). He is at present engaged in a study of Erasmus.

Many of the visitors from overseas will respond more fervently perhaps to the name of Scotland. **Ritchie Calder**, who sees clearly the twentieth-century tragedy of Scotland, is young, fresh and patriotic enough to discern also Scotland's opportunity by forethought to remedy the present reproach that the country is one big depressed area (as indeed the unemployment figures bear out). He writes with special knowledge of the new industrial processes and the immense powers of science left unused.

Thomas Lodge, C.B., writes with authority and sympathy of Britain's "oldest colony," having been a member of the Commission of Government which was appointed in 1934 to set Newfoundland's house in order. During twenty years in the Home Civil Service he was continuously concerned with matters affecting trade and shipping, and it is to the need for economic readjustment to the new age that he directs our attention rather than any repining about Newfoundland's temporary loss of status.

The shifting European scene is the subject of two articles by **Wickham Steed** and **Charles Tower**, both of

them experienced observers. The former needs no introduction. Charles Tower is foreign editor of *The Yorkshire Post*. He has been 'on the job' for some thirty years, and is known to the present generation by his lucid exposition of 'World Affairs' from time to time for the B.B.C. **Willard Price** is another old friend whose fascinating, personal articles reveal a remarkable insight into the ways of the Oriental.

Lord Sempill is well known as a pioneer of civil aviation. He succeeded to the peerage in 1934, and has been associated with a variety of aerial transport enterprises in Great Britain and abroad. He has been president for three years of the Royal Aeronautical Society. It is interesting to note that after leaving Eton he served his engineering apprenticeship in the shops (1910-1914). During the Great War he rose to the rank of Colonel in the R.A.F.

Pío Baroja, a Basque and a distinctive member of that *pléiade* of Spanish writers identified with the resurgence which led to the Republic, has written his tale of Blas, the Knife-Grinder, specially for THE FORTNIGHTLY. It is a characteristic sketch of queer, intensely individual people: instinct with that "laconic and caustic realism" which V. S. Pritchett, to whom we are indebted for the present translation, defines as Baroja's distinctive quality in the collection of FORTNIGHTLY articles *Tendencies of the Modern Novel*, which was published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin in 1934.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

JUNE, 1937

LION AND UNICORN TODAY!

An American View

BY W. Y. ELLIOTT

WHAT began so modestly as a Colonial Conference in 1887, the Golden Jubilee of a Queen so soon to become legendary, in 1937, holds the keys to the unity of more than Empire. To many an anxious Foreign Office this Imperial Conference may reveal the answers to the enigma which puzzles them: what is British policy going to be? Will the Dominions exert a pull away from European commitments? What is the future of the Ottawa Agreements? Will this Conference mark a further closing up of the dependent Empire? Or will the Ottawa Agreements be relaxed to permit the United States an entry into that tightly walled world called Sterlingaria? Is there room for other democracies now outside? And for other countries?

On the answers to these questions may depend, if not the peace of the world, then certainly the future shape of its destiny for many decades to come.

It is not my purpose to try to prophesy what the answers will be. They may not appear to outsiders—and perhaps not clearly to insiders—for many years to come. Formulæ of agreement in the official language of command papers are not intended to reveal these mysteries of Empire to the uninitiated. But it may be of some interest to show how the unity of an Empire, turned Commonwealth, seems today to affect these issues, viewed through sympathetic eyes on the other side of the Atlantic. And this Imperial Conference, ushered in by the Coronation of the first king in whose official succession all the Dominions take a legal part, may throw a useful if uncertain beam

CXLI

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into a rather murky future, if it gives any light on the economic problems and political strategy confronting the world and the Empire at the present time.

The first Imperial Conference signified to the world that the Dominions had come of age. Henceforth the Old Empire of colonialism was ended, so far as the great self-governing nations of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa were concerned. But in 1911 they still listened respectfully to Sir Edward Grey when he expounded foreign policy. They were duly impressed with the seriousness of his warning of an impending war. They continued their efforts to get their own rather heedless Dominion publics to take the defence question seriously—though with small success in taking over a bigger proportion of the burden of armaments. But not the boldest Dominion among them suggested that its voice could seriously influence the high policy of the Mother Country. If any such delusion had appeared, it would have been rapidly dispelled by the fatherly asperity with which Mr. Asquith reminded them that sole responsibility for these high concerns could rest only with the government of the United Kingdom.

In those ominous times before the Great War, the Irish were still free to make trouble inside the British Parliament. There was no Free State to mark the occasion by refraining from an appearance at the council table. Yet there are few, even in Germany today, who would repeat the pre-war estimate of the Irish as a revolutionary thorn in British flesh. Mr. de Valera, head of his own government in Dublin, is far more co-operative *in absentia* now than in the days of the old United Kingdom that included all Ireland. To the outside eye this seems conclusively indicated by his behaviour in the League of Nations and by his recent agreement, at the time of the joint acceptance by all the Dominions of the Instrument of Abdication, to follow in matters of foreign policy the forms used by the other Dominions.

Today the Prime Ministers of the Dominions take a different tone at Imperial Conferences. They are speaking for nations which are fully and legally capable of deciding whatever attitude they will support in foreign policy. If the Mother Country decides to stake hopes of peace on the Continent in further com-

mitments towards reviving and extending Locarno, it is fully possible for any Dominion to remind the Foreign Office that they were all exempt from positive obligations under the main Locarno Pact in 1925.

But I do not think that this fact is the really limiting element in British national strategy that commentators often assume it to be. The American public is being sedulously informed that no British government would dare undertake any obligation today which, at the very moment of hostilities, would not be certain of finding every Dominion united on a declaration of war in support of the United Kingdom. This theme song, so often repeated by the legion of British lecturers now significantly on the march in the most barbarous provinces of Gallia Americana, would be more persuasive if it did not serve to explain any policy of masterly inaction. Surely other considerations than the Dominions' support have been involved in past failures to press sanctions through against Italy, to exhibit more enthusiasm for Secretary Stimson's lead in the Manchuria crisis, and to enjoy the rights of sea power in spite of Franco's bellicosity in Spanish waters? Presumably the complexion of the British ministry at the time, the calculus of imperial interests and power by the Foreign Office and other similarly obvious elements existed in the equation.

Or are we really confronted by the possibility that the British Lion in the process of being transformed into a Unicorn (Empire into Commonwealth of Nations) has undergone a metamorphosis that forces the King of Beasts to go into conference before even the most polite roar? I do not believe that the power of the Dominions has had quite this effect, nor will the appearance of Dominion pressure at the Conference be convincing evidence.

One must remember the explanation offered for the renunciation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in 1921. We are told that Canada simply would not countenance its renewal, interpreting the gesture as unfriendly to the United States. Yet, even if one discounts the indiscretion of the late Mr. Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*, in leaving for publication his account of the alleged preparation of the Washington Conference by Lord Lee of Fareham, it seems tolerably certain that British imperial policy in the Pacific required bringing American agreement into that

area as well as into the naval programme. No Canadian urging was needed, though it may have been useful.

That the Dominions may exert real pressure upon England today in foreign policy is undoubted. But those whose influence could count most are most unlikely to exercise it positively in matters of high policy. As long as Canada is under a Liberal Government, and to only a slightly smaller degree under a Conservative, her traditional policy is to volunteer no advice.

Volunteering advice might lead to sharing responsibility for carrying it out. In 1911 Sir Wilfrid Laurier would not commit Canada to paying for dreadnoughts, and, though 1912 saw Sir Robert Borden promising \$35,000,000 to this end, the Canadian Senate said him nay. Perhaps Mr. Mackenzie King may listen to a son of Joseph Chamberlain descanting in less rhetorical terms than those which in 1902 failed to move Canadian hearts. But Canada does not in 1937 seem more enthusiastic about paying for naval armaments, or for that matter land armaments outside her own air arm, than she has been in the past.

Remaining non-committal on foreign policy which falls outside the innocuous obligations now imposed by the League, is thought by Canadians to permit them greater freedom to set the limits of positive action. This policy has been pushed to still greater lengths by the Union of South Africa and, needless to say, by the Irish Free State. But where all these Dominions may save nationalistic face by "going along" with Great Britain in the League, the ironical converse is true of Australia. The antipodeans are far more inclined to back the Mother Country in the Mediterranean or wherever the life-line of their communications is endangered. But they seem to care very little about League affairs and forms. Even New Zealand, which used to be taken as much for granted as Wales or the most English county in England, has latterly been manifesting a degree of independence in the Pacific that is surprising. The growing economic contacts of Australasia with Japan and the Asiatic mainland complicate the simplicity of the old picture sketched by a "White Australasia" policy.

There is in large outline, then, only the certainty that the Dominions will not commit themselves in advance to positive obligations. They are, so far as one can guess intelligently, as

certain to come to the aid of Britain in any major struggle as they were in 1914. If they choose their own time, delay is not fatal to the Empire. It is even conceivable that a neutral Irish Free State, under certain circumstances might have some compensating advantages to the United Kingdom, particularly, if neutrality legislation were ever drastically tightened in the United States. No one supposes that the Irish could long be kept out of a good fight, even if recruiting were not permitted. And the habit of fighting on the British side in a real set-to is deeply ingrained.

British policy in all probability is not today more handicapped by the requirement of carrying the Dominions along than it has always been since the War. The excuse may be useful to a government in England desperately playing for time, or for one that is simply Micawbering. Whatever light this Conference throws on Dominion willingness to back the Mother Country can only be seen at present behind the scenes. There its effect may be really important, particularly if it is supported by tangible offerings of increased armaments. That last is the external criterion which in these unbelieving times will be used by the uninitiated to penetrate the mystery of what the British Commonwealth really retains of a united front.

The vulgar, as usual, will be wrong. Should they add another materialistic criterion—increases in imperial preferences—they might still be misled. The greatest sign of strength that any economic system can show today is its ability to expand, not to close more tightly. There is no possibility of the dictatorships removing any of the barriers erected about their economic systems. State-planned capitalism within them is too fatally geared to power politics and armaments to be altered. Least of all could they dispense with exchange controls. The mark and the lira, and it may be the yen, would not long survive the machinations of those who want to get capital out of the country.

If the British Empire is capable of becoming a true Commonwealth of Nations, it must be true to its traditions. It must, in short, afford to all who will concede mutual reciprocity, access to raw materials on equal market terms. It must be capable of expanding the area of a freer economy to Powers capable of acting on the same terms and having the will to do so.

Any further tightening of the Ottawa Agreements would therefore have a very disastrous effect upon those economic dependencies of Great Britain that are no part of the legal Empire. The Argentine, the Scandinavian states, and Holland, to mention the most obvious examples, are as important factors in British economy as the Dominions. *Their* position in a war is perhaps more important because they lack the sentimental and legal ties of Dominions.

While there is no probability that any penalizing of these economic allies will be pushed further in London than it was at Ottawa, there may be a very great temptation to rebuff once again Secretary Hull of the United States. His desire to open the area of freer trade to include the United States seems dangerous to the short run interests of certain sections of the British economy. They do not like reciprocity in extending "most favoured nation" clauses.

Mr. Runciman probably returned from the United States rubbing his hands complacently. The War Debt of unpleasant memory, if not forgiven, seemed to be in a fair way to be forgotten. The only unfortunate remains were evident in the closing up of the American loan market to defaulting debtors. For reasons perhaps of domestic policy the Roosevelt administration had indicated a willingness to lay aside its trump card of a tight neutrality policy in favour of a "cash and carry" attitude that favoured the controlling sea-power with the cash.

As for the cash, there were several billions of American securities held in one way or another on British account which might be mobilized as they were in 1914-1916. Once the prospect of three dollar wheat, twenty-five cent cotton, and so on began to dawn upon the American producers, the transformation of policy observable from 1916-1918 might be expected to operate to loosen the loan policy. Of course no one expected it to last so long this time as to make it necessary. But then, neither did any one expect a four years' war the last time.

In the meantime, an undervalued United States dollar facilitated the acquisition of American securities. The commercial policy of the United States seemed resolutely determined to go on shining like the one good deed in a naughty world, affording an interesting market to British exporters.

The announcement of the Canadian-British Trade Treaty was made in early March, after M. Runciman's return, tying up still more tightly about one hundred commodities which were bound to be the basis of any interest that the United States might show in either Canadian or British markets. It was as if Mr. Runciman had said to Mr. Hull: "Now that I've seen that your Old Dog Tray still wags his tail, I'll just remove another bone to avoid tempting him. You and Mr. Roosevelt must have enjoyed Buenos Aires very much. I hope you had a pleasant outing. But, you see, while you were myth-making and Monroe-Doctrinizing, the Empire was at work. Canada has just given you an effective commentary on the bait that you labelled Pan-Americanism. She is doing business with the old firm again."

Oddly enough the gist of all this has not been entirely lost on Mr. Hull. Like all very patient and amiable people of firmly fixed moral purpose, he is implacable if he becomes convinced that he is being what we call "taken for a ride"; so that there may be an element of grimness in his scrutiny of the outcome of the Imperial Conference. He is a great man and a very simple one—dangerous in anger.

It is particularly worth while for the business men who are now running the British government, sometimes described as "hard-faced" by unsympathetic commentators, to remember the Achilles heel which is presented by their private investments in the United States. There is no doubt whatever that any country which begins to contemplate putting restrictions on the withdrawal of foreign capital had better act quickly or not at all. So to act in almost any circumstance is ultimately unwise and costly. But American opinion, already nervous under a falling stock-market shaken by selling for London account, may be in no mood to see whatever back-log of privately held securities is left, to cheer Mr. Neville Chamberlain, mobilized and withdrawn as it was in goods during the last war.

There are one or two types of control over the resources of the dependent Empire that stick particularly in the American crop. A friendly critic, conversant with circles of opinion that are highly articulate on Capitol Hill, ought to call these sore points to British attention, with the observation that they may have a great deal more weight than Mr. Runciman, and maybe

Mr. Runciman's diplomatic advisers, attribute to them. One is tin and another is rubber.

Now the American public is correctly estimated by some foreigners to be a "sucker for propaganda" of a sentimental sort. "Britain as the Leader of World Democracy," "the Guardian of Constitutionalism," etc.: it is because there is real truth in these phrases that they arouse a real response. But we are not so much impressed as we used to be by "Dual Mandates," "Trusteeship," etc., when used as apologies for British colonial policy. We note with interest the extraordinary role of some colonial office officials in engineering price control schemes on two of the great commodities of which we are normally the chief consumers. The trusteeship seems to be paying a very pretty penny to the trustees.

And why not? Why not, indeed! But after the Congressional Investigation into the Tin Control Scheme in 1934, there was far less enthusiasm in Congress for underwriting the British Empire in time of need. Rubber control offended Mr. Hoover's finer feelings for the American consumer, even in the abortive Stevenson scheme. Its more effective modern revival is not likely to recommend itself to an administration rather desperately concerned to prevent commodity price inflation on a domestic scale.

A *tu-quoque* at this point would be more just than effective. After all, our respective nations are rapidly approaching a clash of commercial policy which may endanger much more permanent values than those immediately involved. At least in the United States one has for the first time a machinery for making tariffs on a reasonable basis of national as opposed to sectional or pressure group interests. One has also a Secretary of State who has stubbornly and courageously achieved the backing of most of American business and more than eighty per cent. of the press for his programme of broadening the channels of world trade.

If Britain feels, perhaps correctly, that a return of the German colonies to Hitler would at this stage only be a concession to sabre-rattling, and hence dangerous, she can hardly have the same reasons for blocking Mr. Hull's programme by digging in still further the "Chamberlain Line" of neo-mercantilism around her economic Empire. Without the benevolent economic support

of the United States, the Empire is not permanently tenable, particularly as a closed system.

Can an American, who wishes the Empire well, view the prospects of this Imperial Conference hopefully? In this important sphere, I am afraid not. The lines of Conservative policy and Dominion vested interests are drawn too firmly to be loosened in these times of fear.

THE NEXT FISCAL ISSUE

BY THE HON. GEORGE PEEL

AT no previous epoch have the relations between the political, and the commercial, life of nations been so intimate as they are today. And this has been illustrated in a very signal and disagreeable manner by the events of the present year. In these few months the Olympian powers have launched three successive thunderbolts into our bewildered markets and on to the heads of our money changers.

The first of these blows was the announcement of the unheard-of sums which our Government feels it imperative to raise, whether by loan or by taxation, for armaments. A serious fall ensued in Government securities. Next, the rumour spread, and was widely believed, that the United States would shortly propose to reduce its buying price of gold below 35 dollars per ounce, its present buying price; a measure of deflation, in sharp opposition to the inflation or reflation, so highly favoured today by economists and statesmen, and regarded by them as essential to economic recovery. Hence another staggering blow, this time self-inflicted, to credit. And finally, in the same month of April, 1937, there was the Budget of Mr. Chamberlain disclosing huge extra burdens to be levied upon us, not merely by the income tax, but by the agency of the National Defence Contribution. Consternation ensued. This time, it was our equities which mainly felt the stroke.

Yet, after all, it is somewhat surprising that these thunderbolts should have caused such dismay in the ranks of the investing public. For they did not fall from a blue sky, but from a firmament already dark with economic portents. We in this country were all apprised already of the call for rearmament, and could have guessed, more or less closely, that the fiscal corollaries would be cruel. And, as regards the United States, why should it be assumed that their Treasury will permanently continue to

buy gold without limit and without alteration of price? After all, whether in their banks or in their Exchange Equalization Fund, they have accumulated more than half of the international monetary gold stocks. Then they proceed to sterilize part of it. And they de-value their currency, so as to provide more dollars for a given ounce of this abundant gold. Why should they go on for ever with these extraordinary proceedings?

These dire alarms of 1937, of which no more need be said here, have tended to conceal the fact that yet another storm may be brewing in the fiscal field, or, at any rate, another major problem will soon be urgently calling for the attention and solution of statesmen. I shall endeavour to define that problem, and to discuss the outlook in regard to it.

When the great economic crisis of 1929-1931 broke upon the world, it was marked by two main features. There was a great fall of prices, followed by a world-wide repudiation of indebtedness, and also there was a general rise in unemployment. As regards the fall of prices, the attitude adopted towards it by the British Government was very definite. That Government repeatedly declared, through the mouths of its most responsible statesmen, that it sought to combat this fall, and to reverse it.

At first sight, it might have been supposed that a fall of prices was, on the whole, eminently favourable to a creditor nation, such as ourselves. For, clearly, it would mean that the sums owed us annually from abroad would be discharged automatically with a larger quantity of raw materials and foodstuffs, recognized on all hands as essential to our existence. But, in this case, the fall of prices was so severe that it spelt ruin to many of our debtors, who therefore declined, or were unable, to meet their obligations. It was therefore very natural that the British Government, in spite of the advantages conferred upon us by the fall of prices, should wish to avert the evils entailed for us in their too catastrophic decline.

As regards the fall of prices, it must be said that, whether or not it was stemmed by any measures taken by the British Government, stemmed it has been. Perhaps we did our part by abandoning the Gold Standard in September, 1931, and by de-valuing our currency. At any rate, taking the complete British index of sterling prices, as compiled by *The Economist*, at an

index number of 100 for the month of September, 1931, that index number, after remaining fairly stationary in 1932, rose gradually in 1933, in 1934, and in 1935. In 1936 there was a rise of a more definite character. For the index number attained, at the close of that year, to the high figure of 131. Since then it has again advanced rapidly, rising to no less than 144, or thereabouts, in the early period of 1937. It is this phenomenon, incidentally, which is the root cause of the new problem that is now being presented to us.

As regards the second of the features produced by the economic crisis of 1929-1931, namely, unemployment, our experience has not been so happy. Unemployment here, in its special aspects, has remained fairly constant, though cyclical unemployment, after attaining to huge proportions from 1930 to 1933, has today almost entirely disappeared.

Although we may congratulate ourselves, then, that prices have risen, we cannot maintain that this rise of prices has achieved the purpose which all of us, without distinction of party, have at heart. Indeed, it is very relevant here to quote some words which the Chancellor of the Exchequer employed in his recent Budget speech of April 13th, 1937. On that occasion, when the search for revenue was the absorbing topic, it was naturally expected that, if a rise of prices were still the policy of the British Government, an extensive further imposition of indirect taxation would be the order of the day. But it was not so. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, hitherto himself the chief advocate of that general policy, declared on that occasion that he declined to go further with the extension of indirect taxation, i.e. tariffs. His ground was that to go further in that direction would raise the costs in this country which have risen so much already. "I might, of course," he explained, "increase indirect taxation, but . . . prices already show a tendency to rise, and I do not want to do anything to push them any higher."

It must seem remarkable that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have employed this argument and adopted this attitude. For, looking at the matter without prejudice or pre-conceived ideas, it might very well be argued that rising prices have had wholly satisfactory effects on British production and business activity. The London and Cambridge Economic Service shows

an index figure somewhat higher than that of 1929. Yet, if we look at the same matter from another angle, we shall find cause for anxiety and reflection. As already mentioned, there is the obstinate nature of what economic research calls *normal* and *special* unemployment, which is reflected in the figures of our export trade. Here we may refer to the recently published Annual Report of the Liverpool Steamship Owners. This Report points out that, if we compare the United Kingdom imports, reckoned in tons, in 1913 and in 1936, it seems that, in the former year, there were 56 million tons, and they have steadily risen since then to 72 millions in 1936. On the other hand, taking exports and re-exports together, their tonnage in 1913 was 94 million tons, but now has fallen to the figure of 49 million tons in 1936. What has happened, to state the matter more exactly, is that the volume of our exports registered a great fall up to 1931, and since then has had a relatively slight recovery up to the end of 1936.

It would seem, then, that a rise of prices can do much, but it cannot do everything, to secure prosperity. It can, as we have indicated above, stimulate domestic activity of trade. It can correspondingly diminish, as we have also seen, excessive unemployment. But it cannot reduce the latter to satisfactory proportions, and still less can it extinguish it. In these circumstances, it can now be understood how it was that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was well justified in adopting the attitude he took up in his Budget speech.

Moreover, while a rise of prices has hitherto been a pre-occupation with the British Government, it has had another line of fiscal policy of the highest importance. During these recent years our Government, like all other Governments, has been faced with the fact that international trade has been seriously shackled not only by the catastrophic fluctuation of prices above-mentioned, but also by the incredible volume of restrictions placed upon it, in the shape of moratoria, quotas, prohibitions, partial embargoes, exchange depreciations, and so forth, so painfully known to us all. In some of these expedients our own Government, of course, has taken part, not to mention the Import Duties Act of 1932. The trade of the world, as a whole, has suffered severely.

In illustration of the above remarks, let us glance at the latest

returns. If we take the index figure of 100 to represent the quantum of world international trade in 1913, in the year 1929 this figure had risen to 130, which was satisfactory enough and indicates the vitality inherent in international trade. But in 1935, thanks to the constant blows administered, the figure had fallen to 107. For 1936, we are told, the quantum figures are not yet available, "but there is no reason to think that they will differ materially from those of 1935." In order to meet this world-wide prospect of a falling international trade, and also, be it said, in order to act in accordance with sentiment for the Empire, it was held advisable to secure for ourselves as much of inter-imperial trade as was possible. The outcome of this desire was embodied in the Agreements of the Ottawa Conference of 1932.

Could not our trade be stimulated if we imposed taxes on our imports of food, leaving food imported from the Empire free of duty, while, on the other hand, the Empire could give preferential rates of entry to the goods of the United Kingdom? It would be far beyond my purpose to examine the policy of these Ottawa Agreements. But it is relative to my argument to mention the net result for the last recorded year, 1936. It seems that, in that year, our imports from our Dominions were £196 millions. Our exports thereto were £115 millions only. We have served the Dominions nobly, at any rate, providing them with the finest and most ample free market in the world. But it is our exports that lag behind, and with this lag of our exports the spectre of our unemployment still remains to haunt us.

I read, for instance, in *The Commerce Journal of New Zealand*, that in 1936 the United Kingdom purchased from New Zealand no less than 80 per cent. of New Zealand's exported goods. On the other hand, "despite increased tariff preference granted Britain following the Ottawa Agreement," the percentage of the imports from Great Britain is on the decline, while the United States, which has hitherto lagged far behind, is improving its position in that market. Looking at the same matter and including in our summary the whole Empire including the Dominions, we have been witnessing, over a term of years, an increase of imports from the Empire. We find that, in 1913, we imported no less than £192 millions from the Empire. But in

1936 this figure has risen to the considerable total of £333 millions. Expressing the same fact in percentages, it may be reckoned that, in 1913, about 25 per cent. of our imports were from the Empire, while in 1936, this ratio had risen to some 39 per cent. of our total imports. But it is our exports in the converse direction which are the less satisfactory feature.

Let us, then, without making any complaints, realize the fact that the Ottawa Agreements, themselves now in course of denunciation or revision, cannot solve our problem here. After all, whereas we need more exports, the Dominions, not to mention the colonies, desire to develop their secondary industries by a Protective system. Consequently this system can, in the nature of things, be made only *relatively* favourable for ourselves. For it is our own manufactured exports which the Dominions regard as the rivals of their own nascent industries. Besides, even should they desire to embark on a free-trade policy, the Ottawa Agreements, which are based on the theory of taxing the foreigners at a considerably higher rate than ourselves, evidently stand in the way.

Perhaps it is this latter sense that intra-Imperial Agreements are an obstacle to fiscal independence which has led India recently to denounce the Ottawa Agreements in their application to herself. Perhaps, on the other hand, it is the consciousness, on the part of Canada, that the Agreement was in reality of great advantage to her which has induced her to negotiate very recently a new Anglo-Canadian Agreement. After all, in 1936, Canada increased her purchases from us by less than £3 million, whereas we took £43 million more in 1936 than in the earlier year.

Besides the fact that the policy discussed in the above paragraph has not cured our troubles, it must be said that it has plunged one of the greatest of our interests, the agricultural interest, into acute embarrassment and dissatisfaction. The farmers have been caught in an economic cleft stick. According to *The Farmers' Weekly*, our Ministers are being "bombarded" as never before. And no wonder. The costs of the feeding stuffs of the farmers, many of which are taxed by our tariffs, have risen from an index number 84 in 1935 up to 119 this year. Their machinery, fertilizers, etc., are up too. So are their wages. On the other hand, under the Ottawa Agreement, foodstuffs are

encouraged to come in freely into this country from the Empire. Hence all sorts of costly attempts, on the part of the Treasury, to placate the farmers with subsidies.

There is a fourth expedient, which, in recent years, has been pursued by the Government. This policy is embodied in the, so-called, Runciman Agreements, after the name of the President of the Board of Trade. These are, it must be said, small-scale treaties, some twenty in number, made with individual countries. The dominant fact in them is that they are bilateral in each case. Perhaps one may say that their chief feature is an attempt to widen the market for our coal abroad, and, conversely, to facilitate the entry of foodstuffs from the agreement countries, as compared with those of other foreign countries. Here again, their tendency is much attacked by the agricultural interests, and also by the other industries of this country which have reaped little or no benefit from their operation.

And there is yet a fifth tariff expedient adopted by our Government with the object of assisting our trade. This is the policy of instituting in our Colonial Empire, as distinguished from our Dominions, quotas and differential tariffs for the special advantage of ourselves as against foreigners. But to this measure can hardly be credited much extension of our trade. In fact, it has already aroused opposition in the highest quarters. At the Royal Empire Society on November 17th last, Lord Lugard reiterated his belief that it would be wise to withdraw these quotas and differential tariffs as being opposed to the spirit in which our Colonial Empire has been built up. On that occasion Lord Lugard invited us "to return to our traditional policy of affording the same facilities to foreigners as are enjoyed by our own nationals, a policy which offered complete justification, on the economic side, of our possession of so many Colonies."

These measures might be pronounced to have been attended with success, were it not for the fact that it is in the region of international trade and on the vast expansion of our exports to all quarters of the world, including our Empire, that our safety and welfare depend.

Fortunately, in the opening months of 1937, British statesmen, headed by Mr. Baldwin and innumerable men of business

and economists, have unanimously emphasized the urgent need of finding more exports for ourselves. And in a recent broadcast from Cape Town, General Smuts has given us his solution. After a glance at the alarming condition of the world, he says:

International trade and commerce may prove the way out, when the way is blocked to purely political solutions. Let our aim be the opening of the barriers to international trade and commerce, and the lowering of the tariff walls which now segregate the nations. The new tariffs have proved a greater impediment to world peace than the ideologies. International trade has always been one of the most civilizing agencies of our human advance. That has largely been the British way. Then let that once more be our solution of the present crisis.

As a matter of fact, there is in process outside this country, almost for the first time, both in the Old World and the New, a movement in this direction. Let us glance at it in its development in the United States, and also on the Continent of Europe.

The last Democratic President before Mr. Roosevelt was Woodrow Wilson, who was also the last President to accomplish a reduction in the American tariff. In 1933 the times were not favourable for an all-round reduction of the tariff on the lines of the Underwood Act of 1913. But in 1934 there was passed the Trade Agreements Act, and also Mr. Roosevelt, as a proof of his good intentions, appointed one of the most persistent low-tariff advocates in the country, Senator Cordell Hull, as his Secretary of State.

Secretary Hull has had the greatest obstacles to encounter. But, in spite of all, his method has been to negotiate bilateral trade agreements with one country after another. Provided that no tariff duty is reduced by more than 50 per cent., these agreements are exempt from the necessity of running the gauntlet of Senatorial approval. By the end of 1936, thirteen or more of these agreements were concluded, with countries, among others, such as Canada, Belgium, France, and the Netherlands. It is a condition of the Act that concessions shall be reciprocal; it has also been the uniform practice of the United States to generalize its concessions to all countries enjoying the benefit of the most-favoured-nation clause. Thus, the nation which has been one of the most hardened in imposing tariffs upon others has now been leading the way to freer trade.

The countries with which these agreements have been con-

cluded account for nearly a third of America's exports, and for well over a third of her imports. The agreements do not affect the whole of the trade between the countries concluding them, but, even so, a substantial fraction of the foreign trade of the country is benefited. Besides, the generalization of the concessions extends the benefits, such as they may be, to third parties. It is fully possible that Great Britain has already gained from the concessions given by the United States in her treaties with other countries, as much as, or more than, could be obtained in a direct Anglo-American treaty.

Nevertheless, the movement thus briefly described requires support. For it has not lacked critics in the United States. The platform adopted by the Republican Party at Cleveland already calls for the repeal of the Trade Agreements Act. Indeed, there are Republican voices already demanding a general increase in the tariff on the lines laid down, so unfortunately, by Mr. Hawley and Senator Smoot in 1930.

Meanwhile, on the Continent of Europe, the movement towards free, or freer, trade goes on. The Oslo Convention of 1930, it may be remembered, aiming at the reduction of tariffs over a wide area, was not developed, owing to the insistence of the British Government upon the rigid application of the most-favoured-nation clause. In March, 1932, Mr. Runciman declared in the House of Commons that the Government did not endorse the Oslo Convention because "Europe was not ripe for economic agreements." It seems to be more ready now.

Another similar programme was drawn up at Ouchy in 1932 between the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxemburg. But this likewise came to nought. Yet the movement was not dead. In November last, Dr. Colijn, the Dutch Prime Minister, declared that the time had come for a closer economic co-operation between the democratic nations and, a month later, Hr. Hansson, the Swedish Prime Minister, spoke in favour of an economic arrangement between the Scandinavian nations, the Low Countries, and Switzerland. And this has been the signal for innumerable *pour-parlers* since. What Dr. Colijn and those co-operating with him have in mind is not merely to make the Oslo Convention effective, but also to initiate a movement, in which certainly Great Britain, the United States, and France would have great parts to play

for the lowering of trade barriers over the widest possible area and the revival of international trade among all the nations willing to co-operate in bringing it about. There are signs that the time is opportune for such a movement. Statesmen everywhere are casting about for means to increase their export trade, in the conviction that without this help it will not be possible to carry internal recovery much farther.

It is true that, in March last, Mr. Baldwin, while expressing the view that "the cause of world peace would be promoted by the freer exchange of goods and services across the frontiers of nations," criticized this projected Low-tariff Club as "tending to provoke retaliations and tariff walls." This criticism must be considered to have considerable weight if the so-called Club were restricted to a small membership. For the very conception of such a Club does involve the idea of some differentiation between the tariff status of its various members, and is, inevitably, less favourable in its attitude to the countries outside it than to those inside it.

The way of meeting this difficulty is that France, the United States, and Great Britain should whole-heartedly co-operate with the Oslo Powers. Of the United States I have already spoken. As regards France, M. Georges Bonnet, the new French Ambassador to the United States, declares: "France is convinced that a return to freedom in the exchange of goods is the supreme condition for the salvation of civilization." He emphasized his country's desire to contribute to the realization of economic and financial co-operation between peoples, in order to save their independence and to open wide the door to peace. Mr. Roosevelt, replying, said: "To further the return to normal conditions of world trade is one of the fundamental aims of this Government," and he assured M. Bonnet of his co-operation to that end.

Besides furthering this movement in the Old World and the New, there are many steps to be taken in this complicated subject. At this point I must confine myself to drawing attention to the Thirteen-Point Declaration of Policy issued by the International Chamber of Commerce, sitting in Paris, on October 18th last. The Chamber declared that "the time is now ripe for a progressive abolition of the numerous so-called 'emergency' trade restrictions and increased customs tariffs imposed during the

depression." Its practical proposals favoured the conclusion of multilateral agreements, open to all comers, stimulating international trade; and, pending this, the conclusion of bilateral treaties, but only as an intermediate measure. They also favour the inclusion in all such treaties of the most-favoured-nation clause, and the general use of it in its unconditional form. And further, they recommend the abolition of import quotas, and detail the measures which may facilitate that desirable end.

In his broadcast on April 16th last Mr. Baldwin referred to the British Empire's "solemn duty of spiritual leadership." If this assertion is not to be an empty boast, we must be prepared to implement it in the economic sphere. The President of the Board of Trade has declared in the House of Commons (April 27th) that it is our policy to reduce trade barriers wherever possible in the world; though, indeed, in recent years we have taken many steps backwards towards the restriction of trade, and therefore of industry. This Coronation Year provides an auspicious hour in which to take a step, nay, a stride, towards freedom.

SPAIN THE INSUPPRESSIBLE

BY SIR GEORGE YOUNG

"AND so you are back for the Coronation, from that dreadful Civil War—how glad you must be; what a difference you must find!" "Yes," I say, "there is a difference." It is certainly different to be in a country where everyone is singing more or less heartily and harmoniously "God Save the King," and drowning their sorrows from over-taxation and under-employment with "A Health unto His Majesty." The Monarchy is, moreover, good magic against battle, murder, and sudden death, and the Monarch is a magician that will save us from either decadence or dictatorship.

Yes, England is indeed different from Spain, where everyone is being mown down by machine guns or blown up by bombs because some believe in "Nationalist-Syndicalism," and others in "national Socialism." Surely we may suppose that the Spaniard is possessed of devils—black devils of Fascism, and red devils of Communism—from which we are saved in virtue of a King crowned by the grace of God and Mr. Baldwin. Yet somehow I am writing this on my way back to the Cordoba front without seeing the Coronation festivities.

For there is another difference between England and Spain, and one that makes the descants of the Coronation less attractive than the discords of the Civil War. Can it be because Spain, where Death is now crowned omnipresent and omnipotent King, has become so intensely alive? Is it because Spaniards in both camps seem to feel that life is today worth living, if only because it is worth dying for the life they want? While we English seem not to know what we want from life, because we find nothing worth dying for. So that when you leave England for Spain you seem to leave a world of elderly children playing with modern mechanical toys of mediæval mumming for a world where men and women are joyously at work forging in the furnaces of war new laws, new liberties, and new lives.

This difference between the two nations explains perhaps the indifference with which we, as a nation, have hitherto regarded the crisis in Spain, which is quite probably also a crisis in contemporary civilization. If we speak of it at all, it is in terms of sport; while our nurses tell us to be good children, and not go near the fire or the fire extinguishers. Our press tips us the winner, which we then back, even though we suspect that the information is interested. "Communism wins" or (as it may be) "Fascism," or "Non-intervention"—shouts the Press. While we cannot see that Fascism never was a stayer and will be run to a standstill, that Communism was never even a starter, and that Non-intervention will surely run off the course, and its jockey be warned off. While a horse out of our own stable will be going strong at the finish and will win—if we police the course properly.

"Strong statements," you will say—"and we mistrust metaphors." Very well, then, find fault if you can with the following facts. Let us first look at the chances of Communism, an outsider that is tipped by the ring when it suits their book. Now, Spanish Communism was always an insignificant section of the electorate, and with only sixteen deputies in the 1936 Cortes, and a very small sector in the Left Wing of the Popular Front. But the formation of the Popular Front on the outbreak of civil war gave Communism a new importance. In the first phase of the war it was the orthodox Communists of the Stalinist persuasion who were the most efficient and effective fighters, for they not only accepted that discipline which was essential for carrying on war, but also that democratic control which is essential for keeping the peace of the Popular Front. In the second phase of the war it was the Communist Youth Movement and the Communist Eighth Regiment that held back the Moors and Foreign Legionaries. In the third phase of the war it was the Communist munitions supplied by the U.S.S.R. and the Communist manpower sent by Europe which made headway against the disciplined troops sent by Italy and Germany. In this fourth, and possibly final, phase of the war it is the agreement of the foreign communists to act as shock troops while allowing themselves to be incorporated in Spanish brigades that has made possible the establishment of a central command. If the Popular Front wins, Communism will have contributed more than any other party

to the victory; and if the Popular Front loses the Communists will contribute more than any other party to the victims.

All the same, when the piping times of peace come, though it will be the Communists who have paid the piper, it will not be they who will call the tune. The Spanish Communists will then be little better off than are today the French, German, Italian, and other volunteers who get all the bullets and none of the bulletins. This is because Communism is as inherently incompatible with the Spanish tradition and temperament as it is with the British. Moreover, it is divided against itself. Until the war, the more active and violent Communist section was that of the Trotskyist P.O.U.M. who were the most formidable foes of the Stalinist P.C. These Trotskyists were really an extremist wing of Syndicalism, which was until the war more popular and powerful than Socialism. It is inevitable that, with the peace, shootings will again begin between the Trotskyists and Stalinists, and also between Syndicalists and Socialists. The result of this will be to restore a political balance between a Right reduced to Reformists and a Left in which rival revolutionaries will almost cancel each other out. This will stop eventually, and again put into control as before the war, a centre of social democracy for socialistic democrats.

If, however, the civil war proves to be only a step to a further stage of revolution, and not merely a stoppage of the normal rhythm of Spanish political progress, then the new revolutionary regime will be syndicalist-anarchist, rather than Socialist-Communist. It will be an attempt, as in the first Republic of 1873, to copy the Swiss system of cantonal devolution, and of decentralized federation, which was then, and will be now, unworkable in a country with an organized proletariat and a disorderly peasantry; and, moreover, with regional and racial minorities with special autonomies and separatist ambitions.

In previous civil wars Southern Spain has resolved itself into a Syndicalist society, and Spain has become an association of *ayuntamientos* without any central government. Similarly Northern Spain on such occasions set up a central Communistic control over its economic life. Both systems can now be seen working side by side, and are being welded together in the furnace of war under the hammer of foreign invasion. Com-

munism is building the Socialist basis of the new economic system. Syndicalism is building barriers against Communist oppression ; Social Democracy is building bridges and buttresses between the two. Here, for example, are pictures of Syndicalism and Socialism at work. Crossing the central plateau of Spain I had to wait for a petrol permit in an *ayuntamiento* far from the socialistically organized war fronts and war factories. The Alcalde was at the telephone with another Alcalde bartering barrels of wine for bags of beans. The village elders stood round stiffening their representative. A year ago they would not have cared a bean how many beans made five barrels of wine, because the wine would have been sold to pay the dividends of a firm exporting from Barcelona and the beans to pay the rent of an absentee landlord at Biarritz. Anyway, that is Syndicalism—as natural a growth as vines or beans. Against that, take the village where our hospital was—under the enemy guns on the Motril front. The village was rationed by the provincial administration, and eating as it had never eaten before. But were they grateful? They were not. Not even when they got a troop horse past military age with which to give us a *despedida*. Because this was Communism—wholly artificial and alien to the native inhabitants.

Has Fascism any better chance than Communism? It was so confidently boosted by tipsters and so consistently backed by heavy money, that it was at once made a favourite and for long so remained. Certainly, on form, it might well have won ; and it got away to a good start. Fascism could, moreover, count on monetary support from Spanish capitalism, much of it ready mobilized in the hands of millionaires like Don Juan March ; on the moral support of the Church, still dominant in the North ; on some of the man-power of some of the minorities, such as Basques and Galicians ; on all that of the Navarrese, and on that of the majority of the propertied class ; on three-fourths of the officers and on about half of the men in the army, navy, and police forces. Last and not least, should it fail at the first *coup* to capture the national and provincial capitals, it could count on the supply of munitions and technicians from Italy and Germany. It could also, in virtue of the same secret arrangements, command the Spanish western frontier from

Portugal and its Eastern and Southern coasts from Italy and Morocco. It had a programme of Fascist reconstruction which it called "Nationalist-Syndicalism," such as might have appealed both to the Socialist disgust with party government, and to the Syndicalist dislike for orthodox Communism. Properly presented, this programme might have split the Popular Front ; dividing the Social Democrats from the Socialist-Communists, and these again from the Syndicalist-Anarchists. But the programme was presented by soldiers who said it with bullets, not with ballots. Consequently, a fair proportion of the army, navy, and police force, smelling the rat of reaction behind the arras of reconstruction, refused to rebel. And it was these republican regulars with very irregular bands of proletariat and peasantry who put down the military "putsch" and threw insurgency back on its foreign Fascist supports.

The first of Insurgency's foreign sources of man-power lay in the Spanish Empire in Morocco, which had been its base. One can imagine how British public opinion would react if the military command in India landed thousands of Sikhs and Gurkhas at Dover and marched on London to overthrow a Lib.-Lab. government brought to power by a general election. The invasion of Spain with Moorish levies and the Moroccan Foreign Legion was an even worse mistake. For it was a mistake that had been made before, in 1934, when the revolt of the Asturian miners was repressed with heavy slaughter by Moorish troops—a mistake that resulted in the revolutionary general election in 1936. Alliance with the Moors was bad enough, but almost as bad was accepting assistance in aeroplanes and aviators from Germany and Italy, seeing that these were the only two Powers known to have ambitions for occupation of Morocco and the exploitation of Spain and would obviously not help for nothing. The result of this mistake was, first, the creation and then the consolidation of the Popular Front. But Fascism was forced by the failure of its military mutiny not only to enlist these dangerous mercenaries, but also to enlist all the reactionary movements, none of which had any use for its reconstructionist ideas. It was indeed many weeks before all these exotic and eccentric elements were willing to line up under one leader, General Franco. They have never been able to

embody their objectives in a general political programme in spite of the efforts of General Franco to produce programmes that may mean anything or nothing.

If the field is now to be narrowed down again to a fight between Valencia and Burgos, what will be the chances of Fascism again? Obviously none whatever in terms of peace politics. For, even if it could rally its reactionary supporters for some sort of reconstructionist programme, it could never get any popular support for it short of a decade of persecution and propaganda. Fascism having taken to the sword will perish by the sword, unless a sufficient percentage of the politically conscious proletariat and peasantry perish first. And this its leaders seem to have realized even before the outbreak of civil war. For their policy of acquiring a majority by means of executions instead of elections came into force at the first landing of the Moors and Legionaries. All political supporters of the Government who refused to recant were thereafter liable to be shot, which policy is justified as war reprisals for "Red atrocities" in the past, and as police repression of Red activities in the future.

"Red Terrors" have for a century been endemic in Spain, but have never made any protracted change in the constitutional regime or in the ruling class; whereas the "White Terror" of 1820 which preceded them did definitely interrupt the rhythm of Spanish progress. Thereby the despotism of Ferdinand VII, assisted by the French army of the Duc d'Angoulême and by the Clericalist "Army of the Faith," wiped out the first Liberal movement in Europe. And the similarity in the procedure of the Fascist White Terror of today with that of Ferdinand VII over a century ago, even to the reappearance of gangs like the "Destroying Angels" of 1822, suggests that the reconstruction programme of Fascism is as yet nothing more than a camouflage for such reactionary proceedings. For example, examine the evidence now available of what happened on the occupation of Jerez, the prosperous little sherry town, which could never have been suspected of Syndicalism or Socialism, where the local councillors and any members of trades unions except those over sixty, all Freemasons except two, were promptly—eliminated with the co-operation of the religious order. This is a reversion to the formula of Ferdinand the Cruel, which can be summed up as

reaction based on foreign invasion, blessed by fanatical clericalism and bleeding all political progressives white. It would perhaps have been better if it had been honestly explained that it was the only possible procedure by which the insurgent programme could have been imposed on the Spanish revolution by foreign mercenaries and Fascist militarists. Most governments have at one time or another tried such exterminations, often for imperialist exploitation without any excuse of patriotism. The policy was successful when applied to the Irish by a Cromwell; it was not so when applied to them by a Hamar Greenwood. As it is applied in Spain, it has not as yet erred on the side of moderation. Indeed, if the old socialist-syndicalist Saul has slain his thousands in hot blood, the young national-syndicalist David has slain his tens of thousands in cold.

There seem to be some indications that Franco is no Ferdinand, and that he realizes that the procedure effective a century ago against a liberal-intellectual minority cannot be so today against the whole mass of the syndicalist peasantry and proletariat. It would at any rate be charitable so to interpret the attempt to bring the reactionary factions under Fascist control. Now, it took the Spanish Government about six weeks to get control of the gangs of Reds who were revenging themselves for the July *coup* and taking advantage of the calling up of all the police forces for the civil war. But so far Generals Mola in the north, and Queipo de Llano in the south have continued their battues; nor do either the German or Italian commands as yet show the compunction shown by the French a century ago at the consequences of their interference. No doubt the strong expressions of English and European public opinion as to the treatment of the Catholic civilians of Bilbao and Guernica has made an impression. It has elicited the explanation that Guernica Catholics were destroyed by Guernica Communists, and that the starvation of Catholic women and children is essential to the re-establishment of the Catholic Church in Spain. But these interesting elucidations will not immediately inspire confidence in the Spanish people as to a future Fascist Government. Fascism will have to shoot its way upwards and onwards, or it will be itself shot down and out. Spain can be oppressed but it cannot be permanently suppressed. Because Spanish

political ideas and instincts are rooted in the rocks of tradition. They cannot be torn out by any storm of persecution, or washed away by any wave of propaganda.

And this brings us to our next question: when will the war end and Spanish democracy win? The answer is that if foreign invasion is prosecuted with the full forces at the disposal of the two Fascist Powers and is protected by the non-intervention procedure, the war will continue for years and may shatter our Christian civilization. At the beginning Spain, if left to itself, would have ended the war in two months, and the protraction of the war has been and will be in exact proportion to the foreign intervention permitted. If all foreign intervention were now withdrawn, both the foreign technicians and troops assisting the Insurgents on the one side, as well as the foreign technicians and volunteers assisting the Government on the other, the Spanish people would again end the war in two months.

This estimate is arrived at by assembling the relative man-power available for conscription on either side, after allowing for Cromwellian eliminations and emigrations. It assesses nine-tenths of the man-power as available now for the Government, and one-tenth for the Insurgents. Of these conscripts it is probable that one half will desert the Insurgents on the first opportunity, as they are now doing; while probably one half of the conscripts of the Popular Front will be ready to die as they have hitherto done. The estimate also takes into account that the gold reserve left to the Government, and the credit that will accrue as soon as its superiority becomes sufficiently obvious, will give it an advantage in the purchase of munitions over the Insurgents, who have to pay for munitions in minerals that do not belong to them. The City of London may some day recognize that it is more profitable to lend money to a Government which is winning than to let insurgents who are losing go on commandeering the produce of the Rio Tinto mines. It is also clear that in military skill the Government has the advantage. True, thanks to foreign support, the Insurgents have been on the offensive throughout. But they have lost troops and time which they could not spare on political objectives like Malaga, Bilbao, and Madrid.

The loss of Malaga was a strategic gain to the Government.

It substituted the short and strong Motril front of forty miles, flanked by the Sierra Nevada and by the sea, for the four hundred miles of indefensible provincial boundaries. Moreover, the shock to the Popular Front and the shake-out of a very unprofitable provincial syndicalism enabled the Government within a fortnight to impose conscription and a central command. The assault on Bilbao has so alarmed Barcelona that it has not only consented to come into the war, but even to let Valencia co-operate in suppressing the Catalan Syndicalist-Anarchists who so far had succeeded in rejecting the central command and a Catalan offensive campaign.

The main factor of the future is of course air-power. Though the Government have of late had an ascendancy due to a superiority both of material and of morale, this cannot continue if the "control" is maintained as at present. For Government supplies have to be sent in by sea, subject to Insurgent seizure, while German and Italian planes can be flown in with no restriction at all. It seems, moreover, probable that the Fascist Powers will try to make good to the Insurgents their increasing inferiority on the land by giving them complete control of the air for the destruction of the Government centres of production and for the demoralisation of the civilian population. How far they will feel it safe to go in this, and what they will get thereby, will probably be known before this article is read. But, the spirit of Spain being insuppressible, Spain may yet give European civilization an opportunity to free itself, either by moral pressure or by military procedure, from the worst curse that civilization has brought upon itself.

GAS AND GULLS

BY L. E. O. CHARLTON

MODERN warfare, particularly in respect of action from the air, has introduced a new relationship between the civilian element on both sides and the Governments to which they owe obedience. The responsibility of the latter is now enlarged to include protection of the populace from the rigours of bombardment from the air. For indeed the attainment of the heart of popular resistance, residing in the masses, can be accomplished now by a short-cut method which need not necessarily involve the land or sea forces at all. Devastation can be wrought at will on the place most of all susceptible to such an insidious form of attack before ever the first reservist has reported at his depot, and at once the civil population has assumed a new importance in the eyes of government. This is the theory, so easily capable of proof—that the unendurable suffering of the masses, brought about by air bombardment, will quickly end the war.

Some countries proclaim this belief with open cynicism. Others justify the proceeding by a statement that no such thing as a non-combatant is to be found nowadays. It is true. Logically, and in ruthless argument, the old lady who sits and knits a chest-protector for her soldier going to the war is manufacturing a munition equally with the operative in the shell factory hard by. Even to bear a male child is an infringement of non-combatant neutrality, and there is not a single mode of employment which is not, in one way or the other, a strengthening of national resistance and, therefore, a legitimate object of attack. The nation which declines to give agreement to this conception of war will be quickly subjugated, and nothing but the effectual outlawry of war itself can serve to halt the mournful progress.

The people have emerged on to their present stage of

importance in the scheme of things through two antecedent phases. In the earliest phase they received no consideration whatever. This happened in the days of moving, mediæval war, when they were harried from pillar to post, starved by the gluttony of the military forces, slaughtered, ravished, and not seldom put in wholesale fashion to the sword. There are cases on record—when food ran short, for instance, in a beleaguered town—of the forced evacuation of its citizens as merely useless mouths, obliged to fend for themselves among their foes, a proceeding which usually ended in their slow, or quick, extermination. They were apt to get in the way and spoil the war; the creed of those days, being, as it is in fact today, that motives of humanity must never be allowed to interfere to the prejudice of the purely military operation. Originally, they acquiesced on account of *force majeure*, but in time they became, so to speak, acclimatized, even to the extent of regarding harshness as their portion when their rulers chose to go to war.

In the next phase, that of war on a conscriptional scale, to a certain extent they were automatically protected by their own military shield. As long as the front lines held they had nothing much to fear, and could go about their ordinary avocations, even though business might not be quite as usual. At that time the collapse of military power, involving the surrender or defeat of the main military force, resulted in an armistice which, in turn, was followed by a peace arrangement. Still, the citizen was moderately safe, and if the military occupation of territory were considered advisable as a prelude to the signing of the treaty, then all he had to do towards the preservation of his life or liberty was to keep out of mischief and scrupulously observe the letter of the edicts under martial law. He was still a nuisance, still superfluous in the vicinity of fighting, but less so than formerly, and he even had a proper role to perform. Then war was hinged and fastened on the citizenry for duration, owing to the barrier weight of mass enrolment, and this prolongation of hostilities, together with advanced technique in the development of weapons, pushed the food-provider and the worker to the fore. He was still, however, a non-combatant with the rights of such. Although, in a national sense, he sank or swam according to the military fortunes at the front, none the less he was immune

from slaughter unless, unfortunately, he actually got entangled in a fighting area.

All this time the people had a very real importance although they knew it not. It was a negative importance, certainly, to be seen and realized by their enemy instead of by themselves. For each side knew that the heart of the population opposite was always the real point of attack, and that battles had to be fought and won merely in order to brush aside the military barrier and, by attaining the capital (for choice), break the popular spirit of resistance and dictate a peace. *Vox populi vox Dei* was the principle at stake. A democratic government could be changed or, otherwise, a revolution engineered, and thus could the people make their wishes unmistakably known if they considered they could bear no more. It was not for nothing that, in 1914, the French troop trains were playfully scrawled "*à Berlin*," and the German "*nach Paris*." The principle was subconsciously at work. From either of those capitals peace could be dictated.

We are living now in an entirely new war-era. So today nothing must be left undone for the protection of the civil mass who are now the front-line soldiery. It must be accorded a Queen Bee solicitude, for if it be discouraged the war is lost. This is a complete reversal of affairs. Wives and mothers may still be anxious for their sons and husbands at some front, but the latter will have much more need for real anxiety. One would imagine that, in the case of Great Britain, with a vulnerability not approached by any other country, we should ere now have got our plan of protection all cut and dried. But it is not so. That democratic lag is on us as never before. How far, in fact, have we gone towards a solution of the problem of reasonable safety for the mass? Is there any such thing?

The Air Raid Precautions Department has been at work for some time now. The title is a misnomer, to begin with. It is not raids we have to apprehend but sustained bombardment from the air by gas and high explosive bomb, and the incendiary, all three of which carry out their mission of destruction in close relationship, and with microbial warfare thrown in for make-weight, for all we know. There is psychological reaction to the apt name or phrase, and the very mouthful-quality of a longer, more exact title in such a connection might have an educational

value in itself. On the last occasion the sporadic attempts of the enemy to subvert the popular morale—not without a measure of success, be it noted—was truly raiding. To cut and come again was the essence of it, in the old foray fashion; but the heavy air bombardment now to be foreseen will bear the same relationship to the sprinkling effect over London in the Great War that a set battle then had to a light engagement between patrols in no-man's land. To land a crashing blow at the outset of hostilities is what the super-arm is for; and if it should be our former foe we face again it can at least be reckoned that he will not forgo his method of employing mass. Let Guernica, for instance, be multiplied the requisite number of times and we have the case of London. It is a lesson which we should learn well, as also that of Malaga. By adding to that well-known characteristic of his the bombardment tit-bit which London offers, even the word "precaution" assumes a milk-and-water hue.

The truth is that our authorities are busy again rocking the people to sleep; crooning a lullaby instead of a song of awakening. These "hush-a-bye baby" tactics may once have been useful when war was a slow-drawn process and armies crept and crawled. Nowadays they are very apt to defeat their own ends. Hitherto the general public have not been intimately connected with the gory side of war. At a safe distance from the fighting they were upheld by the conflicting emotions, such as pride, patriotism and a sense of sacrifice, which were induced by the thought of battle far away; even grief at personal loss possessed a noble distinction which was largely compensatory. They were in a gullible condition, and the optimism of human nature made them prone to swallow propaganda. All that has now gone for ever, and the bare, stark truth is what alone they deserve and what they should insist on. This time it is execution they will undergo, under massacre conditions, and loss of confidence in the measures taken for reprieve will have a dangerous reaction.

What, in sum, have they been told? Ask your neighbour travelling on bus or tube or tram what he knows about it, and the answer will be a blank stare in most cases, or an entire lack of interest in some. Official pamphlets are available for money down, but why spend sixpence here and sixpence there in order to be educated at your own expense on a matter which affects

the safety of the realm? These pamphlets ought to be distributed free of all charge to every adult citizen; more especially when it is remembered that the outlay even of a copper comes hard to an enormous number of wage-earners who, owing to their crowded habitations, are the least protected of the populace. Municipalities and similar bodies throughout the country have formed committees to consider what can best be done on the lines of official advice. But there is a sordid squabble going on at present as to who should bear the gross charge, and meanwhile little is being done. The Red Cross is organizing lectures, and premises are given over for exhibition purposes, including hasty gas-proofing devices, masks and how to wear them, and decontaminating outfits. But the people who most matter, the working population, are not enticed to listen or to view; there is thin attendance, and the voluntary nature of these efforts is not best calculated to disseminate knowledge in the widespread fashion which is demanded.

The utterances of Departmental officials on the occasions of their public appearances, and their statements on interview as quoted in the Press, do little to allay anxiety on the part of those who really want to know. Too often they are compounded of the simple, unsupported sort of declaration that all is well, with an admixture of fantasy. Gas-proof perambulators, for instance, is to be a line of inquiry in one direction. Mayfair mothers will no doubt rejoice at this example of prudent forethought for their little ones; but the others in their multitude who make-do with a soap box on wheels, or at best a rickety, hoodless baby-carriage, are hard put to it to see sense in such suggestion. Again, should an incendiary bomb come through the roof it must be gathered in a long-handled shovel and dumped into a bucket of sand. But it develops a heat of 3,000 centigrade and would be unapproachable with such an implement! In any case, unless it actually enters the homely gas-proofed room in which the family is assembled it could only be dealt with by forsaking temporarily that refuge, in which case the room becomes at once unsealed. Either you must let in the gas, or you must sniff the smell of burning and go on hoping for the best. The logic is all twisted. Such contradictions, of course, are not intended, but they do exist—to the bewilderment of the many: and they are gradually

inspiring a belief that the "precautions" are all moonshine, merely produced as proof that something is being done in default of anything really effectual to do.

Even this concentration on the gas problem is contradictory. We have been told that the effects of high explosive constitute the greatest danger; that the incendiary bomb comes next in order; and that lethal gas is the least of the three to be reckoned with. The question of providing bomb-proof shelter for the masses has been set aside, and rightly so, as utterly impracticable, but splinter-proofing on the necessary scale is not so. Yet nothing is being done. To counteract the incendiary we have the spade and bucket, it is true; but no one can possibly regard that remedy as other than ridiculous. Gas, however, does not burst or burn; it is not outwardly destructive, but insidious in its effects and slow. Every one in his time has seen a big explosion or a house on fire, but very few today can speak at first hand of the effects of lethal gas. The multitude is therefore very ready to accept the official pronouncements on the subject of protection from it, because it has no previous experience on which to build a criticism. Again, they are in a gullible condition, the more ready to believe what they are told because there is imaginative horror of gas in all men's minds, and they are like children anxious to be comforted.

It is small wonder, then, that prompt advantage has been taken of this state of mind, so that the least of all the dangers to be apprehended is the one against which the most is being done. For it is the only case in which there is anything for the individual to do and, by a fortunate coincidence, the anti-gas precautions as advised are directly contributory to that ordering of the populace which is best of all calculated to allay mob-panic and so preserve public morale. This deserves an explanation.

The golden rule for bombardment of any kind is dispersal, so that the effect on personnel is minimized. In the case of a city such as London no better form of dispersal can be imagined than the segregation of each family under its own roof. In this way the results are rigidly localized, when casualties occur. Immured in your own gas-proof room in your own dwelling, you may become aware that there is trouble a few doors off; your own walls may reel to the shock of a nearby explosion; the glare

of a conflagration may be reflected in your window glass. But you don't rush out to see if you can lend a hand ; first, because you have been told not to ; secondly, because there would be no point in it, and the instinct for the preservation of your family would deter you ; and thirdly, because you would be comfortably assured that professional helpers would soon be on the spot, well-trained in the niceties of the job, and properly equipped for it. If you should, indeed, carried away by your feeling of commiseration, dart forth, you would be promptly ordered in again by the police and special constables on patrol for this one purpose. So the principle of dispersal would be in full observance and, take it all in all, it is much best so. If people were allowed to react to panic unrepressed there would be a quick end to their spirit of resistance. Public morale must be preserved at all costs, for if the people suffer spiritual defeat the nation's will to war is broken, and a peace of humiliation will follow.

Short of evacuation, a measure quite impracticable in the case of a city the size of London, this policy of indoor dispersal, as it might be called, is eminently sound. Evacuation, even if it were a feasible undertaking, would have to be effected in anticipation of attack to justify itself, for the first assault will be by surprise, and the mass movement by train and road, if we waited on our enemy, would involve the very opposite of the dispersal policy, to our huge discomfiture. Moreover, it is not only Londoners who reside in London, in a certain manner of speaking. A quarter of our total population are utterly dependent on its port, and its distributing facilities, for their food and every amenity of life. Material destruction is a necessary accompaniment to loss of life or limb, and for these outside masses to be stricken thus would throw an extra, and an unbearable, weight on the machine of government. Food supplies, store houses, drinking reservoirs, abattoirs—these cannot wear gas masks.

In point of fact, the official precautionary measures are both right and wrong, if such a thing can be. They are right in a strategic sense, for they do impress on people the need to stay at home, and the casualty-roll will naturally not mount so high if the population is thus dispersed. But they are tactically at fault, for they issue a promise of safety from the effects of lethal gas which fixes minds on the least of the dangers to be feared,

involving measures some of which are contradictory and others absurd. It is a gulling system to say the least, and the people don't deserve it. It carries its own seed of danger, too, for if it becomes quickly known, as it will, that the bright promise is not fulfilled, then confusion will be worse confounded. Above all, it is provocative of informed and hostile criticism from men and women whose voices do not necessarily cry in the wilderness. There would be no complaint if only the bare truth were told that only a measure of protection can be afforded, that the people must endure, and that there is no such thing as complete security.

Recently a group of Cambridge scientists investigated the official anti-gas precautionary measures and found them wanting. They were, it is true, grouped pacifically as well as scientifically, being professedly "anti-war." But they all hold Masterships of Art, and the tone of their report, published in book form, demonstrates to the hilt that truth was their concern. The summary of the results thus gained is food for thought. With regard to the amateur "gas-proof" room, which they tested in three different ways, the finding was that, if the air outside contained enough gas to kill in one hour, then the proofing would enable life to be sustained for thrice that period of time ; a rider being added to the effect that completely gas-tight rooms can only be constructed, at great expense, by experts. Concerning the civilian-type gas-mask, they found that it would in fact afford protection against a concentration of chlorine for some hours. Against mustard gas, however, the most likely to be used in quantity, which attacks the whole surface of the body, the protection by mask is of a very limited nature. With regard to the incendiary bomb, which was also investigated, they point out that in the case of a combined gas and incendiary attack the official advice is conflicting and impossible of being put into practice. Finally, they indicate the difficulties of protecting children under the age of five by means of masks, adding a reminder that adequate methods of solving this most serious problem have not as yet been proposed by the Home Office.

This group of scientific individuals has perhaps not really appreciated the principle of dispersal, and, it must be added, it is not constructive criticism that they offer. But they have exposed

the tactical falsity of the official methods employed, and their labours will arouse in many minds resentment against the childish treatment to which we are being subjected. Here is the thing in a nutshell.

Conditions can be ameliorated by strict observance of the injunction to stay at home, because dispersal is the antidote to any form of bombing. Direct hits by high explosive will annihilate. Conflagrations, caused by the incendiary, must get out of hand. And as to gas, by a due observance of the precautions issued more people will survive than would otherwise be the case. That is what we want to know, and what we ought to be told. With the truth before our eyes we can at least brace ourselves against the day. The spirit of resistance is in the people, and it is much better to know the worst than to come suddenly upon it.

RHAPSODY ON A TAILOR'S MIRROR

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

A RUM-LOOKING old devil, but he has his points. Full-face, with his stone-coloured eyes, his shock of grey hair; the short, pointed, wavy beard in the midst of which the lips show bare, red, and moist; the subtle, rather beautiful modelling of the head, face and neck, set on good square shoulders: he is, it must be admitted, rather noble. The eyes—let us give the devil his due—are both penetrating and benevolent, and those red, lithe lips are critical, discriminating, and lustful, too, the lips of a wine-bibber (hear them smack parrotlike at a fine Burgundy!), yes, of an epicure in all the pleasures; in Chaucer's wicked phrase, a "likerous mouth."

But pivot him round into profile and there comes an unfortunate change. He's a little man, God bless us, and tubby, and—regrettable revelation—he has a pointed, enquiring, dicky-bird nose. Look how aggressively yet absurdly impertinent it grows when he tilts his head and points the thing—no better than a robin's beak—into the air. And that action tips up the beard: it juts out, you see, detached from his throat, a weakly, pugnacious, billy-goat growth. And, a foot below it, another protuberance, serene and unashamed—his round, submerged football of a belly. Yes, seen sideways a ridiculous little man: yet still something impressive survives in the brow and the poise of the head and shoulders. Turn him further round, to a vanishing profile and, alas, a vanishing dignity. No! As long as that ludicrous nose remains visible we can do nothing for him. Look at it now, bright, perky, hopelessly inadequate. And something, now, something unfortunate, has happened to the back of the head: there is a shortcoming here, a meagreness; it pokes too far forward from the plane of the shoulder-blades, giving him an air of timid patience, of feeble apology.

Well, there he is. Why blink the fact? For these details are

indications of certain qualities, most of them regrettable qualities, in our friend, and what exists must be accepted. We accept him, then, in all his aspects; we resign ourselves to the nose, since noses can be altered only by motor-accidents, and then generally for the worse. As for the qualities, they may perhaps be modified by the mere fact of acceptance. Revolve him again and we shall find consolation; for now, thank God, the fatal nose has vanished and a certain measure of dignity has returned.

The belly, too, has suffered eclipse, and that, in the case of our specimen, is an advantage, for belly achieves magnificence only in men proportionately tall. Now we are free to appreciate those shoulders again, and to note how young and straight is the back: from this angle the back of the head, too, is unexpectedly satisfactory. As for the face—what we see of it—that subtly wavering outline from topknot to chin, deeply and darkly notched where the brow scoops suddenly into the cavity of the eye, is extraordinarily good, truly beautiful; brow, cheek, and chin finely related and the small ears set high, so that the curve of the jaw sweeps from ear-lobe to chin in a line which combines the delicate cleanness of earl youth with the calm strength of maturity. Observe, too, the colour and quality of the flesh, how firm, fresh, and ruddy. Belly or no belly, he is a man of moderation: his excesses, if he has any, are not physical.

Well, there he is, for what he's worth; and before Mr. Harkness arrives to interrupt us with buttonless waistcoat—vest, as he calls it—and the still rudimentary jacket copiously basted with white thread, let us turn our specimen round until once again nose and belly are in the ascendant, and, holding him there for a moment, let us laugh at him whole-heartedly, without shame or malice and, above all, without pity, for the ridiculous was made to be laughed at, and why should we waste our opportunity? Besides, there is a subtle medicine in our laughter, for the more heartily we laugh, the less laughable, the more truly noble, he becomes, till at last, perhaps, even belly and nose, once the outward and visible signs of inward absurdities, are no longer supported by the absurdities they symbolized and take on a reflected nobility.

The door of the little mahogany cubicle clicks open, and I turn from my self-contemplation to receive the apologies of Mr.

Harkness. "Very sorry to keep you waiting, Sir. Our cutter had mislaid your trousers."

* * * * *

I take credit to myself for being able—at last, after a life of well over half a century—to face my tailor's mirror with perfect equanimity; and by that I mean not only without shame, but without vanity. It is a curious and significant engine, your tailor's mirror: it presents to you aspects of your outward man which you never see elsewhere, unless you are a film-star or a public personage. The film, of course, except that it has not yet the actuality of a reflection, is even more drastic than the mirror, because it affords so much more scope for movement. In a film you would be free to detect the unsuspected peculiarities of your gait, the deplorable ineptness of your run. In a few years, I suppose, when the film and the gramophone have reached perfection, you will be able to stand aside, as it were, and watch and listen to yourself—your all but very self—living, moving, chattering, and having your idiotic being. Lord, what an exposure! What a purgation! What an exorcism of all the ghosts of vanity, false modesty, diffidence and self-pity! Who but an ass could have any illusions about himself after that? If each of us, from his childhood up, could have witnessed a weekly talkie-movie of himself, should we not now be immune from God knows how many of the major and minor insanities that make us what we are today?

But now the fitting is over. Mr. Harkness, using me as a mere dummy for the purposes of his art, has walked round me, towered above me, crouched at my feet, has pinched and patted, pulled and plucked, lifted one and then another arm, bent it at right-angles, dropped it, has attacked me with an open pen-knife and ruthlessly ripped out and torn off my right sleeve, has stuck pins into me till I bristle like a Saint Sebastian, played noughts-and-crosses with a flat lozenge of chalk on my chest and stomach until, in the mirror, I resemble nothing so much as a schoolroom blackboard after an arithmetic-lesson, and, lastly, he has cautiously peeled off this mockery of a coat and waistcoat and these pin-infested trousers and has left me, as he knows I prefer to be left, to dress myself. But before I begin, I turn myself once more—just as I am, coatless, trouserless, in

my shirt, pants, and sock-suspenders: most uncompromising, most ludicrous of all human trappings—to that most ridiculous of all my aspects, throw back my head, tilt up my dicky-bird nose, shoot out my billy-goat beard, and suddenly, before I can check myself, burst into a loud guffaw that rings through the shop. I hear footsteps; the door clicks open and Mr. Harkness's head appears. "Anything the matter, Sir?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Harkness," I reply. "For the first time in a life of fifty-seven years, there is nothing, or next to nothing, the matter. I was laughing at myself. Congratulate me! Only one thing is lacking, and that you can supply. Come in for a moment, Mr. Harkness."

Mr. Harkness, puzzled and a little uncomfortable, comes in, cautiously closing the door behind him. "Now look at that." I point to the left wing of the mirror and throw back my head.

Mr. Harkness, deferential little man, regards the spectacle with admirable self-control and then glances back at me.

"Come, Mr. Harkness! Have you never seen a robin snapping at a fly? Have you never seen a billy-goat seized by a sudden suspicion? Look again." I nod my head up and down, wag it from side to side to encourage him.

Mr. Harkness visibly weakens; his face crumples, his eyes glitter, his lips quiver, and at last a discreet little neigh escapes him. "Aha!" I say. "You see what I mean."

Mr. Harkness, his lips still tremulous with laughter, assures me that he does not see what I mean, but he has given me the ultimate test that I needed; he has laughed at me—his desperate attempt to disguise it has made the fact only the more searching—and I have not quailed before his laughter. Yes, this is the final proof of maturity: not only can I laugh at myself, but I can receive without humiliation the laughter of others. Cyrano, M. Rostand's Cyrano—you remember all that skilfully rhymed ridicule that he heaped on his own nose—fell short of the final manhood: he refused to tolerate the laughter of others and so proved himself an incurable romantic. I have gone one further than Cyrano: I know my outward self, I accept it, I have no illusions.

THE VICTORIAN CENTENARY

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

THERE is no period of modern history to which we can set more precise limits than to the Victorian era. It stands out even more definitely than the age of Louis XIV. The Queen's accession one hundred years ago marked the unmistakable end of a chapter, and the close of her reign, in the first year of the new century, befell with at least an equal appropriateness of time and public events. We stand now at a sufficient distance from that close, so that the making of a rough estimate of the epoch should not seem too presumptuous. What was the Victorian age, and how nearly did it approach supreme importance for England and the British people? Can we say that the nineteenth century should, for vital significance, for experience and achievement, be deemed equal, say, to the end of the Middle Ages or the age of Elizabeth and Shakespeare?

This question one would be disposed to answer with an emphatic Yes, for reasons which may be stated in the form of simple assertion upon three cardinal points. First, Victoria began her reign when the Industrial Revolution was passing out of its first momentous stage. By the time she entered upon her long elderhood, steam and the machine had been established as the governing agency of our society: the tempo of Western civilization had been decisively changed. Secondly, the discoveries of Science and the application of scientific method had enlarged the empire of man, in time and space, to a degree beyond the imagination of all preceding ages: the intellectual universe had been transformed. And, thirdly, through the advance of knowledge and free inquiry among the commonalty, the mind of man in general had been at last delivered from the major terrors of superstition. The lad and girl who were no older than Victoria in 1837, and lived out a full span of life with her, were enabled, if situated amid tolerable circumstances,

to enjoy as their portion in this pilgrimage a wondrous passage from darkness to light. Because of what was done and thought during a single marvellous half-century, the cloud over man's spirit had at last been dispersed.

In the chronicles of the nineteenth century no occurrence is more familiar than the incident of June 20th. With the advent of Queen Victoria the nation had a sense of relief which was virtually unanimous. The three sovereigns who preceded her had let the throne down to near zero mark. In the words of a writer of the present season, the trio consisted of a lunatic, a profligate cad, and a buffoon; and therefore all "chivalrous sentiment could gather about a Crown personified by a fresh young girl instead of selfish dirty old men." Thomas Carlyle caught a glimpse of her in the Park on the eve of the coronation: "She is a decidedly pretty-looking little creature—health, clearness, graceful timidity looking out from her young face." She had ascended a glorious throne. The loss of the American Colonies had been more than made good. A band of explorers, soldiers, and governing adventurers were continually adding to the territories of the Crown. Despite the follies of kings and the horrors of the new industrial system, England had plainly become the dominant Power. William Pitt, not long before Trafalgar, declared that we had a revenue equal to all Europe, a navy equal to all Europe, and a commerce greater than that of all Europe; and, wrote the friend who recorded this boast, "he added laughingly, to make us quite gentlemen, a debt as large as that of all Europe." By the fourth decade of the century the British people had attained the consciousness of power and expansion and boundless resources. Their assurance of a special mission was overwhelming.

It is first of all the violence of the contrasts, political and social, by which we are struck as we look back to the opening of the Victorian age. The welcome accorded to the girl Queen did not imply that the majority of the people had any strong feeling of attachment to the monarchy: George IV and his successor had damaged the Crown too seriously for that. Victoria looked upon Lord Melbourne as the ideal Prime Minister, and she would have had a sense of disaster if a Tory victory had compelled her to send at once for Peel. By 1841, when this

happened, she was much better prepared. But already in 1837 the Whig Ministry had outstayed its welcome, and long before its easygoing head was driven out of office, a Whig so wholehearted as Macaulay was admitting that the Government had become a wretched survival. Its record of legislation down to 1835 was most notable, yet here again a glaring contrast was recognized by all politicians. The new Poor Law of 1834 was, for its authors and the House of Commons, a piece of legislation certainly no less salutary than the Municipal Corporations Act of the following year; but in the country generally it aroused a loathing that went beyond anything known among the working folk until the Means Test of our own day. The scandals of the old Poor Law had been carried beyond all tolerance. What more convincing proof of this could be cited than the fact that upon the need of drastic change Carlyle was in agreement with Harriet Martineau herself? Yet the new Poor Law was the one vital issue of the election in the Queen's first year, and we may be certain that without this provocation the Chartist membership could never have approached the 1,500,000 to which Carlyle was calling eloquent attention by the beginning of 1839.

Chartism came as a menacing sequel to the millennial hopes of the parliamentary reformers. In the triumphant agitation of 1830-32, no feature had been more revealing than the fervour with which the new labour organizations reinforced the middle-class demand for "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." But within a few years the working classes were to realize that this was exactly what they had obtained—the Bill and nothing but it. Chartism meant "the bitter discontent grown fierce and mad"; and perhaps to us a hundred years later the most surprising thing is that the awakened workers of England, betrayed by a House of Commons in which they had no part at all, should show themselves so completely what we call Victorian in their devotion to the pure representative principle. The Charter drafted by Francis Place in 1838 was entirely concerned with parliamentary machinery. But we should not be misled by the celebrated demands, for in the movement itself, of course, there was something far deeper than the six points. The first Chartist petition to the House of Commons included this paragraph:

We, your petitioners, dwell in a land whose merchants are noted for their enterprise, whose manufacturers are very skilful, and whose workmen are proverbial for their industry. The land itself is goodly, the soil rich, and the temperature wholesome. It is abundantly furnished with materials of commerce and trade; it has numerous and convenient harbours; in facility of internal communication it exceeds all others. For three-and-twenty years we have enjoyed a profound peace. Yet, with all these elements of national prosperity, and with every disposition and capacity to take advantage of them, we find ourselves overwhelmed with public and private suffering. . . . Our workmen are starving; capital brings no profit and labour no remuneration; the home of the artificer is desolate, and the warehouse of the pawnbroker is full. . . . We have searched diligently in order to find out the causes of a distress so sore and so long-continued. We can discover none in nature or in Providence.

The early Victorian agitators, as we know, were masters of impassioned declamation. Who shall say that the voice of these workmen was any less effective than the famous first chapter of *Past and Present* in which Carlyle, making exactly the same point, broke out, five years later, against the criminal folly of the scene he had witnessed outside the workhouse at St. Ives?

The most terrible period of modern England—or at least the period whose terrors we know most fully—falls between the Reform Act and the collapse of Chartism in 1848. And we may note in passing that it was in the last stage of this sixteen-years period that an illustrious historian achieved an unparalleled success with the publication of his first two volumes. They contained that brilliant and fallacious third chapter—pure milk of the Macaulayan gospel. The philosophy (if that is the word) of this incomparable picture of England at the death of Charles II could be grasped by the simplest reader. He was asked to believe that England since the seventeenth century had moved forward as nearly as possible in a right line, and therefore that social improvement in a land so blest as ours must continue indefinitely. Macaulay was a man of fine nature, and in personal habit exceedingly generous. But the condition-of-the-people question did not greatly disturb him; and had he not many years before (1830), when reviewing Southey, made a ringing prophecy of England's still greater glory?

The hideous social consequences of the industrial revolution were of necessity visible first of all in the dismal spread of the manufacturing towns. We to-day are living in a time when the

most elementary student of the population problem is prepared to argue that Malthus deserves a place among the completely false prophets, since he was not able to foresee the reduction of the devastating torrent of babies (John Morley's phrase) to something rather like a hesitant trickle of new life. Our young contemporaries cannot imagine a time when over-population was a haunting certainty. Yet it needs no more than a glance at a few statistics of urban growth to make the thing actual enough. In 1801, Leeds was a town of 53,000; in 1851, of 172,000. Manchester and Salford—the first urban area to feel the impact of the new industrialism—had 90,000 in 1801. Fifty years later the population was 400,000—and the major part of this huge community fell at that time within the limits of a single ecclesiastical parish. Similar figures, if not quite so sensational, were furnished by every county of the newly industrialized North and Midlands. They were not indicative of any process that could be described as civic growth. They implied merely the springing up and extension of deadly urban districts—a combination of factory and dormitory—which might or might not have an old market-town as nucleus. "Do you mean to tell me that the workpeople live in those hovels?" asked a visitor of one Mr. Gradgrind, as he was being shown over. "Certainly not: they live in my mills; they only sleep there."

That most valuable of practical visionaries, Robert Owen, began his long public services by stimulating the first Sir Robert Peel in the direction of factory legislation. He was the first manufacturer to come forward and put the enlightened employer's case for shorter hours; and since he was himself a successful mill-owner, he could not be laughed out of court. Owen moved on to consumers' co-operation and working-class organization (he was the original prophet of the One Big Union), and he threw out ideas of popular education and other matters which kept their vitality to the end of the Victorian age. It was Owen's testimony before the pioneer committee of industrial inquiry which began the systematic exposure of the new serfdom, and broke ground for the factory legislation with which the name of Ashley (Lord Shaftesbury) is inseparably linked. Between the two Factory Acts of 1833 and 1847 the appalling indictment

was built up. From the parliamentary and special reports which ushered in the horrible 'Forties, the comfortable classes of England learned of children of seven years or less toiling in the mines from twelve to fifteen hours, pushing cars through 18-inch passages or carrying loads of half-a-hundredweight of coal; of children hardly out of the cradle being carried out by their fathers before the winter dawn, and kept in the mill from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m. at work that was defended as suitable for babes because it did not call for effort all the time; being beaten by the foreman to keep them at it, or beaten by the parent himself lest they should fall into the less merciful hands of the taskmaster.

Schools for all came to be the aim of the reformers forty years at least before the establishment of national compulsory education. But not all reformers and missionaries believed in the school. Cobbett, always a countryman, was hostile, and Shaftesbury's idea of instruction corresponded with his favourite social agency, the Ragged School.

So miserable, too, was the teaching—kept down to a very low level by the monitorial method—that late as 1845 it was asserted that 75 per cent. of the children leaving school were unable to read, while over 40 per cent. of the adults were still marking the census paper with a cross.

Rapidly after the middle of the century the most conservative of politicians were convinced that elementary education for the masses had become a necessity, if only as a means of putting a stop to that incredibly vicious substitute for training—the freedom to run loose in the streets—of which the elder Weller was a genial exponent. Mr. Weller had no converts among the responsible authorities. They all knew well enough the probable fate of boys and girls bred amid the conditions of the Black Country and left to the mercies of the gutter in the brief interval before the factory doors closed upon them. And yet, as Walter Hook, the once-famous reforming Vicar of Leeds, pointed out, every charity sermon had to contain an earnest repetition of the argument that education for the children of the poor was not to be feared as a danger to the social system.

The marvel was, not that the 'Forties were the affrighting period we know them to have been, but rather that they produced so remarkable a crop of genuine democratic movements. It was

in this decade that the sterling qualities of the English working people began to reveal themselves in movements of which the motive power lay within themselves. The Rochdale pioneers of co-operation (so much more famous, apparently, in the English-speaking countries overseas than in their own land) were an entirely indigenous group, as were the followers of Joseph Livesey and the other Lancashire teetotallers who believed that abstinence from alcoholic liquor was a certain road to the social redemption of their fellows. And by the bye, in the presence of the results of the notorious Beer Act (1830) and the congested Little Irelands of the industrial centres after the potato famine, it could not have been very difficult for teetotal evangelists to make out a plausible case. The working people were still unschooled, but the determined upper stratum of an atrociously oppressed class had realized that there could be no substitute for organized self-help. Thrift societies sprang up in surprising numbers, and they displayed in their management a standard of ability and integrity which affords noteworthy evidence of the influence in public life exerted by the dissenting chapel. The free-library movement was another illustration, while the general level of the audiences which listened to Cobden and made the success of John Bright's campaign for a democratic franchise in the 'Sixties (ten years before Gladstone became monarch of the platform), provided a sufficient demonstration of the completeness with which the fear of revolution had passed away from England. "To attend a place of worship," it has been said, "to abstain from spirits, to read a serious newspaper and put money in the savings bank, was in 1840 as good an ideal as could be set before a man." It seemed so, no doubt, to all middle-class friends of the working people, but the passion that the more imaginative leaders threw into their writings and speeches made it plain enough that they were not thinking of a working class version of the Utilitarian creed, effective though that creed was proving itself to be in legislation and departmental planning. The insurgency of the 'Forties was inspired, as the Hammonds have insisted, by a deep and complex sense of evil. The popular leaders had "a steady and responsible quarrel with the conditions of their lives." Men and women "knew that they were the victims of wrong, and that something was

false in their world. In the life of the modern industrial town beauty was allowed no place at all, and the essentials of a tolerable standard of health and decency were still far off: "to make a society of men who are sick is to make a sick society." True it is, no doubt that Chartism and Owenite Socialism accomplished little in the concrete; but they were both seminal movements of incalculable influence.

It is natural enough for us now to take Prince Albert's Great Exhibition of 1851 as a beginning of the forty years that must always be looked upon as the veritable Victorian age. One is tempted to argue that its essential characteristics were passing away before the first Jubilee was reached. Mr. G. M. Young, to whom we owe the most discerning and most brilliantly condensed summary of the period,* is of opinion that the 'Fifties of the nineteenth century were of all times the best to be young in; by 1860 the whole world was the Englishman's home, and his country was at peace. There is not a little to be said for Mr. Young's view, but a remark of Mr. Birrell's is not inapt: "The only thing that is left of the world into which I was born in 1850 is human nature!" And we cannot overlook two things in this connection—that the 1850s were too soon from the standpoint of a man or woman surviving to greet the neo-Georgian epoch, and that in order to enjoy the mid-Victorian decade one had to be a member of a privileged and restricted class. Given a right position in the social scheme, all was wonderfully well. Dr. Inge is right in saying that no society in the modern age, or it may be in any age, can have had matters arranged for the inheritors of privilege—which means especially the upper-middles—more favourably than for those who were growing up in England before 1880. The young Henry James tasted and enjoyed that existence some sixty years ago and, he remarks, it came upon him time and again that in no age can it have been "so fortunate to be fortunate" as in the England he then knew. Again to quote Mr. Young:

It was the good fortune of England . . . to confront a sudden access of power, prosperity, and knowledge, with a solidly grounded code of duty and self-restraint. . . . Released from fear the English mind was recovering its power to speculate, to wonder, and to enjoy. The dissolvent elements in

* *Victorian England: Portrait of an Age*. Oxford University Press.

Early Victorian thought—romance and humour and curiosity, the Catholicising of Oxford, the satire of Dickens, the passion of Carlyle, the large historic vision of Grote and Lyell and Arnold, were beginning to work. One of the last survivors of the mid-Victoria time spoke of those years as having the sustained excitement of a religious revival.

Everything seemed right, or coming right, with England. The Crimean War, a disturbing memory, was over. British India had survived the Mutiny, and imperial authority had replaced the strange anomaly of the East India Company. The Queen had still a wise statesman-Consort at her side, and certainly in the esteem of the middle classes he did not lose anything because his German industry and thoroughness made the aristocracy look at him askance. Britain and Greater Britain had a look of unchallengeable prosperity and solidity. Not the solar system itself, as Harriet Martineau had said of England in the Great Duke's day, appeared to be more stable.

England was the home of genius, the nursery of great men—although there was a certain irony in the fact that the prophet of heroes and hero-worship was plainly not aware that the contemporaries who came in so continuous a stream to the modest Chelsea house included not a few whose names might be no less enduring than those he was wont to proclaim (in God's name or the Devil's!) as the men of Might and Right, mankind's "undoubted kings." Before the end of the decade which Mr. Young would have chosen to be young in, all the great Victorians had declared themselves by their work, and most of them had already passed the zenith: the men of letters and of action, the openers of Africa and builders of Empire, the quiet men in black coats and queer whiskers who were looking into the nooks and crannies of the temple of life and matter, and voyaging through strange seas of thought alone. The year of the intellectual and spiritual revolution, of course, is 1859.

The great question as to the validity of Darwin's generalization is not relevant to the central issue of the Victorian mind. The point is that the publication of *The Origin of Species* three-quarters of a century ago was the continental divide in modern thought. It made a gulf between intelligences which is comparable with one earlier event alone, the promulgation of the Copernican theory. After 1859 the key-word was evolution,

and it would seem to one like myself (an outsider in this realm) that the long dispute in reference to the major road of biological development cannot be nearly so important for sociology or social ethics as, let us say, the everlasting conflict between determinists and free-willers. And surely, the core of the controversy concerning the value and standing of the eminent Victorians must turn in the main upon the attitude of the greatest among them towards the new knowledge and the results attained by scientific method. For many years now we have indulged in an intermittent debate upon the relative greatness of the Victorians, their prospects of survival, and especially the essential quality of their contribution to thought. A distinguished university teacher of the last generation used to say that the main defect of nearly all the Victorian leaders was that they took intellectual work too lightly. Graham Wallas, I am sure, did not include in his list of successful slackers the Darwins and Faradays and Huxleys, but he certainly would not have omitted the names of certain celebrated prophets of the mid-century and some fashionable reconcilers of science and theological tradition. Archbishop Whately's test of intellectual integrity is, I suggest, one that we must apply to the most eminent Victorians, as also to not a few of their prominent successors who are still with us. The Victorians, greater and less alike, our generation is fond of condemning on account of narrowness and sectarianism, of fear and prudery and complacency—especially, perhaps, the last. But let us not forget the important fact, of which Mr. Young reminds us, that the great century was one of amazing variety, and that there are a great many things we call Victorian which are known to us only because the Victorians themselves laughed at them.

ART AND MAN

BY RANDALL SWINGLER

EVERY section of the world is in itself, in its entirety, too complex a thing to be completely apprehended by our vision. What we do apprehend, however, should be a true and balanced totality of the salient features. If our visual faculties have developed aright, they will have been trained to select the essence of a scene in as highly articulated a form as possible. And this development should continue through our lives, so that we are seeing more and more of the pattern of the world all the time, as our vision increases in articulation.

Thus, the most important function of Art is actually to train our way of seeing; *not*, as some suppose, to show us what the world is like by producing visual imitations of its objects, but so to enliven first, and then organize, our faculties of vision, that we may be perpetually finding out for ourselves, and as accurately as possible, what the world is like. Artists compel us to see new patterns, new possibilities in the world around us, and by so forcing us, make our instrument of sight more sensitive, more highly trained for its task.

Most of us today suffer from the fact that we do not look at all. We see the world at second-hand. Our vision has been conditioned by the artistic fashion of our grandfathers, which means that we see the world as it appears to us from their pictures. When we say, as we so often do, of modern pictures: "It is not true, because it is not like life," we are really saying: "It is not like the pictures upon which I was brought up." If I say that my vision of the world has been moulded by Burne-Jones, Watts, Rossetti, and consequently I call everything which is like them "beautiful," and if I then start to reject Cézanne, Monet, Van Gogh, or even Picasso, Braque, Matisse, saying that they are "ugly" or "unreal," all I am saying is: "Because I have been taught to see this way, every other way is wrong."

It is against all such stagnation, such inhibition of our visual

Mr. Johnstone really knows what it is to be a creative artist and also a teacher of art. He can state with authority, not only how false art comes about and is nourished, but also, and most valuably, how true art should be nourished and developed. Most modern criticism of any art is written under a prevailing intellectual fear. Critics, terrified of seeming less erudite or less refined than their contemporaries, and so losing their position in the prevailing "racket" of fashion, whittle down their tastes and approbations to a hair's breadth, and under the appearance of enunciating the last word in artistic judgment, in fact conceal an abysmal uncertainty of the whole nature of art. Mr. Johnstone is positive: he knows what Art is, and is not afraid to show it. Half of his book is taken up with a rich and exquisite selection of illustrations, often arranged for comparison in exciting and revealing juxtapositions, as when he places an Anglo-Saxon embossed plate next to a drawing by Picasso, or an entirely neglected carving from Winchester Cathedral opposite to a much-belauded Chinese horse of the T'ang Dynasty.

What becomes clear from Mr. Johnstone's thesis is that Art has always been most exciting and most alive when most natural and communal. When it has become specialized, it has immediately become flaccid and decadent, or empty and mannered. None of his Anglo-Saxon examples is an *objet d'art*: there are pieces of incidental sculpture from churches, tombs, or mace-heads, strap-ends, bits, or illuminations from MS. Artistic activity at that time was involved in every other common activity of social life. Later, when the artist was thrown on the mercy of the patron's vanity, there was less scope for his impulse, he was forced to confine himself to the area of a canvas. And in our day, in a society where the amassing of private property is the only social end, the function of the artist has become completely isolated from the general life: the artist is hard put to it to find a justification for his existence at all.

The fact is that great art has only flourished in societies in which the end of life was living. For Art concerns itself with living, and with nothing else. In a society like our own, not concerned with living, but with amassing private wealth, there is no place for true art. For art cannot subscribe to the end of private profit without destroying itself. But all other functions

of our society, including that paramount one, education, are bent upon this end. And so through our education a rigid distinction has grown up between Culture and Utility. Culture as an asset is only useful in so far as it furthers the individual's end of social advancement: and it is only justifiable in so far as it is useful. (There is, of course, also another kind of pseudo-culture provided by the cinema, the theatre, and the novel, which is the individual's escape from the obligation and stress of the money-making motive. Art, as escape, is another of the falsifications into which it is forced by the deprivation of its true social function.) In a society concerned with the betterment of life, the distinction between Art and Utility simply would not occur. In an earlier age it did not occur. For anything was useful which made men more alive, and that was Art's chief faculty and delight. Unfortunately in our society, anything which succeeds in making the individual more alive must also succeed in making him wish to change a social arrangement which is designed to inhibit his powers of life and progress from the start, and to set him firmly upon a path which his own free development would never have taken. And it is for this reason that it is to the advantage of our present social system to keep Art out of life, and to encourage all the little outcrops of false Art, growing up quite harmlessly like fungi on the surface of the profit-making system, and thereby constituting a safety-valve for the irrepressible artistic activity in man, and turning that activity to contempt or unimportance in the eyes of the majority of commonsense people. That is why the appendix to Mr. Johnstone's book, on Art and Education, is perhaps the most important part of the book, and certainly one of the most important contributions to the whole practice of Art that has been made for a long time. For there we have delineated in the most direct and unequivocal terms both the method and effects of all that is wrong with our present Art education (the same flaw lies at the root of all our education), and a concrete description of how it could be put right.

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Imagine, then, a hypothetical Mr. Somebody, looking in at the Picasso exhibition, lately shown at a gallery in Bruton Street: looking in because he used to like pictures when he was young (of course he doesn't get much time for that now), and somebody

faculties that true artistic activity is directed. No man can ever claim to have reproduced the completeness of reality, or the reality of completeness. But the history of art is the history of Man's gradually widening and deepening understanding of the appearance of things. Art is genuine, not if it presents to us a new aspect of an object, but if it really makes us look in an entirely new way: if, in fact, it changes our activity of looking. Then it is justifiably a new vision, an extension of what was understood through sight before. It is false if it is no more than a clever re-presentation of an already established vision, an old picture rehashed. Art does not present a new world to us, nor the world seen in a new way. The artist is no dictator. He is more of a research scientist. His validity depends upon his ability to enable us to see differently by reorganizing the whole complicated arrangement of our sight-recording apparatus, the response of memory to its vibrations, and finally the imaginative synthesis that the mind achieves between those two; which is the whole process of our visual perception. Art makes our visual record more sensitive, our memory response more expansive and more intense, and the resulting synthesis, the emotional satisfaction, deeper and larger.

But there have been periods in history, and particularly English history, when the activity of the artists themselves has become falsified, owing to the position into which that activity was pushed by the arrangement of their society. During these periods the vision of artists was no longer original and vital, but was nourished at second-hand, not on the forms and rhythms of life, but on the pictures of their contemporaries or predecessors. And Art concerned itself not with the development of real vision, but with certain tricks that could be done with paint, or with emotional or moral associations of the subjects chosen. In consequence of this an idea has grown up that it is the business of Art to transport the spectator into an ideal world, or to elevate him morally by the depiction of heroic subjects, or to recall the happy days of his childhood, or heaven knows what corrupt motive left over to us by Landseer and the Pre-Raphaelites, and academic portrait painters of today. The sole business of Visual Art is to excite and organize the visual faculties of Man. All other effects are irrelevant and fortuitous.

London has recently been the scene of two representative exhibitions which provide an interesting contrast. The first is the exhibition of the Unity of Artists (organized in connection with the first British Artists Congress). Its sponsors consider that art should so assert its social force as to declare its opposition to a system of social organization which is destructive to Art and all social culture, and, through the wars it advocates and ultimately begets, to humanity itself. The other is the annual exhibition at the Royal Academy, which, as we know from our papers, is little more than an exhibition of social snobbery. There the only pictures which make any impression on anybody, are the fashionable portraits of kings, queens, millionaires and film-actresses, and the occasional "problem-picture," in which the problem has certainly nothing to do with Art, but is a pointless game of finding out what literary parable the picture is meant to illustrate. Roughly, the first of these two exhibitions is based upon a real concern for artistic activity, and whether it will be allowed to survive and continue: the second upon a real concern for the income of the painter, through flattery of the rich, who can afford to buy his pictures and entertain him in their houses.

In a recent book*—both exciting and authoritative—Mr. William Johnstone has traced and accounted for the real artistic tradition in England: the tradition of what he graphically calls "adventure in Art." The adventure for the artist is the exploration of new formal distinctions, new rhythms, new possibilities in design. For the spectator it is the excitement of being forced to see in a new way, the æsthetic delight of a new harmony of understanding. This is the thing which Art creates, a new relation between man and his world. By this means alone a man's life is changed willy-nilly through the influence of the Art he contemplates, for he himself is changed in relation to the world he lives in. Henceforth he will respond differently to situations, and in proportion to that impact also he will act differently.

Mr. Johnstone's book is important, first, because it has none of the cowardice which has beset both artists and art-critics of late, and has set up as a screen around them that intellectual snobbery and general obfuscation which has made the name of Art abhorrent to a great many honest men: and further, because

* *Creative Art in England*, by William Johnstone. (Stanley Nott.)

has told him that Picasso is the best living painter. What does he find? And what does he expect to find? He finds a number of complex patterns in colour, an extraordinarily wide and positive range of colours certainly. But he looks for something he can recognize. He looks for skill, meaning by that the ability to make a picture in paint so like a coloured photograph that you could hardly tell the difference. He does not find it here. He sees, perhaps, a hand, or something which might be part of a face. "If that was how my wife looked over the breakfast table," he says to himself, "I would get a divorce." He is utterly bewildered. He resorts to an art critic and asks what it is all about. He is told to notice the significant form, the contrast of hot colours with cold tones, the plastic qualities, the architecture of the background (Mr. Somebody always thought architecture was something to do with buildings, and there do not seem to be any buildings in these paintings). He is still bewildered. He tries to notice all these things, but it does no good. "But why—why?" he cries to the critic. "How does it help me?" And the critic simply raises his eyebrows and looks scornfully at Mr. Somebody: "Because that is Art," he says, "and Art is Culture, and if you have not got Culture, you aren't anybody in this society." And at that, perhaps, Mr. Somebody is overawed and takes the critic's word for it, and learns up all the phrases to tell them to his friends, hoping to impress them with his superiority. Or perhaps he has more intelligence and decides that this Art is all nonsense and no good to him, and goes home to his pretty suburb. But, whichever he does, the fact is that he has been doubly cheated: first, by his education, which has prevented him ever seeing that way before; and second, by the critic who has been at pains to put the artist in an entirely false position and stultify his effect on Mr. Somebody. If he had said: "Don't look at the picture as if it were a puzzle or a text or a photograph. Don't try and find out what it means or what it looks like. Like a poem, it can't be translated into any other terms but itself. It is a visual adventure, an exploration of the unknown possibilities of sight. Definition is only possible by contrast and comparison. And so to reveal discoveries about the appearance of things we must make these patterns, which are in fact balanced and precise definitions in

Visual terms. If you explore the definition through the rhythm of the line, the balance of the colour tone, the relation of the masses to each other, the completeness of the whole, you will have added something to your capacity of vision, that is all. You will see the world more clearly, more intensely. And that is not all. For this adventure will have an effect not only upon your immediate visual sensibility, but upon all your past visual experience stored in memory, and all the conclusions aggregated from that, about the appearance of the world. For the proper social function of Art is the development of Man's visual faculties in relation to memory. For the whole of Man's activity, of thinking or doing, is immensely affected by the way the world appears to him."

If the critic had said this to Mr. Somebody, then I think he might have gone back to the pictures in a more open and hopeful state of mind, and, perhaps blankly at first, but with a growing realization, have looked at the whole picture, the whole space articulated by the pattern, and not just the bits that he could recognize as something else. And then I think he would have felt a profound change occurring in himself, a shift of the whole organization of his knowledge and perception, the profoundest of emotions.

Perhaps also, as he went home, he would have pondered to himself on what the critic meant when he said that the proper social function of Art is the development of Man's visual faculties in relation to memory. Memory is the effect on us of all our past experience. A man with a bad memory is not one who remembers nothing, but one who does not remember when he wants to, one whose experience is unorganized. All experience affects us, changes us, in some way, but our efficiency depends upon the extent to which we are able to control that change. The whole struggle of Man is the struggle to become aware of, and so to control, his experience, to organize it into an united will and so to increase his powers of further experience and further control. It is the business of Art to see that we are masters of our experience, and not mastered by our experience. Most people today are at the mercy of circumstance. They are not controlling the changes that happen to them, either as individuals or as societies. They are driven hither and thither in bewilder-

ment or complacency, without the slightest consciousness of the real effect of what they are doing, or the smallest discovery of what it is they really want. They forget the meaning of the words they use, they derive no significance from the objects they see. As they apprehend more and more facts, they become more and more bewildered and more and more at a loss. They are driven to suicide: I do not mean in many cases actual physical self-destruction, but spiritual *felo de se*, the surrender of their personal judgment to a will outside themselves. They cry out: "I would rather be blind. I would rather be rid of the terrible responsibility of running my own life. I surrender. Guide me, someone, tell me what to do." And so they give up to a quack religion, to a newspaper, to a political leader, to any form of intellectual tyranny, and follow blindly as they are told into self-destruction. Henceforth their opinions, their observations, their actions are all at second-hand. The individual ceases to exist.

Art is the force which attempts to counter this danger. Art is the imaginative organization of experience, a way of becoming aware of ourselves and our relation to the circumstance of our life. By becoming aware of our life, we are able better to control it and order it. This is the fundamental need of every man: to be able to order his own life. But all our education has been in direct opposition to this need. In our childhood, the concrete interests of our own lives had to be shut out, to give place to an abstract mental system imposed upon us by the school curriculum and its framework of examinations. Every subject like Art or Music or the English Language, which might have been calculated to develop the means of individual expression and independent thought, was relegated to a very subsidiary position and allowed very little time or attention. So that what was yearly turned out from the schools and colleges was a type of mind quite inhuman, a type of mind ordered along an abstract pattern by dictation, and so susceptible only to dictation. Our education, and the subsequent effect of newspaper and advertising propaganda, has led us to look upon getting a job and making money as ends, in life. These are not ends. They never satisfied nor made any man happy. They are only means to an end. They are means to enable us to organize our lives into a whole, so that all our powers may be liberated and realized.

LABOUR IN AUSTRIA

BY ERNST KARL WINTER

THROUGH the exclusion of the Labour Socialist movement from participation in the affairs of the State Austria has sustained a loss of political capital which will not easily be replaced. It is not surprising then that the question of bringing back the Socialist forces to play their part in the formative purpose of the regime is one of the most serious domestic problems of the day. In point of political education and discipline the closely-knit *cadres* of the Labour Socialist movement represented that class of the Austrian people which was politically most mature. Moreover, it was this particular stratum of the nation—precisely because of that "Marxist" training for which it is now reviled—which was marked out to be the most reliable element, indeed the core of resistance in Austria's defensive struggle against National Socialism. Thus, from two points of view—the civic education of the Austrian people *and* the independence of the Austrian State—this question of revivifying socialist forces so that they may play their part in the formative purpose of the regime demands the closest attention.

The authoritation regime in Austria, which is the creation of Engelbert Dollfuss, is deliberately grounded in the idea of a battle on two fronts: its purpose, that is, is both to defend Austria from National Socialism and to overcome Socialism—for that reason dubbed by its political opponents "Marxism" or even Bolshevism. Now, the truth is that Socialism in Austria, up to February 12th, 1934, the date when the labour forces opposed armed resistance to the re-modelling of the constitution on authoritarian lines, found expression almost entirely in organized political and trade union associations of a social-democratic character; social democracy was indeed firmly anchored in the Austrian labour movement. The idea officially prevailing is that if socialism in Austria were given freedom to organize, that



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would have the effect of strengthening indirectly National Socialism. Some of us, on the other hand, contend that this would not necessarily happen at all, but that, on the contrary, the incorporation of Socialists would make it possible to broaden the basis of the State and at the same time multiply the resources on which Austria could call for her defensive campaign against National Socialism. Actually, the doctrine which insists on the necessity of fighting the battle on two fronts means that only those elements are allowed to help to defend Austrian independence which subscribe to the tenets of the authoritarian regime. The result is that there are substantial sections of the nation opposed to National Socialism—indeed, whose passionate allegiance to a non-Nazi Austria is beyond all doubt—which are not being cultivated and are condemned to a rather barren policy of “toleration.”

The official doctrine has been apparently borne out by events, since it is demonstrable that the socialist workers movement—with which, it is suggested, the regime might have made contact—has now practically ceased to exist, so that the projected association is no longer possible. What has happened, however, is that instead of the former efficient and solidly-organized social democratic organizations, the leadership of which was on the whole undisputed, you have now, for lack of free organization, an amorphous mass of labour whose inspiration and ideals are more or less chaotic. A narrow party-political attitude of mind may well rest content with such a state of affairs. But no one with any sense of statesmanship can be happy about it.

In my view the responsibility of the present rulers of Austria for this state of affairs is immense and is daily increasing; though, of course, the way in which the authoritarian State came into being has been most to blame. In all probability, if, today, a parliamentary democracy were suddenly to be restored to life in Austria, that imposing unity of the Austrian working classes, for which the Social Democratic party was formerly a guarantee, would be found to have vanished altogether—to be replaced by not merely radical but anarchistic trends—and you would have, probably, at least as many contending factions as in Spain. The authoritarian regime has to a great extent inherited a historic responsibility from the Austrian labour movement, and therein

lies its justification for creating such corporations of public law as the Unitary Trade Union Associations (*Einheitsgewerkschaften*) and the so-called “social labour boards” (*soziale Arbeitsgemeinschaften*). The latter are an integral element of the *Vaterländische Front*, representing the political interests of labour in the new guild-State. The former are designed to serve the economic interests of the workers.

My own attitude to the aspirations of Labour is, I think, well known. I take the view that any political effort of an illegal character is utterly futile when you are in the presence of a State which has the instruments of power firmly in its hands, that it demands useless sacrifices and achieves no positive result. Consequently from the very beginning I have steadfastly maintained that labour ought to grasp the opportunity of active participation and specific collaboration in the unitary organizations set up under the State; though indeed the possibilities they offer may be modest enough, they are better than nothing, and they do offer some prospect of development. I make one reservation, however: such support should be forthcoming only so long as the defensive struggle of the Austrian State against National Socialism can be effectively furthered by it, and so long as the Austrian State itself—whose spokesmen have continually proclaimed their intention of building up the new structure on an organic democratic basis, while retaining the corporative elements—does in fact continue to be fundamentally distinct in its ultimate purposes from National Socialism and Fascism.

The crux of the question, it is true, remains the fact that Austrian domestic politics are only really a function of foreign policy. For the last four years the watchword “towards Italy” (instead of an orientation towards Western Europe, like Czechoslovakia, instead of inclining towards Czechoslovakia itself) has determined Austria’s domestic policy. It is not easy to understand why, from the point of view of nationalism (in the German sense), German-Austrian intellectual circles should regard alliance with Czechoslovakia as a downright dishonourable policy—and, remember, that the Germans in Czechoslovakia enjoy all the rights appropriate to an important cultural minority, even to the extent of having their own university; whereas it seems to be regarded as entirely honourable and “national” to play second

fiddle to Italy, when the Italians, as everyone knows, have been deliberately and systematically denationalizing the people of the South Tyrol. The explanation of these two "reactions" lies deep down in the subconscious; they reflect a profound resentment on the part of *Sudetendeutschen* (frequently, too, non-Germans who have become Germanized), a national strain which has always played a prominent part in Austrian politics. There is another point about it that needs to be appreciated. In the eyes of those Austrians who are hyper-conscious of their German origin, the men and women of other nationalities who have migrated to Vienna, especially the Czechs, have been, traditionally, identical with the proletariat of Vienna; so that what appears to be a "national" prejudice against the Czechs is really a reversion to class prejudice against the working masses.

These various sentiments are duly reflected in Austria's foreign policy. One can really say that the main reason for the untoward orientation of Austria in foreign policy (i.e., leaning towards Rome instead of Prague) lies in the fact that a considerable percentage of the intelligentsia in present-day Austria quite honestly still refuse to accept the Czechoslovak revolution, the foundation of the Czechoslovak State and consequently the historical shift of the centre of gravity from Vienna to Prague; they do not accept it because it would mean admitting their own historic guilt. This mental outlook of the German-National professors and the literati in Austria extends, moreover, to certain Catholic circles which have influence in Austria's present regime. Nevertheless, the community of interests between Czechoslovakia and Austria on the specific issue of fending off National Socialism has gradually begun to break down old prejudices. And it is in Catholic circles, above all, that people are beginning to see through the old *deutschnational* phobia about Czechoslovakia.

Now it is just here, as I see it, that the responsibility of the two Great Powers of the West for the destiny of Czechoslovakia and of Austria becomes manifest. When in a particular political area the Fascist Powers alone pursue an active policy and, in particular, conduct political propaganda on an extensive scale, while the democratic group of Powers stand by and watch this happen, they can hardly be surprised that all the trumps should be gradually slipping out of their hands. For a long time

the rational policy of Dr. Benesh—still the only constructive line establishing the connection between the Danube Basin and Western Europe—was able to cope with the situation and to hold firm, simply on the strength of getting moral support from the West. But the time was bound to come when even Czechoslovakia had to insure herself by securing an effective military associate. It is all the more understandable that Austria should have sought the military assistance of Italy, which, after all, justified itself in the critical days of 1934 when Dollfuss was murdered. Since it is evident that Italy, on account of her new collaboration with Germany, particularly in the Spanish question, is no longer prepared to defend Austrian independence, the Government is attempting step by step to move in another direction.

The last few months have, manifestly, witnessed a cooling-off in the relations of Austria and Italy, and that is a fact from which a policy directed towards the West can derive advantage. The reason for this cooling-off is, of course, first of all, the question of restoring the monarchy: Mussolini, in order not to jeopardize his collaboration with Hitler, has somewhat unexpectedly made an about turn. This Restoration question in the last few months has also come into the forefront in relation to a number of domestic issues. Immediately after the compact of July 11th, 1936, when Austria appeared to be sailing with flying colours into the haven of Berlin-Rome co-operation there was to be perceived in democratic and even socialist circles a distinct shift of opinion towards Monarchism. After all, Legitimism looked very much like the only possible salvation from the impending *Gleichschaltung* with Germany. And this specific circumstance was reinforced by a development which had been going on for some time in Left circles, namely, a disposition to support a constitutional monarchy in the English or Scandinavian sense as a counterpoise to the semi-fascist authoritarian State. The effect was to impart to the Legitimist movement a considerable fillip. As the one political organization outside the *Vaterländische Front* still in existence the legitimist cause bid fair to serve as the rallying-point for all the forces of opposition, in so far as they were not committed to National Socialism.

The Government took account of this state of affairs which

was not without its dangers, and acted in a typically Austrian way by proclaiming the Legitimist cause its own. Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, the Chancellor, made open profession of his allegiance, while at the same time declaring that it must be for him alone to decide whether and when restoration of the monarchy should actually be accomplished. By this clever move the Austrian Government succeeded in eliminating what was antagonistic, and therefore dangerous, to the Government in Legitimism, while at the same time dealing a decisive blow at the constitutional and democratic element of the Legitimist movement, which alone had any interest for the Left. This is not to say, by any means, that one day the Schuschnigg Government might not patent this particular form of Legitimism so as to find a bridge back in this way to the necessary re-incorporation of democratic elements, which must in any case be a difficult task for a regime based essentially on authority. For the moment, however, there is no trace of any development in this direction. Consequently a number of those on the Left who for some time had been developing a certain sympathy for the Restoration have now been repelled again from having any truck with Legitimism; and, incidentally, the official spokesman of Legitimists, Dr. Friedrich von Wiesner (who is duly accredited by the Duke of Bar), appears to have blundered in what was obviously a difficult situation for them. He has failed to appreciate the advisability of maintaining a loose connection with the regime in such a way as, on the one hand, to make it very difficult for the Chancellor to break with the Legitimist movement, while, on the other hand, making it possible for him to encourage the hopes in democratic and socialist circles that the future constitutional monarchy would involve the superseding of the authoritarian State. Meanwhile the Chancellor has publicly stated that the Restoration will be a long process and need not be expected in the near future.

Just exactly as happened in Prussia and Bavaria in 1933, the Conservative classes in Austria, deriving their main strength from the feudal and militant elements, for whom Democracy and Socialism are like red rags to a bull, have not risen to the historic opportunity once again beckoning to them: destiny called to them to be the champions of the social and democratic rights of the nation, and instead of responding they come out as the very

opposite. A Legitimist movement which fails to strike the social and democratic note, and, moreover, seems to be interested in nothing more than making up to the authoritarian regime—because its only ambition appears to be to assume the ceremonial adornment of that regime—can only be a degree worse than the present situation.

But when it became evident that the Legitimist Movement lacked the necessary moral fibre to intervene successfully in the course of events—on the contrary it claims, apparently, to be nothing more than the established regime in symbolic garb—then Labour is left face to face with the Corporative and Authoritarian State: and Labour must therefore make its decision whether or not it is prepared to remain sensible and not cleave to a policy of revolution and catastrophe, basing that decision on existing circumstances.

Now it is quite possible, if you are looking at things from an orthodox Marxist standpoint, to see in the Corporative organization of industry the last resort of Capitalism to uphold its system of exploitation. But Corporativism can also be considered from another angle. As a matter of actual fact through Trade Union activities there exists in the Democratic State a constant co-operation of the two-interest groups, Capital and Labour, and in certain branches negotiations about wage contracts not infrequently lead to the establishment of permanent committees. These are, after all, Corporative organizations of an institutional character, in which matters affecting both interest groups are decided on a basis of parity. They are the beginnings of the corporative idea in the Trade Union sphere. In the U.S.A. we see the corporative trends making headway in the most modern of the Trade Union movements, and being linked up quite logically with those elements in the New Deal striving for a planned economic system.

For the working man the decisive factor is not whether or no there should be co-operation, nor is it whether or no there should be a corporative organization, but the question of parity, equality of status—in both the economic and political sphere. From this point of view it was, of course, much easier to make clear to the Austrian socialist worker before February 12th, 1934, the significance of corporative organization than it could be after that date,

for before the catastrophe and the final erection of the authoritarian State the Austrian worker throughout all his struggles about economic status was deeply conscious of the political importance which he represented, and this very fact made it easier, on occasion, psychologically to accede to the necessary economic concessions.

The present Austrian Government does not yet seem able to appreciate properly this inherent connection between economic and political self-determination. The worker feels that he has been deprived of his adult status. And it is against this human degradation that the politically-minded Austrian worker is rebelling, perhaps more passionately than against economic sacrifices which he has to accept as a consequence of a given economic system. Only if there should be a change in this respect—maybe through development on an extensive scale of the "Social Labour" Boards of which I have spoken—can the gradual effort towards restoring industrial and Trade Union democracy, which began in the autumn of 1936 with the first elections to various factory offices, bear any positive fruit. Among those who stand for this positive implementation of Austrian social policy in practice as well as in theory the foremost figure is, of course, the ex-Minister of Social Welfare, Professor Dobretsberger.

Quite as important as the task of placing the "wage-earners" as specified by the law of the land gradually on a democratic basis again—and *from below*—is the development on a more extensive scale of the Co-operative movement, which has already achieved the status of complete autonomy. Now, clearly, the importance of this organization rests on the possibilities offered for some political collaboration at a later date between the working classes of the towns and the peasantry, and therein lies its importance. The necessity for future collaboration is continually being brought home to both of them. And, happily, in the person of the President of the Purchase Board of the Austrian Consumers' Association, the former Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Ludwig Strobl, who comes from agrarian stock and was a collaborator of Dr. Dollfuss—it is Dr. Strobl whom we have to thank for the prompt restoration of autonomy in the Austrian co-operative movement after February 12th—those

two functions are combined, i.e., the consumers' interests of the industrial workers and the producers' interests of the farmers. It is essential, if Austria's development is to be in the direction of democratic reform, that there shall be this co-operation between urban workers and peasantry.

If National Socialism in Austria may never be able to get the levers of power into its hands by its own unaided efforts—from within—there still remains the possibility of support for it from outside, combined perhaps with some kind of intervention on an extensive scale, wherefore at any time the whole conception of the reconstruction of Austria might well go by the board. It is perfectly true that a more positive attitude on the part of the Austrian Government to the working class elements—such as I should like to see—would not make the slightest difference at the outset. For the irrational forces in German National Socialism, which may well be playing with possibilities of this kind, are not likely to be speculating whether Austrian Labour is going to adopt this or that attitude, whether the workers will range themselves 100 per cent. as its active supporters or passively let things drift. (Actually, in spite of all their unfortunate experiences scarcely any elements of Austrian Labour have gone over to National Socialism—at most a few individuals on the periphery of the movement.) Nevertheless, in the event of a Nazi seizure of power, the attitude of Labour—either determined activity on the one hand, or a marked indifference tinged with bitterness and resentment on the other hand—is bound to have an influence, if not upon the early stages, at any rate upon its outcome. The Government of Austria is thus confronted by a grave historic responsibility upon which its very existence may well depend.

THE HOSTESS

BY H. PEARL ADAM

ACCORDING to the statisticians, this year has brought more visitors to England than any previous year. The inveterate habit of hospitality, so exactly balancing the shyness of the inhabitants of these islands, lends particular interest to a problem that has not yet commanded the attention which is its due.

One of the feminine weaknesses pointed out by men, often with that affectionately superior toleration which has caused more angry passions than any mere cruelty, such as murder or desertion, is that women will think of two things at once. But this is a feat which should command admiration rather than criticism. If achieved merely for the pleasure of doing something difficult, it might well find itself endowed with a gold cup, or a flitch of bacon, or a medal with bars and power to add to their number.

No such recognition is likely to come its way. Reward is usually the meed of what is heroic or efficient, but unnecessary. Nobody is forced to breed a racehorse, or rescue someone from drowning, or write a novel; and the couples who live decent and happy lives without pretending to qualify for the reception of the Dunmow Flitch are so numerous that the winners of that interesting article of provender pass, in the general estimation, for really remarkable liars. Possibly both the flitch and the blame are alike half-earned.

The skill with which women manage to think of two (or more) things at once will never rank with these purely voluntary endeavours. It would be much easier to think of one, much less tiring. But the plain fact is that the average woman is actually forced to these mental gymnastics. She is forced to perform them by as stringent an ordinance as that which compels prisoners to pick oakum. However purely solitary her physical life, mentally the normal woman must live a double one. Some-

times it thickens to the treble. Then it is a study in sixths, not necessarily vexed or supported by any counterpoint.

For it is essentially the normal woman who is under consideration; the woman who may be clever or may be stupid, the woman who is not modern enough to neglect her duty to the man she has married, nor rich enough to delegate it to hirelings. In fact, the woman who receives guests in her permanent home or at a restaurant—the hostess.

Her position at table when there are guests is the mountain-peak of her domestic duties. In it are implicit all the details of the house, from laundry-morning and buying blankets to settling with the chef, the cook, the general, or herself, the shape of the meal, the sequence of the tastes; from deciding on the guests, and their juxtaposition, to re-arranging all those decisions at the last moment, because her husband has contributed an unamalgamable extra, or somebody has fallen out—by illness or quarrel or death or jealousy; not to mention consideration for the fact that nearly all the guests won't or can't eat this or that, and must be given something different.

Plenty of fun has been made in literature of the hostess who cannot drive her team. A classic instance is that of the lady who, terrified by the silent thunder of a complete pause in conversation, offered in desperation the statement that "a peacock is a very pretty bird." A guest—very likely an earnest helper, otherwise a mean and spiteful wasp—replied: "And how beautifully it sings"!

Of course, it is suicide to do this—not a grand gesture of negation, a personal retirement from matters too grossly insistent to be tolerated, but a scared running-away from the elementary conditions of a hostess-mind.

The hostess-mind sees the table as a palimpsest. Erased are the preliminary conditions of choice of guests, choice of food, economic considerations, and such complicated businesses as settling whether Château Lafitte, which he loves, will stop Sir Front Bbenchhe from talking about Sovietism, or will give him indigestion. Written now are the new inscriptions, more hastily made than frescoes and much more unpredictable. To the mind of the hostess they cover a range which includes everything from giving bread to the French Ambassador (an endless task),

to seeing that nobody says anything harmful about Roman Catholicism, or the Ogpu, or any other pet subject of any other guest. This obviously involves a great amount of pre-vision. She must not only know what shouldn't have been said, and put it right; she must also know what is likely to be said, and see that it is not. She must also take into consideration the possibility that the Empire-BUILDER and the Bishop will like each other and want to talk to each other, and to that end take from each other utterances which would otherwise have had a volcanic power of disruption.

In this department the hostess has a perilous choice of vestment—the mantle of Elijah or the shirt of Nessus; only at the end of her party will she know which garment she is to wear.

The two words "Party System" have a special significance for women: one for the great hostesses in historical houses, another for wives in ribbon-development Jeremiah dwellings; but both denoting, in their degree, responsibility, mental strain, and that handling of the ribbons which means good driving, competent direction.

The Party System, to the politician, means only the kind of union which exists because of disunion from a larger unit. As, for instance, that you cannot be at once a vegetable and an animal; an eel and a crustacean; and (in spite of excellent authority) a rose and an onion; therefore you belong to one group or the other.

The Party System, as practised in practically every house of these islands, and organized by the woman in them, means the establishment of union for a few hours; and it is her job to see that disunion is kept, like a guest's bellicose dog, in some small enclosure, garden, pen, cell, or scullery, with enough chopped calf, ox, or sheep, raw or cooked, to keep him from eating any guest who might seem to his random fancy to have any similar qualities.

Most women remember, and countless men will never learn, that the host is frequently one of the principal cares of the hostess. The more interesting, charming, and likeable he is, the more certain it is that he will be on his wife's mind throughout the dinner. No man worth his salt (not to mention the trout and the chicken provided for him and their guests) can ever

think of more than one thing at a time. So the woman who dispenses his hospitality has to exercise this art to a very high degree. Pope praised the woman who is mistress of herself though china fall. He should have kept a laurel-crown for the woman who, noticing that a dangerous conversation has started at the other end of the table, or that a glass or a plate needs replenishing with whatever the host is dispensing, fixes him with a glance as steady and as penetrating as a sword, and receives without a quiver the appalling reply: "Yes, dear? What is it?"

This episode, in one form or another, has entered into the lives of thousands of women who, though maddened at the moment, bear no rancour afterwards for the wreckage wrought, and of men who, through long years of dinner-parties and other gatherings, never learn that this sort of glance, though it may be like a trumpet-call to some totally unguessable action, should in no case be thus answered.

"Howard was talking about the state of Chinese silk-worms in Lower Cocoonia; how could I guess that you wanted me to give him more hock? He was being most interesting." There is an implication of blame in this. But Smith might have been being most interesting (the grammar belongs to current spoken English) to the hostess about the lack of English-tinned pilchards in a country which includes Cornwall; yet she was able to pass him the butter, signal (with disastrous results) to the host that somebody in his region needed care, and still make some remark about pilchards which would be intelligent if not bright, bright if not intelligent, and possibly even constructive as well.

It seems platitudinous to say that a hostess has to use what gifts for entertaining she may have only in strict ratio to the size of her house and the nature of her social circle. But the fact involves problems not so instantly understood. There is a divinity doth hedge a king, we know; but acquainting ourselves with the etiquette which also serves him in the office of a wall is no light task. Before Royalty can take a dish of tea in somebody else's house a hundred brows are wrinkled, a hundred bills incurred, a hundred problems give birth to a thousand more, and the hostess has to learn exactly how far to the south-west

of her left heel she must place her right foot, if she wishes to achieve at her own door an obeisance at once discreet, protocolist, and graceful.

On the problems of precedence Burke and Debreth are ever at hand; but they deal only with the aristocracy, and what were once so aptly known as carriage-folk. The coming of the small car has greatly upset this classification; but its borders were before then in confusion. If the step-daughter of a bishop married the son of a shop-keeper (they never did, but they might now), how does she stand in precedence, as against the sister of a Lord Mayor married to someone knighted for his services to science who is also the nephew of a Marquis?

It is said that the wife of one whose name is a glory in English literature never forgot that she was the daughter of a dignitary of the Church. How should a tactful hostess place, treat, converse with somebody who prefers the rank of Pinion, her native right, to the rank of Wing? Especially if the hostess shares her preference?

Even the household arrangements of the hostess are subject to the same sliding and therefore differing scale of values. Once there was a woman who attended a great and ceremonious meal in one of the mansions of the old French aristocracy, now being more than ceremonially administered by a lady who was born a Republican and had since acquired by marriage, on two several occasions, princely rank. The visitor was horrified to learn that the food, the service, the table-decoration, had all been hired from caterers of these things. That guest, less well accustomed to the administration of august affairs, was shocked to find that the last, most intimate, most vital, function of a hostess should by her be yielded up to external agencies. Not to care what her table looks like seems to this sort of guest as bad an offence as not to care whether guests are given beef-lozenges and a banana instead of a meal.

Manners have changed, because habits have changed—houses have changed, hours have changed, food has changed, digestions have changed. The problem of the hostess has also changed in strict ratio to these adjustments. She has no store-cupboard, so she has no "best china." But she has a refrigerator, which keeps food longer. She cannot buy fresh salmon from Scotland,

because it is too dear; but tinning is getting better. She cannot keep apples, but greengrocers give her plums and peaches in midwinter.

Nearer the heart of the matter is the fact that a kitchen today is as public a room as a drawing-room. Your servants may go on strike; but your guests know how to cook. Your difficulty will be to keep them away while you "knock up" something for them. That is the language of the moment, and it cannot be called jargon because it fits the main requirements of hostess-ship and guest-ship.

All the old rules have gone West. It was once rude to mention food. That was when cook prepared it underground, like a *Nibelung*, in a vast iron range. Now that dishes are "knocked up" in a white room, where necessary dirt is whisked away before you can curl your lip, the food you serve is no longer unmentionable. Even the Party-Hostess, in the political sense, is expected to know more about food, shelter, light, heat, and the other basic elements of hospitality (towels, for instance, and hot water if somebody wants a bath in the small hours, and the correlative kindness of not taking baths in country districts which are restricted in water) than she ever knew before.

Many years ago the situation of milady hostess was summarized in a play called "Potash and Perlmutter." A tearful lady, lamenting a wonderful new home, wept about the loss of a dining-room "where we could have sat down thirty-five, God forbid!" The whole audience laughed; but the women laughed first. Their higher note instantaneously responded.

BLACKSTONE—OUTSIDE THE COMMENTARIES

By C. H. S. FIFOOT

“**N**O one does or can separate the historian from the subject.” Bagehot’s dictum upon Gibbon might have been applied with equal relevance to two great figures contemporary with him—James Boswell and William Blackstone. In each case the very magnificence of the achievement has inevitably obscured the significance of the man, and each has purchased immortal fame at the price of individuality. (To Boswell and to Gibbon, indeed, posterity has been kinder than to the great jurist, and Mr. D. M. Low’s recent work upon the historian of Rome’s declension is a noble attempt to pronounce the divorce which Bagehot deemed impossible.) It is a strange fact that Blackstone, for his part, should, after a hundred and fifty years, be still without a biographer, save for three poor fragments reluctantly issued by incompetent hands between 1780 and 1850. Yet his life outside the Commentaries is by no means devoid of interest.

He was born in Cheapside on July 10, 1723, the fourth and youngest son of a mercer. His brother-in-law, James Clitherow, in a preface to his Reports, observes that it was his good fortune to be left a posthumous orphan. “For had his father lived, it is most likely that the youngest son of a London tradesman, not of great affluence, would have been bred in the same line of life; and those parts which have so much signalised the possessor of them, would have been lost in a warehouse or behind a counter.” From this dismal fate he was rescued by the assiduity of his uncle, a surgeon, and sent to Charterhouse, where, by the offices of Walpole, he was admitted upon the foundation. After becoming head of the school at the age of fifteen, he matriculated at Pembroke College, Oxford, on December 1st, 1738, and added a new note to Dr. Johnson’s “nest of singing-birds.” Though the Greek and Roman poets, we are told, were his favourites, and though “he converted Mathematics into an amusement,”

•BLACKSTONE—OUTSIDE THE COMMENTARIES 717

yet he was already destined for the law, and in 1744 he attempted to make the best of both worlds, forensic and academic, by taking chambers in the Temple and by becoming a Fellow of All Souls. The Bar, however, proved a singularly coy mistress. Between 1746, when he was called to the Bar, and 1758, when he became Vinerian Professor, he secured only two briefs, and it was at All Souls during this period that he was to make his name.

Despite the familiar criticism of Gibbon and of Adam Smith, Oxford life in the middle of the eighteenth century was not all “port and prejudice.” The academic curriculum, judged by the standards of a more exacting, if less elegant, age was doubtless defective, and tuition was almost non-existent. Yet in many a common room there was to be found energy of mind alike in scholarship and in administration. At All Souls itself Dr. Buckler, the intimate friend of Blackstone, was making his name as an antiquarian; at Exeter, Dr. Kennicott pursued the studies in Hebrew and in Biblical research which drew from a contemporary a remarkable tribute to the “Colossus who *literally* bestrides the learned world” . . . while at Trinity Thomas Warton combined the offices of Poet Laureate, Professor of Poetry, and Camden Professor of History, and, in the intervals of compiling a masterly History of English Poetry, parodied his friends and rivals.

Within those walls, where thro’ the glimmering shade,
Appear the Pamphlets in a mouldering Heap,
Each in his narrow Bed till Morning laid,
The peaceful Fellows of the College sleep.

In this resurgence Blackstone took a prominent part. As Bursar of All Souls, he introduced a new system of book-keeping and offered his experience to his successors in a *Dissertation on the Keeping of Accounts*, in which “every intricacy was elucidated.” As Fellow, he wrote an “Essay on Collateral Consanguinity,” designed to prevent the too copious claims of the Founder’s Kin, which were embarrassing the College. He examined the working of the Clarendon Press, which he found in a state of suspended animation, “barely reminding us of its existence by now, and then slowly bringing forth a Program, a Sermon printed by request, or at best a Bodleian catalogue.” To ensure reform,

he made himself a master of "the mechanical part of printing," and embodied his suggestions in a tract which formed the basis of a more efficient regime. Nor did he confine his energies to academic administration. He planned a Western road from Oxford through Botley; and at Wallingford, of which he became Recorder in 1749, he promoted two new roads and secured the rebuilding of St. Peter's Church.

Business acumen was balanced by a catholic indulgence in scholarship and the arts. The example of his friend, Dr. Buckler, excited an antiquarian interest, which he satisfied by compiling a history and preparing a new edition of Magna Charta. This work involved him in an acrimonious controversy with Dr. Lyttleton, the President of the Society of Antiquaries, upon the authenticity of a "curious ancient Roll," which, in the view of Dr. Lyttleton, its owner, contained the original Charter of Henry III, and which Blackstone, with tactless obstinacy, asserted to be spurious. It is not perhaps surprising that the Society should have endorsed the opinion of its President, even if it might seem ungracious to have refused to publish Blackstone's reply among its records. His early love of mathematics matured into a well-informed and practical appreciation of architecture. He not only prepared an essay on the "Elements of Architecture," but hastened the completion of the Codrington Library, "rectifying several mistakes in the structure," and supervised the new and handsome buildings of The Queen's College on the High Street, which, before his efforts, "had been little better than a disgusting heap of ruins."

The range of his interests was shown by his excursions into literary criticism. Malone acknowledged his assistance in preparing his edition of Shakespeare, and his "Account of the Dispute between Addison and Pope" gained the fastidious approval of Isaac D'Israeli. It may be hazarded that it was the manner, at least as much as the substance, of these contributions which assured their success. The clarity and elegance of his prose was acclaimed by contemporary connoisseurs, and it has survived the revolutions of taste. Charles James Fox thought "his style of English the very best of our modern writers: always easy and intelligible—far more correct than Hume, less studied and made up than Robertson." The praise is generous,

even if the reader searches in vain for the names of Johnson and Gibbon. Jeremy Bentham, though he disliked the man and repudiated his views, paid a remarkable tribute to his literary skill:

He it is who, first of all institutional writers, has taught Jurisprudence to speak the language of the Scholar and the Gentleman; put a polish upon that rugged science; cleansed her from the dust and cobwebs of the office; and, if he has not enriched her with that precision, which is drawn only from the sterling treasury of the sciences, has decked her out to advantage from the toilette of classical erudition; has enlivened her with metaphors and allusions, and has sent her abroad in some measure to instruct, and in still greater to entertain, the most miscellaneous, and even the most fastidious societies.

But Blackstone was not content with the pedestrian lucidity of prose. He aspired on occasion to be a poet. While still at school he obtained Mr. Benson's gold medal for verses on Milton, which have, perhaps fortunately, failed to survive. Two specimens of his art, however, may still be examined by the curious. The first is "The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse," written in 1744 and published in Dodsley's Miscellanies. Dr. Douglas, in his memorial of 1782, is excited to enthusiasm by its perusal.

The struggle of his mind [he says] is expressed so strongly, so naturally, with such elegance of sense and language and harmony of versification, as must convince every reader that his passion for the Muses was too deeply rooted to be laid aside without much reluctance, and that, if he had pursued that flowery path, he would not have proved inferior to the best of our English Poets.

Neither this piece, however, nor his last effusion, an Elegy on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, gratifies the expectation thus aroused.

These years in Oxford may serve to dispel the superficial vision of a generation irremediably stagnant, and of Blackstone as its most complacent representative. Antiquarian, reformer, man of business, man of letters, his interests were catholic enough to satisfy the most exigent of modern Dons. But they were displayed as yet within a modest setting. At the end of 1753 he became, almost at a bound, a national figure. In the Michaelmas Term he delivered his first course of lectures on the Laws of England. He may have been urged by no more com-

elling a motive than that no one else had thought it worth his while to fill a gap ; but his success was immediate and complete. Not only was the course attended by a "very crowded class of young men of the first families, characters and hopes ;" not only did it induce Mr. Viner to establish the first chair of English Law in the University of Oxford, to which Blackstone was appointed in October, 1758, but it enabled him to educate himself for his chosen profession. In the unkind words of Lord Ellenborough, the author, when he began the course, was "a comparatively ignorant man, merely a Fellow of All Souls. His true and solid knowledge was acquired afterwards. It might be said of him, when he was composing his book, that it was not so much the learning that made the book, as it was the book that made him learned." Nor was intellectual or academic advancement the sole profit of his enterprise. He was rewarded, strange as it may seem to the modern practitioner, conscious of the gulf fixed between the University and the Courts, with a substantial practice at the Bar, and he was able in 1761 to take silk and to enter the House of Commons as member for Hindon in Wiltshire.

His new preoccupations, and a discreet, if unimpassioned marriage with Sarah Clitherow, with whom, according to the testimony of his brother-in-law, "he passed near nineteen years in the enjoyment of the purest domestic and conjugal felicity, for which no man was better calculated," necessitated the resignation of his All Souls' Fellowship. He was compensated, however, by his appointment as Principal of New Inn Hall (now merged in the new and flourishing foundation of St. Peter's Hall), and he hoped to annex the Vinerian Professorship to this office, "converting the Hall into a College and establishing, for the students of the Common Law, a society similar to that of Trinity College, Cambridge." But the proposal was defeated in Convocation, and Oxford was denied, perhaps fortunately, the experiment of a purely professional College. The disappointment robbed the post of its attractions, and in 1763, on his succession as Solicitor-General to the Queen, he took occasion to resign both the Principalship and the Vinerian Professorship. His Oxford career was over, and he had to venture, at the age of forty, into a new and more robust environment.

The transition was not without pain, nor were its results as happy as his previous record might have led him to expect. The publication in 1765 of the first edition of his Commentaries, while it repeated and surpassed the success of the Lectures, was the echo of his academic past ; the public life, upon which his future was staked, offered a less encouraging prospect. In the House of Commons he was a failure. Almost the only recorded incident of his Parliamentary career was an unfortunate intervention on the motion to expel John Wilkes and to declare his opponent elected. He announced his "categorical opinion" that Wilkes was by common law precluded from taking his seat. Grenville, in reply, cited the contrary testimony of the Commentaries, and, while the House, in pleasurable suspense, awaited the crushing rejoinder, Blackstone sat, confused and mortified, in abject silence. After a prolonged gestation, indeed, he delivered himself of a small octavo pamphlet, considered by his brother-in-law to be an ample and a final vindication; and he took care, in subsequent editions of the Commentaries, to tamper discreetly with the text. But it was idle to expect rehabilitation after so devastating an exposure, and he was wise, on Dunning's retirement, to decline the office of Solicitor-General to the King. His most fervent admirers were forced to admit that, "while he had the gift of writing like a classic, he had not the art of speaking like an orator," and he himself shrank from the crudities of political controversy. "Amid the rage of contending parties," he said, "a man of moderation must expect to meet with no quarter from any side."

In 1770 he accepted with relief the offer of a judgeship. Even this translation was not without embarrassment. To oblige Mr. Justice Yates, who had incurred the formidable enmity of Lord Mansfield, he took the former's place in the Court of King's Bench. Lord Mansfield had at one time been his friend and adviser and had encouraged the very lectures by which he had first become famous. But the Chief Justice was, in his own court, a man of dominating temper, and academic success was too tender a plant to be exposed to so majestic a sun. After a few months in the King's Bench, under the immediate eye of his patron, Blackstone was glad to follow the example of Mr. Justice Yates and seek the shade of the Common Pleas.

About his qualities as a judge opinion differs. He prepared his judgments with the utmost care, and he succeeded, at least in one instance, in having the best of a paper argument with Lord Mansfield himself. But he earned on Circuit the unenviable reputation of enduring more appeals from his decisions than fell to the lot of any of his contemporaries. One aspect of his work, however, deserves a tribute which it has seldom received. Since the days of Bentham it has been the fashion to attack him as a slavish adherent to precedent, as a conservative too blind to see or too languid to amend the defects of an antiquated system. Yet he can be acclaimed as a pioneer, modest, but practical, in the reform of the criminal law. Even in his Commentaries he had remarked and deplored the severity of the penal code and the frequency of capital punishment; "inflicted, perhaps, inattentively, by a multitude of successive independent statutes upon crimes very different in their natures." "So dreadful a list," he declared, "instead of diminishing, increases the number of offenders." Upon the Bench he strove to mitigate this severity by a new method of punishment. He promoted a Statute of 1779, whereby detached houses of hard labour were to be established for convicts as a substitute for transportation. From this measure he anticipated benefits which, if he painted them in too rosy a colour, and if they may be received with scepticism in a different age, at least testified to his humanity.

What [he asked] can be more dreadful to the riotous, the libertine, the voluptuous, the idle delinquent, than solitude, sobriety and constant labour? Yet what can be more truly beneficial? Solitude will awaken reflection, confinement will banish temptation, sobriety will restore vigour, and labour will beget an honest industry. The aid of a religious instructor may implant new principles in his heart, and, when the term of the punishment is expired, will conduce both to his temporal and to his eternal welfare. Such a prospect as this is surely well worth the trouble of an experiment.

Blackstone died in 1780, after ten years on the Bench, and at the age of fifty-six. His death was premature, but his reputation still rested on his Lectures and his Commentaries, and his later career had proved an anti-climax. He was, in truth, unfitted, alike by temperament and by training, for the acerbities of public life. He lacked the eagerness in attack, the resilience in defeat,

the relish for a shrewd blow, offered or received, which are essential factors in a Parliamentary success; and he had not learned, through the rigours of an arduous professional practice, to overcome his natural caution or prevent it degenerating into timidity. With all the capacity for administration and the variety of interests which his life at Oxford reveals, it is, after all, a just verdict which links his fame, like that of Gibbon and Boswell, with a single book. Blackstone outside the Commentaries is an estimable and not uninteresting figure: within its pages he may rest assured of immortality. He was happy, moreover, to receive alike the substantial tributes of his contemporaries and the applause of posterity. Eight editions appeared in his lifetime, and he drew from their sale not less than £14,000. After his death, editions continued to be multiplied until the issue of the twenty-third in 1854.

Almost at once they took their place in the curriculum, not only of legal, but of polite education. Nor did the "gentler sex disdain their perusal." The Duchess of Kingston, on her trial for bigamy in 1776, was able to refer, without undue condescension, to "Doctor Blackstone, whose works are as entertaining as they are instructive." An abridged version, "intended for the advancement of female education," was published in 1822, and in 1853 a Digest "in a series of letters from a father to his daughter" bowdlerized them for domestic use.

Abroad their influence was almost as great as at home. "I hear," said Burke in 1775, "that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England;" and American editions continued to be issued until 1884. In France fifteen editions were sold, and translations appeared in Italy, Germany, and Russia. Perhaps it is sufficient to add that no attempt has yet been made to replace them, and that they still offer the only comprehensive view of English Law which can be read with equal pleasure and profit.

WAYS OF THE ORIENTAL CENSOR

BY WILBUR BURTON

CENSORSHIP is China's gift to the statecraft of the world. Centuries before Dr. Goebbels, the Soviet OGPU, or even the Catholic Inquisition, the Celestial Board of Censors was bringing to book all who deviated from the general party line—the party in this case being the Confucian bureaucracy who governed the Middle Kingdom. There was, even in Yunnan, the equivalent of Siberian exile and German concentration camps; the Mandarin dialect is today spoken in this remote province because the Chinese element who settled there were largely political prisoners.

Of course, censorship in one form or another has existed to a greater or less degree in every state in history. But a censorship such as characterizes the modern European dictatorships in Russia, Germany, and Italy, is based upon a political philosophy that any deviations (save very slight ones) from a certain social norm are not only dangerous, but immoral, and hence the censor's duty is to effect general regimentation in thought and *mores*. His work is as much constructive as destructive. This attitude was first developed in Chinese government.

For the classical Chinese, indeed, the general Asiatic concept of the State is a totalitarian theocracy. All such ideas as individual liberty, the rights of man, and freedom of opinion are European notions going back no farther than the days of Greece and Rome. Not only did they never exist anywhere in Asia, but no philosophical concept of them was ever developed. Persons had no rights, only duties—the duty of wives to husbands, the duty of children to parents, the duty of subjects to the State—in Asiatic thought generally, and that of China particularly. Further, the theory of collective responsibility which modern European dictatorships invoke in censorship and otherwise is of Chinese origin. In classical China not only an entire family,

but an entire community was held responsible for the acts of one of its members; a whole village would be punished for a serious breach of the law by one person therein, and a whole village would be honoured if one therein won high official approval. When Chinese started going abroad, the government, and other organizations after the government broke down, exercised control over them through their families in China. Li Hung-chang, the eminent viceroy of the latter days of the Manchu dynasty, once stopped a *tong* war in far San Francisco by threatening to execute the relatives in China of the belligerents if they did not stop fighting. The Kuomintang subsequently employed similar tactics to get financial support from overseas Chinese. Today, in the ex-Red areas, there is an organized system of collective responsibility, established by General Chiang Kai-shek, whereby a group of families must answer for any Communist ever found among them, even though every other member of the group is not only innocent, but ignorant, of the "dangerous thoughts" in his midst.

Thus, when Berlin threatens reprisals on the family in Germany of a refugee critic, or Karl Radek pleads guilty in a Moscow court to acts about which he personally knew nothing, we merely see Western countries copying ancient Oriental technique.

The Imperial Board of Censors in China had the right to criticize even the Throne itself, for the Chinese (unlike the modern Japanese) never regarded the Emperor as sacrosanct. He was the "Son of Heaven," but he ruled only by a "mandate from Heaven," and if he violated his "mandate"—that is to say, the Confucian party line—he could be brought to account. Rarely, of course, did the censors dare to criticize the Throne, but sometimes they did. Their activities, however, were mostly confined to censorship of the servants of the Throne: the members of the state bureaucracy, or mandarins. In this way the censors exercised authority over literature, since all approved literature was written by the scholastic bureaucrats. Nevertheless, much unofficial literature was allowed to circulate; so few could read, and such complete regimentation had been achieved through the centuries of Confucian thought control, that a certain amount of tolerance was deemed not harmful.

The tradition of the Imperial Board of Censors has been

carried on in the present Nanking Government by establishment of a Control Yuan (department), but it is almost completely impotent. No Chinese within Nanking's realm would dare question Chiang Kai-shek's use, or abuse, of his "mandate from heaven," and he has his private Blueshirts to police the civil bureaucracy. Other organs and agents carry out the public censorship, which is today much more necessary than it ever was in the secluded Middle Kingdom, because the flux of the past few decades and the penetration of Western ideas have broken down the formerly almost perfect regimentation. General Chiang likes many things Western, such as aeroplanes to bomb his enemies into submission, but he does not approve of any Western ideas inconsistent with his dictatorship; further, he seeks to use censorship to enforce a rather rigid moral code that he has evolved since becoming a member of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States! And now and then he himself censors *ex cathedra*, as when he had the American magazine *Asia* banned from the country because of an article therein I had written on his Blueshirts, and again when he issued an edict in the midst of an anti-Red campaign against women curling their hair.

One of the present important organs of censorship is the Central Cinematographic Enterprise Bureau, which "constructively" controls all Chinese motion-picture scenarios, both before and after they are filmed. Its contributions to the Celestial Republic may be best illustrated by one example. A scenario submitted not long ago was the story of a returned student engineer from the United States. He had started humbly as a servant of an American engineer in China, became his *protégé*, and after completing his education abroad he went back to his native village. Then came a humorous love interlude of flirting with the village belles in the manner of Hollywood. Meanwhile, a serious flood begins to threaten the village, and the young engineer abandons his dallying to arouse the natives from their customary fatalistic lethargy in such matters and organizes them for the construction of a dyke which saves the town. After which, of course, he marries the loveliest girl in the village amidst general rejoicing.

The scenario was rejected by C.C.E.B. on the following

grounds: it was humiliating to China to show a Chinese getting his start in life through being the servant of a foreigner; in flirting with the village girls, the young engineer "behaved like a scoundrel;" and it was "insulting to the government to show the villagers building a dyke regardless of the government." Then followed detailed suggestions for re-writing, which included the education of the student by the government; and, when the flood threatened, the villagers should petition the government to build a dyke which would forthwith be constructed under government auspices with the young engineer in charge.

Not only is the cinema thoroughly and "constructively" censored, but the press and the radio also. Owing to the fact that there are foreign concessions in most of the large cities of China, censorship is somewhat handicapped, but in the main nothing of which Nanking disapproves is printed or broadcast or filmed by Chinese. Foreigners with extra-territorial protection, however, are not affected save in so far as they conform for politic reasons. The English-language press, for example, is circumspect, but it rarely suppresses genuine news; thus more and more Chinese who can read English avail themselves of the extra-territorial-protected foreign newspapers to find out what is going on in the country, just as intelligent Germans read *The Times*. Foreign bookstores also sell literature which Chinese bookstores cannot sell—for example, the works of Lenin and Marx. More and more, however, the Chinese use their customs administration to keep disapproved books from entering the country.

Chinese film censorship is largely devoted to "upholding the dignity of the Chinese race" and banning anything that may be regarded as "superstitious." All the pictures of Anna May Wong are forbidden on the first ground, for she is deemed to portray the women of her ancestral land "in a bad light;" while such H. G. Wells fantasies as *The Invisible Man* are outlawed as "fostering superstition."

Foreigners in China also censor in the areas which they administer, such as the French Concession and International Settlement of Shanghai. The British police of the Settlement outlawed *Ulysses* just after it was legalized in the United States,

but there was no objection to a window display of Frank Harris's *My Life and Loves*. Generally, indeed, there is no foreign censorship of literature; in motion pictures, however, it is quite strict. *The Informer* was cut considerably by British censors; the British film *Iron Duke* was banned by the French because it correctly depicted the Duke of Wellington winning the battle of Waterloo; and the British banned that masterly American picture *I Am a Fugitive from the Chain Gang* because it was regarded as injurious to "white prestige." Alas, however, for all the efforts of foreign censors to protect "white prestige" generally or any national "prestige" in particular films banned by either the Settlement or the French Concession are invariably shown in Chinese territory just outside the settlement and there draw larger crowds than they would have attracted had they not had the publicity of the bans.

In Japan, which obtained most of her early civilization (including the Confucian family code) from China, we find today in fanatically developed form the concept of the State as a totalitarian theocracy, and a more efficient censorship based thereon than exists in present-day China. And the Japanese have given their censorship an exquisitely expressive designation: "thought control." Such charming frankness is possible because the Japanese have been infected least of all Oriental nations with any Western notions of individual liberty or freedom of opinion. The intelligentsia of China, on the other hand, have been seriously subverted, and thus Nanking is often put to the same straits as European dictatorships in pretending that censorship is not censorship, but merely official aid in preventing factual error and so forth—a dissimulation that reached its most ineffable perfection not long ago in the claim of an apologist for the Soviet Union that the censors there merely played the same role as publishers' readers in England or the United States. But the Japanese, who now embody ancient Oriental social ideas in their purest form, proudly and forthrightly avow that their censorship is for "thought control."

Being complete masters in their own house, the Japanese can control thoughts far better than can the Chinese. Nothing may enter Japan or be published there without official approval, and foreign journalists who are regarded as *personae non gratae*—a

very large group which includes the writer—can be deported or refused entry. Censorship on outgoing press dispatches is usually not as complete as in China; but virtually all foreign journalists are viewed with suspicion and often harried by the police, especially when they start probing about outside Tokyo. Police spies pester them with questions and accompany them everywhere; in one instance in a northern city, a journalist made an engagement by telephone with a missionary, and when he arrived he found an agent of the police already on hand to overhear the interview.

The most outstanding effort of Japanese thought control is to maintain at home and abroad the myth of the Emperor's divinity and the antiquity of Japanese history. Actually, as Professor B. H. Chamberlain has pointed out, there is no authentic Japanese history further back than 600 A.D., and the present Emperor is of a line that usurped the throne no longer ago than the fourteenth century. The divinity myth and its concomitant *Bushido*—a word not even found in any Japanese dictionary prior to 1900—were deliberate inventions of the statesmen of the "Restoration" period that started in 1867. Previously, Emperors had not only not been regarded as divine, but had been treated quite cavalierly; one, for example, had been forced to earn his living by selling autographs!

Such are the facts, but only two years ago a distinguished Japanese scholar, Dr. Tatsukichi Minobe, was threatened with trial for *lèse majesté* and forced to resign his post as lecturer on constitutional law at the Tokyo University for his theory that the Emperor was merely "an organ of the state" instead of the state itself. Further all his books were put under ban. A short time later a tremendous international furore was created through publication in an American magazine, *Vanity Fair*, of a cartoon on the theme of 'things you won't see,' showing the Japanese Emperor carrying off the Nobel Peace Prize on a gun carriage. The indignant and thoroughly sincere Japanese objection was not to the idea of the cartoon, but to showing the "divine" Emperor engaged in menial work and as a mere human being, on a page that included caricatures of a number of eminent commoners. Also, at about the same time, Tokyo forced Nanking to imprison a Chinese editor for publication of an

article on kings which stated that the Japanese Emperor was a mere figurehead, despite the pretensions of his divinity and almost absolute authority. Actually, of course, he is as much of a figurehead as the King of England; all the political struggles in Tokyo, including the February 26, 1936, uprising, are merely to get possession of the person of the Emperor in order to issue edicts in his name.

In such a vigorous totalitarian theocracy as Japan, the ideas of Thomas Jefferson, or Voltaire, or John Stuart Mill are as subversive as those of Karl Marx. Fortunately—or rather unfortunately—Jefferson and Voltaire and Mill do not have as devoted disciples today as Marx, and so the Japanese thought controllers are frequently ignorant of them. Nothing by or about Marx (save in sweeping denunciation) can enter the country legally, and there have been instances of confiscation of books by Voltaire from the baggage of foreign visitors. On my last visit to Japan, on which I passed the customs but not the immigration, I had a copy of selected works from Voltaire, but the inspector passed it in blissful ignorance.

Except in the case of "radicals" with names so well known that even Japanese officials are aware of them, books in foreign languages are judged chiefly by their titles. Certain words have acquired diabolical significance in the Japanese official mind. One is "social." Ever since an anarchist attempt on the life of the Emperor in 1910, this word has been a synonym for treason. Even economists have had to refrain from using its Japanese equivalent in scientific studies. Any book with the word "social" or some form thereof in its title immediately arouses sinister suspicion and is usually confiscated. "Red" also has a similar effect, and a sentimental novel of the American pre-Civil War South entitled *So Red the Rose* was recently confiscated from a visitor.

The Japanese customs authorities require every person entering the country to fill out a form giving title, author, and nature of contents of each publication in his or her possession. The publications themselves are then inspected, but unless titles or authors are in the proscribed categories, one can bank heavily on Japanese ignorance of literature in foreign languages. Censorship of publications entering by post is somewhat erratic. Less

attention is paid to what goes to foreigners than to what goes to Japanese. In any event, the Japanese never ban a foreign magazine entirely as the Chinese do; only any given issue regarded as subversive is confiscated.

Film censorship is chiefly devoted to suppression of kisses and anything that might be regarded as anti-war propaganda. All kisses are usually eliminated from foreign motion pictures, for to the Japanese official mind public osculation is the last word in the moral degradation of the outer barbarians. Pictures showing the horrors of war are severely cut or banned entirely, and the latest edict is that in hospital scenes all the groans of the wounded are to be silenced. Nothing must be done to shatter the illusion fostered by the militarists that war is a noble enterprise.

In social life, Japanese censorship is largely an effort to prevent the younger generation from being infected by Western *mores*. Once the police started a vigorous campaign against girls in foreign dress going about with bare legs, although nudity *per se* is not offensive to the Japanese; in fact, mixed bathing in the nude was an old Japanese custom. Dancing is under ban, although a lot of it goes on in the beer-halls of Tokyo when the police officers are at the other end of their beats.

Except that the Emperor is not only beyond criticism, but above mention by his name, the press in Japan is still somewhat freer than in China. The ministers may be, and often are, criticized severely, but always on the basis that they are not furthering the best interests of the Emperor.

The present pronounced tendency in Japan is towards increasing limitation of such freedom of the press as now exists; in every way, indeed, the few democratic ideas that ever penetrated the country are dying out. Within the past year, the militaristic super-chauvinists have employed the direct action of hooligans to silence press criticism of the army. One newspaper some months ago frankly announced that it would no longer dare criticize the army, and advised its readers to bear this in mind.

Thus, after brief flirtation with Western freedom, both China and Japan are getting back to their ancient Celestial mental seclusion—while more and more European lands follow them along this road to darkness.

A CENTURY OF COMMUNICATIONS

BY GEORGE GODWIN

JUST a century ago the first telegraphic message was sent from Euston Square to Camden Town by its inventors. It is a strange thought that it took Cæsar no longer to get a message from Imperial Rome to England than it took the traveller of the reign of William IV.

When Marlborough saw the French fleeing before his men at Blenheim, he wrote from his saddle a message for transmission through his Duchess to the Queen and bade a horseman ride "Hell for leather" with it. That ride lasted four days and four nights, and was followed by a three-day wait for a Channel crossing.

Again, the Indian Mutiny of 1857 had been many weeks a fact before the first labouring sailing ships brought word of the disaster to a London in complete ignorance of events of terrific import within the Empire.

Last year, two seconds after the winner had flashed past the winning-post at Epsom, New York, Buenos Aires and Cape Town had the Derby result. One may therefore speak of miracles of modern science without hyperbole.

Nowadays not only can a message pass around the globe in less time than you will need to traverse this line with your eye, but pictures, drawings, charts, documents and all manner of photographable objects can be projected in facsimile through the ether.

And all these achievements are the large growth of an experiment conducted by Dr. Watson in the middle of the seventeenth century, when he sent an electric current through two miles of wire. That was, perhaps, the moment of generation of the world's communications today; but at the time it passed with no more than a quickening of curiosity among a few scientists and a general scepticism among the multitude. Yet that simple experiment was to change the modern world.

After Dr. Watson's first success nothing was done to advance the practical application of his discovery until in 1837 William

Fothergill Cooke and Professor Charles Wheatstone met at King's College, London, and pooled their experimental work. In May of that year these two pioneers signed an agreement of partnership. In June they secured the first patent ever granted for an electrical signalling apparatus and in July successfully transmitted the first telegraph message from Euston Square to Camden Town.

The public, however, could see no importance in the discovery and the railway company soon gave the inventors notice to quit. Two years later the Great Western Railway installed the telegraph between Paddington and West Drayton, the line costing £300 a mile. An advertisement which was inserted in the *Railway Times* in 1842 invited the attention of railway companies, engineers and others requiring certain and instantaneous means of communication between distant points to Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone's electrical telegraph.

But it was not for a further period of three years that the public took any interest in the new discovery, and then it was in a manner which some would style peculiarly English. The telegraph was instrumental in securing the arrest of a murderer. Public curiosity was aroused.

Another milestone was reached when the South Eastern Railway installed the new apparatus and inaugurated the first telegram service, fixing the charge a little higher than its railway fares, lest the telegraph should become the successful competitor of the steam engine.

In 1846 Cooke negotiated with John Ricardo, M.P., and formed the Electric Telegraph Company, selling the patent jointly held by himself and Wheatstone for £140,000 to the new company. Within a year, despite financial difficulties, the company had erected twelve hundred miles of telegraph line in the British Isles. Two years later St. Martin's le Grand comes into the picture for the first time as carrier of telegraphic messages for the public. The rates for those first telegrams have a certain interest today. Twenty words at a penny per mile for the first fifty miles, three ha'pence for the next fifty miles and, thereafter, a ha'penny per mile, was the scale.

Inevitably, the question of the limits of electrical telegraphy came to the front. Could the system be used to link the British

Isles with the Continent, for instance? This question was put to Wheatstone by a member of the Select Committee set up to enquire into the matter. The inventor gave it as his opinion that no difficulty lay in the way of transmitting messages along a copper cable laid on the sea-bed. His sanguine view was not shared by the men of science of his day, and, among others, Airey, the Astronomer Royal, ridiculed the idea. Nevertheless, the "Goliath" successfully laid a cable across the Channel from Dover to Gris Nez, and the first cable message ever flashed under the sea-bed was handed with due ceremony to the French Emperor. He read it while London was chuckling at the jester who asked in a humorous periodical whether it was intended to communicate by means of this cable as one does between drawing room and kitchen—by pulling upon it?

The technical difficulties the inventors faced were many. The cable between Dover and France lasted so short a time that charges of fraud were whispered against the inventors. The chief trouble was in solving the problem of efficient insulation, and it was not until Dr. Montgomery hit upon gutta-percha as the ideal substance that an adequately-protected cable was achieved.

The success of the second Channel cable so nourished faith in the possibilities of more daring submarine adventures that in 1856 the Atlantic Telegraph Company was floated with a capital of £350,000, the British and American Governments putting up part of that sum. The first attempt failed when the cable snapped and £100,000 was lost. The second attempt likewise proved a failure, but in July, 1858 the "Great Eastern," Brunel's famous mammoth paddle-ship, set out to spin out the third cable and succeeded. Associated in this great adventure were Lord Kelvin, Cyrus Field and John Pender, a Manchester business man, whose idea it was to utilize the "Great Eastern."

The laying of the Atlantic cable was an undertaking carried through in the face of a widespread criticism which included the learned Professor Airey's forthright *non possumus*. When it was actually done, it was described by Professor Morse as the "feat of the century"—to be soon eclipsed by the laying of the trans-Australian line, an undertaking, though less appealing to popular imagination, actually, far more arduous, dangerous and difficult.

It is interesting to note that the charges for messages were originally £20 for as many words, as a minimum, and a pound for every additional word. Today, by night cable letter, with delivery next morning, the charge for twenty-five words, London New York, is six shillings and three pence!

The nineteenth century, which saw so many scientific marvels that the popular mind became inured to miracles (as do our minds today), was also the age of scepticism. The men who laid the foundations of the nerve system of the globe, as we accept them today without a second thought, had to contend with official inertia and that attitude of mind which has become associated with a mythical Colonel Blimp. There was, for instance, the Government's considered reply to a request for official investigation of the new invention: "Telegraphs of any kind other than those now in use are *entirely unnecessary*, as the Government are fully satisfied with the semaphone system."

Thirty years after the laying of the first Atlantic cable, when it may well have seemed to scientific man that the path of progress in communications lay solely along the line of technical improvements of existing scientific principles, Marconi, then only twenty-three years of age, was experimenting with oscillations in the ether set up by sparks and thus laying the foundation for the next giant step in the annihilation of space. In 1897 the first wireless signal station was set up; this is to say, the intricate and world-wide system of wireless is the growth of only forty years. Four years later the Atlantic was spanned by a wireless beam, and a new era in communications opened up. Finally, only ten years ago, the beam system ended the dissipation of wireless waves through the ether and introduced the single beam. Since then, has followed the wireless telephone whereby air pilots are enabled to keep their course and to ask or receive instructions.

It used to be said that trade followed the flag: today it might be said that trade tends to flow in the direction of the most efficient communications. As General Smuts put it at the Imperial Conference of 1926:

Communications are of the essence of our Empire and unless we succeed in solving some of the most urgent problems of more rapid communications it will be almost impossible in the future to hold together this vast Empire scattered over the whole globe.

Three years after those words were spoken there began that process of rationalization which resulted in the merging of the many existing systems of communication into an Imperial public utilities company under the style of Cables and Wireless and the Chairmanship of Mr. Edward Wilshaw. This new unified system, linked with every Colony and Dominion, controlling 165,000 miles of submarine cable, functions today in a twofold way: it links and makes one organic whole the widely-separated parts of the Empire: and it relates the imperial economy to world communications as a whole.

The maintenance of Empire communications, the vast nerve system whose impulses transmit 200 million words a year, is a true miracle of modern invention, *plus* organization, applied to the uses of the modern world. In times of peace Empire communications unify the many scattered parts of the Empire for trade, economic, political and social purposes. Take, as a typical example, the Kenya stations at Nairobi and Mombasa. At the first station the staff handle what is a key-station for Africa and one of supreme strategical importance. Here a direct beam wireless telegraph service is maintained with London, and air telegraph service maintained for Imperial Airways aircraft flying the London-Cape Town route; and a broadcasting service through the Colony. On the coast, Mombasa handles the cable, wireless telegraph to ships at sea and a direct wireless telephone service with England.

But a system adequate to the purposes of a world at peace is not necessarily adequate to a world at war. In peace-time a single system of Empire communications, well maintained, is enough. In war inter-imperial communications represent the flow of life-blood, and a break-down through enemy action at any point applies a tourniquet which, paralyzing a part, cripples the whole.

Today our Empire communications, despite the amazing efficiency of their administration, face very real difficulties. They include the problem of the increasingly crowded ether; the difficulties presented by the development of broadcasting, with television looming up on the scientific horizon; and, lastly the economic factor of keeping on a sound basis a service which is as essential to the life of the Empire as its Fleet.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THERE is much to be said for ceremony, and the English people have amongst their other orderly instincts a fine sense for the use of it. Coronation Day was, of course, London's high festival, but no little town in all Great Britain was going to let London have all the ceremony to itself. Scotland, where I write, is beflagged to the last village. Every township claims its part in a national celebration, which centres about two young figures and their children. It is the domestic ceremony of an Empire. Hereditary rule means family rule, and each renewal of sovereignty is a family event to which all the Empire finds itself invited.

It would be absurd to say that King George the Sixth commands a personal allegiance, as Herr Hitler does or Signor Mussolini. These men are themselves, and have become what they are in right of their own qualities. In so far as they are truly representative of their people, it is because they have forced Germany and Italy into a likeness of themselves. They have no past, however much they may attempt to conjure up by rhetoric august shadows assenting to their supremacy. King George, in himself a simple English gentleman without pretension or ambition, as Sovereign of England and of the Empire, is what the past has made him; he embodies a tradition of kingship painfully wrought out through many centuries, a tradition of kingly conduct, passed on, sometimes superbly, sometimes unworthily, through a line of ancestors, the last of whom, his own father, was the most unassuming monarch that ever wore a crown. Yet he added to its dignity in an epoch when many crowns were tossed like rubbish into the scrap-heap.

Foreign observers at the Silver Jubilee of King George the Fifth, when they saw every street door in Poplar and Limehouse decked out with bunting, thought that the Government must have spent a great deal of money. They would hardly believe that

nine-tenths of the decoration was unsubsidized and uncontrolled. Now, in this more formal ceremony, Church and State provide the nucleus of the pageant; they do it in the English way, lavishly and handsomely; they have at their command all the inherited beauty and magnificence of masonry wrought and sculptured when Kings of England were only at the beginning of their long apprenticeship to the task of harmonizing sovereignty with freedom. Yet all this central ceremonial, music and voices and solemn gestures in the Abbey, all this procession of dignitaries, all the parade of troops, would be no more than a theatrical performance if it were not caught up, amplified and extended by voluntary participation over the whole kingdom and the Empire at large.

Foreigners find it hard to understand how a nation which prides itself on championship of democracy—and is indeed the strongest support that democracy finds in Europe today—should display such enthusiasm for the ritual of kingship. One answer is easy. The sovereign is to Britain a symbol, embodying the greatness of Britain—its riches, its majestic power; prelates, statesmen and lawyers in their robes, guards and troops in splendid array, fill out the significance. Britain and the Empire are crowned in the King's person. Yet that answer would leave out what is best and has most meaning. It would leave out the friendliness, the cordial well-wishing, as of villagers to their new squire. The King and his family can be much more than symbols—at all events to the people of Great Britain. Nobody with any candour will undervalue the difficulty of the part which the royal family have to play, and of which the chief difficulty falls on the King. Tradition has determined that he shall be trained for his task much like the son of any well-to-do country gentleman. Public school tradition, university tradition, and the closely allied tradition of the two great Services, all influence the moulding of his character. All these traditions agree in one important particular. They push the dislike of showing off to such a point that avoidance of exhibitionism leads to an actual vice, which one might call inhibitionism. French generals in the war talked to their men in a way of which British generals are morally and

**The Symbol
of Britain**

intellectually incapable—Lord Haig, perhaps, the most incapable of all. Personal leadership was lessened, because the training of all these men forced them to keep their feelings to themselves and to regard any appeal to other men's emotions as almost indecent.

Yet the English King, trained in this tradition, must, if he is to fulfil his mission, achieve more than merely never to do the wrong thing. He must develop a rare talent for personal contacts; in private and public, he is in one sense a figure for display and must be able to convey to multitudes a personal impression. Happily, where there is good will on both sides, more than half the effect is produced by those on whom it has to be produced. English people do not often misunderstand a man whom they like, and affection gathers where trust is given. George the Fifth had little genius for expressing what was in his mind—and what mattered more, in his heart. He was, one might say, incapable of gesture; yet after five and twenty years he found himself almost stupefied by the evidences of his own popularity. That affection is eager, as we can all see, to transmit itself to his son. It will be of a different kind from that which went out so easily to Edward the Eighth, in quick response to a talent for winning gesture, not often seen in English monarchs since the Hanoverian line came in. Curiously enough, but it is part of the contradictions with which the whole status of English kingship is shot through and through, King George the Fifth was loved by his people for his loyalty. Whether they knew it or not, they felt him to be a typical British naval officer, conservative to the marrow of his bones, but because he was King of England, conservative of democracy. Confidence that the same faithfulness will be shown by the Throne to the people inspires today all the demonstrations, which are of affection, rather than in any limited sense of loyalty.

At such a time as this, one inevitably looks at all in relation to the central event; but actually the new King's Coronation links itself with the voluntary stepping down of the Crown's foremost servant. Mr. Baldwin's Retirement has spoken to the House of Commons as one whose days in it are numbered; and with the skill that he

commands he claimed privilege of long service. Nothing that he has ever spoken there was more moving than the appeal which he addressed to both sides in a great industrial dispute. The eyes of the world were on England, he said, because of the Coronation, and what happened in England was vital to the cause of democracy. He did not stop to enlarge upon the paradox which seemed to be implied; possibly, indeed, so English he is, it never presented itself to him. But essentially his plea was that in the interest of democracy two groups of citizens should compose a quarrel whose imminence threw a shadow over the new reign. He did not seek to lessen the difficulty of what he asked, which was in effect that two powerful combinations opposed in interest should abstain from putting their strength to the test, as they were legally entitled to do, even at the cost of inflicting injury on those who were no parties to the quarrel—indeed, of injuring the nation itself. That legal right is, as Mr. Baldwin pointed out, a part of the “free institutions” under which the English people have chosen to live. There is no power in the Government to coerce either the employers or the workmen. They can make civil war of the kind which free institutions sanction, or they can make peace. Mr. Baldwin chose to emphasize, above all, that peace with honour attained at this moment would be a triumph for democracy.

With the tact, or rather to use his own word, with the wisdom that has been his special attribute, he refrained from asking either employers or employed to do anything, or refrain from doing, for the sake of the Crown. What he chose to point out was that in certain European countries, democracy is in disrepute, and industrial truth was regarded as a chronic symptom of its incompetence; and that it is dangerous to let the dictatorships exaggerate the weakness of democracy. On the other hand, he went on to remind his immediate hearers, and the immense mass of others whom his words must reach, how great esteem was felt in America and France and throughout all our dominions, “for the manner in which British democracy had passed through the economic storm and the industrial troubles resulting from it.” Then, lastly, he made his appeal “to that handful of men with whom rests the issue of peace or war” to bring, as supreme offering to the high ceremonial when “the young King and Queen will

kneel to dedicate themselves to the service of their people,” a proof that democracy “can still at heart practise the arts of peace in this world of strife”—freedom and allegiance, the Crown and democracy; Mr. Baldwin is too wise to argue about the relations between them. Yet probably it would be truer to say that he is too English to feel the need of argument: they are to him, because he is English, inextricably linked.

Foreign nations incline to complain that the English always want to have a thing both ways. It has to be admitted that somehow or other, in defiance of logic, they frequently and even habitually succeed in getting it; and the Coronation as a high festival of democracy is a crowning example of the national genius for successful paradox.

• There is, of course, another element active within the British people, and within every other democracy today, which regards such compromise as pernicious and demoralising.

Disputes under Democracy It is represented in the House of Commons, yet there Mr. Baldwin's speech induced its representatives to maintain a friendly silence. Quite possibly Mr. Maxton and his colleagues may be blamed by some of their supporters for not renewing their dissent; though probably they themselves know that while Conservative leadership is what Mr. Baldwin has made it, and while the Crown continues to be what it has been, extremist propaganda fights a losing game in England.

There is, however, a real danger on the other side. Thousands of good citizens are convinced that such manifestations as the “sit down” strikes in France and in America, and the bus men's strike in London are proof of Moscow's interference. Very likely Moscow is glad to see them happen, though it looks increasingly as if Moscow were too much concerned about Russian affairs to spare time or energy for promoting world revolution. Still, there is no doubt that the example of Russia has produced potent effects throughout the world. Here is a State where the underdogs got on top, and the State continued to function, in some ways with increased efficiency—just as it did in France after the Revolution. One good result in the civilized democracies has been a disposition to listen with

sympathy to complaints from the underdog, and not only from fear that a worse thing might happen. Discontent is no longer regarded as disgraceful, and even the most inconvenient expressions of it are tolerated.

A great many Englishmen and Englishwomen think that it was unfair—worse than that, unsportsmanlike—for the busmen to force their case on the public mind by timing a strike so that it should inflict the greatest possible inconvenience. A good many hold that this is another proof of Russia's activity. Nevertheless the men's case is listened to. Mr. Baldwin says that if democracy is to work, every citizen must do his share of thinking, and the public is not refusing to think. We all of us in London, perhaps a dozen times a day, entrust our life and limb to a man who is paid less than five pounds a week for conveying us safely and as fast as conditions permit. We had not realized that the strain involved increases daily with the multiplication of motor traffic, and that in reality more work, more nervous energy, is exacted in the same time. What the men want is not more pay, but a shorter day; and the only answer given is that at the fares charged it is not possible to shorten the hours. Where does Moscow come into this story? No attempt has been made to paralyse society, as there would be in a general transport strike; at most there has been a rude determination to catch the public ear at all costs. For it is in reality an appeal to the public, and the public seems inclined to sympathize with men from whom they get unfailing courtesy. The danger would be if honest economic discontent were treated as disloyal.

We have not as yet any clear view of the military effectiveness of the bombing of Guernica, how much nearer it brings General Franco's forces to the breaking down of Basque resistance. We do know that it gives a picture of what can be done from the air to an undefended town when air superiority is for the moment complete; and we know that some military experts regard the doing of such things as legitimate and even above criticism. Frankly, for a good many of us who had no decided partisanship in the Spanish struggle, this goes far to give our wishes a decided tilt.

The Bus Strike

The Bombing of Guernica

Such observers at the beginning were inclined to hold that a victory for General Franco's side would be the best thing for Spain and for European civilization. That feeling has lessened in proportion as his success appeared to depend more on outside support; yet certainly the Government side also had much backing that was not Spanish. But if victory for the Nationalist side is to be gained by such methods as were employed at Guernica, it is not believable that such a victory will be of advantage to Spain, or to Europe. Friendship with Germany, and friendship with Italy is greatly to be desired; but it cannot be offered or accepted on the basis that Germany and Italy are to do whatever seems right in their eyes in order to stamp out whatever they may consider to be a centre of Russian influence in Europe. While they enter into a pact of non-intervention in Spain, their most accredited spokesmen give it plainly to be understood that this is subject to one condition; the Government side in Spain must not be allowed to win.

Mr. Eden very rightly continues to negotiate, holding that every day by which actual rupture is postponed lessens the chance of catastrophe; but he does not refuse to allow British vessels to run the blockade off Bilbao at their own risk, and he limits that risk to territorial waters. Further, he uses the British navy to evacuate non-combatants from the besieged town. If there had been any doubt as to that last decision, no British Government could refuse to take it after the example of Guernica. The cases are indeed not identical, for Bilbao is strongly defended; but one result of the employment of "frightfulness" has been to create in England a disposition to do all that neutrality will permit towards lessening the horrors which General Franco's borrowed armaments can inflict.

Nevertheless, in fairness it should be remembered that wherever the Nationalists have occupied the country they appear to have been able to hold it under a normal rule; and this cannot be said of the regions where the Spanish government is in control. Barcelona has been ravaged by new civil strife, which at the moment seems to be checked; but if it spreads, victory for the other side is certain. The failure of Government to govern

Aid to Non-Combatants

within its limited area may decide the issue, even in Catalonia. Should it come to that, General Franco may well regret that methods of savagery have rendered it difficult for him to attain a peaceful settlement in the Basque country in any case what has happened in Barcelona is a clear enough indication that Moscow's influence on the Government action is vastly less than has been supposed.

But, looking at it all in relation to the Coronation, Europe, which watches the various achievements of Germany and Italy in the Spanish arena, sees at the same time the British fleet carrying out on the high seas errands of mercy; and comparison of these two efforts does not show democracy in an unfavourable light, nor disparage the new reign.

In his most famous speech, Lord Grey of Fallodon—then Sir Edward Grey—spoke of Ireland as the "one bright spot."

Ireland's New Constitution At this moment it is unfortunately the one spot which does not reflect the general glow of satisfaction. Mr. de Valera naturally enough does not feel able to take part with the rest of the Empire while Ireland's position in it remains undefined, or not defined to his satisfaction. He has chosen this moment to propose a new Constitution which defines Ireland's relation to the King and the Commonwealth by making no mention of them at all. The publication of this document, which is presumably the draft of a Bill for submission to a new Parliament, awakened curiously little interest in Ireland. Only one response was prompt and emphatic. The Constitution proposed that the country shall henceforward be known as "Eire." Mr. Alfred Byrne, Lord Mayor of Dublin, asserted at once that "Ireland" is a much more famous name and should not be surrendered. No one welcomed or disapproved with any emphasis the proposal for a new Senate having extremely limited powers. Attention centred on the new office of President as official head of the State which it was universally assumed that Mr. de Valera designed for himself. It has a tenure of seven years; it does not involve attendance in Parliament; and its powers might be whatever the first occupant of the office could make them. The elected Dáil has at least a theoretical control, and the headship of the

army, though vested in the President, is said to be exercisable by a Minister responsible to Parliament. However, the main fact is that no keen interest has been aroused. It is everywhere assumed that Mr. de Valera will strengthen his position at the coming General Election; and, in short, that things will go on much as they have been doing. Under his rule, the illegal secret army (I.R.A.) has been reduced to passivity; if he were in opposition, it is assumed that this organization would revive with encouragement from his partisans. Relations with Great Britain will continue to be those of bad neighbours: a state of things that is neither pleasant nor profitable. Arguments why it should be ended will be found in a very able book, *Ireland and the Empire*, by Mr. Henry Harrison, as gallant an Irishman as served in the European war. But he thinks that the real difficulty is on the constitutional question, and that the economic and financial dispute is a detail. My own view is that if this detail were settled, as it could be without loss of prestige, by arbitration, the other would settle itself, probably through the agency of the other Dominions, which wish to retain Ireland among them. And the number of Irishmen who wish to be outside the Commonwealth, realizing all the loss that this implies is very small. I have never yet been able to decide whether it includes Mr. de Valera.

Beyond the Atlantic a great airship perishes in a blast of flames: within two days fliers are in London carrying pictures of the destruction, caught by the omnipresent camera. A different magic is needed to conjure up for us the stir and bustle of life that was being lived in another century. That is the charm for me in *The Marley Papers*, now edited by Professor Warwick Bond. We have here the correspondence of people, not remarkable in themselves, but well placed to meet

Byron and the Polite World

those who are remarkable, in an age when Byron was at his zenith, when war against Napoleon was going on, when Shelley was a schoolboy, and the Prince Regent provided lavish matter for gossip. Lady Charleville is the centre of the correspondence.

Originally Catherine Dawson, of wealthy Anglo-Irish stock, she was educated in France before the Revolution, in days when the gentry of these islands were more closely in touch with French

thought and manners than at any time since Napoleon's day. She married first Mr. Tisdall, another descendant of Cromwellian settlers. He died young, leaving her with a son, very handsomely endowed. The widow then married John Philip Bury, yet another of the Cromwellian strain; and he, by his services in the Irish Parliament at the time of the Union, attained to the Earldom of Charleville in the Irish peerage. Lady Charleville, by her shrewdness and her taste for lion hunting, became a well-known figure, first in Dublin and then in London. That very great lady and mother of heroes, Lady Sarah Napier, commended her to the best society of the day; and the part of the papers from which Professor Bond has made his selection (it goes down to 1820) is full of details about this illustrious brood. But the Napiers are well enough known to us already through their own words, and there is really more interest in the letters which tell us what an Etonian's life was like between 1806 and 1809. Lady Charleville's son, James Tisdall, made friends with Shelley, and four letters show us the poet much less different from other Eton boys than might have been expected. Others from another well-provided lad suggest that although Greek was not predominant as now, there was fun to be had—as well as chastisement. Dr. Keate certainly whipped something into his pupils, for they can all indicate in delicate Greek that part of their anatomy on which his attentions were bestowed.

Byron as a figure in London society becomes more real when we read an ordinary courteous (though quite probably mendacious) expression of regret for the miscarriage of an invitation from Lady Charleville. He is "truly sorry that it is not in his power to accept it without breaking another, though less agreeable engagement." Tom Moore's report of Byron's relations with La Guiccioli and her husband is amusing though not quite to be trusted; for it came to Lady Charleville through the nimble pen of Lady Morgan who puts her own sprightly twist on everything. There are a number of her letters in the volume and, like her or not, one cannot deny that she, more than anyone in this group, sets old ghosts walking before us. When the Duchess of Wurtemberg tells Lady Morgan that she "*abhorred* Byron, but would rather sit and converse with him than any other in the world," that time becomes real.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

PEACEFUL CHANGE

By E. H. CARR.

A HISTORY OF PEACEFUL CHANGE
IN THE MODERN WORLD, by
C. R. M. F. Cruttwell. *Oxford University
Press.* 7s. 6d.

"PEACEFUL change" is one of the most recent of those slogans which play so important a role in politics, whether domestic or international. It is the essential quality of such slogans that they should have a wide appeal. The catchword "peaceful change" pleases those who argue that the world is not static and that the present distribution of the world's goods as between nations cannot last for ever; and it equally pleases those who insist on the establishment of some new international order under which all changes shall be effected, not by war, but by peaceful means. Mr. Cruttwell, approaching the subject from the standpoint of the historian, has endeavoured to write a "history of peaceful change" from the settlement of Vienna to the settlement of Versailles. The result is sobering, if not discouraging. The volume is a small one; a good part of it is taken up in discussing cases whose claim to be regarded as "peaceful change" is, on the author's admission, decidedly dubious; and the clearest of all the impressions which the attentive reader will derive from the book is perhaps the extreme difficulty of discovering what "peaceful change" is. For it is also an essential quality of

successful political slogans that they should not be too precise.

An idealist will clearly be unwilling to admit as legitimate examples of "peaceful change" alterations made as the result of a threat or declaration of war. When Austria annexed the Free City of Cracow in 1846, the inhabitants were not foolhardy enough to resist. But was this "peaceful change"? Supposing that the Hoare-Laval Plan had been accepted by Italy and Abyssinia in December, 1935, and the frontier between them settled on the basis proposed in the Plan, would that have been "peaceful change"? A somewhat better case might be made out for including changes made by peaceful means, even though they are the direct result of a war, such as the post-war plebiscites. But what of changes produced by the unilateral denunciation of treaties, such as the Russian denunciation of the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris in 1870, the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908, and Germany's repudiation of the military restrictions of the Versailles Treaty in 1935 and 1936? These changes were certainly effected without war, but scarcely by methods usually contemplated by advocates of "peaceful change." Finally, what of bargains like the Anglo-German Agreement of 1890, exchanging Heligoland for a zone of influence in East

Africa, or the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States? These are, strictly speaking, cases of "peaceful change." But being a mere barter of equivalents, they do nothing to solve those problems of readjustment for which "peaceful change" is nowadays offered as a remedy.

When Mr. Cruttwell has discussed and eliminated all dubious cases, it appears that only two pure and indisputable examples of "peaceful change" can be discovered in the whole expanse of history from Vienna to Versailles. In 1864, Great Britain freely and without return handed over Corfu and the Ionian Islands, held by her since 1815, to Greece. But in fact, as Mr. Cruttwell points out, all she was doing was to relinquish "a responsibility which had brought her no money and much trouble" in return for making Greece (who had just called a brother of the Princess of Wales to the throne) her ally in the East Mediterranean. In 1905, Norway seceded from Sweden and became a separate kingdom. But this change, though it was resented by some circles in Sweden, was little more than the legal recognition of an existing fact; for nothing but a personal union had ever held the two kingdoms together.

To these nineteenth century examples must now be added the modifications in the regime of the Straits made last year, at the request of Turkey, by the Montreux Conference. But, useful as was the work of the Montreux Conference, its significance for the student of "peaceful change" can easily be exaggerated. Turkey's claims had the strong support of the neighbouring Powers, the Soviet Union and Greece. Prior to 1935, they would have been opposed by Great Britain and Italy. But the Abyssinian adventure worked for Turkey in two ways. It removed Italy from the field (she did not attend the Montreux Conference), and it made Great Britain

anxious for Turkish co-operation. There was no longer any bar to the realization of Turkish ambitions. This was not a case of a clash of rival ambitions such as creates the major political problems of the world of to-day.

The results of Mr. Cruttwell's exhaustive study must then be regarded as mainly negative. As a historian, he points no moral; and his *obiter dicta* are not altogether consistent. Thus, while he refers in one place to "the vices inherent in an attempt to arrive at a peaceful settlement when neither party desires what is just and equal, but merely its own advantage," he observes elsewhere that "every cession of territory is dictated by motives of self-interest." He realizes the difficulty of enforcing "peaceful change"—for the conception of force appears to invalidate the peacefulness of the change. But he ignores the even greater difficulty of discovering an "impartial" organ to pronounce on the legitimacy of a demand for change.

The trouble is that there is no generally admitted standard of international "justice," and that each national conception of justice is often an only too clear reflexion of national interest. Everyone—to take but one simple example—does lip-service to the principle of self-determination. But how many people would accept an "impartial" system which applied it equally to Czechoslovakia, to Ireland, to Egypt, and to Tropical Africa? "Peaceful change" certainly has a future, and one would like to see that future organized into something like an international system. But if such a system is to work, it cannot afford to ignore the "motives of self-interest" and the considerations of power-politics which dominate even our different national conceptions of international justice. Mr. Cruttwell's book will perform a useful service if it helps to promote clear thinking on this point.

IRELAND AND THE EMPIRE

By

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

IRELAND AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 1937, by Henry Harrison, O.B.E., M.C. *Robert Hale*. 10s. 6d.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC, by Dorothy Macardle. *Gollancz*. 25s.

THE new Constitution for the Irish Free State (in future likely to be known as *Eire*) gives a topical interest to both these books; rearmament should give a wider and greater importance to the first.

The Anglo-Irish settlement of 1921, says Capt. Harrison, was dictated for Britain by considerations along the lines of—"Better a willing friend than a mutinous subject . . . and one which had world-wide affiliations of potent influence." The neutrality of the Dominions in time of war, he proceeds, "is merely academic" as a point in constitutional law, but real and vital when the Empire is "bracing itself to sustain the pressure of new strains and forces." He then produces plausible figures to prove that Ireland's importance in such a period is immense. According to these figures the Irish Free State area contributed 8.1 per cent. population to His Majesty's forces during the war (as against 5.0 per cent. from the present Northern Ireland area), with a war dead total of 1.14 per cent. as compared with Great Britain's 1.80, Australia and New Zealand alone exceeding that contribution among the Dominions. Of supplies of foodstuffs she exported to Britain in 1918 over 78 million pounds worth, a larger amount than any other

country except the U.S.A. According to the British treasury Ireland's monetary contribution to the prosecution of the World War was over £82,000,000.

He next concerns himself with the basis of the present unfortunate conflict, and considers at length both the historical and juristic aspects of the degree of autonomy granted by the Treaty. This leads to a definition of the meaning of Dominion Status as laid down by the Imperial Conference of 1917, and little more might have been needed on that score, were attempts not made after the Treaty of 1921 (they are still made) to deny to the Free State the rights of a free Dominion. This brings us ultimately to the Statute of Westminster of 1931, which took the Dominions "out of the category of colonies, and therefore out of the sphere of application of any legislation affecting the colonies"; made them "co-equal and freely associated nations of the Commonwealth"; and acknowledged that they possessed a sovereignty "unqualified as to internal affairs," and as to external affairs, a sovereignty only qualified by "a common allegiance to the Crown," and by those natural obligations following on a free association as members of a Commonwealth.

There, obviously, we come to the crucial point of the present strained relations between Great Britain and the Free State, and the difficulty and the interest of that focal position is that it eludes the definition of a merely formal

phraseology. "The quality of the allegiance to the Crown," says Capt. Harrison—that symbol of free association—"has not been authoritatively defined. . . . It is a constitutional crown and of symbolic import. It carries with it no unexpended prerogative beyond the control of Dominion legislatures." (Alterations as regards succession, for example, as we have recently seen, require the consent of all the members of the Commonwealth.) The Crown is not thus the warrant of external authority. Its powers rest on the Dominion constitution, and are controlled by the Dominion legislature. Its symbolical value is, however, paramount.

Lastly comes the dispute over the withheld annuities—testing and straining that binding symbol. "No one assumes," said Mr. J. H. Thomas, in July, 1935, "that the mere question of the annuities is the only difficulty. The Oath of Allegiance, the Governor-

General, 'a foreign king' as defined by Mr. de Valera, are fundamental to any settlement." And there we are back at the interpretation of the Treaty, as if the Statute of Westminster, and the Imperial Conference of 1917 had not made clear the co-equality and the lightly qualified sovereignty of the Free State. So that it seems—to follow the general trend of Mr. Harrison's argument farther than he has taken it—that the freedom of the "free association" of members of the Commonwealth with one another, where it impinges on Anglo-Irish relations, becomes perverted on the one hand by Mr. de Valera into a warrant for deserting that portion of the agreement which accepts the binding symbol of the Crown, while on the other hand the British Government wishes to attenuate that "freedom" by insisting that the moral obligations of the Treaty still operate over the head of the Statute of Westminster. So, Mr. de Valera must repudiate both the Statute and the Treaty before he can declare a Republic.

Mr. de Valera has now created a Constitution for the Free State which absolutely asserts the internal sovereignty of the Free State (or *Eire*). He still acknowledges the Crown as a symbol of Ireland's external association with the Commonwealth; he does so until he repudiates the Statute of Westminster. Why then, implies Mr. Harrison, cannot this petty dispute over monies be despatched as a purely business thing? He has thus done a service in lifting the whole position at once to a level of common-sense, and to a plane on which Anglo-Irish relations become a matter of the widest concern in view of the present grave portents with regard to the future of world peace.

Miss Macardle's book is a most detailed account of the internal Irish struggle for autonomy from 1916 to the Treaty. Biassed in favour of Mr. de Valera it still remains an indispensable reference book for all students of the period.

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THE UNDYING ARABS

BY KENNETH WILLIAMS

HISTORY OF THE ARABS, by P. K. Hitti. Macmillan. 31s. 6d.

PROFESSOR HITTI is uncommonly well equipped for writing a history of that fascinating folk which inherited the possessions of such peoples as the Babylonians, the Chaldaeans, the Hittites, and the Phoenicians, but who, unlike them, are still a force to be reckoned with in our modern world, and who, indeed, would fain attain to a renaissance of their great past. And, though his canvas is immense—he traces the achievements of the Arabs from their dim beginnings in southern Arabia down to the eclipse of the Arab Caliphate at the hands of the Ottoman Turks in the sixteenth century—he has made an uncommonly neat and finished story of it. The material at his disposal was vast, for abundant literature exists both in Arabic and in European languages, but he never allows the trees to obscure the wood. He has, in short, performed a miracle of selection and of compression, and his work is likely for long to remain a standard book of reference.

He conveniently separates Arabian history into three divisions: (1) the Sabaeco-Himyaritic period, ending at the beginning of the sixth century A.D.; (2) the *Jahiliyah*, or "Time of Ignorance," by which Arabs mean the century immediately preceding the advent of the Prophet Muhammad; and (3) the Islamic period, extending to the present day, even if for the last five

centuries it is the Turks rather than the Arabs who have borne the standard of Islam as a world-power.

Actually, upon the first period, as on the second, there is still considerable ignorance. We still know far too little of those highly civilized people in southern Arabia who founded and controlled the famous frankincense trade that went northwards by caravan up to the better known lands of the eastern Mediterranean, and who exercised much influence on the countries of east Africa. Nor do we know very much of that strange, rich tribe called the Nabataeans, whose centre was the rock-city of Petra, and whose descendants today are supposed by some to be the warlike Bedouin tribe of Huwaitat. Yet on this period new light is constantly being shed by explorers, archaeologists, and scholars, and one day we may be able to speak more confidently about the amazing achievements of these peoples of the Arabian Peninsula.

Upon the second period we know still less: our information exists primarily upon legend. This "Time of Ignorance" was for the Arabians an heroic age. It was a period of poetry, depicting ideal types of Bedouin virtue. Scant addition to our knowledge can be expected on this stimulating period.

But, on the Islamic period, historians differ only in the extent of their survey of the available evidence and in their general approach to it. Professor Hitti appears to have studied all the sources,

and his approach is admirable, being neither sentimental nor biased. He spills no undue words in praise of Muhammad, but he freely grants that the Prophet created in Arabia a nation never united before, a nation, in fact, whose centrifugal tendencies were ultimately to prove its undoing. Of the Koran he remarks that it is "the most widely read book ever written"; it has been translated, if unauthorizedly, into forty languages.

The astonishing expansion of Islam was in part due to economic causes. Many times the tribes of the desert had tried to burst through to fertile soil: the Islamic invasion was but the last, and the most notable, of such urges. It was in part also due to the extraordinary virility of the Arabs, who conquered the world from the Atlantic to the Indus. The notion that there was in the rise of Islam something providential, something in accordance with a divinely inspired plan, is not generally accepted today. But a natural interpretation of the growth of Islam by no means belittles the eagerness and the success with which uneducated tribesmen took the dying civilizations of the West under their wing, and so kept them alive as to be able to hand them back to a Europe which, but for the Arabs' might and perception from the eighth to the thirteenth century, would in all probability have lost them for ever.

The way in which Arab rulers, rudely assumed to be the most intolerant of men, utilised the services of Jews and Christians to make glorious their memories, still excites the wonder and admiration of the world. It is on these cultural achievements of the Arabs that Professor Hitti is particularly good. One would like to think that he may be persuaded to continue their story from their submergence under the Ottomans down to the present day—a work that badly needs doing, and which few could attempt with greater chance of success than he.

BACK FROM THE U.S.S.R., by André Gide. Martin Secker and Warburg. 2s. 6d.

40,000 AGAINST THE ARCTIC, by H. P. Smolka. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

M. GIDE's *Back From the U.S.S.R.* has been wildly denounced in the Soviet Press. From being a hero fit to be mentioned in the same breath with Gorki he has become abominable, and now all honourable mention of him in Marxist literary criticism will have to be expunged—for instance, in Mr. Ralph Fox's recently published *The Novel and the People* which includes M. Gide among the Elect. More (and as though to point the soundness of his criticism of the Soviet regime), his non-political writings will come under the same ban. His novels which have hitherto been highly praised by Soviet critics will henceforth be scornfully rejected, and it will be the critics' business to find an explanation of their changed attitude towards them. What else are critics for?

The main criticism M. Gide offers of the Soviet regime is the obvious and unanswerable one that freedom has been abolished. Nonconformity is forbidden. The writer, the painter, the thinker, whoever would in any way comment on the life around and within him, must conform. Their productions must embody the latest version of a widely fluctuating Party Line. What Stalin thinks today they must also think today, if not yesterday, or perish, and where no official pronouncement has been made they must tread warily. Thus, M. Gide found to his surprise that when he proposed the health of the Spanish Government forces he created embarrassment instead of enthusiasm. This was because *Pravda* had not yet declared itself on the subject of the Spanish Civil War. No one knew what the Party Line was. The Government forces might be

heroes of the World Proletariat, or they might be "Social Fascists" masquerading as revolutionaries, or, worst of all, they might be Trotskyists. Until *Pravda* had made clear how they were to be regarded it was inexpedient to be too warm over toasting them, or too cold. The whole subject was best avoided altogether until they knew what they thought about it. When they had been told this they would know just how to respond to M. Gide's toast.

Such an attitude of mind must repel whoever values his critical faculties; and M. Gide, with all his veneration for the principles of the Russian Revolution, recognized that it undermined both art and scholarship. Unlike many of his fellow intellectuals of the Left he had the courage frankly to admit this. The Utopia he expected to find when he crossed the frontiers of the U.S.S.R. turned out to be another version of the France he had left, only less efficient, more vainglorious, and more intolerant of freedom.

Supposing M. Gide, or Mr. Bernard Shaw or Mr. Bertrand Russell or Lord Passfield had been Soviet citizens and had attempted one hundredth part of the social criticism which in their own countries has brought them fame, a sufficiency of wealth, in one case a peerage even, how certainly would they have found their way to concentration camps if not to an untimely death! But in that paradise, it may be urged, they would not have felt impelled to criticize. M. Gide would anyway. He found much that saddened and shocked him, and he even wearied of the features and interminable adulation of Stalin—than which there is in the U.S.S.R. no more heinous crime.

M. Gide is interested primarily in character, in the quality of individuals. Practical achievement in itself does not impress him. It is the occupants of

houses, each particular one, not their construction, he cares about. Are they men or slaves? Is life for them full and rich or a shadow? Can they think and speak or only echo? Mr. H. P. Smolka is just the opposite. Achievement wins his immediate approval, and he fits individuals into the achievement like a child making a fort and then fitting in all the toy soldiers it has. He swims with the tide. Propaganda is unnecessary in his case since he premeditates it. The Soviet authorities knew they could trust Mr. Smolka to see the bright side of their new Arctic Empire, and they were right.

According to Mr. Smolka, this new Arctic Empire is going to be a very Big Thing indeed, a new America with a New Chicago and Newer York. New cities are springing up overnight peopled with ardent new people. Everything and everyone is new. The unanimity that depressed M. Gide enthralled Mr. Smolka, and he did not let qualitative considerations spoil his delight in quantitative achievements. He gives a glowing picture of enthusiasm, heroic endurance, a stupendous undertaking well on the way to being fulfilled and with illimitable possibilities. The picture is perhaps a little too glowing to be quite convincing; but even if all that Mr. Smolka writes is true, if the Arctic desert is going to blossom factory chimneys and resound with slogans—even then, M. Gide's objection remains valid. The people, the people who work in these factories and shout these slogans, what of them? What of their minds and their souls? Mr. Smolka is not much interested in such questions, and, if he were, he would probably refer the questioner to Stalin's amiable admonition—"Live better, comrades, live happier and more cultured!" and leave it at that.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

WORK AND PROPERTY, by Eric Gill.
Dent. 7s. 6d.

ALL serious artists today are revolutionary. But there are always two kinds of revolutionary thought: there is that which would transform man by transforming society and that which would change society by changing man. The one theory is political, the other religious. The interesting thing nowadays is that both sides are united in their dislike of our present middle-class industrial civilization, and a Catholic like Mr. Gill is as uncompromising in the expression of his contempt as are any of our communist poets. The artist, whatever his politics, protests against the frustration and introspection which are forced upon him by his inevitable isolation in our kind of society. But whereas the poets would turn all artists into citizen politicians, Mr. Gill would begin by turning all artists into sons of God. Our society makes the artist "a special kind of man" when, really, every man is a "special kind of artist"—such is the recurring theme of Mr. Gill's collection of essays and lectures.

They resolve themselves into sets of aphoristic utterances, the aphorisms of a man who is primarily a craftsman, who admits no clear-cut distinction between art and fine art and who applies the test of usefulness just as the communist applies the test of social purpose. The machine has killed the craftsman. Even the new type of craftsman, the man who invents, designs and makes machines, loses the spiritual benefit of craftsmanship because he is working under competitive industrialism. He is working not to please and to work well, but in order to sell cheaply and in quantity under the orders of men whose only interest in work is the remote one of usury. As a reward the worker is given leisure. Communism looks forward to the end of profit-making and exploitation, to the Leisure State but—Mr. Gill's

argument continues—communism is inevitable in some form or other, the communist is a mere progressive. We are well on the way to the Leisure State—to a world turned into a Hollywood of hedonism, a world of ennui, purposelessness and intellectual irresponsibility. Useless pictures, useless sculptures, pleasure for its own sake—*vide* birth control—are already with us. For it is wrong to say that our financiers and industrialists hate beauty or hate art; on the contrary, these are prized and loved, but as things apart. As so much ornament added. And hence we have those terrible museums and art galleries full of objects which have been uprooted from use and from any real meaning to the onlooker. They have been produced merely for pleasure and now hang or stand about like the contents of a fancy dress wardrobe made grotesque by time and the absence of occasion. And people who have been brought up by our kind of society to believe that beauty is something apart from the ordinary business of living and making yawn as they stare at them.

Mr. Gill has a good deal of that anarchism which is to be found in all artists and which is logical in a Christian. The future historian, when he comes to read the history of our time, will be struck by our profound moral *malaise*. He will see that the dissatisfaction of thoughtful men with the way we handled the advantages of civilization was so deep that they worked, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously, to overthrow it. And not because it was not marvellously easeful and full of wonders but because they felt spiritually starved. Both the capitalist and the communist—it will be noted—were respectively fatalistic and cynical before the possibility of the overthrow of their civilization. The machine had hastened production, it would also hasten destruction. Our civilization would destroy itself. *Après moi le deluge* and then,

Viva le deluge; because then we would get a sane world. Or some one else, more sensible than we were, would get it. This is a pessimism which afflicts the religious man most, for his churches have most patently sold themselves to the system which is decaying. When the priests did nothing, it will be observed, it was the artists who turned preachers and became preoccupied with morality and human well-being. The rest said, "Give them dope" or "Give them holidays."

It would be impossible in this short space to answer Mr. Gill. What he says seems to me to be true as criticism but doubtful as prophecy. In any case he is a maker of aphorisms and suggestions, not a solid builder of themes and arguments. There is also a certain futility in argument conducted in such general and abstract terms. There are too many questions to ask before one begins the argument. Revolutionary theories whether religious or political are too exclusive. On Mr. Gill's own showing the machine is less the difficulty than the system under which it is run. It may be that, if the machine produces more leisure, men will recover their instinctive knowledge of the holiness of work in that leisure and that leisure work will oust machine work. The modern world is being run on an out-of-date system, and the angry cries of writers like Mr. Gill seem to me less the death agonies of our time than the groans of a moral and social indigestion due to maladjustment to the machine—a disease which can become chronic and weakening, which can even inspire desires for suicide, but which is curable by a change of diet and life.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

SEE THE
JULY ISSUE.

JONATHAN SWIFT, by Bertram Newman. Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

MR. NEWMAN points out that since 1931 four "acute and well-informed biographical studies" of Swift have been published; he notes also that "a definitive life" can hardly be accomplished while the results of several particular investigations are still to come. Perhaps they will not violently disturb the general arrangement, balance, and soundness of his study; and, however it may be compared or contrasted with its modern competitors, it can justly be recommended as a good book on Swift. The paradoxes and enigmas which exist in the story of Swift's life, and the eccentricities to be found among his writings, are apt to inspire in those who discuss his nature something like rhapsody; but Mr. Newman has not been taken that way. He brings no monster to the fair. In style and in interpretation he prefers reasonableness; and as for Swift's mental decline he consults modern authorities on such disease. It may be disappointing, and it *may* be wrong, but when he finds Swift in the letters to Vanessa referring to coffee, Mr. Newman believes that Swift means coffee—no decoding required.

This attitude towards a man who was indeed more conspicuously complex in his view of life and his personal relationships than most people is reasonable. The latest message we have had, so to speak, from Swift himself encourages it. Only a year has passed since Professor Nichol Smith brought out the extensive series of letters from Swift to Ford, in which there was a predominant good temper and steady light; in which hardly a trace appeared of that frenzy for calling a spade a spade, so much concentrated upon by many of Swift's anatomists. Of course, Mr. Newman does not wish or affect to reckon the obsession of Swift with "the physically disgusting" as nothing. But his portrait is not drawn

under the compulsion of that single element in "a character far too big to be explained by any formula." Many readers have been inclined to see in Swift's trivial writings—his elaborate verse riddles, his anglo-latin jargonings—some evidence of insanity; Mr. Newman's sympathetic insight finds there only proofs how hard it was for Swift to get amusement, though he adds, "All the same, there is something ghastly in seeing the author of *A Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver* reduced to playing with words as a baby plays with counters."

The book includes, besides its careful narrative of Swift's personal life, plenty of literary criticism; it is not an addition to that class of biographies of authors which omit the authors. Mr. Newman very properly leaves to the specialists most of the bibliographical intricacy affecting the writings of Swift, but his notices of the books themselves are methodical, and will be valuable to the ordinary reader. He is perhaps not quite at his best in his references to Swift's verse. Swift, he says, "sets himself to depoeitize whatever theme he essays," and he calls up "Baucis and Philemon" as an example. Now, if it be "depoeitizing" to give an ancient legend a vivid, Teniers-like renewal in an English scene, may we have more of it! The point is not specially important by comparison with Mr. Newman's sustained and wise observations on "Gulliver"—criticism in which large aspects and local details are alike displayed with ability, and set against a background of broader intellectual conditions.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL

3/6

Allen & Unwin

SMALL TALK, by Harold Nicolson.
Constable. 6s.

TRAVELLER'S REST, by Philip Gosse.
Cassell. 8s. 6d.

THE essay and the autobiography have one essential quality in common; both depend for their appeal upon the play of personality upon experience; and in the fruits of the partnership personality is much the more significant factor. Without personality the most surprising experiences fall flat; but when the writer's personality is paramount, the least eventful life becomes illuminating.

Take these two books, for example; they afford an exact case in point. Partly essay, and partly autobiography, they both range over a wide field of interest and reflection. Both have the confidence of their own temperament and seem to take a relish in exploiting their own reactions to their environment. But their temperaments are poles apart. They might not unfairly be described as types respectively of the urban and the rural outlook. Though each has a vein of quiet irony, and an inclination to challenge the habits and sentiments of its world, Mr. Nicolson's literary temper is a product of the club and the Mall, Mr. Gosse's of the country lane and hedgerow. In effect, Mr. Nicolson is congenitally self-conscious, while Mr. Gosse is chiefly conscious of the natural world outside. The one dissects his own susceptibilities; the other botanizes in imagination between his garden paths. You make your choice according to your preference, and you will find plenty of engaging character and entertainment in them both.

The urban philosopher is perhaps not altogether innocent of pose; but it is a pose that rarely fails to stir an amused sympathy in his reader. For the qualities which he detects in himself are qualities common to the race—the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Aren't we all shy, and "easy set back" in uncongenial company? Don't we all know

what it is to feel that all inanimate things are ranged in hostility against us, when our hands are clumsy, and our feet get in the way, when our ideas scatter, and we become momentarily void of words? Have we not all suffered ridiculous discomfort from the proximity of distasteful travelling companions? And who has not been confounded by the inexorable changes in decorum, and humiliated far more by a reflection upon one's taste than by a wholesale condemnation of one's morals? Upon themes like these Mr. Nicolson's glittering irony plays with a pleasant wit, and, when he allows himself to be directly autobiographical, he tells a story with commendable economy and piquant point. His chapter of "Coincidences" is delicious, and his recollections of America are rich in observation and good-natured criticism.

Mr. Philip Gosse's fragrant country book will have a more intimate charm for many readers, who prefer the friendly atmosphere of a *l'ête-à-l'ête* to the more sophisticated humour of the club dining-room. Mr. Gosse also can laugh at himself—at his habit of wandering away from the subject, at his native indolence and dislike of busybodies and fussers generally, at his inveterate preference for "leaving things alone." But his prevailing interest is not in himself but in the world around him, in the primroses and Lent lilies which he would protect from the all-devouring hiker, in the fish whose pursuit is more absorbing than their capture, in the birds whose eggs he refrains from taking, in the stealthy life of the woodland, which he is content to sit still and watch.

The only sounds we hear are the two laziest in the world; the drowsy, voluptuous crooning of turtle-doves and the languid droning of bumble bees. While listening to these, nothing seems to matter; why should we work and strive?—let the world go on, let nations snarl, let dictators strut and brag, the turtle-dove will continue to coo and the bumble-bee to buzz long after all the

Emperors, Kings, Dictators, Presidents and Princes are dead, buried, and forgotten.

A comfortable reflection, at the start of another noisy, hustling, purposeless London season! Urban or Rural, the world has its choice before it. It is not difficult to make the best of either world, with two such wise, interpretative guides to lead us.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THAMES PORTRAIT, by F. Arnot Robertson. With Photographs by H. E. Turner. *Nicholson & Watson. 15s.*

DOWN TO THE SEA, by George Blake. *Collins. 12s. 6d.*

THE story of a river may be told in various ways. There is the Tennysonian descriptive biography, "I come from haunts of coot and hern"; and this is really Miss Robertson's way, though nothing would please her less than to be associated with river bards, whom, as such, she heartily despises. Another way with a river is to consider how the towns grow on its banks. Our Thames chronicler has made a perfunctory gesture in this direction, too, but her heart is not in it, because it was so rarely in the towns. A third method is to record the river's industry rather than its windings; thus Mr. Blake writes of the Clyde in no coot-and-herny manner, his subject being ship-building. He really has the advantage of Miss Robertson, in both manner and matter, for it is simpler to tell a substantial story with gusto than to be under the necessity of saying something new and different and therefore a little perverse about a well-known theme.

In point of fact, Miss Robertson, like Mr. Blake, is more at home amongst the shipping than the willows; she is a yachtswoman rather than a punt-lounger, and has an awe-inspiring technique at her command. She has a literary technique, too, that rejoices in

keen satire when supplied with rich and vulnerable material. But on this occasion a certain initial benignity has made her desert her schooner for a motor-boat looking like an ice-cream barrow, and her satire for the quiet description of a trip down the upper Thames. The idea is charming. It is rendered more than charming by the magnificent photographs taken by Mr. Turner on the trip. Here we may see beauty on the wing and in the meadows, the very atmospheric subtleties of mist or struggling sunshine are poetically conveyed; the looming London buildings, the dark silhouettes at sunrise appear in a spectacular dignity that might well arouse wonder and appreciation in a stranger's breast. But Miss Robertson's account seems designed as a corrective to idyllic charm. She insists on the casual and conversational, gives us a deal of wise and wicked comment on laws, personalities and habits, and, finding benignity irksome, makes it clear that no idle rhythmical spell can blunt her criticism.

This assertive individualism is a familiar style, even amongst nature-lovers. Richard Jefferies transferring himself to Paris from the hedgerows was as clear-voiced in his condemnation as ever Miss Robertson can be of a hated Oxford. All one asks as an addition to prejudice is wit and brilliance; the episode that would seem lively enough in conversation must be condensed and reinforced for the printed page. Despite Miss Robertson's spirited endeavours she has not easily found the stuff of satire on our meandering Thames. It has often damped her squibs. The best passages, consequently, are those most in harmony with the pictures, when she forgets her personal cleverness to appear as the naturalist and bird observer. Then we get descriptions of a contest between heron and plover and of the hatching of a moorhen's eggs, as lovingly wrought as any episodes of their

kind in Miss Robertson's novels. These, and some eavesdropping about unicorns at Wapping, make a very fair accompaniment to the photographs.

Enthusiasm is the frank and lusty keynote of Mr. Blake, who is proud to be a native of Clydeside. And what a glorious tale he has to tell—romance (but never fiction) easily dominating from first to last! From Henry Bell's first Clyde-born steamship "Comet" the triumphant names go thundering on, through "Mauretania" to "Queen Mary," while curious episodes and queer adventures multiply. River craft are discovered in Far Eastern waters, barques change their nature and their nationality, and one famed collier, by name the "River Clyde" itself, is still afloat to be saluted for the memorable part she played in 1915 at Gallipoli. Such material, added to ardour and pleasant writing, should carry the book even to dwellers on the Thames.

SYLVA NORMAN.

THIS LIFE I'VE LOVED. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Isobel Field. *Michael Joseph. 15s.*

THE author of this picturesque autobiography is the daughter of Fanny Osborne and sister of Lloyd Osborne. She was devoted to her father, a tall, handsome Californian pioneer; and when her parents parted at about the time when she was married to a painter named Joe Strong, she was distressed by her divided loyalty. She had every reason to be prejudiced against the man who came to take her father's place, and also to be shocked by this new attachment of her mother's. Fanny Osborne seems to have been distinctly prim and something of a domestic tyrant in her first marriage. It is significant that the girl, wishing to marry the penniless Joe Strong, was forbidden to do so by the mother, and thereupon went to consult

the banished father, who gave his permission and arranged the wedding. "My mother was very angry with us," says the author, "she and Nellie (the other daughter), came up the next day and facing them was an ordeal. Nellie, of course, stood by me."

That naïve narration is typical of the book, which becomes therefore a most revealing document; much more so than it would have been had the author indulged in "literary" trimmings.

That mother, for example; the woman about whom so much has been written by R.L.S. fans during the last forty years. We see in the above quotation from an early incident in the girl's life that her mother was capable of the dragooning tactics which estranged so many of the early friends of R.L.S., particularly that bully-boy W. E. Henley, who must have been an unbearable hearty.

But as the story goes on in this artless narrative, we see Fanny Stevenson as a beautiful woman, small and indomitable, facing crises as they occur, running a pioneer household of vast dimensions, training Samoan servants, entertaining hundreds of visitors, and supervising her husband's secretarial work. And she was no drag in this last difficult matter. It was she who urged him to print and circulate the famous Father Damien Letter, and to take the risk of libel actions which might result. Yet with all this commander-in-chiefship, "it was marvellous the way she managed to protect Louis without his knowing it. He hated being fussed over. A cooing, sympathetic person offering to put a pillow behind his head would enrage him, but he was never conscious of his wife's vigilance. At the first sign of fatigue on his face the guests departed, in spite of Louis' entreaties to stay. They didn't know they were being sent home, but nevertheless they went. She protected him from draughts, colds, bores and fatigue. With a glance she would direct

Lloyd to shut a window or throw a cape over Louis' shoulders, and nobody was allowed near him who was suffering with a cold." It sounds formidable, but it is also a tribute from a daughter not likely to be favourably biased either by relationship or circumstances.

As for R. L. S. he shines as a sort of secular saint. At first, there was some restraint between him and his step-daughter, but gradually he broke it down by his understanding and his incorrigible vitality and gaiety. She agreed at last, after the failure of her own marriage and the death of one of her children, to make her home with the Stevensons at Vailima, and to undertake the housekeeping. So she had ample opportunity to observe the intimacies of the character of this man of genius, and she has not been niggardly or untalented in presenting them. The book offers many delightful and fresh portraits of him. Here is an example. "He worked in a little one-room cabin near the main house, and here Ah Fu brought him tea and toast at the first streak of light in the sky. When his tray was taken away he would keep a slice of toast which he put on a shelf above his head for an occasional bite while he worked. When he discovered that a mouse came out to eat it, he made a practice of leaving a morsel there every morning, and before long it got so tame it would come down off the shelf and share his breakfast."

The Stevensons, however, play only a small part in the book, which is principally concerned with the childhood of the author in the mining towns of California, and her first married years in a bohemian flat in San Francisco. All this is richly coloured, and loses nothing by its garrulousness. There is a particularly good story of a visit paid by Oscar Wilde to the studio-flat and of his brilliant conversation with a lay-figure which they had dressed up for the occasion.

RICHARD CHURCH.

COUNT YOUR DEAD: THEY ARE ALIVE. Or, A New War in the Making, by Wyndham Lewis. *Loval Dickson.* 7s. 6d.

If a writer tells us that the North Pole is situated somewhere in the Arctic regions, we do not to-day ask him to produce his proof that the statement is true. It is a matter of common belief, and we are willing to take it for granted. If, on the other hand, his assertion is that its situation is the Antarctic, that is quite another question. We shall want not one but a hundred proofs if we are not to dismiss him as a liar or a lunatic.

That is the penalty of being unorthodox. It is usually interesting and sometimes necessary to be so, but you must be prepared to pay the price—and, moreover, in sound intellectual currency, too. It will not be enough merely to shriek your allegation fifty times over. Mr. Wyndham Lewis has always been unorthodox. Seeing things, as he has previously told us he customarily does, "from the standpoint of genius," he would be bound to think himself mistaken were he not. He has therefore played the game often enough to know all the rules by now, and in fact it was his habit, in most of his earlier "pamphleteering" volumes, to document his cases almost excessively, if sometimes from rather surprising sources.

In his new book it is the assertions alone which are surprising, for of proof there is not even a pretence. The basic intention is an attack upon everything and everyone which or who is not completely pro-Fascist, and the underlying assumption is that all the leading members of the National Government, and all such semi-Government or Government-influenced organs as the B.B.C. and *The Times*, are working hand-in-glove with Soviet Russia, not, however, just for tactical reasons, but because they are the slaves of Loan-Capital (a loathsome and clearly Jewish parasite

to be sharply distinguished from splendid and Nordic Creative-Capital), which runs them—and with them Britain—and France and Russia. Therefore Baldwin & Co. are perforce Russophile, Internationalist, and, to come to the point, as bad as Communist; and therefore again, since the Fascist nations are the only true individualists, the only real heroes, the only authentic democracies, Baldwin and his colleagues are perforce anti-Nazi, anti-Fascist, anti-Franco.

It is, in the main, just as simple as that. Mr. Lewis hands you *The Fact*, and you take it or leave it. He makes no attempt at all to establish his case beyond the barest reliance on such matters as the association of Britain with a France allied to Soviet Russia. He, once so avid of quotation, quotes never a word of our Government's repeated reservations in the matter of the Franco-Russian alliance, the obvious distaste of some of its members for Russia, the clear preference of some for Nazi Germany, the plain fact of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement (mentioned only in passing), and reticences and inactions—interpreted by most people as anything but pro-Red—in regard to the present war in Spain, which, incidentally, Mr. Lewis himself sees quite simply as a Communist Revolt aided by large numbers of French and British "Reds" and heroically suppressed by loyal Spaniards and a rare occasional idealistic Italian or German.

It may be so. Perhaps the North Pole is in the Antarctic, and perhaps Mr. Baldwin, not Cripps or Maxton, is the genuine Marxist Popular-Frontier. But the idea strikes us as so strange that we cannot altogether accept it; there are so many likelier explanations of the few facts all too vaguely indicated. The remedy also remains misty—apparently some sort of Garvinish Anglo-German alliance against France and Russia. That might solve some (German)

problems, but how it would prevent a European War is not so clear.

The book is satirical in form and style, but more vulgar than funny; Mr. Lewis's idea of a joke is to tag people with Jewish names and refer to Haile Selassie as "a nigger king."

GEOFFREY WEST.

WHIRLPOOLS ON THE DANUBE, by Christopher Sidgwick. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

Mr. Christopher Sidgwick has followed up his extremely readable and intelligent *German Journey* with a lively account of a tour through Austria, Czechoslovakia, Subcarpathian Russia, Hungary and Transylvania. He talks German fluently and, although not enamoured of the Hitler régime, is a useful type of "pro-German," who is able to correct, from first-hand knowledge, the excessive anti-German transports in which so many of us are nowadays wont to indulge. We are apt to forget that Governments, including dictatorships, are transitory, while the qualities of a people endure. On his way home from Rumania, which apparently ill-treats the Hungarian minority in Transylvania, Mr. Sidgwick revisited some German towns with which he is familiar and reports crowded cafés and restaurants, prosperous shops bursting with goods, theatres full to overflowing. I got quite a different impression from a brief incursion into Germany last August. The town I visited, Trier, was gloomy in the extreme. Cafés and restaurants were dead and deserted, except for foreign trippers. Officials and frontier guards seemed nervous, surly and brutal. This impression may have been formed because my wife and I accidentally strayed over the Luxembourg frontier for an afternoon stroll, without our passports, were arrested by a revolver-carrying guard, marched off to the Custom Station a few hundred

yards from our hotel at Vianden, and subjected to a prolonged and quite unnecessary search and cross-examination. But, as Mr. Sidgwick points out, in Central Europe "the only stock this island of ours seems to hold among intelligent foreigners today is of the laughing kind: I might even say we are the laughing-stock." German stock evidently stands high throughout Central and Eastern Europe. If a German national is unjustly imprisoned, in some country like Rumania, a word from the German Ambassador immediately secures his release, an apology and compensation. Mr. Anthony Eden, on the other hand, is regarded as such a joke that even General Franco treats him with contempt. Mr. Sidgwick says that the rise of German influence is *almost* the most significant thing he has to report about his journey, and adds "but the most significant thing is undoubtedly the fall of British prestige. . . . All the good people of Europe from Stockholm to Rome and from the Hague to Bucharest see in our persistent muddling the evening of democracy; and at the same time hear the reveille sounding in the camps of autocracy." Mr. Sidgwick adored Budapest, of which he gives a rapturous account. He is disappointing about Vienna. Instead of giving the reader an adequate impression of it, he wastes space in abusing psycho-analysis, and indulges in cheap verbal quips such as "I'm afreud I'm too jung." He is rather too fond of indulging in the modern equivalent of the Victorian pun, and he is also too much taken up with his own personality which, though interesting, is not so interesting as the towns and countries which he sets out to describe. This book is, nevertheless, a valuable record of a young man's impressions of seething Central Europe and it is, like its predecessor, illustrated with excellent photographs taken by the author.

DOUGLAS GOLDBRING.

MR. WITT AMONG THE REBELS, by Ramon J. Sender. Translated by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.

THREE COMRADES, by Erich Maria Remarque. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.

MAN OF DECEMBER, by Alfred Neumann. Hutchinson. 8s.

MORE and more, perhaps, we shall be able to spot the good novel on sight, by its arrival without decorations. Not to have caught the appeal of Left or Right book clubs, book societies, book guilds, the *Daily Mirror* Romantic Choice of the Month, the Train-Readers' Union, and Mr. Howard Spring—what a recommendation that will be! *Mr. Witt among the Rebels*, I believe, has successfully run the gauntlet of all our committees. Of the three novels under review, it is easily the best.

Books about revolution tend to be as muddled as the events they describe. Sender's earlier novel, *Seven Red Sundays*, appeared to me both muddled and pretentious. *Mr. Witt* is a delightful surprise. The time has been put back (civil war in Cartagena in 1876), the view narrowed; emotion, whether sympathetic or ironical, is cool. We are given a picture of the little sea port, with its inhabitants, its harbour, and balconies on climbing streets, as exact and lucid as anything in Norman Douglas. The ageing doctor, enjoying his nightly egg-nog at the tavern, complains that his father will never die in time to leave him his money; he is still repeating the plaint, later in the book, when the town is being shelled, and he is horrified by an artillery man's offer to drop a shell into the old man's bedroom. How well, in small touches like this, Sender fixes the background! The executions, the drum-rolls, the naval battle in the bay are the more real because we know the pottering life they interrupt. A further perspective is given to events by the fact that the chief figure in the story is an Englishman, who observes rather than participates.

Mr. Witt—gracious, dignified, cautiously liberal, and retreating into a frightened middle-age—is well drawn. He watches the battleships through opera-glasses from his veranda, supporting the revolution in theory, but shocked by the turbulent emotion that goes with it. And he would be safe from the impact of popular feeling if it were not that his wife, Spanish and many years younger than himself, has the unthinking vitality he dreads. The personal disintegration of Mr. Witt, as the revolution surges round him and finally collapses, is conveyed with sympathetic detachment; he is never the lay figure he might well be—the non-interventionist of all time. All the characters—though small in scale—are perfectly focussed. If Sender survives the present war (he is fighting in Madrid!) he should become an important figure in literature. He is a born novelist.

Remarque is not. The War gave him one experience which he made into a book—whatever one may think of its qualities. *Three Comrades* is the hang-over. It is an immensely long, padded, secondhand novel of post-war Germany. The drinking and difficulties of making a living have been done better by a score of writers—Döblin and Hans Fallada, for example; the description of a sanatorium at the end is only an echo of *The Magic Mountain*. Yet, if you can put up with a good deal of bungling and repetition, the book has a certain readability, and the love-story (despite the girl dying of consumption) some authenticity and freshness. It has been awarded, by the way, the Prix Howard Spring.

Men of December (choice of the Walpole Academy) is pretty awful. Herr Neumann has done for Napoleon III what Hollywood and Elstree have done for Queen Christina and Henry VIII, without, it seems to me, their popular attraction.

G. W. STONIER.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our Contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

W. Y. Elliott is head of the Department of Government at Harvard. A thoroughgoing American, he savoured the distinctive atmosphere on this side of the Atlantic during his spell at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar in the early post-War years. And he has continued to take a detached and sympathetic interest in our problems. No one has written with more wit and wisdom of the metamorphosis of Empire into Commonwealth of Nations than the author of *The New British Empire* (1929). With a mind attuned to the metaphysical subtleties dear to the heart of the late Lord Balfour he etched in that book an unforgettable picture of the translation of "lion into unicorn." It is fitting, then, that THE FORTNIGHTLY should give him now an opportunity for a re-assessment of that unique phenomenon, the British realm.

In the article we publish, Professor Elliott comes forward in the role of candid friend—a very necessary role when the danger to which the British-born are exposed is one of complacency. He is concerned less with questions of status and relationship—the time for them has passed—than with vital economic issues which concern the whole English-speaking world. And he sees rocks ahead: the claims of particular interests in the mother-country and the Dominions blocking the urgent need, for the world's sake no less than for their own, of collaboration between the peoples of Britain and America.

The same problem is viewed in the context of the trade policy of the United Kingdom during the past twenty years by the Hon. George Peel. Grandson of the first Sir Robert Peel and younger brother of the present Earl Peel, twice Secretary of State for India, the author was formerly a clerk in the Treasury and now occupies an important position in the City. He is therefore peculiarly qualified to write of the fiscal problems confronting Mr. Neville Chamberlain and the new Government which will, shortly replace the Baldwin Cabinet. His three publications since the War—*The Financial Crisis of France*, *The Economic Impact of America*, and *The Economic War*—have been among the most lively and instructive studies of financial issues in our generation.

The name of Peel calls up memories of the "hungry 'Forties" and the great change-over from the protection of corn-growers to the long era of free trade. We are reminded of the seamy side of that economic shift by S. K. Ratcliffe's article on the centenary of Queen Victoria's accession. He is in no doubt, however, as to the greatness of the Victorian era.

S. K. Ratcliffe is a regular contributor to THE FORTNIGHTLY on a variety of topics. An editor and writer of unequalled experience, he has made a speciality of lecturing visits to the United States, and can claim to have been a pioneer in that respect. Our readers may remember the two articles on the subject of English

Lecturers in America which we published in October and November, 1935.

George Godwin, also a versatile writer, who has contributed a number of articles to *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, writes this month of another centenary which falls this year, that of the telegraph. We take our communications so much for granted that it comes as quite a shock to realize that the tempo of our modern life has such a brief history.

Dr. Ernst Karl Winter is a university professor and sociologist who has courageously taken up an independent position in the acute dissensions that have marked Austria's political life in the past few years. A staunch Catholic and Conservative, he has nevertheless consistently championed the cause of the working class and defended the principles of social democracy. For that very reason he was summoned by Dr. Dollfuss after the tragic civil strife of February, 1934, to take up the position of Deputy Mayor of the city of Vienna, a post which he occupied until last year. His efforts to build a bridge between the socialist working class and the authoritarian state have hitherto proved unavailing, and, in spite of his antecedents, he fell into disavour for his outspoken strictures on the Schuschnigg Government when the latter made its pact with the Germans of Herr Hitler on July 11th, 1936. Dr. Winter is at present on a visit to the United States studying the development of the labour unions.

Austria may at any moment revert to its role of storm-centre. At present the thunder and lightning in the European atmosphere is still generated from Spain. *THE FORTNIGHTLY* includes therefore, "yet another article" on that distracted country. **Sir George Young**, the author, has an unrivalled knowledge, and, above all, understanding of Spanish politics. Readers of his book *The New Spain* (1933) will recall. And he has also enjoyed a full and lively career as

diplomat, soldier, journalist, author and professor. He is now Director in Spain of the Field and Children's Hospitals of the Southern Spanish Relief Fund (Treasurer, E. T. Mardling, Esq., 10, Old Jewry, London, E.C.3).

As Sir George Young remarks, the military (as distinct from the political) issue of the Spanish war is being decided in these very weeks by air-power. (The much-vaunted watch and ward contrived at long last by the Non-Intervention Committee does not take account at all of the air!) The bombing of Durango and Guernica has recently given us a foretaste of what "air-power" means. It has driven home to the most sceptical the lesson which "air-maniacs" have been teaching these past few years: that the introduction of the new air weapon has revolutionized warfare and that there is no escape from *la guerre totale*—except the final elimination of war itself. The mass of the public cannot really grasp this air-change, yet the number is growing of those who want to know the worst and who are impatient of official attempts to veil the awful truth.

L. E. O. Charlton was Air Attaché at the British Embassy in Washington in 1919-22, and then became Chief Staff Officer, Iraq Command, resigning in 1924 in protest against certain measures of air control. In *Gas and Gulls* he shows an appreciation both of the technicalities of the new forms of warfare and of the psychology of the public.

Randall Swingler is a young writer who has made a reputation as a poet and literary critic. He recently published his first novel, which was reviewed last month in these pages. In *Art and Man* he writes for a numerous public which, without being Philistine, is unhappy about a growing tendency among painters to treat their art as a esoteric occupation into which the ordinary human being cannot penetrate.